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A

Complete Edition

of the

Poets

of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Sixth.

Containing

Dryden, Rochester, Roscommon, Otway,
Pomfret, Stepney, Philips, Walsh, Smith,
Duke, King, Sprat, Montague & Halifax.

LONDON:

Printed for John & Arthur Arch, *23 Gracechurch Street:*

and for Bell & Bradfute *and* J. Mundell & Co *Edinburgh.*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL;

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

VOLUME SIXTH.

CONTAINING THE WORKS OF

DRYDEN,	STEPNEY,	KING,
ROCHESTER,	(J.) PHILIPS,	SPRAT,
ROSCOMMON,	WALSH,	AND
OTWAY,	SMITH,	HALIFAX.
POMFRET,	DUKE,	

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH, No 23. GRACE-CHURCH-STREET;
AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTF, AND J. MUNDELL & Co. EDINBURGH.

1794.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

Containing

STANZAS ON THE PROTECTOR,
ASTRÆA REDUX,
ANNUS MIRABILIS,
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL,
THE MEDAL,
HIND AND PANTHER,
RELIGIO LAICI,
THRENODIA,
AUGUSTALIS,
BRITANNIA REDIVIVA,
MAC-FLECNOE,
ALEXANDER'S FEAST,
FABLES,
ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,
SONGS,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,
TALES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here let me bend, great DRYDEN, at thy ſhrine,
Thou deareſt name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if ſome dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet ſeems to ſleep!
Still, when his ſubject riſes proud to view,
With equal ſtrength the poet riſes too:
With ſtrong invention, nobleſt vigour fraught,
Thought ſtill ſprings up and riſes out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their courſe,
In varied ſweetneſs flow, in varied force.
The powers of genius, and of judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine.

CHURCHILL'S APOLOGY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, "the great High Prieſt of all the Nine," and "the father of Engliſh criticiſm," was born at Aldwincle, near Oundle, a village belonging to the Earl of Exeter in Northamptonſhire, Aug. 6. 1631. He was ſon of Eraſmus Dryden, Eſq. of Tichmarſh, Northamptonſhire, the third ſon of Eraſmus Dryden, Bart. of Canons-Aſhby in that county, deſcended of a family originally ſettled in Huntingdonſhire.

He is reported by Derrick, one of his biographers, to have inherited, from his father, an eſtate of 200 l. *per annum*, and to have been bred an Anabaptiſt; but for either of theſe particulars no authority is given.

He was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, as a King's ſcholar, under Dr. Buſby, where, he has himſelf told us, he "tranſlated the *Third Satire of Perſius*, for a Thurſday night's exerciſe," and wrote "many other exerciſes of this nature in Engliſh verſe."

In 1649, the year before he left ſchool, he wrote a poem *On the Death of Lord Haſtings*, which abounds in ſuch conceits, as the example of Cowley ſtill kept in reputation.

In 1650, he was elected to one of the Weſtminſter ſcholarſhips at Cambridge, and went off to Trinity College.

The ſame year, he wrote a copy of verſes prefixed to the "Poems of John Hoddeſon," London, 12mo., 1650, under this title, *J. Dryden, of Trinity College, to his Friend, the Author, upon his Divine Epigrams.*

In 1653, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. On the death of Cromwell, in 1658, he wrote *Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector*; which, compared with the verſes of Sprat and Waller on the ſame occaſion, were ſufficient to raiſe great expectations of the riſing poet.

At the Reſtoration, he changed his opinion, like the other panegyriſts of Cromwell, who ſhared with him the reproach of inconſtancy, and publiſhed ASTRÆA REDUX, *a Poem on the happy reſtoration and return of his moſt ſacred Majeſty, King Charles II.* 1660. A remarkable couplet, in the beginning of this Poem, expoſed him to the ridicule of the wits.

An horrid *ſtillneſs* firſt *invades* the *ear*,
And in that *ſilence* we the tempeſt fear.

The ſame year, he praiſed the new King, in *A Panegyric to his Majeſty on his Coronation.*

In 1661, he contributed a copy of Latin verſes, *On the Death of Prince Henry and Princeſs Mary*, inſerted in the "*Threni Cantabrigienſes*" of that year; and another *on the Marriage of King Charles II.* printed in the "*Epithalamia Cantabrigienſia* 1662."

It appears from his ſignature, that, in 1662, he had obtained a fellowſhip; for that academical honour does not attend his name in 1661.

If theſe poems had been ſeen by Dr. Johnſon, before the publication of his excellent Life of Dryden, that judicious biographer would certainly have made ſome alteration in the following paragraph: "At the Univerſity, he does not appear to have been eager of *poetical* diſtinction, or to have laviſhed his *early wit* either on fictitious ſubjects, or public occaſions. He probably conſidered, that he who purpoſed to be an author ought firſt to be a ſtudent. He obtained, whatever was the reaſon, *no fellowſhip* in the college. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to gueſs: had he thought himſelf injured he knew how to complain. It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a *public* candidate for fame."

In 1662, he addreſſed a poem *to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, preſented on New-Year's-Day*, and the ſame year publiſhed *A Satire on the Dutch.*

It may be conſidered as a proof of his early reputation for knowledge, that he was choſen a member of the Royal Society ſoon after the formation of that inſtitution. He was elected a fellow 19th November, 1662, and admitted the 26th. This circumſtance is wholly unnoticed by his biographers. Few poets have ſolicited an introduction into that learned body ſince Cowley, Denham, and Dryden.

In 1663, in the thirty-ſecond year of his age, he commenced a writer for the ſtage, of which he

kept poſſeſſion for many years, not without the competition of rivals, who ſometimes prevailed, or the cenſure of critics, which was often juſt, but with ſuch a degree of reputation, as encouraged him to exerciſe his genius in compoſing eight-and-twenty dramas.

His firſt piece was a comedy, called *The Wild Gallant*, which met with ſuch indifferent ſucceſs, that, had not neceſſity compelled him to perſevere, the Engliſh ſtage had perhaps never been favoured with ſome of its brighteſt ornaments. This play was reviſed and printed in 1669.

In 1664, he produced *The Rival Ladies*, a tragi-comedy, in dramatic rhyme, with a dedication to the Earl of Orrery, who was himſelf a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with Sir Robert Howard in the *Indian Queen*, a tragedy in rhyme; but the parts which he wrote are not diſtinguiſhed

In 1667, he produced *The Indian Emperor*, a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a ſequel to Howard's *Indian Queen*, of which notice was given to the audience by printed bills, diſtributed at the door, an expedient which is ſuppoſed to be ridiculed in "The Rehearſal," where Bayes tells how many reams he has printed, to inſtil into the audience ſome conception of the plot.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatic rhyme, in confutation of the preface to "the Duke of Lerma," in which Sir Robert Howard had cenſured it.

The ſame year, he publiſhed *Annus Mirabilis, the Year of Wonders*, MDCLXVI., which is juſtly eſteemed one of his moſt elaborate performances. It is written in quatrains, or heroic ſtanzas of four lines, a meaſure which he borrowed from the "Gondibert" of Davenant, and which, in his prefatory letter to Sir Robert Howard, he ſays, "I have ever judged more noble, and of greater dignity, than any other verſe in uſe amongſt us."

He was now ſo much diſtinguiſhed, that on the death of Davenant in 1668, he was made Poet-Laureat. The ſame year he publiſhed his *Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry*, an elegant and inſtructive dialogue, in which the principal character, according to Prior, is meant to repreſent the Earl of Dorſet. In 1668, he produced *Secret Love, or the Maiden-Queen*, a tragi-comedy, and *Sir Martin Mar-all*, a comedy, which was at firſt publiſhed without his name. Langbaine charges it like moſt of the reſt, with plagiariſm. Downes ſays, the Duke of Newcaſtle gave this play to Dryden, who adapted it to the ſtage, and it is entered on the books of the Stationers Company, as the production of that Nobleman.

The *Tempeſt*, an alteration of Shakſpeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant, was exhibited in 1670. The effect produced by two ſuch powerful minds, was that to Shakſpeare's monſter *Caliban*, is added a ſiſter-monſter *Sycorax*; and a woman who in the original play had never ſeen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man that had never ſeen a woman. The new characters were chiefly the invention and writing of Davenant, as acknowledged by Dryden in his preface.

In 1671, *An Evening's Love, or the Mock Aſtrologer*, a comedy, made its appearance, with a preface and dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle. The preface is elaborately written, and contains many juſt remarks on the fathers of the Engliſh drama.

In 1672, he produced another tragedy in rhyme, called *Tyrrannic Love, or the Virgin Martyr*, which has many paſſages of ſtrength and elegance, and many of empty noiſe and ridiculous turbulence. The rants of *Maximin* have been always the ſport of criticiſm, and were at length the ſhame of the writer.

The ſame year appeared the two parts of the *Conqueſt of Granada*, which abound in dramatic wonders and poetical beauties, and met with great ſucceſs; but they are written in profeſſed defiance of probability, and have been long laid aſide.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however, without moleſtation. The *Conqueſt of Granada* was cenſured with ſome ſeverity by Martin Clifford, Eſq. of the Charter-Houſe: and the two moſt diſtinguiſhed wits of the nobility, Buckingham and Rocheſter, declared themſelves his enemies.

Buckingham characteriſed him in 1672, by the name of *Bayes*, in "The Rehearſal" a ſatirical comedy, which he is ſaid to have written in 1665, with the aſſiſtance of Butler, Martin Clifford, Eſq. and Sprat, then his chaplain.

Dr. Johnſon ſays, it "was originally intended againſt Davenant, who in the firſt draught was characteriſed by the name of *Bilboa*. Davenant had been a ſoldier and an adventurer."

In the "Key to the Rehearſal," it is ſaid Sir Robert Howard was characteriſed by the name of *Bilboa*. The deſign was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whoever he might be. Rocheſter, to ſuppreſs the reputation of Dryden, took Settle and Crowne ſucceſſively into his protection, and promoted their intereſt on the ſtage ſo effectually, as to make him think his ſupremacy of reputation in ſome danger.

The ſucceſs of "The Empreſs of Morocco," a tragedy written in rhyme by Settle, ſeems to have given him great diſturbance, as he condeſcended to write an intemperate critique on the play and dedication, expreſſive of rage and terror, indignation and jealouſy. Settle took his revenge on the appearance of the *Conqueſt of Granada*. His anſwer is perhaps equal to the cenſure, which is no high commendation.

His *Marriage a-la-Mode*, a comedy, was exhibited, according to Langbaine, in 1673, and dedicated to Rocheſter, whom yet tradition always repreſents as his enemy, and who is mentioned by him with ſome diſreſpect in the preface to *Juvenal*.

The ſame year he produced *The Aſſignation, or Love in a Nunnery*, a comedy, which was driven off the ſtage; and *Amboyna*, a tragedy, intended to inflame the nation againſt the Dutch.

The next year he publiſhed *The State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man*, an opera, or rather a tragedy in heroic rhyme, founded on "Paradiſe Loſt," which has undoubtedly very great beauties; but the characters are ſuch as cannot decently be exhibited on the ſtage.

In 1675, he brought on the ſtage *The Miſtaken Huſband*, a comedy, founded on the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, of which he only wrote one ſcene. The real author is unknown.

It was followed, in 1676, by *Aurengzebe*, a tragedy, written in rhyme, which has the appearance of being the moſt elaborate of all his dramas. By writing tragedies in rhyme he continued to improve his diction and his numbers, and ſeems to have fully formed his verſification, and ſettled his ſyſtem of propriety when he wrote this play.

In 1678, he produced *All for Love, or the World well Loſt*, a tragedy, founded on Shakſpeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," which is by univerſal conſent accounted the moſt perfect of his dramas. It has certainly the feweſt improprieties of ſtyle or character, and, in point of regularity and poetic harmony, may be juſtly conſidered as an invincible maſterpiece of the power of Engliſh poetry. This, he tells us, "is the only play which he wrote for himſelf;" the reſt were given to the people.

The next year he wrote, in conjunction with Lee, *Oedipus*, a tragedy, founded on the tragedies of Sophocles and Seneca, which was acted with great ſucceſs, and acknowledged by Langbaine, "to be one of the beſt tragedies extant." The firſt and third acts were written by Dryden, who planned the ſcenes; the remainder by Lee.

It was followed the ſame year by *Troilus and Creſſida, or Truth found out too late*, a tragedy, altered from Shakſpeare, "to which," ſays Langbaine, "he added ſeveral new ſcenes, and even cultivated and improved what he borrowed from the original. The laſt ſcene in the third act is a maſterpiece." It is introduced by a "*Diſcourſe on the grounds of Criticiſm in Tragedy*.

The ſame year came out *An Eſſay on Satire*, ſaid to be written jointly by Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave, containing ſome very ſevere reflections on the Ducheſs of Portſmouth, and Rocheſter, who took their revenge, by baſely hiring three ruffians to cudgel Dryden in a coffee-houſe. This incident is mentioned by Mulgrave, the true writer, in his "Art of Poetry."

> Though prais'd and beaten for another's rhymes,
> His own deſerves as great applauſe ſometimes.

In 1680, he produced a comedy called *Limberham, or the Kind Keeper*, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too indecent for the ſtage. He confeſſes that its indecency was objected to; but Langbaine, who ſeldom favours him, reckons it his beſt comedy, and imputes its expulſion to reſentment, becauſe it "ſo much expoſed the keeping part of the town."

The ſame year came out a "Tranſlation of *Ovid's Epiſtles* in Engliſh verſe," by ſeveral hands, two of which, together with the preface, were by Dryden. The Epiſtle of *Helen to Paris*, is attributed to him and Lord Mulgrave.

In 1681, he publiſhed his *Abſalom and Achitophel*, a ſevere ſatire on the faction of the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shafteſbury, which was eagerly received and univerſally read. The well known character of *Zimri* in this memorable ſatire, is ſevere enough to repay all the ridicule thrown on him by Buckingham, in the character of *Bayes* in "The Rehearſal."

A *Second Part of Abſalom and Achitophel* was written by Tate, at the requeſt and under the direction of Dryden, who wrote nearly two hundred lines of it himſelf, beginning with

Next theſe a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,

And ending with

To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

The ſame year he publiſhed his *Medal, a Satire againſt Sedition*, which is a ſevere invective againſt Shafteſbury and the Whig party. Settle, his old antagoniſt, wrote an anſwer to it, intituled the "Medal Reverſed," 4to, 1681, and is alſo ſuppoſed to to have written two anſwers for his *Abſalom and Achitophel*, the one intituled "Abſalom Senior," the other "Azariah and Huſhai," 4to, 1682. In both rencounters Settle had ſo much ſucceſs, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the ſuffrages of the nation.

In 1681, he brought on the ſtage his *Spaniſh Friar, or the Double Diſcovery*, written againſt the Papiſts, and eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots, and for the real power both of the ſerious and riſible parts. The whole drama is natural, lively, entertaining, and highly finiſhed, both with reſpect to plot, character, and language.

In 1682, came out his *Religio Laici*, which borrows its title from the *Religio Medici* of Dr. Browne, and is intended as a defence of revealed religion againſt Deiſts, Papiſts, &c.

In 1683, he brought on the ſtage *The Duke of Guiſe*, a tragedy, written in conjunction with Lee. The firſt ſcene, the whole fourth act, and the firſt half, or ſomewhat more, of the fifth, was written by Dryden. It was profeſſedly written for the party of the Duke of York, whoſe ſucceſſion was then oppoſed.

In 1684, he publiſhed a tranſlation of *Maimbourg's Hiſtory of the League*, with a large introduction, and dedication to the King, by whoſe command it was undertaken, on account of the parallel between the Leaguers of France, and the Covenanters of England.

On the death of Charles II., in the beginning of the year following, he wrote a funeral Pindaric Poem, ſacred to his memory, intituled *Threnodia Auguſtalis*.

Soon after the acceſſion of King James, when the profeſſion of the Romiſh religion gave the only efficacious title to the favours of the Court, he declared himſelf a convert to Popery, and was appointed Hiſtoriographer.

In 1685, he brought on the ſtage *Albion and Albanius*, an opera, written like the *Duke of Guiſe*, againſt the Whig Party. Downes ſays, that, happening to be firſt performed the very day on which the Duke of Monmouth landed in the weſt, and the kingdom in a great conſternation, it ran but ſix nights.

In 1686, he wrote *A Defence of the Papers written by the late King, and found in his Strong-Box*, in oppoſition to Dr. Stillingfleet's "Anſwer to ſome Papers lately printed," &c. Dr. Stillingfleet publiſhed "A Vindication," in 1687, in which he treats Dryden with ſome ſeverity.

Having probably felt his own inferiority in theological controverſy, he tried to reaſon in verſe, and publiſhed his celebrated Poem, intituled the *Hind and Panther*, in 1687, which was ſucceſsfully ridiculed in the "City Mouſe and Country Mouſe," a parody written by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior.

In 1688, he publiſhed his *Britannia Rediviva*, a poem on the birth of the Prince, filled with predictions of greatneſs and proſperity, which were not verified.

With hopes of promoting Popery, he was employed to tranſlate "*The Life of St. Francis Xavier*," and was ſuppoſed to have been engaged in tranſlating "Varillas's Hiſtory of Hereſies;" but to have dropped the deſign.

At the Revolution, having diſqualified himſelf for holding any place under the Government, by turning Papiſt, he was diſmiſſed from the office of Poet-Laureat, which he enjoyed with ſo much pride and praiſe; and which, to his great mortification, was conferred on Shadwell, an old enemy, whoſe inauguration he celebrated in a Poem exquiſitely ſatirical, called *Mac-Flecknoe*.

It is related by Prior, that Lord Dorſet, when, as Chamberlain, he was conſtrained to remove him from his office, gave him from his own purſe an allowance equal to the ſalary.

Being no longer the Court Poet, and conſidering himſelf as diſcountenanced by the public, he reſumed, for ſupport, his former employment of writing for the ſtage, and produced in 1690, *Don Sebaſtian*, a tragedy, which is commonly eſteemed either the firſt or the ſecond of his dramatic performances.

The next year he brought two plays on the ſtage, *Amphytrion*, a comedy, founded on Plautus and Moliere, which ſucceeded on its firſt appearance, and was revived by Dr. Hawkeſworth in 1756; and *King Arthur*, an opera, the incidents of which are extravagant, and many of them very puerile. It has been lately revived, with alterations, as a muſical drama. Dr. Johnſon's account of its exhibition contains a ſingular inſtance of inadvertence; beſides which he has miſtaken what befel the *Albion and Albanius* as happening to *King Arthur*.

In 1692, he produced *Cleomenes*, a tragedy, which was acted with applauſe, and occaſioned a well-known incident related in the "Guardian," and alluſively mentioned by Dryden in his preface.

In 1693, appeared a new verſion of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, in which the firſt, third, ſixth, tenth, and ſixteenth ſatires of *Juvenal*, and *Perſius* entire, were tranſlated by Dryden, who prefixed a very ample preface in the form of a dedication to Lord Dorſet. In this prefatory diſcourſe, he mentions the deſign he had once formed to write an Epic Poem on the actions either of Arthur, or the Black Prince, which it is much to be regretted, was not executed for want of a public ſtipend. He afterwards charged Blackmore with borrowing the plan of his "Arthur" from this preface, without "acknowledging his benefactor."

His laſt drama, *Love Triumphant*, a tragedy, appeared in 1694, and is ſaid, like his firſt dramatic eſſay, to have been unſucceſsful.

From the exhibition of ſuch a number of theatrical pieces, it does not appear that his fortune received a proportionable improvement. He frequently complains that his diligence and abilities were inſufficient to ſatisfy the importunities of want, and to ſet penury at defiance; for his profits were not great, as a play ſeldom produced him more than a hundred pounds, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

In 1695, he publiſhed a proſe tranſlation of *Freſnoy's Art of Painting*, with a preface, exhibiting a parallel between poetry and painting, which he boaſts to have written in twelve mornings.

In 1697, he publiſhed his excellent verſion of *The Works of Virgil*, which he completed in three years; "the wretched remainder," he ſays, in his dedication to Lord Clifford, "of a ſickly age, worn out with ſtudy, and oppreſſed by fortune, without other ſupport than the conſtancy and patience of a Chriſtian." It was cenſured by Milbourne, a clergyman, ſtyled by Pope, "the faireſt of critics," becauſe he exhibited his own verſion to be compared with that which he condemned.

His occaſional poems and tranſlations, ſuch as *Prologues*, *Epilogues*, *Epiſtles*, *Epitaphs*, *Elegies*, *Songs*, &c. and verſions from Greek and Latin poets, publiſhed in the ſix volumes of *Miſcellanies*, by Tonſon, are too numerous to be ſpecified here.

Beſides his controverſial and critical writings in proſe, already enumerated, he wrote the *Lives of Plutarch* and *Lucian*, prefixed to the tranſlations of thoſe authors by ſeveral hands, the *Life of Polybius*, before the tranſlation of that hiſtorian by Sir Henry Sheers, and a *Preface* to the "Dialogue Concerning Women," by Walſh.

His laſt work was his *Fables*, ancient and modern, publiſhed in 1699, together with ſome original pieces, among which is the immortal *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, the production, according to Dr. Warton, of a morning; but, which Dr. Birch ſays, he ſpent a fortnight in compoſing and correcting. Both accounts may be true, but the firſt ſeems the moſt probable.

The end of all the ſchemes and labours of this great poet was now at hand. Having been for ſome time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died, at his houſe in Gerard-Street, of a mortification in his leg, on the 1ſt of May 1701, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey.

The ſplendor of his funeral was equal to the reſpect paid to him while living. In a ſatirical poem, intituled, "A Deſcription of Mr. Dryden's Funeral," 1701, the writer aſſerts that the expence of the funeral was defrayed by Halifax;

He the great Bard *at his own charge interr;*

but makes no mention of the regularity of the proceſſion having been interrupted by the outrages of Lord Jeffries and his "rakiſh companions;" as related at great length in Wilſon's "Life of Congreve." Had ſuch a circumſtance happened, he hardly would have omitted it,

In the Regiſter of the College of Phyſicians, is the following entry: "May 3. 1701, Comitiis Cenſoriis Ordinariis. At the requeſt of ſeveral perſons of quality, that Mr. Dryden might be carried from the College of Phyſicians, to be interred at Weſtminſter, it was unanimouſly granted by the Preſident and Cenſors." This entry is not calculated to afford any credit to the narrative concerning Lord Jeffries; but renders it probable that the expence of the funeral was defrayed by ſubſcription.

Ward, in his "London Spy," 1706, relates, that on the occaſion there was a performance of ſolemn muſic at the College, and that at the proceſſion, which he himſelf ſaw, there was a concert of hautboys and trumpets. The day of his interment he ſays was Monday the 13th of May, twelve days after his deceaſe. Wilſon ſays, that "Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration at the College, over the corpſe, which was attended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches." Oldys mentions an epitaph on Dryden by Garth, which was in his poſſeſſion, but it is not now extant.

He was buried among the Poets in Weſtminſter Abbey, where he lay long without diſtinction, till Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamſhire gave him a tablet, for which was originally intended this epitaph:

This Sheffield rais'd.—The ſacred duſt below
Was Dryden once; the reſt who does not know?

Which was changed into the plain inſcription now upon it,

J. DRYDEN,
Natus Aug 9 1631,
Mortuus Maii 1701,
Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamienſis, poſuit.

He married Lady Elizabeth Howard daughter of the Earl of Berkſhire, who ſurvived him eight years. By her he had three ſons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles was Uſher of the Palace to Pope Clement the XI. and viſiting England in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to ſwim acroſs the Thames at Windſor. He tranſlated *the Seventh Satire of Juvenal.* John was author of a comedy, called *The Huſband his own Cuckold*, acted in 1696, and tranſlated the *Fourteenth Satire of Juvenal.* He is ſaid to have died at Rome. Henry entered into ſome religious order.

A collection of his *Original Poems and Tranſlations*, was printed in folio 1701, by the elder Tonſon, and reprinted, with additions, in 4 vols 12mo, 1743, by J. and R. Tonſon.

A complete collection of his *Poetical Works*, in 6 vols 8vo, with an account of his life by Mr. Derrick, was printed in 1766. The ſubſequent editions of his Plays, Poems, and Tranſlations, require no particular enumeration.

Of the perſon, private life, and domeſtic manners of Dryden, very few particulars are known. His picture by Kneller would lead us to ſuppoſe that he was graceful in his perſon; but Kneller was a great mender of nature. From the "State Poems," we learn that he was a ſhort, thick man. The nick-name given him by his enemies was *Poet Squab.*

"I remember plain John Dryden" (ſays a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February 1745, who was then 87 years of age), "before he paid his court to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve [the actreſs] at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a ſword and *Chedreux* wig, [probably the wig that Swift has ridiculed in "the Battle of the Books"]. Poſterity is abſolutely miſtaken as to that great man. Though forced to be a ſatiriſt, he was the mildeſt creature breathing, and the readieſt to help the young and deſerving. Though his comedies are horribly full of double entendre, yet 'twas owing to a falſe compliance for a diſſolute age; he was in company the modeſteſt man that ever converſed."

Of his private character, he himſelf thus ſpeaks in a letter to Dennis, written in 1694. "For my principles of religion, I will not juſtify them to you, I know your's are far different. For the ſame reaſon, I ſhall ſay nothing of my principles of ſtate; I believe you in your's follow the dictates

of your reaſon, as I, in mine, do thoſe of my conſcience: If I thought myſelf in an error I would retract it. For my morals, between man and man, I am not to be my own judge. I appeal to the world if I have deceived or defrauded any man; and for my private converſation, they who ſee me every day, can be the beſt witneſſes, whether or not it be blameleſs and inoffenſive."

Dr. Johnſon found two men to whom Dryden was perſonally known, one of whom ſaid, that, at the houſe which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-Houſe, the appeal upon any literary diſpute was made to him; and the other related, that his armed chair, which, in the winter, had a ſettled and preſcriptive place by the fire, was in the ſummer placed in the balcony. The two places were called by him his winter and his ſummer ſeat.

One of his opinions, though prevalent in his time, will do him no honour in the preſent age. He put great confidence in the prognoſtications of judicial aſtrology. In the preface to his *Fables*, he has endeavoured obliquely to juſtify his ſuperſtition, by attributing the ſame to ſome of the ancients. The letter to his ſons in Italy, preſerved in the Library at Lambeth, and imparted to the public by Dr. Johnſon, leaves no doubt of his notions or practice. It contains, alſo, a indubitable proof of his religious ſincerity.

From ſome parts of his hiſtory he appears unſteady, and to have too readily temporiſed with the ſeveral revolutions in church and ſtate. This, however, might in ſome meaſure have been owing to his natural timidity and diffidence. Congreve, whoſe authority cannot be queſtioned, has given us ſuch an account of him, as makes him appear no leſs amiable as a man, than he was illuſtrious as a poet. He was humane, he tells us, compaſſionate, forgiving, ſincerely friendly; of extenſive reading, a tenacious memory, and a ready communication; gentle in the correction of the writings of others, and patient under the reprehenſion of his own deficiencies; eaſy of acceſs himſelf, but ſlow and diffident in his advances to others; and of all men the moſt modeſt and the moſt eaſy to be diſcountenanced in his approaches either to his inferiors or his equals.

To the teſtimony of Congreve, who knew him familiarly, his cenſurers have nothing to object, but that his modeſty, courteſy, and good-humour, were by no means inconſiſtent with a high opinion of his own powers, an unneceſſary jealouſy of the reputation of others, and a querulous oſtentatiouſneſs, in reminding the world of his merits.

From thoſe notices which he has very liberally given us of himſelf, it appears, that "his converſation was ſlow and dull, his humour ſaturnine and reſerved, and that he was none of thoſe who endeavour to break jeſts in company, and make repartees." But whatever was his character as a companion, it appears, that he lived in familiarity with the higheſt perſons of his time. He has been reproached with boaſting of his familiarity with the great, but he has never been accuſed of being an auxiliary of vice, or charged with any perſonal agency, unworthy of a good character. His works, indeed, afford too many examples of diſſolute licentiouſneſs and abject adulation. Such degradation of genius, ſuch abuſe of ſuperlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation.

> ——————— indignant view,
> Yet pity Dryden—hark! whene'er he ſings,
> How adulation drops her courtly dew
> On titled rhymers and inglorious kings.
>
> MASON.

Of dramatic immorality he did not want examples among his contemporaries; but in the meanneſs and ſervility of hyperbolical adulation, he poſſeſſed an unrivalled ſuperiority. Of this kind of meanneſs he never ſeems to decline the practice or lament the neceſſity. He appears to have been more delighted with the fertility of his invention than mortified by the proſtitution of his judgment, which was probably, like his immorality and his merriment, artificial and conſtrained, the effect of ſtudy and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleaſure. It is, indeed, not certain that his judgment much rebelled againſt his intereſt; but it is certain that he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen, of which he lived to repent, and to teſtify his repentance.

Conſidered in his intellectual and literary character, Dryden preſents himſelf to us as a dramatiſt, a critic, a ſcholar, a writer of proſe, and a general poet.

His plays have perhaps the leaſt merit of all his writings. He has himſelf confeſſed his unfitneſs for the writing of comedy. "I want," ſays he, "that gaiety of humour that is required in it; ſo that thoſe who decry my comedies, do me no injury except in point of profit. Reputation in them is the laſt thing to which I ſhall pretend." But even in this branch of poetry he has written enough to perpetuate his fame; as his *All for Love*, *Spaniſh Friar*, *Don Sebaſtian*, and *Conqueſt of Granada*, can never be forgotten. It ſhould be remembered that he deſerves a much ſeverer cenſure for the immorality of his plays, than for any defects in their compoſition.

His character as a critic and a poet, has been illuſtrated by writers of diſtinguiſhed ability; but it is moſt happily illuſtrated by the claſſical pen of Dr. Johnſon, who has written his life with candor, analyſed his character with much ingenuity, and diſmiſſed him with a juſt eulogium.

Dryden may be properly conſidered as the father of Engliſh criticiſm. His *Eſſay on Dramatic Poetry* was the firſt regular and valuable treatiſe on the Art of Writing. It will not be eaſy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatiſe ſo artfully variegated with ſucceſſive repreſentations of oppoſite probabilities, ſo enlivened with imagery, ſo brightened with illuſtrations.

His ſcholaſtic acquiſitions, though great, ſeem not proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. He could not, in Dr. Johnſon's opinion, like Milton or Cowley, have made his name illuſtrious merely by his learning. Yet it cannot be ſaid that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languiſhes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and ſparkle with illuſtrations.

Criticiſm either didactic or defenſive, occupies almoſt all his proſe, except thoſe pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, the formality of a ſettled ſtyle, in which the firſt half of the ſentence betrays the other. The clauſes are never balanced, nor the periods modelled: every word ſeems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous: what is little, is gay; what is great, is ſplendid. He may be thought to mention himſelf too frequently; but while he forces himſelf upon our eſteem, we cannot refuſe him to ſtand high in his own. Every thing is executed by the play of images, and the ſprightlineſs of expreſſion. Though all is eaſy, nothing is feeble; though all ſeems careleſs, there is nothing harſh; and though, ſince his earlier works, more than a century has paſſed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obſolete.

From his proſe, however, he deſerves only his ſecondary praiſe; the veneration with which his name is pronounced, by every cultivator of Engliſh literature, is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the ſentiments, and tuned the numbers of Engliſh poetry.

> Waller was ſmooth, but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verſe, the full reſounding line,
> The long majeſtic march, and energy divine.
>
> POPE.

Dryden is the moſt univerſal of all poets. This univerſality has been objected to him as a fault, but it was the unhappy effect of penury and dependence. His ſeveral productions were ſo many ſucceſſive expedients for his ſupport; his plays were therefore often borrowed, and his poems were almoſt all occaſional. His *Heroic Stanzas* on the death of Cromwell, were among the earlieſt of his occaſional compoſitions. They have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and though not always proper, ſhew a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are ſmooth, and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and eaſy. His *Aſtræa* ſhows that he had not yet learned to reject forced conceits, or to forbear the improper uſe of mythology. Into his *Verſes to the Lord Chancellor*, he ſeems to have collected all his powers. They afford his firſt attempt at thoſe penetrating remarks on human nature, for which he ſeems to have been peculiarly formed. The *Annus Mirabilis* is written with great diligence, yet does not fully anſwer the expectation raiſed by ſuch ſubjects and ſuch a writer. With the ſtanza of Davenant, he has ſometimes his vein of parentheſis and incidental diſquiſition. He affords more ſentiment than deſcription, and does not ſo much impreſs ſcenes upon the fancy, as deduce conſequences, and make compariſons. His *Abſalom and Achitophel* compriſes all the excellencies of which a poem political and controverſial is ſuſceptible; acrimony of cenſure, cle-

gance of praiſe, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of ſentiment, happy turns of language, and pleaſing harmony of numbers, and all theſe raiſed to ſuch a height as ſcarcely can be found in any other Engliſh compoſition. It is not, however, without faults. The original ſtructure of the poem is defective: ſome lines are inelegant or improper, and too many are irreligiouſly licentious.

The *Medal*, written upon the ſame principles, but upon a narrower plan, gives leſs pleaſure; though it abounds with touches both of humourous and ſerious ſatire. The *Threnodia* is obviouſly defective in the irregularity of its metre. What is worſe, it has neither tenderneſs nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. His elegiac ode, *On the Death of Mrs. Killigrew*, is among the beſt in our language; the firſt part flows with a torrent of enthuſiaſm. All the ſtanzas indeed are not equal. The *Religio Laici* is an example of the middle kind of writing. The ſubject is rather argumentative than poetical; it is, however, a compoſition of great excellence in its kind. The *Hind and Panther*, the largeſt of all his original poems, exhibits the moſt correct ſpecimen of his verſification. The parallel, however, is injudicious and incommodious. But when this conſtitutional abſurdity is forgiven, the poem muſt be confeſſed to be written with great ſmoothneſs of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images; the controverſy is embelliſhed with pointed ſentences, diverſified by illuſtrations, and enlivened by ſallies of invective. In the poem, *On the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation. His *Mac-Flecknoe* is only inferior to the "Dunciad," confeſſedly written in imitation of it, but upon a more extenſive plan. The general character of his verſion of *Juvenal*, will be given, when it is ſaid to preſerve the wit, but to want the dignity of the original. The tranſlation of *Perſius* is written in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effect of the mind. His verſion of *Virgil*, his greateſt and moſt laborious work, is pronounced by Pope, "the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation in any language." The general opinion is equally favourable. "Thoſe who excel him," ſays Dr. Felton, "where they obſerve he hath failed, will fall below in a thouſand inſtances where he hath excelled." His *Fables*, the moſt perfect of his works, have not received, from Dr. Johnſon, the commendation they deſerve. Dryden was probably partial in ſetting the ſtory of *Palamon and Arcite* on a level with the *Æneid*, yet it merits great praiſe. The *Flower and Leaf*, paſſed over by Dr. Johnſon, is happily moderniſed; the nineteen firſt lines, in particular, are delightful, and contain an incomparable ſketch of the beauty of ſpring. "It is to his *Fables*," ſays Dr. Warton, "though written in his old age, that Dryden will owe his immortality, and among them particularly to *Palamon and Arcite*, *Sigiſmunda and Guiſcardo*, and *Theodore and Honoria*. The warmth and melody of theſe pieces, have never been excelled in our language, I mean in rhyme." His *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, perhaps the laſt effort of his poetry, is the moſt unrivalled of his compoſitions; it exhibits the higheſt flight of fancy, and the exacteſt nicety of art, and is juſtly eſteemed one of the moſt perfect in any language.

The character of his *Prologues*, *Epilogues*, *Songs*, and ſhorter Poems, may be compriſed in Congreve's remark, that "each of them, if he had written nothing elſe, would have entitled him to the preference and diſtinction of excelling in its kind."

Critics have often ſtated a compariſon between Dryden and Pope, as poets of the ſame order. The ſubject has not been forgotten by Dr. Johnſon in his life of Pope. A long controverſy relative to the comparative merits of Dryden and Pope, has been carried on between Miſs Seward and Mr. Weſton, in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1789 and 1790. Much ingenuity and critical ſkill are diſplayed on both ſides. Miſs Seward ſtrenuouſly maintains the pretenſions of Pope, and Mr. Weſton fights with inextinguiſhable ardour in the cauſe of his favourite, Dryden.

Dr. Beattie's compariſon of the verſification of Dryden and Pope merits particular attention.

"Dryden's verſe," ſays that amiable and elegant writer," though often faulty, has a grace and a ſpirit peculiar to itſelf. That of Pope is more correct, and perhaps, upon the whole, more harmonious, but it is in general more languid and leſs diverſified. Pope's numbers are ſweet, but elaborate; and our ſenſe of their energy is in ſome degree interrupted by our attention to the art

diſplayed in their contexture. Dryden's are more natural and free, and while they communicate their own ſprightly motion to the ſpirits of the reader, hurry him along with a gentle and pleaſing violence, without giving him time either to animadvert on their faults, or to analyſe their beauties. Pope excels in ſolemnity of ſound; Dryden in an eaſy melody and boundleſs variety of rhyme. In this laſt reſpect, I think I could prove that he is ſuperior to all other Engliſh poets, Milton himſelf not excepted. Till Dryden appeared, none of our writers in rhyme of the laſt century approached in any meaſure to the harmony of Spenſer and Fairfax. Of Waller, it can only be ſaid, that he is not harſh. Of Denham and Cowley, if a few couplets were ſtruck out of their works, we could not ſay ſo much. But, in Dryden's hands, the Engliſh rhyming couplet aſſumed a new form, and ſeems hardly to be ſuſceptible of any farther improvement."

His poetical character is given by Dr. Johnſon, with a ſagacity of diſcrimination, and a felicity of expreſſion, which far tranſcend all praiſe.

" In a general ſurvey of Dryden's labours," ſays that judicious and claſſical critic, " he appears to have a mind very comprehenſive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compoſitions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

" The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather ſtrong reaſon than quick ſenſibility. Upon all occaſions that were preſented, he ſtudied rather than felt, and produced ſentiments not ſuch as nature enforces, but meditation ſupplies. With the ample and elemental paſſions, as they ſpring and operate in the mind, he ſeems not much acquainted, and ſeldom deſcribes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of ſociety, and confuſed in the tumults and agitations of life.

" He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetic, and had ſo little ſenſibility of the power of effuſions purely natural, that he did not eſteem it in others. Simplicity gave him no pleaſure, and, for the firſt part of his life, he looked on Otway with contempt; though at laſt, indeed very late, he confeſſed that in his play *there was Nature, which is the chief beauty.*

" The favourite exerciſe of his mind was ratiocination. Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring ſallies of ſentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkneſs begin to mingle, to approach the precipice of abſurdity, and hover over the abyſs of unideal vacancy.

" He was no lover of labour. What he thought ſufficient he did not ſtop to make better, and allowed himſelf to leave many parts unfiniſhed, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he diſmiſſed from his thoughts, and, I believe, there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The haſtineſs of his productions might be the effect of neceſſity; but his ſubſequent neglect could hardly have any other cauſe than impatience of ſtudy.

" Some improvements had been already made in Engliſh numbers, but the full force of our language was not yet felt: the verſe that was ſmooth, was commonly feeble. If Cowley had ſometimes a finiſhed line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to chooſe the flowing and the ſonorous words; to vary the pauſes, and adjuſt the accents; to diverſify the cadence, and yet preſerve the ſmoothneſs of his metre.

" Of Dryden's works it was ſaid by Pope, that " he could ſelect from them better ſpecimens of every mode of poetry, than any other Engliſh writer could ſupply." Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with ſuch variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctneſs of our ſentiments. By him we were taught " ſapere et fari," to think naturally, and expreſs forcibly. Though Davies has reaſoned in rhime before him, it may be perhaps maintained that he was the firſt who joined argument with poetry. He ſhowed us the true bounds of a tranſlator's liberty. What was ſaid of Rome, adorned by Auguſtus, may be applied by an eaſy metaphor to Engliſh poetry, embelliſhed by Dryden, " lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit." He found it brick, and he left it marble."

ORIGINAL POEMS.

UPON THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

Must noble Haſtings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding ſheet?
Muſt virtue prove death's harbinger? muſt ſhe,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, ſin's wages, grace's now? ſhall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be diſeaſe; if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himſelf to diſcipline? who'd not eſteem
Labour a crime? ſtudy ſelf-murther deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguiſt, whoſe worth ſpeaks itſelf, whoſe praiſe,
Though not his own, all tongues beſides do raiſe:
Than whom great Alexander may ſeem leſs;
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations ſpake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native ſoil was the four parts o' th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apoſtle; and with reverence may
I ſpeak it, inſpir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him a child, what men in vain
Oft ſtrive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his ſublime ſoul
Did move on virtue's, and on learning's pole:
Whoſe regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' ſphere, the heavens did ſhew.
Graces and virtues, languages and arts,
Beauty and learning fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling ſtars appear
Scatter'd in others; all, as in their ſphere,
Were fix'd, conglobate in his ſoul; and thence
Shone through his body, with ſweet influence,
Letting their glories ſo on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celeſtial.
Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canſt take:
But that tranſcends thy ſkill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus aſtronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, ſtruck with this ray which ſhone
More bright i' th' morn', than others beam at noon,
He'd take his aſtrolabe, and ſeek out here
What new ſtar 'twas did gild our hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a foul diſeaſe?
The nations ſin hath drawn that veil which ſhrouds
Our day-ſpring in ſo ſad benighting clouds,
Heaven would no longer truſt its pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the ſmall-pox,
The very filthineſs of Pandora's box?
So many ſpots, like næves on Venus' ſoil,
One jewel ſet off with ſo many a foil;
Bliſters with pride ſwell'd, which through's fleſh did ſprout
Like roſe-buds, ſtuck i' th' lily-ſkin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit:

Which, rebel like, with its own lord at ſtriſe,
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his life.
Or were theſe gems ſent to adorn his ſkin,
The cab'net of a richer ſoul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whoſe corps might ſeem a conſtellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife [life?
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An univerſal metempſychoſis.
Muſt all theſe aged ſires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had ſwol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But haſty winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, ſummer, ſpring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak, i'th'ſpring, i'th'blade the corn;
Thus without young, this Phœnix dies, new-born.
Muſt then old three-legg'd grey-beards with their gout.
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for th' hoſpital!
Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal!
Muſt drunkards, lechers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as broths, poſſets, phyſic give?
None live, but ſuch as ſhould die, ſhall we meet
With none but ghoſtly fathers in the ſtreet?
Grief makes me rail; ſorrow will force its way;
And ſhowers of tears tempeſtuous ſighs beſt lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of elegies.
But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-raviſh'd ſpouſe is gone,
Whoſe ſkilful fire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His ſoul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Tranſcribe th' original in new copies; give
Haſtings o'th' better part; ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandſire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An iſſue, which t' eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th' irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no Mauſoleums: for his beſt
Monument is his ſpouſe's marble breaſt.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS DEATH.

I.

And now 'tis time; for their officious haſte,
Who would before have borne him to the ſky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were paſt,
Did let too ſoon the ſacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our beſt notes are treaſon to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applauſe of public voice;
Since heaven, what praiſe we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praiſe no maſi can liberal be,
Since they, whoſe Muſes have the higheſt flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendſhip to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our intereſt too,
Such monuments as we can build to raiſe;
Leſt all the world prevent what we ſhould do,
And claim a title in him by their praiſe.

V.

How ſhall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame ſo truly circular;
For in a round what order can be ſhew'd,
Where all the parts ſo equal perfect are?

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great e'er fortune made him ſo:
And wars, like miſts that riſe againſt the ſun,
Made him but greater ſeem, nor greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did freſh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poiſon'd ſoon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that eaſy miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient ſervants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd Pompey did diſcard.

IX.

He private mark'd the faults of others' fway,
And ſet as ſea-marks for himſelf to ſhun:
Not like raſh monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his deſign;
We owe that bleſſing, not to him, but heaven,
Which to fair acts unſought rewards did join;
Rewards, that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like ſticklers of the war,
Firſt fought t'inflame the parties, then to poiſe:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor;
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our conſumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and eſſay'd
To ſtaunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the land he paſt,
Like that bold Greek who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to battles ſuch heroic haſte,
As if on wings of victory he flew

XIV.

He fought ſecure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the iſland might be ſhewn,
Of conqueſts, which he ſtrew'd where-e'er he came
Thick as the galaxy with ſtars is ſown.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait ſhew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland to no intereſt true,
Yet bleſt that fate which did his arms diſpoſe
Her land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe ſtars which only ſhine,
When to pale mariners they ſtorms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his count'nance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all ſouls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where ſovereign gold doth grow.

XX.

When paſt all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depoſ'd, and arms to gowns made yield;
Succeſsful councils did him ſoon approve
As fit for cloſe intrigues, as open field.

XXI.

To ſuppliant Holland he vouchſaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the Britiſh main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our friendſhip with her idol, gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' aſſerted ſea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the Frenchman's cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light Monſieur the grave Don outweigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the ſcale where'er 'twas caſt;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though ſome meaner artiſt's ſkill were ſhown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet ſtill the fair deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confidant of nature, ſaw
How ſhe complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large breaſt,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch heroic virtue heaven ſets out,
The ſtars, like commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they ſeldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high ſpring our foreign conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If ſprings as high as fountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us freemen of the continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the Engliſh lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

The old unqueſtion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;
And trembling wiſh'd behind more Alps to ſtand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly croſs'd the line,
And bravely fought where ſouthern ſtars arife;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a ſoul above
The higheſt acts it could produce to ſhow:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilſt the deep ſecrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went leſs,
But when freſh laurels courted him to live:
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new ſucceſs,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As, near the centre, motion doth increaſe;
Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the veſtal, under ſpoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the ocean as a tribute ſent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And th' iſle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obſequies loud ſighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have ſince his death aroſe,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that reſpect for his repoſe,
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at ſea.

XXXVII.

His aſhes in a peaceful urn ſhall reſt,
His name a great example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtraugely high endeavours may be bleſt,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II. 1660.

"*Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*" VIRG.

The laſt great age foretold by ſacred rhimes
Renews it's finiſh'd courſe: Saturnian times
Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was bleſt,
While our's, a world divided from the reſt,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worſer far
Than arms, a ſullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring ſkies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
And in that ſilence we the tempeſt fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like reſtleſs billows toſt,
On this hand gaining what on that he loſt,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideleſs kingdom peace bequeath'd.

And heaven, that ſeem'd regardleſs of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create,
Such mortal quarrels to compoſe in peace
As nature bred, and intereſt did increaſe.
We ſigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Muſt grow a lily to the lily's ſide,
While our croſs ſtars deny'd us Charles's bed,
Whom our firſt flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long abſence church and ſtate did groan;
Madneſs the pulpit, faction ſeiz'd the throne:
Experienc'd age in deep deſpair was loſt,
To ſee the rebel thrive, the loyal croſt:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had ſeen:
We thought our ſires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our portion ſpent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
For when by their deſigning leaders taught
To ſtrike at power which for themſelves they fought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The ſacred purple then and ſcarlet gown,
Like ſanguine dye, to elephants was ſhewn.
Thus when the bold Typhœus ſcal'd the ſky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown, from treaſon's reach is free,
If Jove and heaven can violated be?)
The leſſer gods, that ſhar'd his proſperous ſtate,
All ſuffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now ſuch freedom did enjoy,
As winds at ſea, that uſe it to deſtroy;
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage liberty,
Like that our painted anceſtors ſo priz'd,
Ere empire's arts their breaſts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for himſelf and us!
He, toſs'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's ſorrows, with his crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's deſired age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn eſtate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breaſt,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dreſt.
As ſouls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his baniſhment.
That ſun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
How eaſy 'tis, when deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread ſails to run before the wind!
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
He would not, like ſoft Otho, hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd fortune to repent.
Theſe virtues Galba in a ſtranger fought,
And Piſo to adopted empire brought.
How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his ſufferings both regret and bleſs?
For when his early valour Heaven had croſt;
And all at Worceſter but the honour loſt;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' ſecret arts of ſway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay,
Thus baniſh'd David ſpent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when reſtor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Thoſe choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions ſhown
To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he loſt before,
His right endears it much; his purchaſe more.
Inur'd to ſuffer ere he came to reign,
No raſh procedure will his actions ſtain:
To buſineſs ripen'd by digeſtive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who firſt proportion underſtand,
With eaſy practice reach a maſter's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then conſer
On night the honour'd name of Counſeller,
Since, ſtruck with rays of proſperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In ſuch adverſities to ſcepters train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandſire gain'd:
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a covenanting league's vaſt powers,
As holy and as catholic as our's:
'Till fortune's fruitleſs ſpite had made it known,
Her blows not ſhook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, loſt in ſleep and eaſe,
No action leave to buſy chronicles:
Such, whoſe ſupine felicity but makes
In ſtory chaſms, in epocha miſtakes;
O'er whom time gently ſhakes his wings of down,
'Till with his ſilent ſickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild diſtemper'd rage
Of ſome black ſtar infecting all the ſkies,
Made him at his own coſt like Adam wiſe.
Tremble ye nations, which ſecure before,
Laugh'd at thoſe arms that 'gainſt ourſelves we bore
Rouz'd by the laſh of his own ſtubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes aſſail.
With alga who the ſacred altar ſtrews?
To all the ſea gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, ſhall be ſlain,
A lamb to you, ye tempeſts of the main:
For thoſe loud ſtorms that did againſt him roar,
Have caſt his ſhipwreck'd veſſel on the ſhore.
Yet as wiſe artiſts mix their colours ſo,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black ſteals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd ſight:
So on us ſtole our bleſſed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but ſcarce the manner ſee.
Froſts that conſtrain the ground, and birth deny
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
Do ſeldom their uſurping power withdraw,
But raging floods purſue their haſty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But loſt in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its bleſſings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of peace would like himſelf conſer
A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:

Yet, as he knew his bleſſing's worth, took care,
That we ſhould know it by repeated prayer;
Which ſtorm'd the ſkies, and raviſh'd Charles from thence,
As heaven itſelf is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only ſerv'd to ſhow,
He durſt that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: ſo, like the watchful traveller
That by the moon's miſtaken light did riſe,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence deſign'd to looſe
Thoſe real bonds falſe freedom did impoſe.
The bleſſed ſaints, that watch'd this turning ſcene,
Did from their ſtars with joyful wonder lean,
To ſee ſmall clues draw vaſteſt weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order ſtrong.
Thus pencils can by one ſlight touch reſtore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With each ſuch fond chimeras we purſue,
As fancy frames for fancy to ſubdue:
But when ourſelves to action we betake,
It ſhuns the mint like gold that chemiſts make.
How hard was then his taſk! at once to be
What in the body naturally we ſee?
Man's architect diſtinctly did ordain
The charge of muſcles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewleſs conduits ſpirits to diſpenſe;
The ſprings of motion from the ſeat of ſenſe.
'Twas not the haſty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wiſe delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he ſtrook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the ſtomach labours thus,
At firſt embracing what it ſtraight doth cruſh.
Wiſe leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till ſome ſafe criſis authorize their ſkill
Nor could his acts too cloſe a vizard wear,
To 'ſcape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted neſt,
Whence Legion twice before was diſpoſſeſt:
Once ſacred houſe; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could ſanctify a ſin;
Like thoſe that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
While to exceſs on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks firſt warn their ſouls
To part, before they taſte forbidden bowls:
So theſe, when their black crimes they went about,
Firſt timely charm'd their reſleſs conſcience out.
Religion's name againſt itſelf was made;
The ſhadow ſerv'd the ſubſtance to invade;
Like zealous miſſions, they did care pretend
Of ſouls in ſhew, but made the gold their end.
Th' incenſed powers beheld with ſcorn from high
And heaven ſo far diſtant from the ſky, [ground,
Which durſt, with horſes hoofs that beat the
And martial braſs, bely the thunder's ſound.
'Twas hence at length juſt vengeance thought it fit
To ſpeed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Loſt by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* muſt ſpend at leſſer rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.

Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots ſet,
A virtuous ſhame within us to beget.
For by example moſt we ſinn'd before,
And glaſs-like clearneſs mix'd with frailty bore.
But ſince reform'd by what we did amiſs,
We by our ſufferings learn to prize our bliſs:
Like early lovers, whoſe unpractis'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealouſies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such ſwarms of Engliſh to the neighbouring ſhore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoveriſh'd trade.
Oh had you ſeen from Schevelin's barren ſhore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True, ſorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd ſails deny'd.
The wavering ſtreamers, flags, and ſtandards out,
The merry ſeamen's rude but chearful ſhout;
And laſt the cannons voice that ſhook the ſkies,
And, as it fares in ſudden ecſtaſies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naſeby, now no longer England's ſhame,
But better to be loſt in Charles's name,
(Like ſome unequal bride in nobler ſheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himſelf alone a freight;
The Swift-ſure groans beneath great Gloſter's weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with theſe,
He that was born to drown might croſs the ſeas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a ſtake.
The ſame indulgence Charles's voyage bleſs'd,
Which in his right had miracles confeſs'd.
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their ſtraighten'd lungs, or conſcious of their charge.
The Britiſh Amphytrite, ſmooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning prince to entertain
With the ſubmitted faſces of the main.

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching clifts of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and ſorrow bears.
But you, whoſe goodneſs your deſcent doth ſhew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that ſame mildneſs, which your father's crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moſes give
A ſight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-ſuffering, goodneſs, mercy, in his name.
Your power to juſtice doth ſubmit your cauſe,
Your goodneſs only is above the laws;

Whoſe rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is ſofter made. So winds that tempeſts brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, loſe their ſpite.
And as thoſe lees, that troubled it, refine
The agitated ſoul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, ſpilt;
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe crouds on Dover's ſtrand,
Who, in their haſte to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their ſtill-growing ſtore,
And made a wilder torrent on the ſhore:
While, ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt delight,
Thoſe, who had ſeen you, court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your ſteps, and making haſte
To meet you often whereſoe'er you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an intereſt in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That ſtar, that at your birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller ſun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worſhip you.
And now Time's whiter ſeries is begun,
Which in ſoft centuries ſhall ſmoothly run:
Theſe clouds, that overcaſt your morn, ſhall fly,
Diſpell'd to fartheſt corners of the ſky.
Our nation with united intereſt bleſt,
Not now content to poize, ſhall ſway the reſt.
Abroad your empire ſhall no limits know,
But, like the ſea, in boundleſs circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet ſhall, with a wide command,
Beſiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offſpring ſwallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all ſeas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants ſhall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe dangers fear,
Which humble Holland muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he beſtows;
And France, that did an exile's preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful names of parties ceaſe,
And factious ſouls are wearied into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they,
Whoſe crimes before did your juſt cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your edicts ſome reclaim from ſin,
But moſt your life and bleſt example win.
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like thoſe alone,
By fate reſerv'd for great Auguſtus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreſhew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and ſin one common tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall proſpect of a riſing hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it falſe and ſlippery ground;
And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd,
Till new-born nature in freſh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal ſir, to ſee you landed here,
Was cauſe enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care thoſe glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:
Till your kind beams, by their continued ſtay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our ſtore,
When you refreſh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, diſpens'd celeſtial dew,
You gave us manna, and ſtill give us new.

Now our ſad ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The ſeaſon too comes fraught with new delight:
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop,
Nor do his wings with ſickly feathers droop:
Soft weſtern winds waſt o'er the gaudy ſpring,
And open'd ſcenes of flowers and bloſſoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourſelf the greateſt part:
Loud ſhouts the nation's happineſs proclaim,
And heaven this day is feaſted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair ſpectators view,
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each ſingles out a prey,
And longs to date a conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with bleſſings while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious ſlumbers haſte your eyes to cloſe;
And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next to the ſacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more ſacred head:
How juſtly from the church that crown is due,
Preſerv'd from ruin, and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more ſolemn joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm your name is ſent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incenſe fly:
Muſic herſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe brings
Her choiceſt notes to praiſe the beſt of kings:
Her melting ſtrains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought peace, all diſcord could atone,
His name is muſic of itſelf alone.
Now while the ſacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant ſcents, begun from you, are ſpread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful ſound,
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one bleſſing mix'd deſcends on you;
As heighten'd ſpirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wiſhes do increaſe your ſtore,
Full of yourſelf you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expreſſing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know thoſe bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs,
And judge of future by paſt happineſs.
No promiſe can oblige a prince ſo much
Still to be good, as long to have been ſuch.
A noble emulation heats your breaſt,
And your own fame now robs you of your reſt.
Good actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nouriſh'd with reſembling food.
You have already quench'd ſedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous ſects, that dare not truſt their cauſe
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their ſynod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæſar make.
Kind heaven ſo rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting might in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be ſet:
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.
Your calmneſs does no after-ſtorms provide,
Nor ſeeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire firſt from families did ſpring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a ſovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal ſway.
From thoſe great cares when eaſe your ſoul unbends,
Your pleaſures are deſign'd to noble ends?
Born to command the miſtreſs of the ſeas,
Your thoughts themſelves in that blue empire pleaſe.
Hither in ſummer evenings you repair
To taſte the *fraicheur* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæſar's heart that roſe above the waves.
More I could ſing, but fear my numbers ſtays;
No loyal ſubject dares that courage praiſe.
In ſtately frigates moſt delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When ev'n your pleaſures ſerve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fiſhes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters ſleep;
When, tir'd at ſea, within this bay they creep.
Here the miſtruſtful fowl no harm ſuſpects,
So ſafe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a bleſſing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whoſe chaſte womb, ordain'd by fate,
The ſouls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made diſcord ceaſe:
Your love is deſtin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king preſents rich ore,
While that with incenſe does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chooſe,
This muſt receive a crown, or that muſt loſe.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are anſwers ſought, and deſtinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the ſacred boughs.
Your ſubjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Chooſe only, ſir, that ſo they may poſſeſs
With their own peace their children's happineſs.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE,

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR's DAY, 1662.

My Lord,

While flattering crouds officiously appear
To give themselves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatness of their presents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muses, who your early courtship boast,
Though now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your mistresses, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
As those that see the church's sovereign rise;
From their own order chose, in whose high state,
They think themselves the second choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate,
While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
Through you, to us, his vital influence;
You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by our king and you;
Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to include, and yours to be inclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes; his pleasures find
Their share of business in your labouring mind.
So when the weary sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause,
In your tribunal most herself does please;
There only smiles because she lives at ease;
And, like young David, finds her strength the more,
When disincumber'd from these arms she wore.
Heaven would our royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we most did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
Not to increase, but to absolve our crimes:
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you
(Too great for any object to retain),
He wisely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers more,
As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore,
While empiric politicians use deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly shew that skill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end:
Which should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
So by your counsels we are brought to view
A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
By you our monarch does that fame assure,
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure

For prosperous princes gain their subjects heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.
By you he fits those subjects to obey
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
His power unseen, and man to his designs,
By his bright ministers the stars, inclines.
Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his last sad times,
That is a sufferer in his subjects crimes:
Thus those first favours you receiv'd, were sent,
Like heaven's rewards in earthly punishment.
Yet fortune, conscious of your destiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you softly by;
And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shewn all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods surprize:
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground:
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.
How strangely active are the arts of peace,
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noise;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
That, like the earth, it leaves our sense behind,
While you so smoothly turn and rowl our sphere,
That rapid motion does but rest appear.
For, as in nature's swiftness, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.
Let envy then those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free;
Envy, that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
You can secure the constancy of fate,
Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,
By lesser ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak shower a tempest call,
But drops of heat, that in the sun-shine fall.
You have already wearied fortune so,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.
In all things else above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet swells not into state,
But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
Where in perpetual spring young nature smiles,
Your greatness shews: no horror to affright,
But trees for shade, and flowers to court the sight:
Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
In small descents, which do its height beguile;
And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
Whose rise not hinders, but makes short our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rowling tempests vainly beat below;
And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears
Of love and friendship writ in former years.
Yet, unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it.
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

As needy gallants, in the ſcrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands;
The firſt fat buck of all the ſeaſon's ſent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of ſome Engliſhmen is ſuch,
To fawn on thoſe who ruin them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a war
With thoſe who of the ſame religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries foe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war,
Drew Engliſh blood, and Dutchman's now would ſpare.
Be gull'd no longer for you'll find it true
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Intereſt's the god they worſhip in their ſtate,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But ſtates are athieſts in their very frame.
They ſhare a ſin; and ſuch proportions fall,
That, like a ſtink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falſehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they ſtill would be.
To one well-born the affront in worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do,
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation;
For they were bred e'er manners were in faſhion:
And their new commonwealth has ſet them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber ſtate mankind beſtride.
Their ſway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato fruits of Afric diſplay;
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal Engliſh will like him conclude;
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdew'd,

To her Royal Highneſs

THE DUCHESS OF YORK,

ON THE

MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3. 1665,

AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our ſakes, your hero you reſign'd,
To ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt
(The manſion where ſoft love ſhould only reſt):
And, e'er our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with, then to part from you.
That glorious day, which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each unmatch'd might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt:
Thoſe, yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe, where the wealth of nations ought to flow,
Then with the Duke your Highneſs rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſrael fought)
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like diſtant thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent friends we are aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore;
But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
With generous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and victory he did purſue,
To bring them as the ſlaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
By land your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
Like commons the nobility to reſort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like ſome new envoy from the diſtant ſun,
And country beauties by their lovers go.
Bleſſing themſelves, and wondering at the ſhow.
So when the new-born Phœnix firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd ſubjects all adorn their queen,
And while ſhe makes her progreſs through the Eaſt,
From every grove her numerous train 's increas'd:
Each poet of the air her glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE

YEAR OF WONDERS,

M.DC.LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

TO THE

METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

The moſt renowned and late flouriſhing

CITY OF LONDON,

IN ITS

REPRESENTATIVES, THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, THE SHERIEFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT.

As perhaps I am the firſt whoever preſented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation; ſo it is likewiſe conſonant to juſtice, that he who was to give the firſt example of ſuch a dedication, ſhould begin it with that city, which has ſet a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unſhaken conſtancy. Other cities have been praiſed for the ſame virtues, but I am much deceived if any have ſo dearly purchaſed their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expenſive, though neceſſary war, a conſuming peſtilence, and a more conſuming fire. To ſubmit yourſelves with that humility to the judgments of heaven, and at the ſame time to raiſe yourſelves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be ſtruck down and to triumph I know not whether ſuch trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the reſolution and ſucceſſes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reaſon to love each other, if ſuffering for each other can endear

affection. You have come together a pair of matchleſs lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various traverſes of fortune, and the interpoſition of many rivals, who violently raviſhed and with-held you from him: and certainly you have had your ſhare in ſufferings. But Providence has caſt upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's neceſſities; and the reſt of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's diſpleaſure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the moſt excellent princes) than occaſions for the manifeſting of your Chriſtian and civil virtues. To you therefore this year of wonders is juſtly dedicated, becauſe you have made it ſo. You, who are to ſtand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourſelves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phœnix in her aſhes; and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the ſuffering Deity: but Heaven never made ſo much piety and virtue to leave it miſerable. I have heard, indeed, of ſome virtuous perſons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply when the cauſe becomes ſo general; and I cannot imagine it has reſolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has bleſſed abroad with ſuch ſucceſſes. I am therefore to conclude, that your ſufferings are at an end; and that one part of my poem has not been more an hiſtory of your deſtruction, than the other a prophecy of your reſtoration. The accompliſhment of which happineſs, as it is the wiſh of every true Engliſhmen, ſo it is by none more paſſionately deſired, than by,

The greateſt of your admirers,

And moſt humble of your ſervants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENSUING POEM,

IN A LETTER TO THE

HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject, which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not having served my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it: and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonality of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem Historical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan, rather among historians in verse, than Epic poets: in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my poem in quatrians, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever

judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the ſound and number, than any other verſe in uſe amongſt us; in which I am ſure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the ſlavery of any rhyme; and were leſs conſtrained in the quantity of every ſyllable, which they might vary with ſpondees or dactyls, beſides ſo many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abreviation of them, than the modern are in the cloſe of that one ſyllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the ſenſe of all the reſt. But in this neceſſity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verſe moſt eaſy, though not ſo proper for this occaſion: for there the work is ſooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only ſo, but to bear along in his head the troubleſome ſenſe of four lines together. For thoſe, who write correctly in this kind, muſt needs acknowledge, that the laſt line of the ſtanza is to be conſidered in the compoſition of the firſt. Neither can we give ourſelves the liberty of making any part of a verſe for the ſake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current Engliſh, or uſing the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practiſed: and for the female rhymes, they are ſtill in uſe amongſt other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiſcuouſly, with the French alternately; as thoſe who have read the Alarique, the Pucelli, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And beſides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verſes of ſix feet; ſuch as amongſt us is the old tranſlation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthning of their chain, makes the ſphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my ſtanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will haſten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only ſay, I have never yet ſeen the deſcription of any naval fight in the proper terms which are uſed at ſea: and if there be any ſuch in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharſalia, yet I could not avail myſelf of it in the Engliſh; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the ſmoke, the diſorder, and the ſlaughter; but all theſe are common notions. And certainly, as thoſe who in a logical diſpute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription, would veil their ignorance.

" Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores,
" Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?"

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the ſea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: and if I have made ſome few miſtakes, it is only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being firſt written, and now ſent you from a place where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any ſeaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompenſed by the pleaſure. I found myſelf ſo warm in celebrating the praiſes of military men; two ſuch eſpecially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inſpired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied, that, as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—" Omnia " ſponte ſua reddit juſtiſſima tellus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleaſant field; ſo fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given two harveſts in a ſummer, and in both oppreſſed the reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the teſt of danger; the greatneſs of arms is only real: other greatneſs burdens a nation with its weight; this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of kings, that we may praiſe his ſubjects without offending him. Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of my poem; I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool-diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor, which ſearches over all the memory, for the ſpecies or ideas of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy reſult of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or hiſtorical poem; I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imaging of perſons, actions, paſſions, or things. It is not the jerk or ſting of an epigram, nor the ſeeming contradiction of a poor antitheſis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomaſia; neither is it ſo much the morality of a grave ſentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by Virgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours of ſpeech, that it ſets before your eyes the abſent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than nature. So then the firſt happineſs of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of

the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

" ——Totamque infusa per artus
" Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore
" miscet."

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

" ————lumenque juventæ
" Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
" Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
" Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro."

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings,

the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, " Materiem superabat opus:" the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Piso's:

" Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
" Reddiderit junctura novum——"

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both knew so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

" Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
" Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——"

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers! In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shews nature

beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with diſtorted face and antique geſtures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from nature. But though the ſame images ſerve equally for the Epic poeſy, and for the hiſtoric and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of ſculpture is to be uſed in them. If ſome of them are to be like thoſe of Juvenal, "Stantes "in curribus Æmiliani," heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, "Spirantia "mollius æra:" there is ſomewhat more of ſoftneſs and tenderneſs to be ſhewn in them. You will ſoon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have ſeen a paper of verſes, which I wrote laſt year to her Highneſs the Dutcheſs, have accuſed them of that only thing I could defend in them. They ſaid, I did "humi ſerpere;" that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to ſet it off. I might well anſwer with that of Horace, "Nunc non erat his locus;" I knew I addreſſed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the ſoftneſs of expreſſion, and the ſmoothneſs of meaſure rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to ſay I have ſucceeded. I deteſt arrogance; but there is ſome difference betwixt that and a juſt defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader's. I leave them to ſpeak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, ſir, it is time I ſhould relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In concluſion, I muſt leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find ſewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of thoſe, of whom the younger Pliny ſpeaks; "Nec ſunt parum multi, "qui carpere amicos ſuos judicium vocant;" I am rather too ſecure of you on that ſide. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiſs in correcting them; if you will not withal conſider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greateſt favour you can confer upon an abſent perſon, ſince I repoſe upon your management what is deareſt to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will ſtir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the ſtory of the gameſter who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, chriſtened all the children by his ſurname, that if, in concluſion, they muſt beg, they ſhould do ſo by one name, as well as by the other. But ſince the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reaſon I ſhould do you that juſtice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendſhip, to which he muſt ever acknowledge himſelf to owe all things, who is

SIR,

The moſt obedient, and moſt

Faithful of your ſervants,

From Charleton in Wiltſhire,
Nov. 10. 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS.

M, DC, LXVI.

I.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which like blood, ſhould circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom loſt:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And ſeem'd but ſhipwreck'd on ſo baſe a coaſt.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eaſtern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did ſweat,
And in hot Ceilon ſpicy foreſts grew.

IV.

The ſun but ſeem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon ſupply'd her watery ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full veſſels to the Belgian ſhore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ſhips, ſtood Carthage long,
And ſwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to Rome, leſs wealthy, but more ſtrong:
And this may prove our ſecond Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd ſo far,
That each ſeven years the fit muſt ſhake each land:
Where France will ſide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendſhip vain:
And while his ſecret ſoul in Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep deſigns of empire does he lay
O'er them, whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at ſea,
To whom with eaſe he can give laws by land.

X.

This ſaw our king; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed ſhould be oppreſs'd,
And he leſs for it than uſurpers do.

XI.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his ſubjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people ſet,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He firſt ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs riſe,
It would in richer ſhowers deſcend again.

XIV.

At length reſolv'd t' aſſert the watery ball,
He in himſelf did whole Armadoes bring:
Him aged ſeamen might their maſter call,
And chooſe for general, were he not their king.

XV.

It ſeems as every ſhip their ſovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herd when Proteus blows,
And ſo to paſture follow through the ſea.

XVI.

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the ſun, or ſeeming ſo alone;
Or each ſome more remote and ſlippery ſtar,
Which loſes footing when to mortals ſhewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the ſun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did firſt with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus heaven our monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his royal race.

XX.

But ſince it was decreed, auſpicious king,
In Britain's right that thou ſhouldſt wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawſon ſhould be ſlain.

XXI.

Lawſon amongſt the foremoſt met his fate,
Whom ſea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian ſtate,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride preſum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confeſs'd heaven preſent, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean ſaw.

XXIII.

To neareſt ports their ſhatter'd ſhips repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder ſpeaks the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
With all the riches of the riſing ſun:
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſts they bring:
There firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.

XXVI.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ſhips alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Beſiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

Theſe fight like huſbands, but like lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantic paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.

XXIX.

Amidſt whole heaps of ſpices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd againſt them fly:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd porcelain fall,
And ſome by aromatic ſplinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the ſeas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a prey;
For ſtorms repenting part of it reſtor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic ſea,
The Britiſh ocean ſent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go mortals now and vex yourſelves in vain
For wealth, which ſo uncertainly muſt come:
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
Was only kept to loſe it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The ſon, who twice three months on th' ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in Engliſh ſhips the Holland coaſt,
And parents arms, in vain, ſtretch'd from the ſhore.

XXXIV.

This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are the proud deſigns of human-kind,
And ſo we ſuffer ſhipwreck every where!
Alas, what port can ſuch a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate muſt blindly ſteer!

XXXVI.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill,
Heaven in his boſom from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human ſkill,
Which oft for friends miſtaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let munſter's prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he ſhould teach the Engliſh firſt,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never truſt a ſtranger's will,
Whoſe friendſhip's in his intereſt underſtood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations ſtrove;
The reſt, at gaze, without the liſts did ſtand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t'enjoy;
Whoſe noiſeful valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhew:
Which Charles does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks nor ſhuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their ſlave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the Engliſh from his ſhore;
But Charles the French as ſubjects does invite:
Would heaven for each ſome Solomon reſtore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV.

Were ſubjects ſo but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours realms would deſerts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war purſues,
Which without raſhneſs he began before:
As honour made him firſt the danger chuſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtue's ſcore.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his ſubjects love ſupplies,
Who in that bounty to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their Nilus riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two ſuch as each ſeem'd worthieſt when alone;
Each able to ſuſtain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praiſe;
Their duty, faith, and intereſt too the ſame,
Like mighty partners equally they raiſe.

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
But once poſſeſs'd did abſolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes ſtrove,
And conquer'd firſt thoſe beauties they would gain.

L.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with diſdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, riſe once more;
And ſhook aloft the faſces of the main,
To fright thoſe ſlaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the watery camp they haſte,
Whom matrons paſſing to their children ſhow:
Infants firſt vows for them to heaven are caſt,
And future people bleſs them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Aſian train,
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make ſlow fights, and victories but vain:
But war ſeverely like itſelf appears.

LIII.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where'er they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect;
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its image on their men project.

LIV.

Our fleet divided, and ſtraight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow ſeas can ſcarce their navy bear,
Or crowded veſſels can their ſoldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, leſs numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody croſſes on his flag-ſtaffs riſe.

LVI.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight;
Their folded ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' Elean plains could boaſt no nobler fight,
When ſtruggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a diſtant line,
The ſea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations ſtrove.

LVIII.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack;
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more cloſely they come back,
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whoſe ſhade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and ſo defy'd
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, ſo different is the fight;
Their mounting ſhot is on our ſails deſign'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a paſſage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
But he who meets all danger with disdain,
Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

LXIII.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

LXIV.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

LXV.

Mean-time his busy mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creüsa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And slumbering smile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;
Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe:
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never till now unwilling to obey;
They, not their wounds' but want of strength, deplore,
And think them happy who with him can stay.

LXXV.

Then to the rest, Rejoice, said he, to-day!
In you the fortune of Great-Britain lies:
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven hath chose to fight for such a prize.

LXXVI.

If number English courages could quell,
We should at first have shunn'd, not met our foes:
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows.

LXXVII.

He said, not needed more to say: with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, disdaining to be last
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engaged so far,
That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought:
The combat only seem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main.
Were not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To see his fleet among unequal foes.
By which fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns through our sterns they send:
Close by their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shewn,
Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
Two grapling Ætnas on the ocean meet.
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less;
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main:
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not ſeen, when whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And with her eagerneſs the quarry miſs'd,
Streight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The daſtard crow that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who ſafe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to fly;
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling Ceſar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move,
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought:
And graciouſly with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muſes write his proſperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings reſtor'd:
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the ſun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which his foe his fruitleſs force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as ſick men from the noiſe.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their paſſage guide,
And following ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe:
Thus Iſrael, ſafe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elſewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the Aſian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold ſin
Was ſunk; as he that touch'd the ark was ſlain:
The wild waves maſter'd him and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood:
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not purſue but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady coverts rouz'd, the lion chace:
The kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
And ſlowly moves, unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if ſome one approach to dare his force,
He ſwings his tail, and ſwiftly turns him round;
With one paw ſeizes on his trembling horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night;
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore;
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

XCIX.

The moon ſhone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the deck our careful general ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ſucceeding day.

C.

That happy ſun, ſaid he, will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our navy ſee:
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his ſtar for me.

CI.

Yet like an Engliſh general will I die,
And all the ocean make my ſpacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The ſea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

CII.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires behold the eaſtern ſky.

CIII.

But now, his ſtores of ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon ſent,
And ſolitary guns are ſcarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, he forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with virtue be at ſtrife:
This is a ranſom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whoſe waving ſtreamers the glad general knows;
With full-ſpread ſails his eager navy ſteers,
And every ſhip in ſwift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of Engliſh overmatch'd, and Dutch too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days, but to purſue.

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now ſilent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

CIX.

With ſuch kind paſſion haſtes the prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
Him, whom no danger were he there could fright,
Now abſent every little noiſe can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train:

CXI.

With ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiouſly would claim the ken,
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rolling thunders roar,
And ſheets of lightning blaſt the ſtanding field.

CXIII.

Full in the prince's paſſage, hills of ſand,
And dangerous flats in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe tides ſkim o'er the cover'd land,
And ſeamen with diſſembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Meſſiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

CXV.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he pleaſe to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting valour ſlight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride,
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The cheerful ſoldiers, with new ſtores ſupply'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenful will;
And, in revenge for thoſe three days they try'd,
Wiſh one, like Joſhua's, when the ſun ſtood ſtill.

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, againſt the adverſe fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the firſt bluſhes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His preſence ſoon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as ſlaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchleſs courage, ſince the former fight:
Whoſe navy like a ſtiff-ſtretch'd cord did ſhew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he ſhares, while half their fleet offends
His open ſide, and high above him ſhows:
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms beſtows.

CXXIII.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And ſullenly to his revenge he ſails:
So glides ſome trodden ſerpent on the graſs,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increaſing ſound is borne to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing nations fear:
Their paſſions double with the cannons roar,
And with warm wiſhes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and cloſe as when the fight begun,
Their huge unweildy navy waſtes away:
So ſicken waneing moons too near the ſun,
And blunt their creſcents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ſhips like waſted patrimonies ſhow;
Where the thin ſcattering trees admit the light,
And ſhun each other's ſhadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had ſever'd from the reſt
Two giant ſhips, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one ſo vigorouſly he preſs'd,
And flew ſo home they could not riſe again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the paſſing winds they call:
The paſſing winds through their torn canvaſs play,
And flagging ſails on heartleſs ſailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into ſhades below:
Without grim death rides bareface'd in their ſight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
Cloſe by the board the prince's main-maſt bore:
All three now helpleſs by each other lie,
And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful hare maintain
A coarſe, till tir'd before the dog ſhe lay:
Who ſtretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Paſt power to kill, as ſhe to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey:
His warm breath blows her flix up as ſhe lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The prince unjuſtly does his ſtars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuſe,
By mortal valour never muſt be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wiſe Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The general's force as kept alive by fight,
Now not oppos'd no longer can purſue:
Laſting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

CXXXVI.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the watery field;
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though as when fiends did miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd ev'n by the boaſtful Dutch:
He only does his conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet reſolv'd to ſtay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domeſtic joys and cares he puts away; [guide.
For realms are houſholds which the great muſt

CXXXIX.

As thoſe who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' eſſay and rudiments of great ſucceſs:
Which all-maturing time muſt bring to light,
While he like heaven does each day's labour bleſs.

CXLI.

Heaven ended not the firſt or ſecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work deſign'd:
God and kings work, when they their work ſurvey,
A paſſive aptneſs in all ſubjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd veſſels firſt with ſpeedy care,
His plenteous ſtores do ſeaſon'd timber ſend:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the ſurgeons of maim'd ſhips attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvaſs from rich Hamburgh ſent,
His navy's molted wings he imps once more:
Tall Norway fir, their maſts in battle ſpent, [ſtore.
And Engliſh oak, ſprung leaks and planks, re-

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long ſummer's day,
Some ſound the trumpet for the reſt to ſwarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax ſome new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty ſtay,
Or tend the ſick, or educate the young.

CXLVI.

So here ſome pick out hullets from the ſides, [rift:
Some drive old okum through each ſeam and
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the ſeams inſtops:
Which, well paid o'er, the ſalt ſea waves withſtand,
And ſhakes them from the riſing beak it drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
Or ſear-cloth maſts with ſtrong tarpawling coats:
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful monarch ſtands in perſon by,
His new-caſt cannons firmneſs to explore:
The ſtrength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartride ſorts for every bore.

CL.

Each day brings freſh ſupplies of arms and men,
And ſhips which all laſt winter were abroad;
And ſuch as fitted ſince the fight had been,
Or new from ſtocks, were ſall'n into the road.

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Phœnix, daughter of the vaniſh'd old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean ſwim,
And on her ſhadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft ſpread ruffling to the wind,
And ſanguine ſtreamers ſeem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom deſign'd,
Goes on to ſea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty ſtrength,
Whoſe low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She ſeems a ſea-waſp flying on the waves.

CLIV.

This martial preſent, piouſly deſign'd,
The loyal city give their beſt-lov'd king:
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art
Makes mighty things from ſmall beginnings grow:
Thus fiſhes firſt to ſhipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters ſwam,
An uſeleſs drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd firſt a floating trough became,
And croſs ſome rivulet paſſage did begin.

CLVII.

In ſhipping ſuch as this, the Iriſh kern,
And untaught Indian on the ſtream did glide:
Ere ſharp-keel'd boats to ſtem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did ſpread from either ſide.

CLVIII.

Add but a ſail, and Saturn ſo appear'd,
When from loſt empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber ſteer'd,
Where coin and commerce firſt he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ſhips was navigation then;
No uſeful compaſs or meridian known;
Coaſting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-ſtar ſhone.

CLX.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open ſea,
Than the bold Engliſh none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make diſcoveries where they ſee no ſun.

CLXI.

But what ſo long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is ſought,
Shall in this age to Britain firſt be ſhown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides and their myſterious flow,
We, as art's elements, ſhall underſtand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whoſe paths ſhall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick commerce,
By which remoteſt regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the univerſe;
Where ſome may gain, and all may be ſupply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's laſt verge ſhall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the ſky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we ſhall know,
And on the lunar world ſecurely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel from your auſpicious care,
Who great in ſearch of God and nature grow;
Who beſt your wiſe Creator's praiſe declare,
Since beſt to praiſe his works is beſt to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your maker's mind:
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the level'd uſe of human-kind.

CLXVII.

But firſt the toils of war we muſt endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the ſeas.
War makes the valiant of his right ſecure,
And gives up fraud to be chaſtis'd with eaſe.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coaſt,
Whoſe fleet more mighty every day became
By late ſucceſs, which they did falſely boaſt,
And now by firſt appearing ſeem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Deſigning, ſubtle, diligent, and cloſe,
They knew to manage war with wiſe delay:
Yet all thoſe arts their vanity did croſs,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor ſtaid the Engliſh long; but well ſupply'd,
Appear as numerous as th' inſulting foe:
The combat now by courage muſt be try'd,
And the ſucceſs the braver nation ſhow.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth ſquadron now come in,
Which in the Straights laſt winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biſcay's working bay had been,
And on the midland ſea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whoſe name ſhall live in epic ſong,
While muſic numbers, or while verſe has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
Who firſt bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman fight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-ſir'd Harry ſave,
And in his burning ſhip undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis on a Muſe by Mars begot,
Born, Cæſar like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal ſhot,
His right hand doubly to his left ſucceeds.

CLXXVI.

Thouſands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whoſe deeds ſome nobler poem ſhall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they ſure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were Britiſh born.

CLXXVII.

Of every ſize an hundred fighting ſail:
So vaſt the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the preſs'd waters fail,
And with its weight it ſhoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd the ſeamen ſhout ſo ſhrill,
That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from weſtward waits their ſails to fill,
And reſts in thoſe high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gathering ſtorm foreſaw,
And durſt not bide it on the Engliſh coaſt:
Behind their treacherous ſhallows they withdraw,
And there lay ſnares to catch the Britiſh hoſt.

CLXXX.

So the falſe ſpider, when her nets are ſpread,
Deep ambuſh'd in her ſilent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whoſe filmy cord ſhould bind the ſtruggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if at laſt ſhe find him faſt beſet,
She iſſues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with diſorder'd haſte,
Our deep-cut keels upon the ſands might run:
Or if with caution leiſurely were paſt. [one.
Their numerous groſs might charge us one by

CLXXXIII.

But with a fore-wind puſhing them above,
And ſwelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike ſquadrons move,
And with ſpread ſails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It ſeem'd as there the Britiſh Neptune ſtood,
With all his hoſts of waters at command,
Beneath them to ſubmit th' officious flood;
And with his trident ſhov'd them off the ſand.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they ſuddenly draw near,
And ſummon them to unexpected fight:
They ſtart like murderers when ghoſts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremoſt ſquadrons meet,
The midmoſt battles haſtening up behind:
Who view far off the ſtorm of falling fleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverſe admirals appear:
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes deſcribe the lifts as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The diſtance judg'd for ſhot of every ſize,
The linſtocs touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous ſeaman every port-holes plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians ſide,
For honour, which they ſeldom ſought before:
But now they by their own vain boaſts were ty'd,
And forc'd at leaſt in ſhew to prize it more.

CXC.

But ſharp remembrance on the Engliſh part,
And ſhame of being match'd by ſuch a foe,
Rouze conſcious virtue up in every heart,
And ſeeming to be ſtronger makes them ſo.

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet ſuſtain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæſar's bear
Each ſeveral ſhip a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too ſoon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfiniſh'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch maſters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or ſooner underſtood the ſign to fly:
With ſuch alacrity they bore away,
As if, to praiſe them, all the States ſtood by.

CXCIV.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inſcrib'd ſuch praiſe ſhall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Becauſe he did not of his Rome deſpair.

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy Engliſh cloſe to fight;
Now draw their beaten veſſels cloſe to ſhore,
As larks lie dar'd to ſhun the hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would Engliſh monuments ſurvey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the ſtory of this day,
Whoſe fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too buſily they will inquire
Into a victory, which we diſdain;
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron ſaint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which firſt, by leading them aſtray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to deſtroy her king.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful induſtry,
To check a monarchy that ſlowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foreſee,
Whoſe riſing power to ſwift dominion flew.

CC.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathleſs deſtiny;
Whoſe dark reſorts ſince prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what ſhall be.

CCI.

But whate'er Engliſh to the bleſs'd ſhall go,
And the fourth Harry or firſt Orange meet;
Find him diſowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him deteſting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coaſts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land beſets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie aſleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So cloſe behind ſome promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chace, but ſwallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws miſtake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all: in ports and roads remote,
Deſtructive fires among whole fleets we ſend;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ſhips at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Thoſe various ſquadrons variouſly deſign'd,
Each veſſel freighted with a ſeveral load,
Each ſquadron waiting for a ſeveral wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea golden ſand to find,
Bore all the gauds the ſimple natives wear:
Some for the pride of Turkiſh courts deſign'd,
For folded turbants fineſt Holland bear.

CCVII.

Some Engliſh wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worſe ware our ſtaple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy ſeamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier cheſt;
And as the prieſts who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

CCIX.

But ah! how inſincere are all our joys! [ſtay:
Which, ſent from heaven, like lightning make no
Their palling taſte the journey's length deſtroys,
Or grief ſent poſt o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late ſucceſſes on the foe, [croſs,
Which France and Holland wanted power to
We urge an unſeen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with Engliſh loſs.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a ſmile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raiſe,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, empreſs of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didſt expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when ſome dire uſurper heaven provides,
To ſcourge his country with a lawleſs ſway;
His birth, perhaps, ſome petty village hides,
And ſets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till, fully ripe, his ſwelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty miſchiefs on:
His prince, ſurpriz'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.

Such was the rife of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open ſtreets aſpire,
And ſtraight to palaces and temples ſpread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of trades and noiſeful gain,
And luxury more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her ſilent reign
No ſound the reſt of nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe;
And firſt few ſcattering ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin roſe.

CCXVIII.

Then in ſome cloſe-pent room it crept along,
And ſmouldering as it went, in ſilence fed;
Till th' infant monſter, with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright, with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now like ſome rich and mighty murderer,
Too great for priſon, which he breaks with gold;
Who freſher for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So 'ſcapes th' inſulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes ſmall outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force aſſail,
And beat him downward to his firſt repair.

CCXXI.

The winds like crafty courtezans with-held
His flames from burning, but to blow them
And every freſh attempt he is repell'd [more:
With faint denials weaker than before.

CCXXII.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd deſire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide ſurvey,
And nods at every houſe his threatening fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghoſts of traitors from the bridge deſcend,
With bold fanatic ſpectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And ſing their ſabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel ſaw them where they ſate
Above the palace of our ſlumbering king:
He ſigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noiſe and dreadful blaze
Call'd up ſome waking lover to the ſight;
And long it was e'er he the reſt could raiſe,
Whoſe heavy eye-lids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot purſued by fate,
Half-cloath'd, half-naked, haſtily retire:
And frighted mothers ſtrike their breaſts too late,
For helpleſs infants left amidſt the fire.

CCXXVII.

Their cries ſoon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noiſes riſe in every ſtreet:
The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men juſtle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repoſe;
But if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now ſtreets grow throng'd and buſy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and ſome the engines play:
And ſome more bold mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the eaſt a Belgian wind
His hoſtile breath through the dry rafters ſent;
The flames impell'd ſoon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the ſhore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed,
And ſhrunk his waters back unto his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader groſs;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the ſtreets, and ſtraight he reaches croſs,
And plays his longing flames on th' other ſide.

CCXXXIV.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from ſide to ſide they feed:
At length grown ſtrong their mother-fire forſake,
And a new colony of flames ſucceed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their reſtleſs tide:
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As armies unoppos'd for prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty ſquadron with a ſide-wind ſped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does
By powerful charms of gold and ſilver led, [haſte,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waſte.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt th' imperial palace is deſign'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt:
Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks, that drive againſt his ſacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him known,
And pious tears, which down his cheeks did ſhower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty ſtrove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs muſt redreſs;
He chears the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs.

CCXLIII.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy ſuch a king.

CCXLIV.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes all relief is vain:
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That country, which would elſe the foe maintain

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtands gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight like Turks forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctious vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part ſtay for paſſage, till a guſt of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a ſhining ſheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to ſome deſert plain, or old wood-ſide,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or ſweep in clouds above the blaſted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails; for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey.

CCL.

The rich grow ſuppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Thoſe offer mighty gain, and theſe aſk more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others ruin may increaſe their ſtore.

CCLI.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for ſhipwreck'd gold,
And ſeek the tempeſts which the others fly:

CCLII.

So theſe but wait the owners laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morſels tear,
And on their backs the ſpoils of Vulcan lade.

CCLIII.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent.
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal picture of the general doom:
Where ſouls diſtracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCLV.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a laſt lodging call their wandring friends:
Their ſhort uneaſy ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

CCLVI.

Thoſe who have none, ſit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some ſtir up coals and watch the veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of ruin run;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would ſhun.

CCLVIII.

The moſt in fields like herded beaſts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the graſſy floor;
And while their babes in ſleep their ſorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their ſtore.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they gueſs
What ſtreets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX.

No thought can eaſe them but their ſovereign's care,
Whoſe praiſe th' afflicted as their comfort ſing:
Ev'n thoſe, whom want might drive to juſt deſpair,
Think life a bleſſing under ſuch a king.

CCLXI.

Mean time he ſadly ſuffers in the grief,
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a ſaint:
All the long night he ſtudies their relief,
How they may be ſupply'd, and he may want.

CCLXII.

O God, ſaid he, thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and diſtreſs!
Who me unfriended brought'ſt by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to poſſeſs:

CCLXIII.

Be thou my judge, with what unweary'd care
I ſince have labour'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruiſes of a civil war,
And ſtop the iſſues of their waſting blood.

CCLXIV.

Thou who haſt taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompence as friends the good miſled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy ſervant's head.

CCLXV.

Or if my heedleſs youth has ſtept aſtray,
Too ſoon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy juſt diſpleaſure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
As humble earth, from whence at firſt we came:
Like flying ſhades before the clouds we ſhew,
And ſhrink like parchment to conſuming flame.

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou haſt done; [ſtreet,
When ſpotted deaths ran arm'd through every
With poiſon'd darts, which not the good could ſhun,
The ſpeedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forſaken place:
And now thoſe few who are return'd again,
Thy ſearching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.

O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute decree,
Or bind thy ſentence unconditional:
But in thy ſentence our remorſe forſee,
And in that foreſight this thy doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'ſt revoke:
But if immutable and fix'd they ſtand, [ſtroke:
Continue ſtill thyſelf to give the
And let not foreign foes oppreſs thy land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Choſe out the Cherub with the flaming ſword;
And bade him ſwiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were ſtor'd,

CCLXXII.

The bleſſed miniſter his wings diſplay'd,
And like a ſhooting ſtar he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd
He laſh'd to duty with his ſword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames chaſtis'd went forth to prey
On pious ſtructures by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heaven they did aſſect the way,
E'er faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans ſaw with watery eyes,
Their founders charity in duſt laid low;
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them ſo.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert ſacred to thy Maker's praiſe:
Though made immortal by a poet's ſong;
And poets ſongs the Theban walks could raiſe.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and ſaw from far
The awful beauties of the ſacred quire:
But, ſince it was prophan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow ſtreets it ſwiftly came,
And widely opening did on both ſides prey:
This benefit we ſadly owe the flame,
If only ruin muſt enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the ſun had ſeen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' inceſſant fire;
It ſeem'd as if the ſtars more ſickly roſe,
And farther from the feveriſh north retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyread heaven, the bleſs'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an huſh'd ſilence damps the tuneful ſky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty caſt a pitying eye,
And mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting breaſt:
He ſaw the town's one half in rubbiſh lie,
And eager flames drive on to ſtorm the reſt.

CCLXXXI.

An hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding ſink into a ſleep:
Each houſehold genius ſhews again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrained the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

By ſuch degrees the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the periſh'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place ſupply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds ſo deep did print the ſenſe;
That if their ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the ſight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But ſo may he live long, that town to ſway,
Which by his auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble ruins now forſake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not loſt their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth ſo low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquiſh'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more conſtancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile ſent,
Their royal city did in duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmoſt malice of the ſtars is paſt, [town,
And two dire comets, which have ſcourg'd the
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the laſt,
Or dimly in their ſinking ſockets frown,

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove from his dark priſon freed,
Thoſe weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will glorioufly the new-laid work ſucceed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
I ſee a city of more precious mold;
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With ſilver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She ſhades the rubbiſh from her mounting brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human now, and more auguſt,
Now deify'd ſhe from her fires does riſe:
Her widening ſtreets on new foundations truſt,
And opening into larger parts ſhe flies.

CCXCVI.

Before ſhe like ſome ſhepherdeſs did ſhew,
Who ſat to bathe her by a river's ſide;
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now like a maiden queen ſhe did behold,
From her high turrets hourly ſuitors come;
The Eaſt with incenſe, and the Weſt with gold,
Will ſtand like ſuppliants to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The ſilver Thames, her own domeſtic flood,
Shall bear her veſſels like a ſweeping train;
And often wind, as of his miſtreſs proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more ſhall boaſt,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her luſtre ſtain'd, and traffic loſt.

CCC.

The venturous merchant, who deſign'd more far,
And touches on our hoſpitable ſhore,
Charm'd with the ſplendor of this northern ſtar,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful navy ſhall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world ſhall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The Britiſh ocean ſhall ſuch triumph boaſt,
That thoſe, who now diſdain our trade to ſhare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coaſt.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the leſs dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not ſo great to vanquiſh as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the eaſtern wealth through ſtorms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A conſtant trade-wind will ſecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the ſpicy ſhore.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY

MR. DRYDEN AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

How dull, and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the reſt!
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In every age the lumpiſh maſs to move:
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In ſatire too the wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd, and ſcorn'd them into ſhame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage;
Above all cenſure too, each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtory-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here:
Not the dull train of dancing ſparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?
Much leſs half wits: that's more againſt our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?

The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox becomes a prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſauntering Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnly and Ayleſbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads, ſhall have here no place;
At counſel ſet as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit my company, and chooſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper muſe.

Firſt, let's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends, and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to ridicule,
Let him at buſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd,
So cat transform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's [ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone
To uſe a body ſo, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er;
That whilſt he creeps his vigorous thoughts can ſoar:
Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' intranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancy'd they would fly.

As the new earl with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one, whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go: faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd?
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though ſatire nicely writ no humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things;
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for ſolly Tropos ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly, and for reaſoning wrong.
As boys on holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs;
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground:
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd, and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhew it:
For ſenſe ſits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The ſinner, nay ſometimes the wittieſt ſpeaker:
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abuſive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolſack, ſop at council-table.
Theſe are the grievances of ſuch fools as would
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.

Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe:
To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of ſurfeits, head-achs, claps, are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſure's ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we ſquander life away.

Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that:
And firſt he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maſtives at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;

Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſom toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dullneſs in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar marriage mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To ſee him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wiſhed-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tit not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boaſted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkillful noſe:
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and eſſence from a ſ—t:
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.

Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find:
And ſo like witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killigrew without good-nature.
For what a Beſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's ſtill mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dangerous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe;
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out 's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here:
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dullneſs muſt atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwiſe:
Ev'n he, who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem, we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught;
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupenduous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" Si propiùs ſtes,
" Te capiet magis——"

PART I.

TO THE READER.

It is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: ſome will think it needs no excuſe, and others will receive none. The deſign, I am ſure, is honeſt; but he who draws his pen for one party, muſt expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are conſequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an aſs to the contrary ſide. There is a treaſury of merits in the fanatic church, as well as in the popiſh: and a pennyworth to be had of faintſhip, honeſty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longeſt chapter in Deuteronomy has not curſes enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My comfort is, their manifeſt prejudice to my cauſe will render their judgment of leſs authority againſt me. Yet if a poem has genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a ſweetneſs in good verſe, which tickles even while it hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleaſes him againſt his will. The commendation of adverſaries is the greateſt triumph of a writer, becauſe it never comes unleſs extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſy terms: if I happen to pleaſe the more moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt party, and, in all probability, of the beſt judges; for the leaſt concerned are commonly the leaſt corrupt. And I confeſs I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the ſatire, where juſtice would allow it, from carrying too ſharp an edge. They who can criticiſe ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my worſt, may be convinced at their own coſt that I can write ſeverely, with more eaſe than I can gently. I have but laughed at ſome men's follies, when I could have declaimed againſt their vices: and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you ſhould return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am; but if men are not to be judged by their profeſſions, God forgive you commonwealth's men for profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the government. You cannot be ſo unconſcionable as to charge me for not ſubſcribing my name; for that would reflect too groſsly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the ad-

vantage of a jury to ſecure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may poſſibly be in my writing, though it is hard for an author to judge againſt himſelf. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both ſides will condemn the character of Abſalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confeſs freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himſelf could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But ſince the moſt excellent natures are always the moſt eaſy, and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill counſels, eſpecially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have reſiſted the two devils, the ſerpent and the woman. The concluſion of the ſtory I purpoſely forbore to proſecute, becauſe I could not obtain from myſelf to ſhew Abſalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waiſt; and if the draught be ſo far true, it is as much as I deſigned.

Were I the inventor, who am only the hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Abſalom to David. And who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the ſtory: There ſeems yet to be room left for a compoſure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt Achitophel; but am content to be accuſed of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himſelf may at laſt be ſaved. For which reaſon, in this poem, he is neither brought to ſet his houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his perſon afterwards as he in wiſdom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not ſo, becauſe he is not infinite.

The true end of ſatire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honeſtly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the phyſician to the patient, when he preſcribes harſh remedies to an inveterate diſeaſe; for thoſe are only in order to prevent the chirurgion's work of an *Enſe reſcindendem*, which I wiſh not to my very enemies. To conclude all, if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as neceſſary in a hot diſtempered ſtate, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

In pious times, e'er prieſtcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a ſin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was curſedly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of concubine and bride;
Then Iſrael's monarch after heaven's own heart
His vigorous warmth did variouſly impart
To wives and ſlaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michael, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A ſoil ungratuful to the tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral mothers bore
To god-like David ſeveral ſons before.
But ſince like ſlaves his bed they did aſcend,
No true ſucceſſion could their ſeed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, ſo brave, as Abſalom:
Whether inſpir'd by ſome diviner luſt,
His father got him with a greater guſt:
Or that his conſcious deſtiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial ſway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and ſtates ally'd to Iſrael's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone 'twas natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And paradiſe was open'd in his face.
With ſecret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his ſon renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had; for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes which the law forbore,
Were conſtrued youth that purged by boiling over;
And Amnon's murder, by a ſpecious name,
Was call'd a juſt revenge for injur'd fame.

Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undiſturb'd in Sion reign'd,
But life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heaven puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The Jews, a headſtrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with eaſe,
No king could govern, nor God could pleaſe;
Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize.
That goldſmiths could produce or prieſts deviſe:
Theſe Adam-wits too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no preeedent was found,
Of men, by laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but ſavages were ſlaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh Iſhboſheth the crown forego;
Who baniſh'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general ſhout proclaim'd him king:
Thoſe very Jews, who at their very beſt
Their humour more than loyalty expreſt,
Now wonder'd why ſo long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf, a ſtate.
But theſe were random bolts: no form'd deſign,
Nor intereſt made the factious crowd to join:
The ſober part of Iſrael, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly ſcars,
They curſt the memory of civil wars.
The moderate ſort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better ſide;
And David's mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to rebell.

But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things,
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd for them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And every los the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government:
Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all regions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods are recommended by their taste.
Such savory deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews:
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So several factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence,
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity; [high,
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

Now, manifeſt of crimes contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cauſe
Againſt the crown, and ſculk'd behind the laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the plot he takes;
Some circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emiſſaries fill the ears
Of liſtening crowds with jealouſies and fears
Of arbitrary counſels brought to light,
And proves the king himſelf a Jebuſite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with people eaſy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the ſame track when ſhe the prime renews;
And once in twenty years their ſcribes record,
By natural inſtinct they change their lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as warlike Abſalom.
Not that he wiſh'd his greatneſs to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with ſtudied arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his venom in ſuch words as theſe.

Auſpicious prince, at whoſe nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the ſouthern ſky;
Thy longing country's darling and deſire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their ſecond Moſes, whoſe extended wand
Divides the ſeas, and ſhews the promis'd land:
Whoſe dawning day, in every diſtant age,
Has exercis'd the ſacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's viſion, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confeſs,
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift unbeſpoken pomps thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering babes are taught to liſp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriouſly to paſs thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praiſe;
Till thy freſh glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow ſtale, and tarniſh with our daily ſight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit muſt be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes the bent;
But if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her locks before you as ſhe flies.
Had thus old David, from whoſe loins you ſpring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might ſtill remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of declining age.
Behold him ſetting in his weſtern ſkies,
The ſhadows lengthening as the vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's ſand
The joyful people throng'd to ſee him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the ſtrand;
But like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public ſcorn:
Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt return:
Thoſe heaps of people which one ſheaf did bind,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by a puff of wind.
What ſtrength can he to your deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of friends, and round beſet with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful ſuccour he ſhould uſe,
A foreign aid would more incenſe the Jews:
Proud Egypt would diſſembled friendſhip bring;
Foment the war, but not ſupport the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' aſſiſt the Jebuſite;
Or if they ſhould, their intereſt ſoon would break,
And with ſuch odious aid make David weak.
All ſorts of men by my ſucceſsful arts,
Abhorring kings, eſtrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule; and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Iſrael hope, and what applauſe
Might ſuch a general gain by ſuch a cauſe?
Not barren praiſe alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a ſucceſſive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praiſe effect in mighty minds,
When flattery ſooths, and when ambition blinds?
Deſire of power on earth a vicious weed,
Yet ſprung from high is of celeſtial ſeed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aſpire,
'Tis but a ſpark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him ſtruggled ſtill,
He thus reply'd.—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unqueſtion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, juſt, obſervant of the laws;
And heaven by wonders has eſpous'd his cauſe.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who ſues for juſtice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom juſt revenge did to his wrath expoſe!
Mild, eaſy, humble, ſtudious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averſe from blood.
If mildneſs ill with ſtubborn Iſrael ſuit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary ſway?

Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives · said—
And that—But here he paus'd; then, sighing,
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possest;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And made for empire whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
'Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shown,
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And every shekel, which he can receive,
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
To pass your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve. [chose,
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which ev'n heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear:
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.

Leave the warm people no conſidering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourſelf of what occaſion gives,
But try your title while your father lives;
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whoſe ſacred life each minute would expoſe
To plots, from ſeeming friends, and ſecret foes.
And who can ſound the depth of David's ſoul?
Perhaps his fear his kindneſs may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his ſon,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery, to ſeem conſtrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the frown,
Commit a pleaſing rape upon the crown.
Secure his perſon to ſecure your cauſe:
They who poſſeſs the prince poſſeſs the laws.
He ſaid; and this advice above the reſt,
With Abſalom's mild nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of life, ambition ſet aſide,
Not ſtain'd with cruelty, nor puſt with pride.
How happy had he been, if deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not ſo high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bleſt all other countries but his own.
But charming greatneſs ſince ſo few refuſe,
'Tis juſter to lament him than accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandiſhments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly proſecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Iſraelites:
Whoſe differing parties he could wiſely join,
For ſeveral ends, to ſerve the ſame deſign.
The beſt, and of the princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Miſtaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but ſeduc'd by impious arts.
By theſe the ſprings of property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they crack'd the government.
The next for intereſt ſought to embroil the ſtate,
To ſell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewiſh markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to ſerve their own.
Others thought kings an uſeleſs heavy load,
Who coſt too much, and did too little good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt David by,
On principles of pure good huſbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In goodly faction, and in treaſon bold;
Cowring and quaking at a conqueror's ſword,
But lofty to a lawful prince reſtor'd;
Saw with diſdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And ſcorn'd by Jebuſites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Purſued their old belov'd theocracy:
Where ſanhedrim and prieſt enſlav'd the nation,
And juſtify'd their ſpoils by inſpiration:
For who ſo fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
Theſe led the pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt-mouth'd againſt the government.
A numerous hoſt of dreaming ſaints ſucceed,
Of the true old enthuſiaſtic breed:
'Gainſt form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much,
Theſe out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers God and property;
And by the ſame blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebuſite did hate:
Born to be ſav'd ev'n in their own deſpite,
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the firſt rank of theſe did Zimri ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was chemiſt, fidler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt madman, who could every hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual themes;
And both, to ſhew his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In ſquandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but deſert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom ſtill he found too late;
He had his jeſt, and they had his eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from court; then fought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For ſpite of him the weight of huſineſs fell
On Abſalom, and wiſe Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.
Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of lords, below the dignity of verſe. [beſt:
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the
Kind huſbands, and mere nobles, all the reſt.
And therefore, in the name of dulneſs, be
The well-hung Balaam, and cold Caleb, free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paſchal lamb.
Let friendſhip's holy band ſome names aſſure;
Some their own worth, and ſome let ſcorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the raſcal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not buſil-fac'd Jonas, who could ſtatutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treaſon law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curſe;
Shimei, whoſe youth did early promiſe bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king;

Did wiſely from expenſive ſins refrain,
And never broke the ſabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curſe unleſs againſt the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Againſt his maſter, choſe him magiſtrate.
His hand a vaſe of juſtice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treaſon was no crime;
The ſons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shemei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himſelf.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Againſt the monarch of Jeruſalem,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curſe than break good company.
If any durſt his factious friends accuſe,
He pack'd a jury of diſſenting Jews;
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly cauſe
Would free the ſuffering ſaint from human laws.
For laws are only made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leiſure time he had from power,
Becauſe 'tis ſin to miſemploy an hour:
His buſineſs was, by writing to perſuade,
That kings were uſeleſs and a clog to trade:
And that his noble ſtyle he might refine,
No Rechabite more ſhun'd the fumes of wine.
Chaſte were his cellars and his ſhrieval board
The groſſneſs of a city feaſt abhorr'd:
His cooks with long diſuſe their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, ſuch magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With ſpiritual food he fed his ſervants well,
But free from fleſh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moſes' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witneſs of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou ſhalt from oblivion paſs;
Erect thyſelf, thou monumental braſs,
High as the ſerpent of thy metal made,
While nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet comets riſe
From earthly vapours ere they ſhine in ſkies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's iſſue, as by prince's ſon.
This arch-atteſtor for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever aſk'd the witneſs's high race,
Whoſe oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his ſaint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moſes' face.
His memory, miraculouſly great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never ſuch deviſe.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witneſs fail'd, the prophet ſpoke:
Some things like viſionary flight appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign univerſity.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence ſo well,
And ſuited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebuſitic crimes.
Let Iſrael's foes ſuſpect his heavenly call,
And raſhly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for ſuch affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I myſelf in witneſs Corah's place,
The wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to heaven made him his prince deſpiſe,
And load his perſon with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as courſe as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The beſt that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For Witneſs is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every ſort,
Deluded Abſalom forſakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly perſon feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furniſh'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity ere he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſy thoſe and fit,
More flow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your loſt eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate;
Behold a baniſh'd man for your dear cauſe
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a ſon!
Now all your liberties a ſpoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebuſites your ſacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty ſums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathſheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends deſtroys;
And all his power againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why ſhould he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.

Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'Tis all the aid my preſent power ſupplies:
No court-informer can theſe arms accuſe;
Theſe arms may ſons againſt their fathers uſe:
And 'tis my wiſh, the next ſucceſſor's reign
May make no other Iſraelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, ſeldom fail;
But common intereſt always will prevail:
And pity never ceaſes to be ſhewn
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that ſtill believe their kings oppreſs,
With lifted hands their young Meſſiah bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train:
From eaſt to weſt his glories he diſplays,
And, like the ſun, the promis'd land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a guardian god,
And conſecrates the place of his abode.
But hoſpitable treats did moſt commend
Wiſe Iſſachar, his wealthy weſtern friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And ſeem'd but pomp, did other ends diſguiſe;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, diſtinguiſh friends from foes,
And try their ſtrength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redreſs of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant ſhew a plot is made,
And peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh Iſrael! never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health imagine a diſeaſe;
Take pains contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themſelves and ſons, their native ſway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the ſword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord!
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe laws deſtroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and juſt,
And kings are only officers in truſt,
Then this reſuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever bar'd.
If thoſe who gave the ſceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own poſterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our father's fall? [mand,
Then kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they com-
And tenants to their people's pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the crowd:
For who can be ſecure of private right,
If ſovereign ſway may be diſſolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The moſt may err as groſsly as the few;
And faultleſs kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppreſſion, and for tyranny.
What ſtandard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faſter out?
Nor only crowds but ſanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And ſhare the madneſs of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itſelf at length muſt fall
To nature's ſtate, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a ſettled throne would ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their ſufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other errors but diſturb a ſtate;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttreſs up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, caſt the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who baſe ends purſue;
At once divine and human laws controul,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is ſubject to this curſe,
To phyſic their diſeaſe into a worſe.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch muſt be the people's foes.
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praiſe.

In this ſhort file Berzillai firſt appears;
Berzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long ſince, the riſing rebels he withſtood
In regions waſte beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the ſtate;
But ſinking underneath his maſter's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he ſuffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practiſ'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the nobleſt objects knew to chooſe,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muſe.
His bed could once a fruitful iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a father's name is loſt.
His eldeſt hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, ſo heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in manhood's prime
B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of ſubject and of ſon:
Swift was the race, but ſhort the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in ſpace, but perfect in thy line!
By ſea, by land, thy matchleſs worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infuſ'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd:
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune ſtop'd.

Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpuniſh'd never could withſtand!
But Iſrael was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as heaven our ruin had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy fortune and thy mind.
Now free, from earth thy diſencumber'd ſoul [pole:
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and ſtarry
From thence thy kindred legions mayſt thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painful flight:
No pinions can purſue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy ſoul ſhe ſhould have fled before:
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this verſe
To hang on her departed patron's hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from heaven, and ſee
If thou canſt find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the prieſt, whom, ſhunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jeruſalem,
Of hoſpitable ſoul, and noble ſtem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets ſons, by ſuch example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend;
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To theſe ſucceed the pillars of the laws;
Who beſt can plead, and beſt can judge a cauſe.
Next them a train of loyal peers aſcend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: in ſanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient ſon were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move aſſemblies, who but only try'd
The worſe a-while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Huſhai, the friend of David in diſtreſs;
In public ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the taſk to manage well the low:
For ſovereign power is too depreſs'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to ſell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The ſanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reaſon guided, and their paſſion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a loyal nation's ſenſe,
That, as their band was Iſrael's tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher charioteers the ſeat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe careers his ſteady ſkill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Miſguide the ſeaſons, and miſtake the way;
While he withdrawn, at their mad labours ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the ſabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a ſmall but faithfull band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd ſuch powerful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In ſanhedrims to plume the regal rights,
The true ſucceſſor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witneſſes, improv'd.
Theſe ills they ſaw, and, as their duty bound,
They ſhew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no conceſſions from the throne would pleaſe,
But lenitives fomented the diſeaſe:
That Abſalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That falſe Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and ſtate:
The council violent, the rabble worſe:
That Shemei taught Jeruſalem to curſe.
With all theſe loads of injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his careful breaſt
Th' event of things, at laſt his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inſpir'd,
The god-like David ſpoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their maſter hear.
Thus long have I, by native mercy ſway'd,
My wrongs diſſembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king aſſuage.
But now ſo far my clemency they ſlight,
Th' offenders queſtion my forgiving right,
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderneſs of blood, my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by force.
Thoſe heap'd affronts that haughty ſubjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the ſtate,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samſon will pretend a call
To ſhake the column, let him ſhare the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling ſon!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Raiſ'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his ſoul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whoſe modern ſenſe
Is one that would by law ſupplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Abſalom's than David's cauſe?

His old inſtructor ere he loſt his place,
Was never thought indued with ſo much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's ſaint.
Would they impoſe an heir upon the throne,
Let ſanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king 's at leaſt a part of government,
And mine as requiſite as their conſent:
Without my leave a future king to chooſe,
Infers a right the preſent to diſpoſe.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Eſau's hands ſuit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious ſubjects for my ſafety pray;
Which to ſecure, they take my power away.
From plots and treaſons heaven preſerve my years,
But ſave me moſt from my petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the ſmall remains of royalty?
The law ſhall ſtill direct my peaceful ſway,
And the ſame law teach rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more eſtabliſh'd power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundleſs clamours ſhall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to puniſh ere they prove;
For gods and god-like kings their care expreſs,
Still to defend their ſervants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my power to ſaving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, againſt my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Muſt I at length the ſword of juſtice draw?
Oh curſt effects of neceſſary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy ſcan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then ſhew her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire artificers of death ſhall bleed.
Againſt themſelves their witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And ſuck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes, my foes ſhall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their firſt onſet, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unreſiſted courſe:
Retire, and traverſe, and delude their force:
But when they ſtand all breathleſs, urge the fight,
And riſe upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is ſtill ſuperior found;
When long driven back, at length it ſtands the ground.

He ſaid: Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And peals of thunder ſhook the firmament.
Henceforth a ſeries of new time began,
The mighty years in long proceſſion ran:
Once more the god-like David was reſtor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

" — Si quis tamen hæc quoque, ſi quis
" Captus amore leget —"

TO THE READER.

In the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Abſalom and Achitophel, upon the deſire of king Charles the ſecond. The performance was applauded by every one; and ſeveral perſons preſſing him to write a ſecond part, he, upon declining it himſelf, ſpoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

" Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,"

and ending with

" To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

containing near two hundred verſes, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compoſition, beſides ſome touches in other places.—The preceeding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed complete.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beaſts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and prieſthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none ſure ſo curſt as thoſe
That madly their own happineſs oppoſe;
There heaven itſelf, and God-like kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign:
While pamper'd crowds to mad ſedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their ſovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jeruſalem,
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuſe,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's ſeed were choſen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph ſees his crimes
Thus ſuited to the madneſs of the times;
And Abſalom, to make his hopes ſucceed,
Of flattering charms no longer ſtands in need;
While, fond of change, though ne'er ſo dearly bought,
Our tribes outſtrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His ſwifteſt hopes with ſwifter homage meet,
And crowd their ſervile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while preſſing tides repair,
He mounts and ſpreads his ſtreamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth miſlead,
But what can our beſotted Iſrael plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whoſe ſerene command
Seems half the bleſſing of our promis'd land.
Whoſe only grievance is exceſs of eaſe;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our diſeaſe!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to ſenſe,
And wickedneſs ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treaſon good,
And righteous David's ſelf with ſlanders load:
That arts of foreign ſway he did affect,
And guilty Jebuſites from law protect,
Whoſe very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have ſeen the ſacrificers bleed!
Accuſers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of ſenſe they did contain,
But ſoon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew diſdain'd to ride.
For probable diſcoveries to diſpenſe,
Was thought below a penſion'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor ſuited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No leſs than wonders now they will impoſe,
And projects void of grace or ſenſe diſcloſe.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The beſt of queens, and moſt obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curſt deſigns on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his guardian angel's care.
Not ſummer morns ſuch mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon roſe.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majeſty,
Tranſported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven ſometimes to bleſs the world below.
Where, cheriſh'd by her bounty's plenteous ſpring,
Reviving widows ſmile, and orphans ſing.
Oh! when rebellious Iſrael's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Leſs deſolation did the peſt purſue,
That from Dan's limits to Beerſheba flew,
Leſs fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And leſs Jeruſalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror theſe our ſtate o'er-ran,
Than ſince our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confuſion ſat,
Continued fear beyond the worſt of fate!
Truſt was no more, art, ſcience, uſeleſs made,
All occupations loſt but Corah's trade.

Mean while a guard on modeſt Corah wait,
If not for ſafety, needful yet for ſtate.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his ſlave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could ſave:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what ſad fate
But for his honeſty had ſeiz'd our ſtate!
And with what tyranny had we been curſt,
Had Corah never prov'd a villian firſt!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in groſs,
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loſs:
The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
To huſband well, and make the beſt of's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of ſkill,
With wiſe reſerves ſecur'd his penſion ſtill;
Not quite of future power himſelf bereft,
But limbos large for unbelievers left,
And now his writ ſuch reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than plotting to ſuſpect his plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themſelves to help the founder'd ſwearers out.
Some had their ſenſe impos'd-on by their fear,
But more for intereſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Ev'n to that height with ſome the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all theſe a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, not through miſguided ſenſe,
Blind zeal and ſtarving need had ſome pretence,
But for the good old cauſe that did excite
Th' original rebels wiles, revenge, and ſpight.
Theſe raiſe the plot to have the ſcandal thrown
Upon the bright ſucceſſor of the crown,
Whoſe virtue with ſuch wrongs they had purſued,
As ſeem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and ſhare their guilt.
Such practices as theſe, too groſs to lie
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning eye,
The more judicious Iſraelites unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the charm the giddy rabble held,
Ev'n Abſalom amidſt the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd.
And, filial ſenſe yet ſtriving in his breaſt,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expreſt.
Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew intire.
My regal power how will my foes reſent,
When I myſelf have ſcarce my own conſent!
Give me a ſon's unblemiſh'd truth again,
Or quench the ſparks of duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a throne that legions guard
The taſk to me; to prove unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic ſcene is wrought?
Dire war muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we firſt muſt overthrow:
And when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me periſh in the ſtriſe,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempeſt of the war he ſtand,
In peace, ſome vile officious villain's hand
His ſoul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous crowds, myſelf be made
His murtherer; rebellious crowds, whoſe guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be ſpilt.
Which if my filial tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the empire by their arms I roſe,
Thoſe very arms on me ſhall be employ'd,
A new uſurper crown'd, and I deſtroy'd:
The ſame pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He ſaid. The ſtateſman with a ſmile replies,
A ſmile that did his riſing ſpleen diſguiſe,
My thoughts preſum'd our labours at an end,
And are we ſtill with conſcience to contend?
Whoſe want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful paſſage you are gone,
And only can be ſafe by preſſing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
Your perſon's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progreſs in the people's hearts,
Whoſe patience is th' effect of ſtinted power,
But treaſures vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your preſent danger's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your ſenſe,
Nor truſt the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than baniſhment,
What rage muſt your preſumption ſince inſpire!
Againſt his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only ſo, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes.—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O ſtateſman's winding ſkill!
They firſt condemn, that firſt adviſ'd the ill!
Illuſtrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Miſconſtrue not the words that mean you well;
The courſe you ſteer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis becauſe you leave it unpurſued.
A monarch's crown with fate ſurrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death that miſs the prize.
Did you for this expoſe yourſelf to ſhew,
And to the crowd bow popularly low!
For this your glorious progreſs next ordain,
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train.
With ſame before you like the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſaluting from afar? [view,
Oh from the heights you've reach'd, but take a
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And muſt I here my ſhipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made Iſrael groan?
Your ſingle intereſt with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the ſcale where your deſires were laid!
Ev'n when at helm a courſe ſo dangerous mov'd,
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.
I not diſpute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies,

Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,
The privilege that ſtateſmen ever claim;
Who private intereſt never yet purſued,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er ſcap'd his fate,
Who ſaving his own neck not ſav'd the ſtate?
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted ſails a ſeveral courſe you ſteer'd.
What from a ſway did David e'er purſue,
That ſeem'd like abſolute, but ſprung from you?
Who at your inſtance quaſh'd each penal law,
That kept diſſenting factious Jews in awe;
And who ſuſpends fixt laws, may abrogate,
That done, form new, and ſo enſlave the ſtate.
Ev'n property, whoſe champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch violence before,
As when your counſel ſhut the royal ſtore;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
And Iſrael fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counſels fatal progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Iſrael, low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their ſcorn, their common terror made.
Ev'n yet of ſuch a ſeaſon can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme.
For power unlimited could reaſons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjuſt,
The laws made king, the king a ſlave in truſt:
Whom with ſtate craft, to intereſt only true,
You now accuſe of ills contriv'd by you.

To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here;
Let intereſt be the ſtar by without you ſteer;
Hence to repoſe your truſt in me was wiſe,
Whoſe intereſt moſt in your advancement lies.
A tye ſo firm as always will avail,
When friendſhip, nature, and religion, fail;
On our's the ſafety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our guilt to ſhare,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What oppoſition can your rival bring,
While ſanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His ſtrength as yet in David's friendſhip lies,
And what can David's ſelf without ſupplies?
Who with excluſive bills muſt now diſpenſe,
Debar the heir, or ſtarve in his defence,
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if ſucceſſion once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the preſent king:
Perfifting elſe his ſenates to diſſolve,
In equal hazard ſhall his reign involve,
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their prince t'oppoſe his arms;
Nor boots it on what cauſe at firſt they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our deſign.
At leaſt ſuch ſubtle covenants ſhall be made,
Till peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.

Aſſociations of myſterious ſenſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the king's defence:
Ev'n on their courts of juſtice ſetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law,
By which a conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worſt, and we ſecure our ſtake.

He ſaid, and for the dire ſucceſs depends
On various ſects, by common guilt made friends.
Whoſe heads, though ne'er ſo differing in their creed,
I' th' point of treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, extorting Iſhban firſt appears,
Purſued by a meager troop of bankrupt heirs.
Bleſt times when Iſhban, he whoſe occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Iſhban of conſcience ſuited to his trade,
As good a ſaint as uſurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not ſo engroſt him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of ſpight;
Who, for thoſe pardons from his prince he draws
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cauſe.
That year in which the city he did ſway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have ſo been brib'd, to ſhame
And ſcandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear ſedition he'd forſwear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabſheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A ſaint that can both fleſh and ſpirit uſe,
Alike haunt conventicles and the ſtews:
Of whom the queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' preachers or the bawds arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treaſure of Jeruſalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Proteſting that he dares not ſleep in's bed
Leſt he ſhould riſe next morn without his head.

"Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,
Of little fortunes, and of conſcience leſs;
With them the tribe, whoſe luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former ſequeſtrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by paſt rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled ſtreams anew.
Some future hopes, ſome preſent payment draws,
To ſell their conſcience and eſpouſe the cauſe.
Such ſtipends thoſe vile hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that falſe Hebronite eſcape our curſe,
Judas that keeps the rebels penſion-purſe;
Judas that pays the treaſon-writer's fee,
Judas that well deſerves his nameſake's tree;
Who at Jeruſalem's own gates erects
His college for a nurſery of ſects.
Young prophets with an early care ſecures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures.
What have the men of Hebron here to do,
What part in Iſrael's promis'd land have you
Here Phaleg, the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cauſe like the reſt he could not live at home;

Who from his own poſſeſſions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitiſh grain,
Here ſtruts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd ſubjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing inſect juſt,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks ſhe raiſes duſt.
Can dry bones live? or ſkeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles choſe,
He his own laws would ſaucily impoſe,
'Till baſtinadoed back again he went,
To learn thoſe manners he to teach was ſent.
Chaſtis'd he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politics to Abſalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and ſcorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But, leaving famiſh'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treaſon for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man
So made for miſchief as Ben-Jochanan,
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the deſk aſpir'd,
But for the drudgery of prieſts was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle ſhekels from the grave.
Marry'd at laſt, but finding charge come faſter,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his maſter:
Inſpir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we loſt a fool.
Still violent, whatever cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the party he forſook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conſcience to be double knaves.
So this proſe-prophet took moſt monſtrous pains,
To ſet his maſters ſee he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a ſhame,
He choſe th' apoſtate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewiſh nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of ſinning,
And ſhew them factious from their firſt beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the choſen flock;
A ſtrong authority, which muſt convince,
That ſaints own no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bleſs
The ſon that ſhew'd his father's nakedneſs?
Such thanks the preſent church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was ſo primitive.
Muſt ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the ſaint haſt drawn,
Methinks th' apoſtate was the better man:
And thy hot father, waving my reſpect,
Not of a mother-church, but of a ſect.
And ſuch he needs muſt be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking aſſes milk and writing.

If Balak ſhould be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudeſt call of grace,
His temple, diſpoſſeſs'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor ſlaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Pſalms tranſlated.
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame Mephibоſheth the wizard's ſon:
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And haſten Og and Doeg to rehearſe,
Two fools that crutch their feeble ſenſe on verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Shall live in ſpight of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundering kind of melody; [thin,
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd through thick and
Through ſenſe and nonſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a ſatyr,
For ſtill there goes ſome thinking to ill nature:
He needs no more than birds and beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and raſcal from a garret,
He means you no more miſchief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verſe is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother:
And call young Abſalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my conſent,
And nothing ſuffer ſince he nothing meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes human ſoul and reaſon,
This animal's below committing treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery,
Was rightly ſentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the ſtatute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to paſs for mere inſtinct in him:
Inſtinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write verſe with him is to tranſproſe.
'Twere pity treaſon at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective Muſe
Have four and twenty letters to abuſe,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of ſenſe,
Indict him of a capital offence,
In fire-works give him leave to vent his ſpight,
Thoſe are the only ſerpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be maſter of a puppet-ſhow,
On that one ſtage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harveſt keeps him all the year.
Now ſtop your noſes, readers, all and ſome,
For here's a tun of midnight-work to come,
Og from a treaſon-tavern rowling home.

Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he fails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing loft in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monftrous mafs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had fpew'd to make the batter,
When wine has given him courage to blafpheme,
He curfes God, but God before curft him;
And, if man could have reafon, none has more,
That made his paunch fo rich, and him fo poor.
With wealth he was not trufted, for heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheafant fwell,
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But tho' heaven made him poor, with reverence
fpeaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick fkull,
With this propheric blefling—Be thou dull:
Drink, fwear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of lafting make, like thoughtlefs men,
A ftrong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arfenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayft live, avoiding pen and ink.
I fee, I fee, 'tis counfel given in vain,
For treafon botcht in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why fhould thy mere good king David blaft?
A pfalm of his will furely be thy laft.
Dar'ft thou prefume in verfe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in profe?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are fo coarfe,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horfe.
A double noofe thou on thy neck doft pull
For writing treafon, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonfenfe is the devil:
Had thou the glories of thy king expreft,
Thy praifes had been fatyr at the beft;
But thou in clumfy verfe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haft fhamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill for thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy
rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Abfalom!
And for my foes, may this their blefling be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"
Achitophel, each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wife and rich for purfe and counfel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number fought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
Thefe thought the places they poffeft too fmall,
And in their hearts wifh'd court and king to fall:
Whofe names the Mufe difdaining, holds i'th' dark,
Thruft in the villain herd without a mark;
With parafites and libel-fpawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jefters, and worfe pimps,
Difdain the rafcal rabble to purfue,
Their fet cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common fmoak they fit;
Some for our mirth, fome for our fatyr fit;
Thefe gloomy, thoughtful, and on mifchief bent,
While thofe for mere good fellowfhip frequent
Th' appointed club, can let fedition pafs,
Senfe, nonfenfe, any thing t'employ the glafs;
And who believe in their dull honeft hearts,
The reft talk treafon but to fhew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mifchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a fet.
But in the facred annals of our plot,
Induftrious Arod never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight-magiftrate,
May vie with Corah's to preferve the ftate.
In fearch of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's moft powerful dangerous weapon, gold,
And laft, to take from Jebufites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, ftole their very gods;
Oft would he cry, when treafure he furpris'd,
'Tis Baalifh gold in David's coin difguis'd.
Which to his houfe with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wife rabble ne'er took pains t' inquire,
What 'twas he burnt, fo't made a roufing fire.
With which our elder was enricht no more
Than falfe Gehazi with the Syrian's ftore;
So poor, that when our chufing-tribes were met,
Ev'n for his ftinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The faints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every fhift and fubtle method paft,
And all to be no Zaken at the laft.
Now, rais'd on Tyre's fad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and wide;
As when a battering ftorm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the fky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling fwain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flowers new opening,
thefe,
For lambs yean'd lately, and for labouring bees:
To guard his ftock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
Ev'n fo the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldft the captive lands reftore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction preft,
From Egypt need'ft a guardian with the reft.
Thy prince from fanhedrims no truft allow'd,
Too much the repreferters of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no fupply,
But what the crown's prerogatives muft buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preferve the ftate!
From prefent dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would fentence, and ere crown depofe.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith fhall be!

By fanhedrims and clamarous crowds thus preſt,
What paſſions rent the righteous David's breaſt!
Who knows not how t' oppoſe or to comply,
Unjuſt to grant and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Iſrael's fate,
Whoſe peace one ſole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extremeſt virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whoſe downfal they conſpire!
His abſence David does with tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their rage. Undaunted he complies;
Thus he who prodigal of blood and eaſe,
A royal life expos'd to winds and ſeas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forſakes his native ſand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch ſcarce from preſſing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal ſtate maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extremeſt ſhore
Almoſt revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at laſt more truſt to be allow'd
To ſtorms and ſeas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting ſcene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as their's that ſaw.
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy ſailors ſwell with tears the deep!
The tide reſtrain'd her courſe, and more amaz'd,
The twin-ſtars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear—
Does trouble to our ſuffering hero bring,
Leſt next the popular rage oppreſs the king!
Thus parting, each for th' others danger griev'd,
The ſhore the king, and ſeas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves aſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elyſian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the ſhores of Tyre
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aking conſcience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worſt of men the nobleſt parts
Confeſs him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the beſt reſpects commend
Of ſubject, ſoldier, kinſman, prince, and friend;
All ſacred names of moſt divine eſteem,
And to perfection all ſuſtain'd by him,
Wife, juſt, and conſtant, courtly without art,
Swift to diſcern and to reward deſert;
No hour of his in fruitleſs eaſe deſtroy'd,
But on the nobleſt ſubjects ſtill employ'd:
Whoſe ſteady ſoul ne'er learnt to ſeparate
Between his monarch's intereſt and the ſtate,
But heaps thoſe bleſſings on the royal head,
Which he well knows muſt be on ſubjects ſhed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Againſt his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his ſacred rights invade
Of future ſuperſtition they complain,
And Jebuſitic worſhip in his reign:
With ſuch alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themſelves believe.

Since nothing can our ſacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the ſucceſſor prove:
Our Jews their ark ſhall undiſturb'd retain,
At leaſt while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conſcience but their lands;
They grudge God's titles, how therefore ſhall they
An idol full poſſeſſion of the field? [yield
Grant ſuch a prince enthron'd, we muſt confeſs
The people's ſufferings than that monarch's leſs,
Who muſt to hard conditions ſtill be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or ſhould his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compaſs the deſign?
Our crown's revenues are too ſhort a ſtore,
And jealous fanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not ſo has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with ſuch meaſures can comply,
As ſhock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Iſrael's king,
And he alone ſufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our ſtubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At ſuch profound expence he has not ſtood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands ſo deep in blood;
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progreſs take,
Grudge his own reſt, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawleſs prince on Judah's throne,
Firſt to invade our rights, and then his own;
His dear-gain'd conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And reap the harveſt of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vaſt as our ocean's ſand,
And curſe its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews ſo numerouſly partake,
That ev'n an hoſt his penſioners would make;
From theſe deceivers our diviſions ſpring,
Our weakneſs, and the growth of Egypt's king;
Theſe with pretended friendſhip to the ſtate,
Our crowd's ſuſpicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the ſpecious cry,
To guard their ſacred rights and property;
To ruin, thus the choſen flock are ſold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by theſe we groundleſsly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod,
We truſt our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reaſoning prophets preach,
To thoſe whom ſad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding fears,
And freſh remembrance of inteſtine wars;
When the ſame houſhould mortal foes did yield,
And brothers ſtain'd with brothers blood the field;
When ſons curſt ſteel the fathers gore did ſtain,
And mothers mourn'd for ſons by fathers ſlain!
When thick as Egypt's locuſts on the ſand, [land,
Our tribes lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd

Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations spoils.
Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.
The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
At last his deep resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke,

Then Justice wake, and Rigor take her time,
For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, decays!
For whose support ev'n subjects interest calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which heaven itself in vain has try'd with grace!
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes unclose,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes?
When shall we see expir'd deceivers sway,
And credit what our God and monarchs say?
Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Those patriots falsehood in their actions see,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
Our senates in due methods they had led, [dread;
T' avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to
But first ere yet they propt the sinking state,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest!
O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injustice we are press'd to share,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we should confirm the wrongs they press,
His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppression which they fear make way;
Succession fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war;
Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th' assault begin,
And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not understand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with skill,
And save the lunatics against their will.
The same rough means that swage the crowd, appease
Our senates raging with the crowd's disease.
Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw
From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
Themselves to much in Jebusites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
Nor pharisees by pharisees be freed.
Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
All shall have right, and we our sovereign power.

He said, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like some arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
The field confess'd his power in arms before,
And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrest,
A virtue proper to the brave and best;
'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,
Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
Deserv'd at once two royal masters trust;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muses and the Muses' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of steady soul when public storms were high;
Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
While those that fought his absence to betray,
Press first their nauseous false respects to pay;
Him still th' officious hypocrites molest,
And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
His triumphs so resounded far and near,
Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters clamourous train
Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes inflaming all the desert round,

With roar of seas directs his chasers way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confest;
Where now was the instructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd;
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dextrous wit had oft been shewn,
And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various resolution stands possest,
Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
Lest their recanting chief the cause betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
The statesman plots t' engage in some bold crime
Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the people's trust.
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desperate villains made?
Lost power and conscious fear their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate;
But why should'st thou, from every grievance free,
Forsake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels fought thy brow,
Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh should our crimes again that curse draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone;
Who could relentless see such youth and charms,
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince so form'd with earth's and heaven's applause,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause:
Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail;
The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pity'd youth, with sceptres in his sight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Must, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they chuse t' obey?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes,
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel.
Who now an envious festival installs,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;
But oh how weakly does sedition build?
For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain;
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow;
Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all justling in the street;
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel without treat or treason paid.
Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shews,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.
Here, labouring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal,
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Forestalls our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks; serene his life and thought;
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal;
Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
And to the needy always more than just.
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmens skill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copy'd in his son,
Whose forward fame should every Muse engage:
Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to others' age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind.

Whose loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time:
The monster faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd; and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy chief! proceed,
Forestize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain:
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
Or swell'd above the clifts their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.
Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient service and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal housshold for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature dress,
And blest again to see his flower ally'd [bride!
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's
The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth:
Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely fought, while fought by Absalom.
Ah prince! th' illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth;
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.
Ev'n envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain:
To slight his gods was small; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.
Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's sanctions into practice drew;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence;
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Then Sheva none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
T' enflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly:
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel:
Thy strains shall be our slumbring prophets dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme;
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
How fierce his fatyr loos'd; restrain'd, how tame;
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures stil'd;
Just to his virtues, to his error mild.
No page of thine, that fears the strictest view,
But seems with just reproof, or praise as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield,
All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his sufferings' bright companion back,
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy;
Nor can our coasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!
Give not insulting Askalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
Weep, Arhon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.
Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmuring, and the winds asleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy seiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a listed field:
A listed field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last breaths their master's shape applaud

Of whom kind force could ſcarce the fates defraud;
Who for ſuch followers loſt, O matchleſs mind!
At his own ſafety now almoſt repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms
Your praiſe in peace, and by Urania's charms;
If all your ſufferings paſt ſo nearly preſt,
Or pierc'd with half ſo painful grief your breaſt?
Thus ſome diviner Muſe her hero forms,
Not ſmooth'd with ſoft delights, but toſt in ſtorms.
Nor ſtretch'd on roſes in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with love,
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His ſlumbers ſhort, his bed the herbleſs ground:
In taſks of danger always ſeen the firſt,
Feeds from the hedge, and ſlakes with ice his thirſt.
Long muſt his patience ſtrive with fortune's rage,
And long oppoſing gods themſelves engage,
Muſt ſee his country flame, his friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate muſt build a man of fame,
And ſuch, to Iſrael's crown, the god-like David came.
What ſudden beams diſpel the clouds ſo faſt,
Whoſe drenching rains laid all our vineyards waſte!
The ſpring ſo far behind her courſe delay'd,
On th' inſtant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the elements ſerene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſy as Hyblæan ſwarms,
Or ſtraggled ſoldiers ſummon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark in looſeſt pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers ſtand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Iſrael and to David's breaſt!
Here all your toils, here all your ſufferings reſt.
This year did Ziloah rule Jeruſalem,
And boldly all ſedition's Syrtes ſtem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair,
Than Ziph or Shimei to aſſiſt the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours ſo prevail'd
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When ev'n the common cry did juſtice ſound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Iſrael's peace reſtor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael, General Monk, Duke of Albemarle,
Abethdin, The name given, through this poem, to a Lord Chancellor in general.
Absalom, Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel, The Earl of Shaftesbury.
Adriel, Earl of Mulgrave.
Agog, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel, Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
Amri, Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord Chancellor.
Annabel, Duchess of Monmouth.
Arod, Sir William Waller.
Asaph, A character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the second part of this poem.
Balaam, Earl of Huntingdon.
Balaak, Barnet.
Barzillai, Duke of Ormond.
Bathsheba, Duchess of Portsmouth.
Benaiah, General Sackville,
Ben Jochanan, Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnson.
Bezaliel, Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb, Lord Grey.
Corah, Dr. Oates.
David, Charles II.
Doeg, Elkanah Settle.
Egypt, France.
Eliab, Sir Hen. Bennet, E. of Arlington.
Ethnic-Plot, The Popish-Plot.
Gath, The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided.
Hebron, Scotland.
Hebrew Priests, The Church of England Clergy.
Helon, Hyde, Earl of Faversham.
Hushai, Earl of Rochester.
Jebusites, Papists.
Jerusalem, London.
Jews, English.
Jonas, Sir William Jones.
Jordan, Dover.
Jotham, Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran, Lord Dartmouth.
Ishbosheth, Richard Cromwell.
Israel, England.
Issachar, Thomas Thynne, Esq.
Judas, Mr. Ferguson, a canting teacher.
Ishban, Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephibosheth, Pordage.
Michal, Queen Catharine.
Nadab, Lord Howard of Escriek.
Og, Shadwell.
Phaleg, Forbes.
Pharaoh, King of France.
Rabsheka, Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jerusalem, Dr. Crampton, Bishop of London.
Sanhedrim, Parliament.
Saul, Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei, Sheriff Bethel.
Shewa, Sir Roger Lestrange.
Solymean Rout, London Rebels,
Tyre, Holland.
Uzza, Jack Hall.
Zadoc, Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Zaken, A Member of the House of Commons.
Zimri, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Zilcah, Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

For to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? It is the representation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of your Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are brought up already; or the value of the remainder so inhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him; but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by; especially when better is not to be had. Yet, for your comfort, the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to a better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, What right has any man among you, or any association of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal for the public welfare, to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the license of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and,

by your very urging it. you endeavour what in you lies to make him loſe them. All good ſubjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the multitude to aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the king's diſpoſition or his practice; or even, where you would odiouſly lay it, from his miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our poſterity. You are not the truſtees of the public liberry; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reaſonable man will believe you reſpect the perſon of his Majeſty, when it is apparent that your ſeditious pamphlets are ſtuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is eaſy to be evinced from a thouſand paſſages, which I only forbear to quote, becauſe I deſire they ſhould die and be forgotten. I have peruſed many of your papers; and to ſhew you that I have, the third part of your No-proteſtant Plot is much of it ſtolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery, as manifeſtly as Milton's Defence of the Engliſh People is from Buchan de jure regni apud Scotos: or your firſt Covenant and new Aſſociation from the holy league of the French Guiſards Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the ſame pretences for reformation and loyalty, the ſame aſperſions of the king, and the ſame grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot murdered Francis Duke of Guiſe, by the inſtigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot miniſter, otherwiſe called a Preſbyterian; for our church abhors ſo deviliſh a tenet, who firſt writ a treatiſe of the lawfulneſs of depoſing and murdering kings of a different perſuaſion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they ſet the people above the magiſtrate; which, if I miſtake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no further than your liking. When a vote of the Houſe of Commons goes on your ſide, you are as ready to obſerve it, as if it were paſſed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in ſome caſes you will not be obliged by it. The paſſage is in the ſame third part of the Non-proteſtant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended aſſociation, you neither wholly juſtify nor condemn; but as the papiſts, when they are unoppoſed, fly out into all the pageantries of worſhip; but in times of war, when they are hard preſſed by arguments, lie cloſe intrenched behind the Council of Trent: ſo now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and juſtified to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the ſword: it is the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this aſſociation and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this ſmall difference betwixt them that the ends of the one are directly oppoſite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the conſent or knowledge of the king, againſt whoſe authority it is manifeſtly deſigned. Therefore you do well to have recourſe to your laſt evaſion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and ſhuffled into the papers that were ſeized; which yet you ſee the nation is not ſo eaſy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to deſire of you at parting, that when you think of anſwering this poem, you would employ the ſame pens againſt it, who have combated with ſo much ſucceſs againſt Abſalom and Achitophel: for then you aſſure yourſelves of a clear victory, without the leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a cuſtom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a conſiderable point, which is wholly to wave the anſwer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they ſhould be treaſon. Fall ſeverely on the miſcarriages of government; for if ſcandal be not allowed, you are not freeborn ſubjects. If God has not bleſſed you with the talent of rhyming, make uſe of my poor ſtock and welcome; let your verſes run upon my feet; and, for the utmoſt refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the laſt extremity of ſenſe, turn my own lines upon me, and, in utter deſpair of your own ſatyr, make me ſatyrize myſelf. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the reſt, commend me to the non-conformiſt parſon, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read ſo much as the piece deſerves, becauſe the bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to do him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſhed as well as printed; and that ſo much ſkill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waſte paper in the ſhop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of ſome Engliſh bibles. If Achitophel ſignify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will paſs with his readers for the next of kin; and perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the verſes are, buy them up, I beſeech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is ſhut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of ſervice.

Now footmen, you know, have the generoſity to make a purſe for a member of their ſociety, who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even proteſtant ſocks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A diſſenter in poetry from ſenſe and Engliſh will make as good a proteſtant rhymer as a diſſenter from the church of England a groteſtant parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane and fawcy Jack, and atheiſtic ſcribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him; by which well-mannered and charitable expreſſions I was certain of his ſect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cauſe from Geneſis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Teſtaments againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to yourſelves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Iriſh witneſſes. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cauſe, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no other reply than his predeceſſors, you may either conclude that I truſt to the goodneſs of my cauſe, or fear my adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe; for the ſhort of it is, it is indifferent to your humble ſervant whatever your party ſays, or thinks of him.

THE MEDAL.

Of all our antique ſights and pageantry,
Which Engliſh ideots run in crowds to ſee,
The Poliſh Medal bears the prize alone:
A monſter, more the favourite of the town
Than either fairs or theatres have ſhown.
Never did art ſo well with nature ſtrive;
Nor never idol ſeem'd ſo much alive:
So like the man; ſo golden to the ſight,
So baſe within, ſo counterfeit and light.
One ſide is fill'd with title and with face;
And, leſt the king ſhould want a legal place,
On the reverſe, a tower the town ſurveys;
O'er which our mounting ſun his beams diſplays.
The word, prononc'd aloud by ſhrieval voice.
Lætamur, which, in Poliſh, is rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd:
And a new canting holiday deſign'd.
Five days he ſat, for every caſt and look;
Four more than God to finiſh Adam took.
But who can tell what eſſence angels are,
Or how long heaven was making Lucifer?
Oh, could the ſtile that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd ſuch furrows for an eunuch face,
Could it have form'd his everchanging will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's ſkill!
A married hero firſt, with early care,
Blown like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
A beardleſs chief, a rebel, e'er a man;
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this, how wildly will ambition ſteer!
A vermin wriggling in th' uſurper's ear.
Bartering his venal wit for ſums of gold,
He caſt himſelf into the ſaint-like mould; [gain,
Groan'd, ſigh'd, and pray'd, while godlineſs was
The loudeſt bagpipe of the ſqueaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdneſs he could ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the ſaint; for hypocritic zeal
Allows no ſins but thoſe it can conceal.
Whoring to ſcandal gives too large a ſcope:
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs cheat betrays his partner's game.
Beſides, their peace was formal, grave, and ſlack;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.
Yet ſtill he found his fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and wit exact a double price.
Power was his aim: but, thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his ſoul he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His counſel's oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.
Ev'n in the moſt ſincere advice he gave
He had a grudging ſtill to be a knave,
The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
Made him uneaſy in his lawful gears.
At beſt as little honeſt as he could,
And like white witches miſchievouſly good.
To his firſt bias longingly he leans;
And rather would be great by wicked means.
Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold;
Advice unſafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence thoſe tears! that Ilium of our woe!
Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
What wonder if the waves prevail ſo far
When he cut down the banks that made the bar?
Seas follow but their nature to invade;
But he by art our native ſtrength betray'd.
So Samſon to his foe his force confeſt;
And to be ſhorn lay ſlumbering on her breaſt.
But when this fatal counſel, found too late,
Expos'd its author to the publik hate;

When his juſt ſovereign, by no impious way
Could be ſeduc'd to arbitrary ſway;
Forſaken of the hope he ſhifts his ſail,
Drives down the current with a popular gale;
And ſhews the fiend confeſs'd without a veil.
He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
But not convey'd to kingly government;
That claims ſucceſſive bear no binding force,
That coronation oaths are things of courſe!
Maintains the multitude can never err;
And ſets the people in the papal chair.
The reaſon 's obvious; intereſt never lies;
The moſt have ſtill their intereſt in their eyes;
The power is always their's, and power is ever wiſe.
Almighty crowd, thou ſhorteneſt all diſpute;
Power is thy eſſence, wit thy attribute!
Nor faith nor reaſon make thee at a ſtay, [way!
Thou leap'ſt o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric
Athens no doubt did righteouſly decide,
When Phocion and when Socrates were try'd:
As righteouſly they did thoſe dooms repent;
Still they were wiſe whatever way they went:
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the father, and recal the ſon.
Some think the fools were moſt as times went then,
But now the world's o'erſtock'd with prudent men.
The common cry is ev'n religion's teſt,
The Turk's is at Conſtantinople beſt;
Idols in India; popery at Rome;
And our own worſhip only true at home.
And true, but for the time 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-almighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plauſible, and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare:
And that a lawful power might never ceaſe,
Secur'd ſucceſſion to ſecure our peace.
Thus property and ſovereign ſway at laſt
In equal balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new Jehu ſpurs the hot-mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the beſt to know his native force;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong ſteep of anarchy.
Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!
The laviſh government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought:
He glutted them with all the power they fought;
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping brave,
The free-born ſubject ſunk into a ſlave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundleſs in his will!
That kings can do no wrong, we muſt believe;
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?
Help, heaven! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The beneſit of laws which they diſpenſe.
No juſtice to their righteous cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd,
And medals grav'd their conqueſt to record,
The ſtamp and coin of their adopted lord.
The man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again to ſee a jury chew
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witneſſes, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them was med'cinally good;
But, when they faſten'd on their feſter'd ſore,
Then juſtice and religion they forſwore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;
And rogue and ſaint diſtinguiſh'd by their ſide.
They rack ev'n ſcripture to confeſs their cauſe,
And plead a call to preach in ſpite of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page;
It has been us'd as ill in every age,
And is conſtrain'd with patience all to take,
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever ſenſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd at firſt our oracle t' inquire:
But ſince our ſects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inſpires not them, but they the text inſpire.
London, thou great emporium of our iſle,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert?
Or ſeparate they ſound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the ſlime thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Iſrael's tribe thou haſt a numerous band,
But ſtill the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two ſuch gouty hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wiſdom is to ſloth too great a ſlave;
None are ſo buſy as the fool and knave. [urge;
Thoſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they
Whoſe ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor ſharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In goſpel-phraſe, their chapmen they betray;
Their ſhops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the ſpoil;
They boaſt even when each other they beguile.
Cuſtoms to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring ſect;
They cheat the country firſt, and then infect.
They for God's cauſe their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they 'll be ſure to make his cauſe their own.
Whether the plotting jeſuit lay'd the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our ſacrilegious ſects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.

What means that traiterous combinations leſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhameful to confeſs.
But treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succeſsful crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The men who no conſpiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt, their prince.
If ſovereign right by ſovereign power they ſcan,
The ſame bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not ſafe, his thunder could they ſhun;
He ſhould be forc'd to crown another ſon.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich poſſeſſion was the murderer's own.
In vain to ſophiſtry they have recourſe;
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmaſk'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may ſee
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then cyclop-like in human fleſh to deal,
Chop up a miniſter at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring;
From thence t' aſſume the power of peace and war;
And eaſe him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to conſult his dignity and fame,
He ſhould have leave to exerciſe his name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the game.
For what can power give more than food and drink,
To live at eaſe, and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loſs of time;
On utmoſt bounds of loyalty they ſtand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band;
That waits impatient for the laſt command.
Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
They ſteal not, but in ſquadrons ſcour the plain:
And if their power the paſſengers ſubdue,
The moſt have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms fooliſhly they ſhew,
For in ſome ſoils republics will not grow:
Our temperate iſle will no extremes ſuſtain,
Of popular ſway or arbitrary reign:
But ſlides between them both into the beſt,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch bleſt,
And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholeſome tempeſt purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmneſs that ſucceeds.
But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked ſoul, and ſerpentine in arts,
Whoſe blandiſhments a loyal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds ſhe plighted to her lord;
What curſes on thy blaſted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy ſhall call;
For all muſt curſe the woes that muſt delcend to all.

Religion thou haſt none: thy Mercury [thee.
Has paſs'd through every ſect, or theirs through
But what thou giv'ſt, that venom ſtill remains;
And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
What elſe inſpires the tongues and ſwells the breaſts
Of all thy bellowing renegado prieſts,
That preach up thee for god; diſpenſe thy laws;
And with the ſcum ferment their fainting cauſe?
Freſh fumes of madneſs raiſe; and toil and ſweat
To make the formidable cripple great.
Yet ſhould thy crimes ſucceed, ſhould lawleſs power
Compaſs thoſe ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
For thine, if thou haſt any, muſt be one
That lets the world and human kind alone:
A jolly god, that paſſes hours too well
To promiſe heaven, or threaten us with hell.
That unconcern'd can at rebellion ſit,
And wink at crimes he did himſelf commit.
A tyrant theirs; the heaven their prieſthood paints
A conventicle of gloomy ſullen ſaints;
A heaven like Bedlam, ſlovenly and ſad;
Fore-doom'd for ſouls, with falſe religion, mad.
Without a viſion poets can foreſhow
What all but fools by common ſenſe may know:
If true ſucceſſion from our iſle ſhould fail,
And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou, nor thoſe thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harveſt of rebellious rage,
With which thou flattereſt thy decrepit age.
The ſwelling poiſon of the ſeveral ſects.
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burſt its bag; and fighting out their way
The various venoms on each other prey.
The preſbyter puff'd up with ſpiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy;
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But ſhort ſhall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny ſects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help, from this devouring crane. [jar,
The cut-throat ſword and clamorous gown ſhall
In ſharing their ill-gotten ſpoils of war:
Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit ſhall contend,
The ſurly commons ſhall reſpect deny,
And juſtle peerage out with property.
Their general either ſhall his truſt betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary ſway;
Or they, ſuſpecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings ſhall caſt anew the frame;
And thruſt out Collatine that bore that name.
Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age:
And our wild labours wearied into reſt,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breaſt.

" —— Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
" Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli."

TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

In times when princes cancel'd nature's law.
And declarations which themſelves did draw;
When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
Tarquin, a ſavage, proud, ambitious prince,
Prompt to expel, yet thoughtleſs of defence,
The envied ſceptre did from Tullius ſnatch,
The Roman king, and father by the match.
To form his party, hiſtories report,
A ſanctuary was open'd in his court,
Where glad offenders ſafely might reſort.
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the ſucceſs,
For thoſe were fruitful times of wickedneſs,
And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,
Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cauſe.
'Mongſt theſe a pagan prieſt for refuge fled;
A prophet deep in godly faction read;
A ſycophant, that knew the modiſh way
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
To whine and ſin, to ſcribble and recant,
A ſhameleſs author, and a luſtful ſaint.
To ſerve all times he could diſtinctions coin,
And with great eaſe flat contradictions join:
A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
And then obedience was his only theme:
He ſung in temples the moſt paſſive lays,
And wearied monarchs with repeated praiſe;
But manag'd awkwardly that lawful part;
To vent foul lies and treaſon was his art,
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart,
This prieſt, and others learned to defame,
Firſt murder injur'd Tullius in his name;
With blackeſt calumnies their ſovereign load,
A poiſon'd brother, and dark league abroad;
A ſon unjuſtly top'd upon the throne,
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;
Though, as the law was there, 'twas his behoof,
Who diſpoſſeſs'd the heir, to bring the proof.
This helliſh charge they back'd with diſmal frights,
The loſs of property and ſacred rights,
And freedom, words which all falſe patriots uſe
As ſureſt names the Romans to abuſe.
Jealous of kings, and always malecontent,
Forward in change, yet certain to repent.
Whilſt thus the plotters needful fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the ſtate.
Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
And atheiſt fools for dear religion fight.
The prieſts their boaſted principles diſown,
And level their harangues againſt the throne.
Vain promiſes the people's minds allure,
Slight were their ills, but deſperate the cure.
'Tis hard for kings to ſteer an equal courſe,
And they who baniſh one, oft gain a worſe.
Thoſe heavenly bodies we admire above,
Do every day irregularly move;
Yet Tullius, 'tis decreed, muſt loſe the crown,
For faults, that were his council's, not his own.
He now in vain commands ev'n thoſe he pay'd,
By darling troops deſerted and betray'd,
By creatures which his generous warmth had made.
Of theſe a captain of the guards was worſt,
Whoſe memory to this day ſtands accurſt.
This rogue, advanc'd to military truſt
By his own whoredom, and his ſiſter's luſt,
Forſook his maſter, after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes;
The kindeſt maſter to the vileſt ſlave,
As free to give, as he was ſure to crave.
His haughty female, who, as books declare,
Did always toſs wide noſtrils in the air,
Was to the younger Tullia governeſs,
And did attend her, when, in borrow'd dreſs,
She fled by night from Tullius in diſtreſs.
This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
And us'd all arts her father to depoſe;
A father, always generouſly bent,
So kind, that ev'n her wiſhes he'd prevent.
'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat,
When ev'n his daughter haſten'd his defeat;

When faith and duty vaniſh'd, and no more
The name of father and of king he bore:
A king, whoſe right his foes could ne'er diſpute;
So mild, that mercy was his attribute;
Affable, kind, and eaſy of acceſs;
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppreſs;
Rich without taxes, yet in payment juſt;
So honeſt, that he hardly could diſtruſt:
His active ſoul from labours ne'er did ceaſe,
Valiant in war, and vigilant in peace;
Studious with traffic to enrich the land;
Strong to protect, and ſkilful to command;
Liberal and ſplendid, yet without exceſs;
Prone to relieve, unwilling to diſtreſs;
In ſum, how godlike muſt his nature be,
Whoſe only fault was too much piety! [ſit
This king remov'd, th' aſſembled ſtates thought
That Tarquin in the vacant throne ſhould ſit;
Voted him regent in their ſenate-houſe,
And with an empty name endow'd his ſpouſe,
The elder Tullia, who, ſome authors feign,
Drove o'er her father's corſe a rumbling wain:
But ſhe more guilty numerous wains did drive
To cruſh her father and her king alive;
And in remembrance of his haſten'd fall,
Reſolv'd to inſtitute a weekly ball.
The jolly glutton grew in bulk and chin,
Feaſted on rapine, and enjoy'd her ſin;
With luxury ſhe did weak reaſon force, [morſe;
Debauch'd good-nature, and cram'd down re-
Yet when ſhe drank cold tea in liberal ſups,
The ſobbing dame was maudling in her cups.
But brutal Tarquin never did relent,
Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
Cruel in deeds, more mercileſs in will,
And bleſt with natural delight in ill.

From a wiſe guardian he receiv'd his doom
To walk the change, and not to govern Rome.
He ſwore his native honours to diſown,
And did by perjury aſcend the throne.
Oh! had that oath his ſwelling pride repreſt,
Rome had been then with peace and plenty bleſt.
But Tarquin, guided by deſtructive fate,
The country waſted, and embroil'd the ſtate,
Tranſported to their foes the Roman pelf,
And by their ruin hop'd to ſave himſelf.
Innumerable woes oppreſs the land,
When it ſubmitted to his curs'd command.
So juſt was heaven, that 'twas hard to tell,
Whether its guilt or loſſes did excel.
Men that renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
Were then the guardians of religion made.
Rebels were ſainted, foreigners did reign,
Outlaws return'd, preferment to obtain,
With frogs, and toads, and all their croaking train.
No native knew their features nor their birth;
They ſeem'd the greaſy offſpring of the earth.
The trade was ſunk, the fleet and army ſpent;
Devouring taxes ſwallow'd leſſer rent;
Taxes impos'd by no authority;
Each lewd collection was a robbery.
Bold ſelf-creating men did ſtatutes draw,
Skill'd to eſtabliſh villainy by law;
Fanatic drivers, whoſe unjuſt careers
Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears.
Yet authors here except a faithful band,
Which the prevailing faction did withſtand;
And ſome, who bravely ſtood in the defence
Of baffled juſtice and their exil'd prince.
Theſe ſhine to after-times, each ſacred name
Stands ſtill recorded in the rolls of fame.

SUUM CUIQUE.

When lawleſs men their neighbours diſpoſſeſs,
The tenants they extirpate or oppreſs;
And make rude havock in the fruitful ſoil,
Which the right owners plough'd with careful toil,
The ſame proportion does in kingdoms hold,
A new prince breaks the fences of the old!
And will o'er carcaſes and deſerts reign,
Unleſs the land its rightful lord regain.
He gripes the faithleſs owners of the place,
And buys a foreign army to deface
The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
He ſtarves their forces, and obſtructs their trade;
Vaſt ſums are given, and yet no native paid.
The church itſelf he labours to aſſail,
And keeps fit tools to break the ſacred pale.
Of thoſe let him the guilty roll commence,
Who has betray'd a maſter and a prince;
A man, ſeditious, lewd, and impudent;
An engine always miſchievouſly bent:
One who from all the bands of duty ſwervers;
No tye can hold but that which he deſerves;
An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
Skilful to forge, and always inſincere;
Careleſs exploded practices to mend;
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
Fate's blindfold reign the atheiſt loudly owns,
And providence blaſphemouſly dethrones.
In vain the leering actor ſtrains his tongue
To cheat, with tears and empty noiſe, the throng,
Since all men know, whate'er he ſays or writes,
Revenge or ſtronger intereſt indites,
And that the wretch employs his venal wit
How to confute what formerly he writ.
Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Endow'd with reaſon, though bereft of grace;
A preaching pagan of ſurpaſſing fame;
No regiſter records his borrow'd name.
O, had the child more happily been bred,
A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:
But now unfit, the moſt he ſhould expect,
Is to be enter'd of T—— F——'s ſect.
To him ſucceeds, with looks demurely ſad,
A gloomy ſoul, with revelation mad;
Falſe to his friend, and careleſs of his word;
A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
He ſells the livings which he can't poſſeſs,
And farms that fine-cure his dioceſe.
Unthinking man! to quit thy barren fee,
And vain endeavours in chronology,
For the more fruitleſs care of royal charity.
Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
The treaſon of old age in Wales to mourn,
Nor think the city-poor may loſs ſuſtain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.
I ſhould admit the booted prelate now,
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The ſcum and outcaſt of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's diſgrace.
None ſo unlearn'd did e'er at London ſit;
This driveler does the ſacret chair beſh—t.
I need not brand the ſpiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his ſide:
Th' aſtoniſh'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he ſtole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in ſome ſucceeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the ſtage.
Theſe are the leaders in apoſtacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majeſty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did deviſe,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.

Their king's a monſter, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and ſcorn;
With a big ſnout, caſt in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His ſubſtance is of clammy ſnot and phlegm;
Sleep is his eſſence, and his life a dream.
To Capreæ this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.
Dear catamite! who rules alone the ſtate,
While monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtleſs, and ſecure of fate.
Could you but ſee the fulſome hero led
By loathing vaſſals to his noble bed!
In flannen robes the coughing ghoſt does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk,
Corruption, ſpringing from his canker'd breaſt,
Furs up the channel, and diſturbs his reſt.
With head propt up the bolſter'd engine lies;
If pillow ſlip aſide, the monarch dies.

RELIGIO LAICI:

OR,

A LAYMAN's FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with ſo bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of ſo ſerious a ſubject would not be expected, may reaſonably oblige the author to ſay ſomewhat in defence, both of himſelf and of his undertaking. In the firſt place, if it be objected to me, that, being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myſelf with ſpeculations, which belong to the profeſſion of divinity; I could anſwer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the moſt incompetent judges of ſacred things; but, in the due ſenſe of my own weakneſs and want of learning, I plead not this: I pretend not to make myſelf a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confeſſion of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at at a diſtance. In the next place I will ingeniouſly confeſs, that the helps I have uſed in this ſmall treatiſe, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; ſo that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down as lawfully as the ſword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cauſe againſt the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any of my errors, which yet I hope are only thoſe of charity to mankind; and ſuch as my own charity has cauſed me to commit, that of others may more eaſily excuſe. Being naturally inclined to ſcepticiſm in philoſophy, I have no reaſon to impoſe my opinions in a ſubject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authoriſed, or at leaſt uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to ſecure myſelf on this ſide, I have uſed the neceſſary precaution of ſhewing this paper before it was publiſhed to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the ſervice of the church and ſtate; and whoſe writings have highly deſerved of both. He was pleaſed to approve the body of the diſcourſe, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaiſance: it is true he had too good a taſte to like it all; and amongſt ſome other faults recommended to my ſecond view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St Athanaſius, which he adviſed me

wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion: but then I could not have ſatisfied myſelf that I had done honeſtly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Chriſt, were yet in a poſſibility of ſalvation. Neither will it enter eaſily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewiſh nation, ſhould lie under the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting puniſhment, for want of that revelation which was confined to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of Paleſtine. Among the ſons of Noah we read of one only who was accurſed; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time was reſerved for Japhet (of whoſe progeny we are), it ſeems unaccountable to me, why ſo many generations of the ſame offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the fleſh, ſhould be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their poſterity ſhould be entitled to the hopes of ſalvation: as if a bill of excluſion had paſſed only on the fathers, which debarred not the ſons from their ſucceſſion. Or that ſo many ages had been delivered over to hell, and ſo many reſerved for heaven, and that the devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his ſons, might continue for ſome ages in the whole poſterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifeſt; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet ſwarmed into colonies, and thoſe colonies, were ſubdivided into many others: in proceſs of time their deſcendants loſt by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worſhip, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which ſucceeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in thoſe ages from conquerors to gods Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my ſuppoſition be true, then the conſequence which I have aſſumed in my poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the principles of natural worſhip, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the poſterity of Noah: and that our modern philoſophers, nay and ſome of our philoſophiſing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our ſouls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one ſupreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praiſe and prayer are his due worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourſelves to God, by the weak pinions of our reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what Socrates ſaid of him, what Plato writ, and the reſt of the heathen philoſophers of ſeveral nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the ſun of it was ſet in the race of Noah. That there is ſomething above us, ſome principle of motion, our reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the ſtrength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not ſo much as of our own, ſhould be able to find out by them, that ſupreme nature, which we cannot otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon, do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which if it were poſſible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen. For every man is building a ſeveral way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods; at leaſt, ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the ſacred ſcriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God, is all our reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the ſeal of heaven impreſſed upon our human underſtanding.

And now for what concerns the holy biſhop Athanaſius, the preface of whoſe creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may poſſibly be ſaved: in the firſt place I deſire it may be conſidered that it is the preface only, not the creed itſelf, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digeſtion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral texts of ſcripture ſeemingly ſupport that cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in church hiſtory, knows that belief was drawn up after a long conteſtation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our bleſſed Saviour, and his being one ſubſtance with the father; and that thus compiled, it was ſent abroad among the chriſtian churches, as a kind of teſt, which whoſoever took was looked upon as an orthodox believer. It is manifeſt from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its buſineſs was not to diſtinguiſh betwixt Pagans and Chriſtians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well conſidered, takes off the heavy weight of cenſure, which I would willingly avoid from ſo venerable a man; for if this propoſition, 'whoſoever will be ſaved,' be reſtrained only to thoſe to whom it was intended, and for whom it was compoſed, I mean the Chriſtians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Chriſt, and were nothing intereſted in that diſpute. After all, I am

far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spight of exposition; and for my own part, the plain apostles creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics move collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit; and have detorted those texts of scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-enterance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spight of the witnesses, and but of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of jesuited papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, "si vel paulum deflexeret," if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, "ex hominum Christianorum dominatu," from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not "de fide;" and that consequently they are not obliged by it; they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the pope, "ratione directi "Domini," and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of christian prudence; but when

once they ſhall get power to ſhake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and conſequently to riſe againſt him is no rebellion. I ſhould be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of diſowning and deteſting thoſe Jeſuitic principles; and ſubſcribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of depoſing kings, and releaſing ſubjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I ſhould think they might eaſily be induced, if it be true that this preſent pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a theſis of the Jeſuits maintained, amongſt others, "ex cathedra," as they call it, or in open conſiſtory.

Leaving them therefore in ſo fair a way, if they pleaſe themſelves, of ſatisfying all reaſonable men of their ſincerity and good meaning to the government, I ſhall make bold to conſider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics, or ſchiſmatics, of the Engliſh church. Since the Bible has been tranſlated into our tongue, they have uſed it ſo, as if their buſineſs was not to be ſaved but to be damned by its contents. If we conſider only them, better had it been for the Engliſh nation, that it had ſtill remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at leaſt in the honeſt Latin of St. Jerome, than that ſeveral texts in it ſhould have been prevaricated to the deſtruction of that government, which put it into ſo ungrateful hands.

How many hereſies the firſt tranſlation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's hiſtory of Henry the Eighth inform you; inſomuch, that for the groſs errors in it, and the great miſchiefs it occaſioned, a ſentence paſſed on the firſt edition of the Bible, too ſhameful almoſt to be repeated. After the ſhort reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whoſe conſciences would not diſpenſe with popery, were forced, for fear of perſecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious diſcipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at firſt, as well knowing how nauſeouſly that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was preſcribed for a rebellious common-wealth, yet they always kept it in reſerve; and were never wanting to themſelves either in court or parliament, when either they had any proſpect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whoſe covetouſneſs was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will conſult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this ſubject, by George Cranmer, may ſee by what gradations they proceeded; from the diſlike of cap and ſurplice, the very next ſtep was admonitions to the parliament againſt the whole government eccleſiaſtical: then came out volumes in Engliſh and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were ſet on foot to erect their diſcipline without authority. Thoſe not ſucceeding, ſatire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of thoſe times, was the firſt preſbyterian ſcribler, who ſanctified libels and ſcurrility to the uſe of the good old cauſe. Which was done, ſays my author, upon this account; that their ſerious treatiſes having been fully anſwered and refuted, they might compaſs by railing what they had loſt by reaſoning; and, when their cauſe was ſunk in court and parliament, they might at leaſt hedge in a ſtake amongſt the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abuſive; but if church and ſtate were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingſgate: even the moſt ſaintlike of the party, though they durſt not excuſe this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleaſed, and grinned at it with a pious ſmile; and called it a judgment of God againſt the hierarchy. Thus ſectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and ſcurrilous from their infancy: and if ſpiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of ſuperiors, and ſlander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the preſbytery and the reſt of our ſchiſmatics, which are their ſpawn, were always the moſt viſible church in the chriſtian world.

It is true, the government was too ſtrong at that time for a rebellion; but to ſhow what proficiency they had made in Calvin's ſchool, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the ſtory tells us, got up into a peaſe-cart and harangued the people, to diſpoſe them into an inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their diſcipline by force: ſo that however it comes about, that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their ſaint and patroneſs; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms againſt her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two ſheriffs of their party, to have compaſſed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic ſpeech. "There is in every one of theſe conſiderations "moſt juſt cauſe to fear, leſt our haſtineſs to em- "brace a thing of ſo perilous conſequence (mean- "ing the preſbyterian diſcipline) ſhould cauſe "poſterity to feel thoſe evils, which as yet are "more eaſy for us to prevent, than they would "be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Caſſandra has foretold, we know too well by ſad experience: the ſeeds were ſown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harveſt ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr: and becauſe all the ſheaves could not be carried off without ſhedding ſome of the looſe grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I

fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted ſtill to ſcatter.

A man may be ſuffered to quote an adverſary to our religion, when he ſpeaks truth: and it is the obſervation of Maimbourg, in his hiſtory of Calviniſm, that wherever that diſcipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and miſery, attended it. And how indeed ſhould it happen otherwiſe? Reformation of church and ſtate has always been the ground of our diviſions in England. While we were papiſts, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the ſcriptures to depoſe princes; when we ſhook off his authority, the ſectaries furniſhed themſelves with the ſame weapons; and out of the ſame magazine, the Bible: ſo that the ſcriptures, which are in themſelves the greateſt ſecurity of governors, as commanding expreſs obedience to them, are now turned to their deſtruction; and never, ſince the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and depoſing, which have been taken up only by the worſt party of the papiſts, the moſt frontleſs flatterers of the pope's authority, have been eſpouſed, defended, and are ſtill maintained by the whole body of non-conformiſts and republicans. It is but dubbing themſelves the people of God, which it is the intereſt of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpoſe: if they are under perſecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flouriſh, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the ſaints are to poſſeſs the earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know beſt how far I could have gone on this ſubject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared: though at the ſame time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me is, as I before adviſed the Papiſts, to diſclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the king, and true Proteſtants when they conform to the church-diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that theſe verſes were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his tranſlation of the critical hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, compoſed by the learned father Simon; the verſes therefore are addreſſed to the tranſlator of that work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a critic as to require the ſmoothneſs, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I muſt tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The expreſſions of a poem deſigned purely for inſtruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majeſtic: for here the poet is preſumed to be a kind of lawgiver; and thoſe three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legiſlative ſtyle. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the paſſions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the ſoul, by ſhewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or leſs: but inſtruction is to be given by ſhewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into paſſion, but to be reaſoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reaſon to the ſoul: and as on high,
Thoſe rolling fires diſcover but the ſky,
Not light us here; ſo reaſon's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to aſſure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as thoſe nightly tapers diſappear
When day's bright lord aſcends our hemiſphere;
So pale grows reaſon at religion's ſight;
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernatural light. [led
Some few, whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been
From cauſe to cauſe, to nature's ſecret head;
And found that one firſt principle muſt be:
But what, or who, that univerſal He;
Whether ſome ſoul incompaſſing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himſelf could ſee;
And Epicurus gueſs'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future ſtate;
As raſhly judg'd of providence and fate:
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of human kind:
For happineſs was never to be found;
But vaniſh'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This every little accident deſtroy'd;
The wiſer madmen did for virtue toil;
A thorny, or at beſt a barren ſoil:
In pleaſure ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep;
But found their line too ſhort, the well too deep;
And leaky veſſels which no bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the ſoul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite reaſon reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The Deiſt thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty ſecret's found:
God is that ſpring of good; ſupreme, and beſt;
We made to ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt,
If ſo, ſome rules of worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by heaven:
Elſe God were partial, and to ſome deny'd
The means his juſtice ſhould for all provide.
This general worſhip is to praiſe and pray:
One part to borrow bleſſings, one to pay:
And when frail nature ſlides into offence,
The ſacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, ſince the effects of providence, we find,
Are variouſly diſpens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue ſuffers here,
A brand that ſovereign juſtice cannot bear;
Our reaſon prompts us to a future ſtate:
The laſt appeal from fortune and from fate:

Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own ſtrength to heaven would ſoar:
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou miſled
To think thy wit theſe god-like notions bred!
Theſe truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion firſt inform'd thy ſight,
And reaſon ſaw not till faith ſprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worſhip takes the ſource:
'Tis revelation what thou think'ſt diſcourſe.
Elſe how com'ſt thou to ſee theſe truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato theſe, nor Ariſtotle found:
Nor he whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd.
Haſt thou a wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime,
Or canſt thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canſt thou by reaſon more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem: no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of natural worſhip, built on prayer and praiſe
To one ſole God.
Nor did remorſe to expiate ſin preſcribe:
But ſlew their ſellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a ſpoil!
Dar'ſt thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too juſt and ſtrong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wiſdom found the way:
And with celeſtial wealth ſupply'd thy ſtore:
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame;
Th' offended ſuffering in th' offender's name:
All thy miſdeeds to him imputed ſee,
And all his righteouſneſs devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have ſinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is againſt Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion muſt be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deiſt loſt: remorſe for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reaſon now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That ſhews us ſick; and ſadly are we ſure
Still to be ſick, till heaven reveal the cure:
If then heaven's will muſt needs be underſtood,
Which muſt, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be ſhown;
With ſcripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one ſacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, ſuperſtitious ware
Of rites, luſtrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
Which chriſtian faith and virtues, we ſhall find
None anſwering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that ſhews us beſt
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals bleſt.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is ſcarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care preſcrib'd for every age;
Firſt, in the ſoul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abſtractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unſkill'd in arts,
In ſeveral ages born, in ſeveral parts,
Weave ſuch agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conſpire to cheat us with a lye?
Unaſk'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itſelf we caſt our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the ſtory true:
The doctrine, miracles; which muſt convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human ſenſe:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cauſe,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the ſtile, majeſtic and divine,
It ſpeaks no leſs than God in every line:
Commanding words; whoſe force is ſtill the ſame
As the firſt fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beſide, or did by arms aſcend;
Or ſenſe indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our luſts oppoſe:
Unfed by nature's ſoil, in which it grows;
Croſs to our intereſts, curbing ſenſe and ſin;
Oppreſs'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; it's own tormentors tires;
And with a ſtubborn patience ſtill aſpires.
To what can reaſon ſuch effects aſſign
Tranſcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that ſacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that uſe ordain'd?
But ſtay: the deiſt here will urge anew,
No ſupernatural worſhip can be true;
Becauſe a general law is that alone
Which muſt to all, and every where, be known:
A ſtile ſo large as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis ſaid the ſound of a Meſſiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth:
But ſtill that text muſt be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what proviſion could from thence accrue
To Indian ſouls, and worlds diſcover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages paſt,
The ſcriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till ſin ſpread once again the ſhades of night:
What's that to theſe, who never ſaw the light?

Of all objections this indeed is chief
To ſtartle reaſon, ſtagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human ſenſe
Has hid the ſecret paths of providence:
But boundleſs wiſdom, boundleſs mercy, may
Find ev'n for thoſe bewilder'd ſouls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may ſtrangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for ſalvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far tranſcending goodneſs can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reaſons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the beſt,
But more the great apoſtle has expreſt:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inſpir'd;
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themſelves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they ſhall plead;
And by their conſcience be condemn'd or freed."
Moſt righteous doom! becauſe a rule reveal'd
Is none to thoſe from whom it was conceal'd.
Then thoſe who follow'd reaſon's dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may ſee their Maker's face,
While thouſand rubric martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian biſhop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endleſs pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unleſs he firſt could prove he was inſpir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to ſay
This faith, where publiſh'd, was the only way;
Or elſe conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in diſpute,
Flew high; and as his chriſtian fury roſe,
Damn'd all for heretics who durſt oppoſe.
Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unſkilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n theſe crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou haſt read.
Thy matchleſs author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well tranſlating better doſt commend:
Thoſe youthful hours which, of thy equals moſt
In toys have ſquander'd, or in vice have loſt,
Thoſe hours haſt thou to nobler uſe employ'd;
And the ſevere delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witneſs this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by my author, in the ſifting care
Of rabbins old ſophiſticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can ſort
May afterwards make algebra a ſport.
A treaſure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and tranſlations;
And without Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations.
A work ſo full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's laſt hand requir'd:
As much as man could compaſs, uninſpir'd.
Where we may ſee what errors have been made
Both in the copyers and tranſlators trade:
How Jewiſh, Popiſh, intereſts have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For ſome, who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
Have found our author not too much a prieſt:
For faſhion-ſake he ſeems to have recourſe
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could ſubdue,
Could not but find the weakneſs of the new:
If ſcripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but careleſsly preſerv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of heaven's aſſiſting care,
And who did neither time nor ſtudy ſpare
To keep this book untainted, unperplext,
Let in groſs errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the ſenſe,
With vain traditions ſtopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with eaſe:
What ſafety from ſuch bruſhwood-helps as theſe?
If written words from time are not ſecur'd,
How can we think have oral ſounds endur'd?
Which thus tranſmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are intail'd:
And that ſome ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain;
If we conſider intereſt, church, and gain.
O but, ſays one, tradition ſet aſide,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For ſince th' original ſcripture has been loſt,
All copies diſagreeing, maim'd the moſt,
Or chriſtian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition muſt be found.
Such an omniſcient church we wiſh indeed;
'Twere worth both Teſtaments; caſt in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide ſo ſure,
As can all doubts reſolve, all truth ſecure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Reſtore loſt canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what ſtill remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unleſs like Eſdras they could write it new:
Strange confidence ſtill to interpret true,
Yet not be ſure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blett original contain'd.
More ſafe, and much more modeſt 'tis, to ſay
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the ſcriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the ſame glaſs better ſee,
'Tis for themſelves they look, but not for me:
For my ſalvation muſt its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.
Muſt all tradition then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, ſome needful ſure
To ſaving faith, that ſcripture leaves obſcure?

Which every sect will wrest a several way,
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:
We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven; and ne'er is at a loss:
For the streight-gate would be made streighter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine:
And plainliest points to heaven's reveal'd design:
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here:
When general, old, disinterested, clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age:
Confirms its force by bideing every test;
For best authorities, next rules, are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain such they were, so known:
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after, for itself believ'd.
The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume with wonderous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t'interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind;
Not more for them than every man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance:
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a God who could but read and spell;
Then mother church did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave;
To keep it in her power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid. [well,
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so
That by long use they grew infallible:
At last a knowing age began t'inquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire:
And making narrower search they found, though late,
That what they thought the priest's, was their estate:
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
Consulted soberly his private good;
And saw'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd:
The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up and die:
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
So all we make of heaven's discover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:

But, since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of heaven, than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose;
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This tranſlation of monſieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, deſired his reviſal of it. I ſaw the manuſcript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above ſix months, who made very conſiderable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to Engliſh writers, than keep to the French names, as it was firſt tranſlated, Sir William deſired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was firſt publiſhed in the year 1683; Sir William was after ſent ambaſſador to Conſtantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. Tonson

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain preſumptuous crime,
To undertake the ſacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the ſtars that rul'd thy ſenſe
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy ſtrait genius thou wilt ſtill be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegaſus unſound,
You then that burn with the deſire to try
The dangerous courſe of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitleſs verſe to loſe your time,
Or take for genius the deſire of rhyme:
Fear the allurements of a ſpacious bait,
And well conſider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verſe deſcribe an amorous flame,
Another ſharpen a ſhort epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenſer ſing Roſalind in paſtoral:
But authors that themſelves too much eſteem,
Loſe their own genius, and miſtake their theme;
Thus in times paſt Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying ſacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Deſcrib'd the Iſraelites triumphant flight,
And following Moſes o'er the ſandy plain,
Periſh'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleaſant or ſublime,
Always let ſenſe accompany your rhyme:
Falſely they ſeem each other to oppoſe;
Rhyme muſt be made with reaſon's laws to cloſe:
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble courſe;
To reaſon's yoke ſhe quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But if neglected, will as eaſily ſtray,
And maſter reaſon which ſhe ſhould obey.
Love reaſon then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Moſt writers mounted on a reſty Muſe,
Extravagant and ſenſeleſs objects chooſe;
They think they err, if in their verſe they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural:
Fly this exceſs, and let Italians be
Vain authors of falſe glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at ſenſe; but moſt in vain
Strive the hard paſs and ſlippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you ſtray;
Reaſon to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Purſues its objects till 'tis over-wrought:
If he deſcribes a houſe, he ſhews the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a viſta, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are ballaſtred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The feſtoons, freezes, and the aſtragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp, away I run,
And ſkip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of ſuch deſcriptions the vain folly ſee,
And ſhun their barren ſuperfluity.
All that is needleſs carefully avoid;
The mind once ſatisfy'd is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more:
A verſe was weak; you turn it, much too ſtrong,
And grow obſcure for fear you ſhould be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another ſoars too high.
Would you of every one deſerve the praiſe?
In writing, vary your diſcourſe and phraſe:
A frozen ſtile that neither ebbs nor flows,
Inſtead of pleaſing, makes us gape and doze.

Thoſe tedious authors are eſteem'd by none
Who tire us, humming the ſame heavy tone.
Happy who in his verſe can gently ſteer,
From grave to light, from pleaſant to ſevere;
His works will he admir'd wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compaſt round.
In all you write, be neither low nor vile:
The meaneſt theme may have a proper ſtile.
The dull burleſque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in ſpite of ſenſe.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnaſſus ſpoke the cant of Billingſgate:
Boundleſs and mad, diſorder'd rhyme was ſeen:
Diſguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which firſt in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran:
The dulleſt ſcribblers ſome admirers found,
And the Mock Tempeſt was a while renown'd:
But this low ſtuff the town at laſt deſpis'd,
And ſcorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Diſtinguiſh'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
Let not ſo mean a ſtile your Muſe debaſe;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace;
And let burleſque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet noiſy bombaſt carefully avoid,
Nor think to raiſe, though on Pharſaliah's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the ſlain:"
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And periwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Chooſe a juſt ſtile, be grave without conſtraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;
And for the meaſure have a careful ear.
On eaſy numbers fix your happy choice:
Of jarring ſounds avoid the odious noiſe:
The fulleſt verſe and the moſt labour'd ſenſe,
Diſpleaſe us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verſe, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeaſur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence that have ſince been ſhewn,
To thoſe unpoliſh'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his juſt rules reſtrain'd poetic rage;
Spenſer did next in paſtorals excel,
And taught the nobler art of writing well;
To ſtricter rules the ſtanza did reſtrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came, who, with new-found art,
Chang'd all, ſpoil'd all, and had his way apart;
His haughty Muſe all others did deſpiſe,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the ſharp-ſighted critics of the times
In their Mock-Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuſe,
And daſh'd the hopes of his aſpiring Muſe.
This headſtrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take leſs liberty.
Waller came laſt, but was the firſt whoſe art,
Juſt weight and meaſure did to verſe impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And ſhew'd for poetry a nobler courſe:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And eaſy words with pleaſing numbers join:
His verſes to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard diſcord to ſoft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
To preſent authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his ſteps, ſecure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expreſſions clear.
If in your verſe you drag, and ſenſe delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes aſtray;
And from your vain diſcourſe I turn my mind,
Nor ſearch an author troubleſome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleas'd with ſound,
Whoſe fuſtian head with clouds is compaſs'd round,
No reaſon can diſperſe them with its light,
Learn then to think e'er you pretend to write.
As your idea 's clear, or elſe obſcure,
Th' expreſſion follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with eaſe we can expreſs;
Words to the notions flow with readineſs.
Obſerve the language well in all you write,
And ſwerve not from it in your loftieſt flight.
The ſmootheſt verſe and the exacteſt ſenſe
Diſpleaſe us, if ill Engliſh give offence;
A barbarous phraſe no reader can approve;
Nor bombaſt, noiſe, or affectation love.
In ſhort, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit nor delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haſte;
And value not yourſelf for writing faſt.
A rapid poem, with ſuch fury writ,
Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to ſee a river lead
His gentle ſtreams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy ſhore.
Gently make haſte, of labour not afraid:
A hundred times conſider what you 've ſaid:
Poliſh, repoliſh, every colour lay,
And ſometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when ſwarming faults are writ,
That here and there are ſcatter'd ſparks of wit;
Each object muſt be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have correſponding grace:
Till, by a curious art diſpos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your ſubject cloſe in all you ſay;
Nor for a ſounding ſentence ever ſtray.
The public cenſure for your writings fear,
And to yourſelf be critic moſt ſevere.
Fantaſtic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends that will approve,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer deſcry,
Who ſeems to like, but means not what he ſays:
Embrace true counſel, but ſuſpect falſe praiſe.
A ſycophant will every thing admire:
Each verſe, each ſentence, ſets his ſoul on fire:
All is divine! there's not a word amiſs!
He ſhakes with joy, and weeps with tenderneſs,
He overpowers you with his mighty praiſe.
Truth never moves in thoſe impetuous ways:

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedleſs errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verſe to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too affected ſound;
Here the ſenſe flags, and your expreſſion's round,
Your fancy tires, and your diſcourſe grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them juſt and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom uſe;
But authors, partial to their darling Muſe,
Think to protect it they have juſt pretence,
And at your friendly counſel take offence.
Said you of this, that the expreſſion's flat?
Your ſervant, Sir, you muſt excuſe me that,
He anſwers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: That, Sir, 's the propereſt place.

This turn I like not: 'Tis approv'd by all.
Thus, reſolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a ſyllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a ſure reaſon not to blot it out,
Yet ſtill he ſays you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is abſolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his Muſe,
Reſtleſs he runs ſome other to abuſe,
And often finds; for in our ſcribbling times
No fool can want a ſot to praiſe his rhymes:
The flatteſt work has ever in the court
Met with ſome zealous aſs for its ſupport:
And in all times a forward ſcribbling fop
Has found ſome greater fool to cry him up.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when riſing from her bed,
With ſparkling diamonds dreſſes not her head,
But, without gold or pearl, or coſtly ſcents,
Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments:
Such, lovely in its dreſs, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect paſtoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verſe:
There native beauty pleaſes, and excites,
And never with harſh ſounds the ear affrights.
But in this ſtile a poet often ſpent,
In rage throws by his rural inſtrument,
And vainly, when diſorder'd thoughts abound,
Amidſt the Eclogue makes the trumpet ſound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Oppos'd to this another, low in ſtyle,
Makes ſhepherds ſpeak a language baſe and vile:
His writings flat and heavy, without ſound,
Kiſſing the earth, and creeping on the ground;
You'd ſwear that Randal, in his ruſtic ſtrains,
Again was quavering to the country ſwains,
And changing, without care of ſound or dreſs,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Beſs.
'Twixt theſe extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Be their juſt writing, by the Gods inſpir'd,
Your conſtant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you'll eaſily comprehend
How poets, without ſhame, may condeſcend
To ſing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To ſtir up ſhepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narciſſus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their riſings lofty, yet not out of ſight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful ſtile,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A miſtreſs flatters, threatens, and invites:
But well theſe raptures, if you'll make us ſee,
You muſt know love as well as poetry.
I hate thoſe luke-warm authors, whoſe forc'd fire
In a cold ſtile deſcribes a hot deſire,
That ſigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their ſluggiſh Muſe whip to an amorous mood:
Their tranſports feign'd appear but flat and vain;
They always ſigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their priſon, and their ſufferings bleſs,
Make ſenſe and reaſon quarrel as they pleaſe.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That ſmooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;

Nor Ovid, when inſtructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the diſcourſe.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force,
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongſt the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Piſa's wreſtlers tells the ſinewy force,
And ſings the duſty conqueror's glorious courſe:
To Simo's ſtreams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes ſhe flies like an induſtrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemiſtry,
Deſcribes the ſhepherd's dances, feaſts, and bleſs,
And boaſts from Phyllis to ſurprize a kiſs,
When gently ſhe reſiſts with feign'd remorſe,
That what ſhe grants may ſeem to be by force.
Her generous ſtile at random oft will part,
And by a brave diſorder ſhews her art.
Unlike thoſe fearful poets, whoſe cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exacteſt time,
That ſing th' illuſtrious hero's mighty praiſe
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from leaſt circumſtances part,
But take all towns by ſtricteſt rules of art:
Apollo drives thoſe fops from his abode;
And ſome have ſaid that once the humorous god
Reſolving all ſuch ſcribblers to confound,
For the ſhort Sonnet order'd this ſtrict bound:
Set rules for the juſt meaſure, and the time,
The eaſy running and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, thoſe licences deny'd
Which in theſe writings the lame ſenſe ſupply'd;
Forbad an uſeleſs line ſhould find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace,
A faultleſs Sonnet, finiſh'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of looſe poetry.
A hundred ſcribbling authors without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet th' exacteſt ſcarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes from faults and cenſure free.
The reſt but little read, regarded leſs,
Are ſhovel'd to the paſtry from the preſs.
Cloſing the ſenſe within the meaſur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reaſon to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
Is one good ſentence in a diſtich clos'd.
Theſe points, that by Italians firſt were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or deſpis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with the glaring light,
To their falſe pleaſures quickly they invite;
But public favour ſo increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnaſſus with their tide.
The Madrigal at firſt was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the ſame doom;
With theſe grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the ſtage,
Without his point a lover durſt not rage;
The amorous ſhepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And proſe, as well as verſe, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his ſpeech,
The parſon without quibbling could not preach.
At laſt affronted reaſon look'd about,
And from all ſerious matters ſhut them out:
Declar'd that none ſhould uſe them without ſhame,
Except a ſcattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts diſorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Inſipid jeſters, and unpleaſant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that ſometimes a dexterous Muſe
May with advantage a turn'd ſenſe abuſe,
And on a word may trifle with addreſs;
But above all, avoid the fond exceſs;
And think not, when your verſe and ſenſe are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The Britiſh round in plainneſs ſhews his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may ſofter paſſions move,
And breathe the tender ecſtaſies of love.
Deſire to ſhew itſelf, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue firſt, with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilus was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodneſs from reproach,
Shew'd worth on foot, and raſcals in the coach.
Horace his pleaſing wit to this did add,
And none uncenſur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whoſe name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their ſharp poetry.
Perſius obſcure, but full of ſenſe and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as thoſe times could be,
Too far did ſtretch his ſharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truths through all his labours ſhine,
In what he writes there's ſomething of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling ſenate come
To the ſtern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarſeſt habits ſhews,
And paints an empreſs reeking from the ſtews:
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow ſuch a maſter then deſire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this ſolid baſe,
In his old ſtyle conſerves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.

The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our reſpect,
And at immodeſt writings take offence,
If clean expreſſion cover not the ſenſe.
I love ſharp Satire, from obſceneneſs free;
Not impudence that preaches modeſty:
Our Engliſh, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleaſant detraction, that by ſinging goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our poetry we ſee,
That child of joy begot by liberty.
But, vain blaſphemy, tremble when you chooſe
God for the ſubject of your impious Muſe:
At laſt, thoſe jeſts which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to juſt puniſhment.

Ev'n in a ſong there muſt be art and ſenſe;
Yet ſometimes we have ſeen, that wine, or chance,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
And furniſh'd out a ſcene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit, that made thee pleaſe,
Let not thy folly grow to a diſeaſe,
Nor think thyſelf a wit; for in our age
If a warm fancy does ſome fop engage,
He neither eats nor ſleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the ſtage:
And in the front of all his ſenſeleſs plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with bayes.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THERE's not a monſter bred beneath the ſky
But, well diſpos'd by art, may pleaſe the eye:
A curious workman, by his ſkill divine,
From an ill object makes a good deſign.
Thus, to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Oedipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Oreſtes aſks relief;
And to increaſe our pleaſure cauſes grief.
You then that in this noble art would riſe,
Come; and in lofty verſe diſpute the prize.
Would you upon the ſtage acquire renown,
And for your judges ſummon all the town?
Would you your words for ever ſhould remain,
And after ages paſt be ſought again?
In all you write, obſerve with care and art
To move the paſſions, and incline the heart.
If in a labour'd act, the pleaſing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raiſe;
In vain with learned ſcenes you fill your plays,
Your cold diſcourſe can never move the mind
Of a ſtern critic, naturally unkind;
Who, juſtly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls aſleep, or cenſures all you write.
The ſecret is, attention firſt to gain;
To move our minds, and then to entertain:
That, from the very opening of the ſcenes,
The firſt may ſhew us what the author means.
I'm tir'd to ſee an actor on the ſtage,
That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unraveling in vain,
Inſtead of pleaſing keeps my mind in pain.
I'd rather much the nauſeous dunce ſhould ſay
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a maſs of miracles ill-join'd,
Confound my ears, and not inſtruct my mind.
The ſubject's never ſoon enough expreſt;
Your place of action muſt be fix'd, and reſt.
A Spaniſh poet may with good event,
In one day's ſpace whole ages repreſent;
There oft the hero of a wandering ſtage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we that are by reaſon's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be deſign'd.
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the ſtage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with eaſe conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too ſtrong to be believ'd.
A fooliſh wonder cannot entertain:
My mind's not mov'd if your diſcourſe be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better ſatisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is moſt agreeably ſurpris'd,
When a well-woven ſubject, long diſguis'd,
You on a ſudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At firſt the tragedy was void of art;
A ſong; where each man danc'd and ſung his part.
And of god Bacchus roaring out the praiſe,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were ſeen in each man's eyes;
And a fat goat was the beſt ſinger's prize.
Theſpis was firſt, who, all beſmear'd with lee,
Began this pleaſure for poſterity:

And with his carted actors, and a song,
Amus'd the people as he pass'd along
Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
And with a better mask his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:
He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain,
Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and prophane, abhor'd the stage:
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd,
Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
And shew'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,
And raiss'd the lawful heroes of the stage:
Only th' Athenian mask was laid aside,
And chorus by the music was supply'd.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
Paint then, I 'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
Or for a Cyrus shew an Artaben;
That struggling oft his passions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design;
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
Achilles must with Homer's heart engage;
For an affront I 'm pleas'd to see him rage.
Those little failings in your hero's heart,
Shew that of man and nature he has part:
'To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rights austere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different customs grow:
And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
An antique hero like some modern ass;
Who make old Romans like our English move,
Shew Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errors are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amus'd:
Rules too severe would there be useless found;
But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with itself agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own design:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Bussy d'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight,
Wise nature by variety does please;
Clothe differing passions in a differing dress:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And shew a ranting grief upon the stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore;
These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
Shews like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow you must foster methods keep;
And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:
An author cannot easily purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to hiss and blame:
You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
'To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must every where abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And shew us a new wonder in each line:
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that tragedy maintain:

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join:
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky:
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
But angry Neptune plowing up the main:
Echo's no more an empty airy sound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,
The poet does a thousand figures find,
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strews with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore;
From faithless fortune this is no surprize,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers;
These are the springs that move our hopes and fears;
Without these ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unfinew'd poem languishes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.

In vain have our miſtaken authors try'd
To lay theſe ancient ornaments aſide,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he ſent,
Might act like thoſe the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Aſhtaroth, and Bel;
The myſteries which Chriſtians muſt believe,
Diſdain ſuch ſhifting pageants to receive:
The goſpel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or puniſhment for faults;
And mingling falſehoods with thoſe myſteries,
Would make our ſacred truths appear like lies.
Beſides, what pleaſure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whoſe rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himſelf diſputes the prize?
Taſſo you 'll ſay has done it with applauſe?
It is not here I mean to judge his cauſe:
Yet though our age has ſo extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his eccaſies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleaſing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that Chriſtian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common ſubject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To baniſh Tritons who the ſeas invade,
To take Pan's whiſtle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To paſs the ſhepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain ſcruples to diſturb your mind,
And ſearch perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to preſent
Prudence or Juſtice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of braſs,
And take from Time his ſcythe, his wings and glaſs.
And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
Baniſh deſcriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to purſue;
But let our reaſon ſuch vain fears ſubdue:
And let us not, amongſt our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thouſand pleaſures ſee,
And the ſmooth names ſeem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In ſuch a crowd, the poet were to blame
To chooſe king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never ſhould be tir'd?
Chooſe ſome great hero, fit to be admir'd;
In courage ſignal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæſar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
And not like Oedipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too baſe.
Chooſe not your tale of accidents too full;
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with ſkill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, ſhort, and ſmart;
In your deſcriptions ſhew your nobleſt art:
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd:
Yet you muſt trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to deſcribe
The wondrous marches of the choſen tribe,
Plac'd on the ſides to ſee their armies paſs,
The fiſhes ſtaring through the liquid glaſs;
Deſcrib'd a child, who, with his little hand,
Pick'd up the ſhining pebbles from the ſand.
Such objects are too mean to ſtay our ſight;
Allow your work a juſt and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too ſoon you mount not on the airy ſteed;
Nor tell your reader in a thundering verſe,
"I ſing the conqueror of the univerſe."
What can an author after this produce?
The labouring mountain muſt bring forth a mouſe.
Much better are we pleas'd with his addreſs,
Who, without making ſuch vaſt promiſes,
Says, in an eaſier ſtyle and plainer ſenſe,
"I ſing the combats of that pious prince
"Who from the Phrygian coaſt his armies bore,
"And landed firſt on the Lavinian ſhore."
His opening Muſe ſets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Romau name;
Of Styx and Acheron deſcribe the floods,
And Cæſar's wandering in th' Elyſian woods:
With figures numberleſs his ſtory grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace.
At once you may be pleaſing and ſublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always ſtiff and ſtale,
Who thinks himſelf diſhonour'd in his ſtyle,
If on his works the graces do but ſmile.
'Tis ſaid, that Homer, matchleſs in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vaſt treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turns to gold:
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he every where may boaſt;
Nor is he in too long digreſſions loſt:
His verſes without rule a method find,
And of themſelves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble anſwers his intent;
Each ſyllable is tending to th' event.
Let his example your endeavours raiſe:
To love his writings is a kind of praiſe.
A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantaſtic mind:
There muſt be care, and time, and ſkill, and pains;
Not the firſt heat of unexperienc'd brains.
Yet ſometimes artleſs poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, preſume they underſtand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fuſtian Muſe each accident confounds;
Nor can ſhe fly, but riſe by leaps an bounds,
Till, their ſmall ſtock of learning quickly ſpent,
Their poem dies for want of nouriſhment.

In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
No branding cenſures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade,
Reſolv'd to like the monſters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer underſtood not poetry:
Againſt their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for juſtice they appeal.
But waiting till mankind ſhall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forgot, in duſt and cobwebs let them reſt,
Whilſt we return from whence we firſt digreſt.

The great ſucceſs which tragic writers found,
In Athens firſt the comedy renown'd,
Th' abuſive Grecian there by pleaſing ways,
Diſpers'd his natural malice in his plays:
Wiſdom and virtue, honour, wit, and ſenſe,
Were ſubject to buffooning inſolence:
Poets were publicly approv'd, and ſought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue ſet at nought!
A Socrates himſelf, in that looſe age,
Was made the paſtime of a ſcoffing ſtage,
At laſt the public took in hand the cauſe,
And cur'd this madneſs by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the perſon, or deſcribe the face.
The ſtage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs recover'd minds diſeas'd,
And ſparing perſons innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely ſhewn in this new glaſs,
And ſmil'd to think he was not meant the aſs:
A miſer oft would laugh at firſt, to find
A faithful draught of his own ſordid mind;
And fops were with ſuch care and cunning writ,
They lik'd the piece for which themſelves did ſit.
You then, that would the comic laurels wear,
To ſtudy nature be your only care:
Who'er knows man, and by a curious art
Diſcerns the hidden ſecrets of the heart;
He who obſerves, and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning ſycophant,
A ſober wit, an enterpriſing aſs,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May ſafely in thoſe noble liſts engage,
And make them act and ſpeak upon the ſtage.
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may pleaſe the ſight,
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different honours found:
A glance, a touch, diſcovers to the wiſe;
But every man has not diſcerning eyes.
All-changing time does alſo change the mind;
And different ages different pleaſures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is eaſily led away;
Vain in diſcourſe, inconſtant in deſire,
In cenſure raſh, in pleaſures all on fire.
The manly age does ſteadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his ſoul employ:
Againſt the turns of fate he ſets his mind;
And by the paſt the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age ſtill adding to his ſtores,
For other heaps the treaſure he adores,
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Paſt times extols, the preſent to debaſe:
Incapable of pleaſures youth abuſe,
In others blames what age does him refuſe.
Your actors muſt by reaſon be controul'd:
Let young men ſpeak like young, old men like old:
Obſerve the town, and ſtudy well the court:
For thither various characters reſort:
Thus 'twas great Johnſon purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, leſs deſirous of the people's praiſe,
He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;
Mixing dull buffoonery with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I ſee the tortoiſe hiſt,
I loſe the author of the Alchemiſt.
The comic wit, born with a ſmiling air,
Muſt tragic grief and pompous verſe forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With baudy jeſts amuſe the populace:
With well-bred converſation you muſt pleaſe,
And your intrigue unravel'd be with eaſe:
Your action ſtill ſhould reaſon's rules obey,
Nor in an empty ſcene may loſe its way.
Your humble ſtyle muſt ſometimes gently riſe;
And your diſcourſe ſententious be, and wiſe:
The paſſions muſt to nature be confin'd;
And ſcenes to ſcenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit muſt not unſeaſonably play;
But follow buſineſs, never lead the way.
Obſerve how Terence does this error ſhun;
A careful father chides his amorous ſon:
Then ſee that ſon, whom no advice can move,
Forget thoſe orders, and purſue his love:
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we diſcover:
'Tis a true ſon, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age,
And keeps the right decorum of the ſtage;
That always pleaſes by juſt reaſon's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauſeous baudry fills his plays;
Let him be gone, and on two treſſels raiſe
Some Smithfield ſtage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings ſpeak to mountebanks.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The ſcourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of phyſic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public miſchief was his private gain;
Children their ſlaughter'd parents ſought in vain;
A brother here his poiſon'd brother wept;
Some bloodleſs dy'd, and ſome by opium ſlept.
Colds, at his preſence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at laſt, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his ſtore,
In his new country-houſe affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building aſs:
Here firſt the doctor's talent came in play;
He ſeems inſpir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Deſigns the ſtair-caſe at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his maſon ſend.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In ſhort, to finiſh this our humurous tale,
He Galen's dangerous ſcience does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part:
Rather be maſon, 'tis a uſeful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurſt,
Admits no mean betwixt the beſt and worſt.
In other ſciences, without diſgrace,
A candidate may fill a ſecond place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader ſuffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd ſtationers againſt him baul,
And herringham degrades him from his ſtall.
Burleſque, at leaſt, our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.

The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the ſtiff formal ſtile of Gondibert.
Be not affected with that empty praiſe
Which your vain flatterers will ſometimes raiſe,
And when you read, with ecſtacy will ſay,
"The finiſh'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to cenſure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing ſight.
A hundred authors fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not ſold.
Hear all the world; conſider every thought;
A fool by chance may ſtumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your Muſe inſpire,
Be not impatient to expoſe your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Thoſe tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who ſeize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
And ſtop the paſſengers that walk the ſtreet:
There is no ſanctuary you can chooſe
For a defence for their purſuing Muſe.
I've ſaid before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no ſhame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited ſceptics, void of ſenſe,
By their falſe taſte condemns ſome finiſh'd part,
And blame the nobleſt flights of wit and art,
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are ſatisfy'd;
And their weak judgment, void of ſenſe and light,
Thinks nothing can eſcape their feeble ſight:
Their dangerous counſels do not cure, but wound;
To ſhun the ſtorm, they run your verſe aground,
And, thinking to eſcape a rock, are drown'd.
Chooſe a ſure judge to cenſure what you write,
Whoſe reaſon leads, and knowledge gives you light,

Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her stricter bounds and limits part:
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay some there are, for writing verse extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
In prudent lessons every where abound;
With pleasant join the useful and the sound:
A sober reader a vain tale will slight;
He seeks as well instruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not those loose writers who employ
Their guilty Muse, good manners to destroy;
Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
And shew us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen Muse approve,
Who from all modest writings banish love;
That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lightest love, if decently express't,
Will raise no vicious motions in our breast.
Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;
I blame her folly whilst I share her grief.
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart;
His heat will never cause a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your desire.
In vain your art and vigour are express't;
Th' obscene expression shews th' infected breast.
But above all, base jealousies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares liberally contend;
And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.
Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
By standing up, and pulling others down.
Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,
Nor by such abject methods seek for praise:
Let not your only business be to write;
Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But thrive your conversation be desir'd:
Write for immortal fame; nor ever choose
Gold for the object of a generous Muse.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time;
Yet I abhor those writers, who despise
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
And of a noble science make a trade.
Before kind reason did her light display,
And government taught mortals to obey,
Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew;
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
Committed murder without punishment;
Reason at last, by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd these savages, and turn'd their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease,
And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace.
These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd these fictions since believ'd.
That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers;
These miracles from numbers did arise:
Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were by the poets aid,
In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;
First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The Muses thus their reputation rais'd,
And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
And sacrific'd to their divinity;
But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
Desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verse became a mercenary trade.
Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:
If gold must be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian strand,
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
Or relishes the Heliconian streams.
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
And, free from cares for money for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
And now none famish who deserve to eat;
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
Receive the stars propitious influence;
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing;

Let Dryden with new rules our ſtage refine,
And his great models form by this deſign:
But where's a ſecond Virgil to rehearſe
Our hero's glories in his epic verſe?
What Orpheus ſing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and foreſts move again;
Shew his bold fleet on the Batavian ſhore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his ſteady hand,
Whilſt the two worlds in expectation ſtand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I ſpeak new glories ſeize my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itſelf does give, and prize,
Bleſſings of peace, that with her milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, diſcord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots forms debauch'd our age,
Vaniſh with all the miniſters of hell:
His rays their poiſonous vapours ſhall diſpel;
'Tis he alone our ſafety did create,
His own firm ſoul ſecur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Bout'feu's of the ſtate,
Authors, for him your great endeavours raiſe;
The loftieſt numbers will but reach his praiſe.
For me, whoſe verſe in ſatire has been bred,
And never durſt heroic meaſures tread;
Yet you ſhall ſee me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my beſt aſſiſtance yield:
Offer your leſſons, that my infant Muſe
Learnt, when ſhe Horace for her guide did chooſe:
Second your zeal with wiſhes, heart, and eyes,
And afar hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
A ſtrict obſerver of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I ſeparate the allay,
And ſhew how haſty writers ſometimes ſtray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A ſharp, but yet a neceſſary friend.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

Sacred to the happy Memory of

KING CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb;
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the ſad ſoul retires into her inmoſt room:
Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
Like Niobé we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our Britiſh heaven was all ſerene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt age in nature's golden ſcene;
Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dreamt of more:
When ſuddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.
Th' amazing news of Charles at once were ſpread,
At once the general voice declar'd,
"Our gracious prince was dead."
No ſickneſs known before, no ſlow diſeaſe,
To ſoften grief by juſt degrees,
But like an hurricane on Indian ſeas,
The tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected burſt of woes:
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should ſink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
As once it ſhall,
Should gape immenſe, and ruſhing down, o'erwhelm this nether ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that name,

Was newly riſen from his reſt,
And, with a fervent flame,
His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear ſovereign's health;
And hop'd to have them heard,
In long increaſe of years,
In honour, fame and wealth:
Guiltleſs of greatneſs thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wiſh'd thoſe vows he made,
On his own head ſhould be repay'd.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
Who can deſcribe th' amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero firſt was ſeen to fear,
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So haſty and ſo artleſs was his grief:
Approaching greatneſs met him with her charms
Of power and future ſtate;
But look'd ſo ghaſtly in a brother's fate,
He ſhook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room he ſaw
A wild diſtraction, void of awe,
And arbritrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulſe, or breath,
A ſenſeleſs lump of ſacred clay,
An image now of death.
Amidſt his ſad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face.
Diſtorted from their native grace,
An iron ſlumber ſat on his majeſtic eyes.
The pious Duke—Forbear audacious Muſe!
No terms thy feeble art can uſe
Are able to adorn ſo vaſt a woe:
The grief of all the reſt like ſubject-grief did ſhew,
His like a ſovereign did tranſcend;
No wife, no brother, ſuch a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wonderous changes of a fatal ſcene,
Still varying to the laſt!
Heaven, though its hard decree was paſt,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
And death's uplifted arm arreſted in its haſte.
Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almoſt griev'd it had foreſeen,
What by foreſight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her reſemblance here below;
And mild forgiveneſs intercede
To ſtop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd th' ethereal throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that ſtill they might be ſhewn,
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatneſs at ſo dear a rate,
Himſelf defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate,
With him th' innumerable crowd,
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud;
The firſt well meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the ſkies by offering up their own.
So great a throng not heaven itſelf could bar;
'Twas almoſt born by force as in the giants' war.
The prayers at leaſt for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was defer'd:
Againſt the ſun the ſhadow went;
Five days, thoſe five degrees, were lent
To form our patience and prepare th' event.
The ſecond cauſes took the ſwift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting ſoul came back
T' inſpire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful ſtand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the brand.

IV.

The joyful ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
Took the ſame train, the ſame impetuous bound;
The drooping town in ſmiles again was dreſt,
Gladneſs in every face expreſt,
Their eyes before their tongues confeſt.
Men met each other with erected look,
The ſteps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haſte;
And long inveterate foes ſaluted as they paſt:
Above the reſt heroic James appear'd
Exalted more, becauſe he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whoſe noble pride
Was ſtill above
Diſſembled hate or vaniſh'd love,
Its more than common tranſport could not hide;
But like an eagre rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate courſe,
The tyrant paſſions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flaſh'd upon the ſoul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling ſea
Returns and wins upon the ſhore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Reſt on their fins a while, and ſtay,
Then backward take their wondering way:
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely ſeen before, [their ſway.
And cries, a king muſt fall, or kingdoms change
Such were our counter-tides at land, and ſo
Preſaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal ſoul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native ſphere,
Came but a while on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful ſtrife,
And made but faint eſſays of life:
And evening light
Soon ſhut in night:

A ſtrong diſtemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

v.

The ſons of art all medicines try'd,
And every noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt ſkill, nay more, they pray'd:
Never was loſing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a ſtake with greater toil,
Nor ere was fate ſo near a foil:
But like a fortreſs on a rock, [mock;
Th' impregnable diſeaſe their vain attempts did
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be eſſay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extremeſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but Cæſar could ſuſtain:
Undaunted Cæſar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Than any ſuffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Againſt the worſt of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without ſucceſs,
No racks could make the ſtubborn malady confeſs.
The vain inſurancers of life,
And he who moſt perform'd and promiſs'd leſs,
Ev'n Short himſelf forſook th' unequal ſtrife.
Death and deſpair were in their looks,
No longer they conſult their memories or books;
Like helpleſs friends, who view from ſhore
The labouring ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar;
So ſtood they with their arms acroſs;
Not to aſſiſt, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loſs.

vi.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful ſound
Which ev'n the beſt can hardly bear,
He took the ſummons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly caſt his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grieſly challenger.
What death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The ſame aſſurance all his words did grace:
The ſame majeſtic mildneſs held its place:
Nor loſt the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

vii.

As if ſome angel had been ſent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So chearfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor ſhrunk nor ſtept aſide for death:
But with unalter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he reſign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly ſtate;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the laſt,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he caſt:
Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he roſe benignly ſo he ſet!
All that on earth he held moſt dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both heaven,
The right had given
And his own love bequeath'd ſupreme command:
He took and preſt that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace ſecure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for ſo great a truſt he choſe
A prince who never diſobey'd:
Not when the moſt ſevere commands were laid;
Nor want, nor exile, with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if heaven its eyes could cloſe,
The welfare of the world it ſafely might repoſe.

viii.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet leſs ſerenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harſh decree
For ſchoolmen with laborious art
To ſalve from cruelty:
Thoſe, for whom love could no excuſes frame,
He graciouſly forgot to name.
Thus far my Muſe, though rudely, has deſign'd
Some faint reſemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can expreſs
The parting brother's tenderneſs:
Though that's a term too mean and low;
The bleſt above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they ſaid,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who ſtaid, [ſpent,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are
I caſt into a ſhade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That unexhauſted ſpring
Of clemency and love;
Himſelf to his next ſelf accus'd,
And aſk'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godleſs men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country ſent
Their beſt Camillus into baniſhment:
And forc'd their ſovereign's act, they could not hi
conſent.
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his ſufferings paſt!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at laſt,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he ſunk beneath his grief:
His dauntleſs heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.

Perhaps the godlike hero in his breaſt
Diſdain'd, or was aſham'd to ſhew
So weak, ſo womaniſh a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend ſo plentcouſly confeſt

IX.

Amidſt that ſilent ſhower, the royal mind
An eaſy paſſage found,
And left its ſacred earth behind:
Nor murmuring groan expreſt, nor labouring ſound,
Nor any leaſt tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as thoſe gentle whiſpers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the ſtill voice the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy proſperous reign to ſhine,
That peace thou leav'ſt to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy ſhade, be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe joys thy reſtoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it ſound,
For numerous bleſſings yearly ſhower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom, ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an Engliſh ſubject's ſole prerogative,
Without whoſe charms even peace would be
But a dull quiet ſlavery:
For theſe and more, accept our pious praiſe;
'Tis all the ſubſidy
The preſent age can raiſe,
The reſt is charg'd on late poſterity.
Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore [thee.
To them and to their heirs, is ſtill entail'd by
Succeſſion of a long deſcent
Which chaſtely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberleſs and great,
Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty bleſſing down,
And fixt the faireſt gem that decks th' imperial crown:
Not faction, when it ſhook thy regal ſeat,
Not ſenates, inſolently loud,
Thoſe echoes of a thoughtleſs crowd,
Not foreign or domeſtic treachery,
Could warp thy ſoul to their unjuſt decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the mildneſs of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd ſword it bent at will;
But kept the native toughneſs of the ſteel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view, the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load's too weighty: thou may'ſt chooſe
Some parts of praiſe, and ſome refuſe:
Write, that his annals may be thought more laviſh than the Muſe.
In ſcanty truth thou haſt confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt, and kind:
His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the nobleſt uſeful arts,
Were ſuch, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehenſion quick, his judgment true:
That the moſt learn'd, with ſhame, confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

XII.

Amidſt the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he ſhed,
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If ſcience rais'd her head,
And ſoft humanity that from rebellion fled?
Our iſle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the ſolar walk and heaven's high way;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the beſt, amidſt the corn it bore:
The royal huſbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and ſow'd, and till'd,
The thorns he rooted out the rubbiſh clear'd,
And bleſs'd th' obedient field.
When ſtrait a double harveſt roſe;
Such as the ſwarthy Indian mows;
Or happier climates near the line,
Or paradiſe manur'd and dreſt by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to ſurvey,
Of airy choriſters a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progreſs o'er the plain;
So, riſing from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
Th' officious Muſes came along,
A gay harmonious quire like angels ever young:
The Muſe that mourns him now his happy triumph ſung,
Ev'n they could thrive in his auſpicious reign;
And ſuch a plenteous crop they bore
Of pureſt and well-winow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet ſomewhat to their ſhare he threw;
Fed from his hand, they ſung and flew,
Like birds of paradiſe that liv'd on morning dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The penſion of a prince's praiſe is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live bleſt above, almoſt invok'd below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now,

Thou Fabius of a ſinking ſtate,
Who didſt by wiſe delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempeſt roſe,
In death's moſt hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didſt oppoſe,
To weather out the ſtorm:
Not quitting thy ſupreme command,
Thou held'ſt the rudder with thy ſteady hand,
Till ſafely on the ſhore the bark did land:
The bark that all our bleſſings brought,
Charg'd with thyſelf and James, a doubly royal fraught

XIV.

Oh frail eſtate of human things,
And ſlippery hopes below!
Now to our coſt your emptineſs we know:
For 'tis a leſſon dearly bought,
Aſſurance here is never to be ſought.
The beſt, and beſt-belov'd of kings,
And beſt deſerving to be ſo,
When ſcarce he had eſcap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What miſts of Providence are theſe
Through which we cannot ſee!
So ſaints, by ſupernatural power ſet free,
Are left at laſt in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, heaven, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madneſs wrought,
That queſtion'd thy ſupreme decree!
Thou didſt his gracious reign prolong,
Ev'n in thy ſaints and angels wrong,
His fellow citizens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd ſince his bleſt return:
So ſtrictly wert thou juſt to pay,
Ev'n to the driblet of a day.
Yet ſtill we murmur and complain,
The quails and manna ſhould no longer rain;
Thoſe miracles 'twas needleſs to renew; [view.
The choſen flock has now the promis'd land in

XV.

A warlike prince aſcends the regal ſtate,
A prince long exercis'd by fate:
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late!
Heroes in heaven's peculiar mold are caſt,
They and their poets are not form'd in haſte;
Man was the firſt in God's deſign, and man was made the laſt.
Falſe heroes, made by flattery ſo,
Heaven can ſtrike out, like ſparkles, at a blow;
But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.
With toil and ſweat,
With hardening cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable ſhield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 'twas try'd and found a maſter-piece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne,
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he ſwiftly ran;
The future God at firſt was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate
Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled firſt with fate:
In his young hands the hiſſing ſnakes he preſt,
So early was the Deity confeſt;
Thus by degrees he roſe to Jove's imperial ſeat;
Thus difficulties prove a ſoul legitimately great,
Like his, our hero's infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their ſnakes provide;
And to his infant arms oppoſe
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppreſt, the higher ſtill he roſe:
Thoſe were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to ſubdue
Thy hydra of the many-headed hiſſing crew.

XVII.

As, after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Ancus did the ſceptre wield,
Furbiſh'd the ruſty ſword again,
Reſum'd the long-forgotten ſhield,
And led the Latins to the duſty field;
So James the drowſy genius wakes
Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
Reſtiff and ſlumbering on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-ſtrung nerve, the ſpear already ſhakes.
No neighing of the warrior ſteeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
T' inſpire the coward, warm the cold,
His voice, his ſole appearance makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the duſt, and crouch beneath their fatal foe,
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his lingering ſword;
Peace is their only ſure defence,
Their beſt ſecurity his word:
In all the changes of his doubtful ſtate,
His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promiſe is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main;
With broken oaths his fame he will not ſtain;
With conqueſt baſely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamantine book;
And let his wondering ſenate ſee,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At leaſt the ſecond page of ſtrong contingency;
Such as conſiſts with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happineſs may be:
Let them not ſtill be obſtinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou haſt deſign'd,

Or with malignant penury,
To ſtarve the royal virtues of his mind.
Faith is a Chriſtian's and a ſubject's teſt,
Oh give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt.
They do; and with a diſtant view I ſee
Th' amended vows of Engliſh loyalty.
And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a proſperous reign,
A ſeries of ſucceſsful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold ev'n the remoter ſhores,
A conquering navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh cannon formidably roars,
While, ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Th' aſſerted ocean rears his reverend head;
To view and recogniże his ancient lord again:
And, with a willing hand, reſtores
The faſces of the main.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

Creator ſpirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promiſed Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding ſpirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gifts of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE

SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who, once ordain'd to bear
God's juſtice ſword, and his vicegerent here,
Am now depos'd—'gainſt me my children riſe,
My life muſt be their only ſacrifice:
Highly they me accuſe, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderneſs and love!
They ſeek to ſpill my blood; 'tis that alone
Muſt for the nation's crying ſins atone.

But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And ſhew'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly viſion ſpoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me:
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere neceſſity was made my crime!

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

" ———Antiquam exquirite matrem.
" Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea." VIRG.

PREFACE.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even ſo much as fair quarter, from a reader of the oppoſite party. All men are engaged either on this ſide or that; and though conſcience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conſcience, he is knocked down before the reaſons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a beſpeaking of favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire the reader ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruſe it. Only this advertiſement let him take before-hand, which relates to the merits of the cauſe. No general characters of parties (call them either ſects or churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the ſe-

veral members of them; at leaſt all ſuch as are received under that denomination. For example; there are ſome of the church by law eſtabliſhed, who envy not liberty of conſcience to diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the numbers of the reſt, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other ſide, there are many of our ſects, and more indeed than I could reaſonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themſelves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majeſty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this ſatire any way intended. it is aimed only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe, who are come over to the royal party, are conſequently ſuppoſed to be out of gun-ſhot. Our phyſicians have obſerved, that, in proceſs of time, ſome diſeaſes have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, ſo as to be no longer mortal: and why may not I ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe, who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of perſecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to cenſure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the diſſenters in their addreſſes to his majeſty, have ſaid, "That he has reſtored God to his "empire over conſcience." I confeſs, I dare not ſtretch the figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that conſcience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is abſolute in his own breaſt, and accountable to no earthly power for that which paſſes only betwixt God and him. Thoſe who are driven into the fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the ſects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuſe the benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteemed their perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publicly to own, that they ſuffered not before for conſcience-ſake, but only out of pride and obſtinacy, to ſeparate from a church for thoſe impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have ſo long contended for their claſſical ordination (not to ſpeak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length ſubmit to an epiſcopal? If they can go ſo far out of complaiſance to their old enemies, methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſuade them to take another ſtep, and ſee whether that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince, and a foreigner, but from a Chriſtian king, their native ſovereign; who expects a return in ſpecie from them; that the kindneſs, which he has graciouſly ſhewn them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſuaſion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfy the reader, that it was neither impoſed on me, nor ſo much as the ſubject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt winter, and the beginning of this ſpring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finiſhed it, his majeſty's declaration for liberty of conſcience came abroad: which if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpared myſelf the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in hope, that the church of England might have been perſuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the teſt, which was one deſign of the poem, when I propoſed to myſelf the writing of it.

It is evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended: I mean that defence of myſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacked in print: and I refer myſelf to the judgment of thoſe, who have read the Anſwer to the defence of the late king's papers, and that of the dutcheſs (in which laſt I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the author and ſupervifors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider whether he deſerved not a more ſevere reprehenſion, than I gave him formerly, for uſing ſo little reſpect to the memory of thoſe, whom he pretended to anſwer; and at his leiſure, look out for ſome original treatiſe of humility, written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh; I believe I may ſay in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that ſubject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Rodriguez; though with the omiſſion of the ſeventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, and the laſt chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have inſinuated to the world, that her late highneſs died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cauſe: for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would diſpute the motives of her change; how prepoſterouſly, let all men judge, when he ſeemed to deny the ſubject of the controverſy, the change itſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the cudgels againſt Mrs James, to cenſure the Proteſtant religion.

I have but one word more to ſay concerning

the poem as ſuch, and abſtracted from the matters, either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firſt part, conſiſting moſt in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic turn of heroic poeſy. The ſecond being matter of diſpute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two epiſodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main deſign; ſo that they are properly parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common-places of ſatire, whether true or falſe, which are urged by the members of the one church againſt the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be ſcandalized, becauſe they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART I.

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chac'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death though fated not to die.
Not ſo her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part aſſum'd immortal ſtate.
Of theſe a ſlaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk; whoſe vocal blood aroſe,
And cry'd for pardon on their prejur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the ſanguine ſeed,
Endu'd with ſouls, increas'd the ſacred breed.
So captive Iſrael multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladneſs mix'd the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to periſh, but their kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs plant the dying fruit ſurpaſs'd.
Panting and penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſovereign power her company diſdain'd;
Grinn'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret enmity.
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light,
They had not time to take a ſteady ſight.
For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.
The bloody bear, an independent beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſt.
Among the timorous kind the quaking hare
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the buffoon ape, as atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all ſects, and had his own to chooſe:
Still when the lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The briſtled baptiſt boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of ſanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred place,
And mountains level'd in his furious race:
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace.
But ſince the mighty ravage, which he made
In German foreſt, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tuſks, and with a borrow'd name,
He ſhun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in ſects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe Reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by Athanaſius firſt
Was chac'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:
His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And nature's king through nature's optics view'd.

Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an infant could a God deſcry.
New ſwarming ſects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of antient witneſs can prevail,
If private reaſon hold the public ſcale?
But, gracious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgment's an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkneſs in th' abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thyſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandering fires,
Follow'd falſe lights; and, when their glimpſe was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.
Good life be now my taſk: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Diſguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that truſt my imperfect ſenſe,
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compel?
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte, rebel?
Superior faculties are ſet aſide;
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way;
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſable and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body through th' oppoſing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.
For ſince thus wondrouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain,
One ſingle place two bodies did contain.
And ſure the ſame omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reaſon then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to ſenſe,
And thence concluded, that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility.
For latter ages muſt on former wait,
And what began belief muſt propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all thoſe wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign?
Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted, man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive,
And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th' unuſeful ſcaffolding away.
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chooſe we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame veſſel which our Saviour bore,
Himſelf the pilot, let us leave the ſhore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with fleſh and blood,
And not veil theſe again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what he made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great ſums, and to compound the ſmall:
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all?
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed:
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſurer of thy bliſs:
The bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou firſt apoſtate to divinity.
Unkennel'd range in thy Polonian plains:
A fiercer foe the inſatiate wolf remains.
Poo boaſtful Britain, pleaſe thyſelf no more,
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhore.
The bear, the boar, and every ſavage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsful bower,
And, muzzled though they ſeem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the reſt, the wolfiſh race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame; but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.
His wild diſorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the beſtial citizens ſurprize.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
As captain or companion of the ſpoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor ſince in Cambria ſeen:
The laſt of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from Geneva firſt infeſted France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race;
Becauſe of Wickliff's brood no mark he brings.
But his innate antipathy to kings.

These last deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman-lake his consort lin'd:
That fiery Zuinglius first th' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin blest the nuptial bed.
In Israel some believe him whelp'd long since,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppress'd the prince,
Or, since he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conspire
From Moses' hand the sovereign sway to wrest,
And Aaron of his ephod to divest:
Till opening earth made way for all to pass,
And could not bear the burden of a class.
The Fox and he came shuffled in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The dog (a common species) will contain.
And some wild curs, who from their masters ran,
Abhorring the supremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and state have you redress'd?
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your first essay was on your native laws:
Those having torn with ease, and trampled down,
Your fangs you fasten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel still be small,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are sent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And like the first the last affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are seen,
A rank sour herbage rises on the green;
So, springing where those midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.
Such are their doctrines, such contempt they show
To heaven above, and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blasphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the skies, is plac'd,
And kings, like slaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulsome is their food, that flocks refuse
To bite, and only dogs for physic use.
And where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracts of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.
But, as the poisons of the deadliest kind
Are to their own unhappy coast confin'd;
As only Indian shades of sight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Cholchos thrive;
So presbytery and pestilential zeal
Can only flourish in a commonweal.
From Celtic woods is chac'd the wolfish crew;
But ah! some pity ev'n to brutes is due:
Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to destroy.

Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike,
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey,
Man only of a softer mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th' inferior family of heaven:
The smith divine, as with a careless heat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mixt with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet t' o'ertake them in their flight:
Of easy shape, and pliant every way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation day:
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.
Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus persecution rose, and farther space
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd,
Content to fold them from the famish'd beast:
Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The wolf, the bear, the boar, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance.
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air.
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:

Here, only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof, and tremble at his roar:
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.
These are the chief: to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay:
So dross'y, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

The Panther, sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend;
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd lion, let me speak?
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A lion old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name:
So schism begot; and sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless heresy.
God's and king's rebels have the same good cause,
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to church and state:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawless prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.

Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd!
Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,
And matin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, increase and multiply.
Religion shews a rosy-colour'd face;
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace:
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.
What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
For 'twas uneasy traveling alone;
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heaven for bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock
Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below.
Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her head,
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church and church's head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand, that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labrynth she lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the Godhead's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receiv'd by those who in communion join.
But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,
His blood and body, who to save us dy'd;
The faithful this thing signify'd receive:
What is't those faithful then partake or leave?

For what is ſignify'd and underſtood,
Is, by her own confeſſion, fleſh and blood.
Then, by the ſame acknowledgement, we know
They take the ſign, and take the ſubſtance too,
The literal ſenſe is hard to fleſh and blood.
But nonſenſe never can be underſtood.
Her wild belief on every wave is toſt;
But ſure no church can better morals boaſt.
True to her king her principles are found;
Oh that her practice were but half ſo ſound!
Stedfaſt in various turns of ſtate ſhe ſtood,
And ſeal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her conſtancy,
That intereſt or obligement made the tye.
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy,
Before the ſounding ax ſo falls the vine,
Whoſe tender branches round the poplar twine,
She chooſe her ruin, and reſign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but ſome ſouls we ſee
Grow hard, and ſtiffen with adverſity:
Yet theſe by fortune's favours are undone;
Reſolv'd into a baſer form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the ſun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Iſgrimis counſel, her new-choſen mate;
Still ſhe's the faireſt of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Becauſe ſhe wants innate authority;
For how can ſhe conſtrain them to obey,
Who has herſelf caſt off the lawful ſway?
Rebellion equals all; and thoſe who toil
In common theft, will ſhare the common ſpoil,
Let her produce the title and the right
Againſt her old ſuperiors firſt to fight;
If ſhe reform by text, ev'n that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different ſenſe will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word's a weathercock for every wind:
The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail;
The moſt in power ſupplies the preſent gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom ſhe firſt betray'd;
No help from fathers or tradition's train:
Thoſe ancient guides ſhe taught us to diſdain,
And by that ſcripture, which ſhe once abus'd
To reformation, ſtands herſelf accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can ſhe prefer,
Expounding which ſhe owns herſelf may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts ariſe, ſhe ſlips herſelf aſide,
And leaves the private conſcience for the guide.
If then that conſcience ſet th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church authority.
How can ſhe cenſure, or what crime pretend,
But ſcripture may be conſtrued to defend?
Ev'n thoſe, whom for rebellion ſhe tranſmits
To civil power, her doctrine firſt acquits;
Becauſe no diſobedience can enſue,
Where no ſubmiſſion to a judge is due;
Each judging for himſelf by her conſent,
Whom thus abſolv'd ſhe ſends to puniſhment.
Suppoſe the magiſtrate revenge her cauſe,
'Tis only for tranſgreſſing human laws.
How anſwering to its end a church is made,
Whoſe power is but to counſel and perſuade!
O ſolid rock, on which ſecure ſhe ſtands!
Eternal houſe not built with mortal hands!
O ſure defence againſt th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleaſure of the ſtate!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A mere mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom ſoon by lawful power ſhe might controul,
Herſelf a part ſubmitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who firſt receives the light
By which ſhe makes our nether regions bright,
So might ſhe ſhine, reflecting from afar
The rays ſhe borrow'd from a better ſtar;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the riſing tides below:
Now, mixing with a ſavage crowd, ſhe goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening, while the cooler ſhade ſhe fought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful viſage, for her vaniſh'd train.
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Levées and couchées paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can uſurpers manage well
Thoſe whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel.
More liberty begets deſire of more;
The hunger ſtill increaſes with the ſtore.
Without reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loothſome food,
Aſk'd no permiſſion to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they would go, before them wiſely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking firſt,
As if ſhe gave them leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durſt approach; till with an awful roar
The ſovereign lion bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or intereſt, every ſect
Of all the ſavage nation ſhew'd reſpect.

The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly Wolf with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had ſeen him firſt:
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the Panther durſt.
For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd:

Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which, well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the ſpotted muff began.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART II.

DAME, ſaid the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;
Th' incloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger lion ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling there;
As ſacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wiſely fled,
Nor truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For whate'er promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to ſcape ſo well.
As I remember, ſaid the ſober Hind,
Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and with the ſelf-ſame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
Forgive the ſlanderous tongues that call'd you ſo.
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
The teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your forefathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,
After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall.
Your ſalvo comes, that he's not there at at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be, at a ſtay?
Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myſelf infallible,
Reply'd the Panther grant ſuch preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.
Then ſaid the Hind, as you the matter ſtate,
Nor only Jeſuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an Æſop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your church's ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, againſt yourſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.
Thus fear and intereſt will prevail with ſome;
For all have not the gift of martyrdom.
The Panther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd:
That men may err was never yet deny'd.
But, if that common principle be true,
The cannon, dame, is levell'd full at you.

But, shunning long disputes, I fain would see
That wondrous wight Infallibility.
Is he from heaven, this mighty champion, come:
Or lodg'd below in subterranean Rome?
First, seat him somewhere, and derive his race,
Or else conclude that nothing has no place.
Suppose, though I disown it, said the Hind,
The certain mansion were not yet assign'd:
The doubtful residence no proof can bring
Against the plain existence of the thing.
Because philosophers may disagree,
If sight emission or reception be,
Shall it be thence inferr'd, I do not see?
But you require an answer positive,
Which yet, when I demand, you dare not give;
For fallacies in universals live.
I then affirm that this unfailing guide
In pope and general councils must reside;
But lawful, both combin'd: what one decrees
By numerous votes, the other ratifies:
On this undoubted sense the church relies.
'Tis true, some doctors in a scantier space.
I mean, in each apart, contract the place.
Some, who to greater length extend the line.
The church's after acceptation join.
This last circumference appears too wide;
The church diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
As members, by their representatives
Oblig'd to laws, which prince and senate gives.
Thus, some contract, and some enlarge the space;
In pope and council who denies the place,
Assisted from above with God's unfailing grace?
Those canons all the needful points contain;
Their sense so obvious, and their words so plain,
That no disputes about the doubtful text
Have hitherto the labouring world perplex'd.
If any should in after times appear,
New councils must be call'd, to make the meaning clear:
Because in them the power supreme resides;
And all the promises are to the guides.
This may be taught with sound and safe defence:
But mark how sandy is your own pretence,
Who, setting councils, pope, and church aside,
Are every man his own presuming guide.
The sacred books, you say, are full and plain,
And every needful point of truth contain:
All who can read interpreters may be:
Thus, though your several churches disagree,
Yet every saint has to himself alone
The secret of this philosophic stone.
These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
Though Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
Have made a battle-royal of beliefs;
Or like wild horses several ways have whirl'd
The tortur'd text about the Christian world;
Each Jehu lashing on with furious force,
That Turk or Jew could not have us'd it worse;
No matter what dissension leaders make,
Where every private man may save a stake:
Rul'd by the scripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path in Paradise;
Where, driving in a circle slow or fast,
Opposing sects are sure to meet at last.
A wondrous charity you have in store
For all reform'd to pass the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had scarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Christ and Moses were to save their own:
Himself was to secure his chosen race,
Though reason good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.
True, said the Panther, I shall ne'er deny
My brethren may be sav'd as well as I:
Though Huguenots condemn our ordination,
Succession, ministerial vocation;
And Luther, more mistaking what he read,
Misjoins the sacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, still remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needless, or needful, I not now contend,
For still you have a loop-hole for a friend;
(Rejoin'd the matron); but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them still astray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius first, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal Godhead disavow?
And did not these by gospel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the same pretence
To plead the scriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That strong debate? was it by scripture try'd?
No, sure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marshall'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal set,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met,
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour so?
The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each ask'd but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.
The Panther smil'd at this; and when, said she,
Were those first councils disallow'd by me?
Or where did I at sure tradition strike,
Provided still it were apostolic?
Friend, said the Hind, you quit your former ground,
Where all your faith you did on scripture found:
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, said the Panther; for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I set them by the rule, and, as they square,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
(Hind.) The council steer'd, it seems, a different course;
They try'd the scripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the scripture try;
Pursued by sects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The world is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the scripture, not the scripture you.

Thus ſaid the dame, and, ſmiling, thus purſu'd:
I ſee, tradition then is diſallow'd,
When not evinc'd by ſcripture to be true,
And ſcripture, as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unleſs you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to ſcripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus, when you ſaid. Tradition muſt be try'd
By ſacred writ, whoſe ſenſe yourſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that yourſelves muſt be
The judges of the ſcripture ſenſe, not me.
Againſt our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would ſit in Moſes' chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.
If not by ſcriptures, how can we be ſure
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they ſay, that glitters is not gold.
How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where every age does on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above,
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder riſe,
The loweſt hid in earth, the topmoſt in the ſkies.
Sternly the ſavage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And ſaid but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: To your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
(Hind.) The Panther's breath was ever ſam'd for ſweet;
But from the Wolf ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd authors uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
Till when 'tis not ſufficient to defame:
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our intereſt, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry.
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apoſtles would be left,
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide;
And fathers too, unleſs when, reaſon ſpent,
He cites them but ſometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the ſcripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe them was to make them proud.
Thus with full ſails they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who could ſuſpect a cozenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond hand.
But you, who fathers and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of differing ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propogate your kind abroad,
For home diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to ſpeak the beſt, are at a ſtay,
For ſects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad brain'd ſenate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good.
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we muſt fix on church authority,
Beſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood;
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command who has herſelf rebell'd?
Is antichriſt by antichriſt expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
Why all theſe wars to win the book, if we
Muſt not interpret for ourſelves, but ſhe?
Either be wholly ſlaves or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove epiſcopacy's right.
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native prince.
Againſt domeſtic foes of hierarchy.
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they ſee their countrymen at hand,
Marching againſt them under church command,
Straight they forſake their colours, and diſband.
Thus ſhe, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid: For what did Chriſt his word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all-ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred penmen could not make them clear,
From after ages who ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd could not explain.
Before the word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human kind:
From his apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.

Thus by tradition faith was planted first;
Succeeding flocks succeeding pastors nurs'd.
This was the way our wise Redeemer chose,
(Who sure could all things for the best dispose)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himself, but well foresaw
Th' event would be like that of Moses' law;
Some difference would arise, some doubts remain
Like those which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be so plain, so pure,
But wit may gloss, and malice may obscure;
Not those indited by his first command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was, e'er the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read but heard.
But since th' apostles could not be confin'd
To these, or those, but severally design'd
Their large commission round the world to blow;
To spread their faith, they spread their labours too.
Yet still their absent flock their pains did share;
They hearken'd still; for love produces care.
And as mistakes arose or discords fell,
Or bold seducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their lessons had forgot,
For all their wants they wisely did provide,
And preaching by epistles was supply'd:
So great physicians cannot all attend,
But some they visit, and to some they send.
Yet all those letters were not writ to all;
Nor first intended but occasional,
Their absent sermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are those doctrines plain.
Clearness by frequent preaching must be wrought;
They writ but seldom, but they daily taught.
And what one saint has said of holy Paul,
"He darkly writ," is true apply'd to all.
For this obscurity could heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts arose, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, sure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to th' apostles' writ,
By which my sons are taught, to which submit;
I think, those truths, their sacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain;
That following ages, leaning on the past,
May rest upon the primitive at last.
Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church-interpreter.
Because, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itself the subject of dispute.
But what th' apostles their successors taught,
They to the text, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted sense which is in scripture sought,
From hence the church is arm'd, when errors rise,
To stop their entrance, and prevent surprise;
And, safe entrench'd within, her foes without defies.
By these all festering sores her councils heal,
Which time or has disclos'd, or shall reveal;
For discord cannot end without a last appeal.

Nor can a council national decide,
But with subordination to her guide:
(I wish the cause were on that issue try'd.)
Much less the scripture; for suppose debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair estate,
Bequeath'd by some legator's last intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's testament;)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
All vouch the words their interest to maintain,
And each pretends by those his cause is plain.
Shall then the Testament award the right?
No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, subject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair estate.
The sense is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what consonants are there.
Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning must be try'd
Before some judge appointed to decide.
Suppose, the fair apostate said, I grant,
The faithful flock some living guide should want,
Your arguments an endless chase pursue;
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moses of the chosen crew.
The dame, who saw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aspir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred sky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words—"She whom you seek am I."
Nor less amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were those Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modestly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their sects be view'd,
And see to which of them yourselves think fit
The conduct of your conscience to submit:
Each proselyte would vote his doctor best,
With absolute exclusion to the rest:
Thus would your Polish diet disagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy:
Yourself the fairest for election stand,
Because you seem crown-general of the land:
But soon against your superstitious lawn
Some presbyterian sabre would be drawn:
In your established laws of sovereignty
The rest some fundamental flaw would see
And call rebellion gospel-liberty.
The church-decrees your articles require
Submission mollify'd, if not entire.
Homage deny'd, to censures you proceed;
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointless clergy weapon by,
And to the laws, your sword of justice, fly.
Now this your sects the more unkindly take,
Those prying varlets hit the blots you make,
Because some ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the scriptures are,
Interpreted by men of judgment sound,
Which every sect will for themselves expound;
Nor think less reverence to their doctors due
For sound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are understood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Those able heads expound a wiser way,
That their own sheep their shepherd should obey.

But if you mean yourſelves are only ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found;
Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand aloue,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the church or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While ſound and ſound a different ſenſe explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide,
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.
For that, which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſeveral churches diſagree.
The conſubſtantiating church and prieſt
Refuſe communion to the Calviniſt:
The French reform'd from preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain:
And ſo they judge of yours, but donors muſt ordain.
In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in Non-popery:
Nor, ſhould their members in a ſynod meet,
Could any church preſume to mount the ſeat,
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And face to face diſſenſions would increaſe:
For only diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accurſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd.
What one can plead, the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:
Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shews want of ſuch a ſure intrepreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting, to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains, that church can only be
To guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you diſown;
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions down.
For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate [weight;
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious
And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt,
With which our Saviour did his church inveſt;

But ſtrive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother church aſſerts her own,
And with unrival'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th' almighty father ſate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
Millions of millions at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with juſtice, could propound:
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity;
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himſelf could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt.
That ev'n the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out.
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrob'd her below'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe.
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free,
With that to aſſert ſpiritual loyalty.
One in herſelf, not rent by ſchiſm, but ſound,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining diamond;
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you:
One is the church, and muſt be to be true;
One central principal of unity,
As undivided, ſo from errors free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.
Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She ſtoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian ſorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe.
But when the boils and blotches, with diſgrace
And public ſcandal, ſat upon the face.
Themſelves attack'd, the Magi ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themſelves they could not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From eaſt to weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhores are water'd by her wealthy tides.

The goſpel-ſound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The ſelf-ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
Convey'd to every clime, in every age.
Here let my ſorrow give my ſatire place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my Britiſh race;
Our ſailing ſhips like common-ſewers we uſe,
And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe
The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far Indian coaſt:
Thieves, pandars, paillards, ſins of every ſort;
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the miſſioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.
Yet ſome improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And ſet a public price on piety.
Induſtrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full ſail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of ſame,
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that, to hide their naked ſhame.
Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,
Not one of all can be apply'd to you:
Much leſs the fourth; in vain, alas! you ſeek
Th' ambitious title of apoſtolic:
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet ſhe ſtands.
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they grew.
We claim no power, when hereſies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe could that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd.
Till ſchiſm and hereſy call down Goliah's ſword.
Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth;
Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again,
And view thoſe errors which new ſects maintain,
Or which of old diſturb'd the church's peaceful reign;
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd,

Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs, and decay.
Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike,
Till you can prove your faith apoſtolic;
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe.
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.
Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſy.
If ſuch a one you find let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipled kicks up the ſcale.
But if you cannot think (nor ſure you can
Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should ſuffer falſehood, for ſo long a ſpace,
To baniſh truth, and to uſurp her place:
That ſeven ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
And preach damnation at their proper coſt;
That all your erring anceſtors ſhould die,
Drown'd in th' abyſs of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he ſent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is done.
See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-loſt ſon's embrace.
Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcovery keep,
When in the crowd of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joſeph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
The Joſeph you exil'd, the Joſeph whom you ſold.
Thus, while with heavenly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke;
Shot from the ſkies; a cheerful nature light:
The birds obſcene to foreſts wing'd their flight,
And graping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty ſpright.
Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the ſky,
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty Patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I ſaw myſelf the lambent eaſy light
Gild the brown horror, and diſpel the night:
The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore:
News, which three labouring nations did reſtore;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.
By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapours roſe, and dews unwholeſome fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the ſkies.

The weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all-flaming red;
She thought good manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe diet, and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſte
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely her's; and, to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt:
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept, and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue they bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that, travelling ſo late,
Some evil-minded beaſts might lie in wait,
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, though ſhe lent a liſtening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet, wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe could afford:
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word:
Who entering firſt her lowly roof, a ſhed
With hoary moſs, and winding ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciouſly beſpoke her welcome gueſt:
So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt,
Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner.
This peaceful ſeat my poverty ſecures;
War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet deſpiſe it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives, a God:
A God victorious of a Stygian race
Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctify'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp diſdain,
And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain.
The ſilent ſtranger ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Contempt of wealth, and willful poverty:
And, though ill habits are not ſoon controul'd,
A while ſuſpended her deſire of gold.
But civilly drew in her ſharpen'd paws,
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did firſt her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PART III.

Much malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the Muſe has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beaſt unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.
Let Æſop anſwer, who has ſet to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dreſs,
Has ſharply blam'd a Britiſh Lioneſs;
That queen, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep.
Expos'd obſcenely naked and aſleep.
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember, that ſhe cannot die
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Becauſe the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary ſavage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry ſons in frequent ſenate met.
Meanwhile ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten ſallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, though but coarſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.

For now the Hind, whoſe noble nature ſtrove
T' expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly pleaſing theme;
Remembering every ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the Panther ſuffer'd for her ſake:
Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd heir,
Her ſtrength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choiſe of honourable infamy.
On theſe, prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgment herſelf ſhe charg'd;
For friendſhip, of itſelf an holy tie,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity. [ſay,
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues would
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But, that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
But ſaid, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Chriſtian care.

If to the lawful heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but Cæſar what was Cæſar's due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuffering ſuns, and ſo return your bribe:
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and baſk in your great patron's day.

This heard, the matron was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind:
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice, ſtood in open ſight:
Ambition, intereſt, pride without controul,
And jealouſy, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloody miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas eaſy now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound:
But ſtrove with anodynes t' aſſwage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her medicine did impart.

Complaints of lovers help to eaſe their pain;
It ſhews a reſt of kindneſs to complain;
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold;
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſy would ſhew,
If others' good were injury to you:
Witneſs, ye heavens, how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth and riſing loyalty.
Your warrior offſpring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue ſpooms before a proſperous gale,
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard.
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.

The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd;
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field:
Your's be the harveſt, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæſar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore.
I am but few, and by your fare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury.
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhip's holy laws;
For bare faç'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.

Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her (when no farther cauſe you find)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf deſign'd to eat as well as drink.

This laſt alluſion gall'd the Panther more,
Becauſe indeed it rub'd upon the ſore. [pain'd:
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to wrinch, though ſhrewdly
But thus her paſſive characters maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuffering ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood;
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.

Ah, ſaid the Hind, how many ſons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead,
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead,
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grand-dame Gold
Inquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doted, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line?
They aſk you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boys would piſs upon your grave.
Your ſons of latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in ſome popiſh libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too buſy in your bed;
At leaſt her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat biſhoprics are ſtill of right divine.
Think you your new French proſyletes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Meſſiah by the ſtar:
Thoſe Swiſſes fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t' other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide,

More vacant pulpits would more convents make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The reſt unbeneſic'd your ſects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe;
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe:
They melt, and take the figure of the mould:
But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.
Your Delphic ſword, the Panther then replied,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide,
Some ſons of mine, who bear upon their ſhield
Three ſteeples argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame;
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd,
That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt:
I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
For ſundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghoſtly confeſſor his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay that, look the reformation round,
No treatiſe of humility is found.
But if none were, the goſpel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The ſermon on the mount was proteſtant.
No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you ſay, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beaſts would be ſold as faſt as he could bid.
Tax thoſe of intereſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way ſons would never be too nice
To cloſe with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples higher would change their note.
And quit the caſſock for the canting-coat,
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by yourſelves, and think not others ſold.
Meantime my ſons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay full attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For ſilently they beg who daily wait.
Preferment is beſtow'd, that comes unſought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they ſhould ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd;
For not to aſk, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and king they bleſs,
And hope they ſhould not murmur, had they leſs.
But if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they would paſs your door.
Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has ſhewn how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
"He ſham'd you living and upbraids you dead."
With odious atheiſt names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer ſurvives.
This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her ſatire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe ſhe ſaw before her eye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry.
So when the generous lion has in fight
His equal match, he rouzes for the fight;
But when his foe lies proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodleſs honours of the day,
Walks over and diſdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd ſpace,
T' implore the remnants of long-ſuffering grace.
This breathing-time the matron took; and then
Reſum'd the thread of her diſcourſe again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let heaven judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and public ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farewel to wordly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to human honour ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt and doſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou haſt to give:
Then add thoſe may-be years thou haſt to live:
Yet nothing ſtill; then poor, and naked come:
Thy father will receive his unthriſt home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.
Thus (ſhe purſued) I diſcipline a ſon,
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts aſide, and ſtaunders at the croſs.

Inſtruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too.
That, ſuffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his ſovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And aſk why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princeſs dead! did Shimei worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o'er,
But he who counſel'd him has paid the ſcore:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights deſcend!
So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the ſkies:
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The ſoe diſcharges every tire around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
In Henry's change his charge as ill ſucceeds;
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open fight,
Which from the cauſe he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.
Now let your ſons a double pæan ſound,
A treatiſe of humility is found.
'Tis found, but better it had ne'er been ſought,
Than thus in proteſtant proceſſion brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Roderiguez' work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name,
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My altars kindled firſt that living coal;
Reſtore or práctiſe better what you ſtole:
That virtue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.
Glad was the Panther that the charge was cloſ'd,
And none of all her favourite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whoſe hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private perſon in the foe's eſtate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let th' abettors of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons; for 'tis no common fight,
A ſpotted dam, and all her offspring white.
The Savage, though ſhe ſaw her plea control'd,
Yet would not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtrife,
And judge converſion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange,
So few ſhould follow profitable change:
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and blood,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.
'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth, allure to bliſs;
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be ſtrong (the Hind reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuffering ſide:
Your clergy's ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;
The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.
Be judge yourſelf, if intereſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and p'enteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my ſlow increaſe,
By education moſt have been miſled;
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The prieſt continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But intereſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth.
When intereſt fortifies an argument,
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the will's aſſent;
For ſouls, already warp'd, receive an eaſy bent.
Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cauſe,
And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the ſtill-miſtaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all the private judge allow'd;
Diſdain of fathers which the dance began,
And laſt, uncertain whoſe the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.
To this the Panther, with a ſcornful ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my ſons for proſelytes to prowl,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate;
Pray heaven you did not propheſy your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cauſe to fear.
For charity, reply'd the matron, tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befel.
Nay, no miſchance, the Savage Dame reply'd,
But want of wit in their unerring guide,

And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
The Swallow, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, as men's familiar gueſt,
Purſues the ſun in ſummer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:
Till frowning ſkies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or propheſy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhould be fair:
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight.
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they roſe, and ſet up every ſail;
The wind was fair, but blew a Mackrel gale:
The ſickly young ſat ſhivering on the ſhore,
Abhorr'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.
With theſe the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And fathers which he never underſtood:
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, ſooth to ſay, the Swallow brought him in,
Her houſhold chaplain, and her next of kin:
In ſuperſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting ſchemes by planetary gueſs:
In fine, ſhort-wing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the ſky.
Beſides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croak.
That omen like'd him not: ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price;
A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubled ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers, and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawful to expreſs:
By which he ſlily ſeem'd to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rhyme,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The Sibyl's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come, but many ages yet,
In which, miniſter deſtinies ordain,
A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.
'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could ſay,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
The ſun, already from the ſcales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on ſails to dry.
But, leaſt of all, philoſophy preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream;
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear:
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each Noſtradamus can foretel with eaſe:
Not naming perſons and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rhymes.
Th' advice was true; but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put to ſhun delay,
'Twas carry'd by the major part to ſtay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a prieſt became a prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heaven ſome miracle might ſhow,
And for their ſakes the ſun ſhould backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in ſacred ſtory lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joſhua's day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of eaſe:
For Martin much devotion did not aſk;
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their taſk.

It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,
That this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For Swiſſes or for Gibeonites deſign'd,)
Theſe lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, furvey'd the neighbouring plain;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh, and new flowers ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The funny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh Cuckow ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The prieſt before them did his wings diſplay;
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offſpring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and ſkim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That every ſon can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for huſbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That Martin's marriage-offerings riſe apace.
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are furbiſh'd up and cemented with clay;
They teem already; ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year,
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)
Were ſent far off on an ill-fated day;
The reſt would needs conduct them on their way,
And Martin went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.
So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte,
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
Which, by their bad aſtronomer's account,
That week the Virgin Balance ſhould remount.
An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, purſued no certain mark;
But birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
Night came, but unattended with repoſe;
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe:
Alone, and black ſhe came; no friendly ſtars aroſe.
What ſhould they do, beſet with dangers round
No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the ſky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call;
She ſpreads her wings; ſome few beneath them crawl; [all.
She ſpread them wider yet, but could cover
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the ſkies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.
The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadful deſolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the ſnow, ſome frozen to the ground.
The reſt were ſtruggling ſtill with death, and lay
The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree:
But, ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown,
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd them wth bats, or poll'd them down.
Martin himſelf was caught alive, and try'd
For treaſonons crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No Martin there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpſe unbleſs'd is hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almoſt fail;
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows; [roſe.
He ſow'd the Serpent's teeth, an iron-harveſt
But moſt in Martin's character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons, the Panther's hate,
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part:
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart;
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreſeeing ſkill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe every child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatic author lies,
Who ſumm'd their ſcandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight:
Had ſome their wiſhes, it would ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not; the charge concerns not you.
your ſons are malecontents, but yet are true,

As far as non-reſiſtance makes them ſo;
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe, you know,
A paſſive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.
Reſt well aſſur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My ſons would all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heaven forbid the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd.
The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſued her argument again.
If, as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what yourſelves profeſs,
What angry power prevents our preſent peace?
The Lion, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires (and kings' deſires are ill withſtood)
To join our nations in a laſting love;
The bars betwixt are eaſy to remove;
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whoſe mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly.
Make not a worſe example of your own;
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword your ſuffering brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt; he ſtops it ſhort of blood.
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit, which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the ſcorpion's joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And ſtick it on the firſt reformers' coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.
To name the Teſt, would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age,
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember, that you wield a ſword
Forg'd by your foes againſt your ſovereign lord;
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud ſucceſſion, and diſ-heir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppoſe ſome great oppreſſor had, by ſlight
Of law, diſſeis'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendering a ſright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was Judas, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendered back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot, been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now, when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, and limping held her train)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?
The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?
The firſt reformers were a modeſt race;
Our peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the ſovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred ſeats are full, yet David's bench is bare,
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt;
They need but rub their metal on the teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithful teſt unſound will paſs,
The droſs of atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe;
The papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the ſubject, or defraud the prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience, may deſerve
To thrive; but ours alone is privileg'd to ſtarve.
Still thank yourſelves, you cry; your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toſs your 'cenſing teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.
To this the Panther ſharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſued *in forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid;
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
Methinks ſuch terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to th' Italian king:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine;
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful ſeat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I ſpake againſt the teſt, but was not heard;

These to rescind, and peerage to restore,
My gracious sovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conscience more.
Conscience is then your plea, reply'd the dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the same.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every distant view.
When first the Lion sat with awful sway,
Your conscience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your statutes and your test;
No conscience but of subjects was profess'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the sects essay'd their utmost art,
With offer'd treasure to espouse their part;
Their treasures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodness that excell'd his godlike race,
And only short of heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our isle,
Calm in the rise, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was supply'd,
You thought your sovereign bound to send the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal spring,
But vainly deem'd, he durst not be a king:
Then Conscience, unrestrain'd by fear, began
To stretch her limits, and extend the span;
Did his indulgence as her gift dispose,
And make a wise alliance with her foes.
Can Conscience own th' associating name,
And raise no blushes to conceal her shame?
For sure she has been thought a bashful dame.
But if the cause by battle should be try'd,
You grant she must espouse the regal side:
O Proteus conscience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod shall disclose,
Which are, in last resort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the sky,
The seeming Gordian knot would soon unty;
Immortal powers the term of Conscience know,
But Interest is her name with men below.
Conscience or Interest be't, or both in one,
(The Panther answer'd in a surly tone)
The first commands me to maintain the crown,
The last forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no sons of yours admit,
Our test excludes your tribe from benefit.
These are my banks your ocean to withstand,
Which proudly rising overlooks the land;
And once let in, with unresisted sway,
Would sweep the pastors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjust, but hard necessity:
Imperious need, which cannot be withstood,
Makes ill authentic, for a greater good.
Possess your soul with patience, and attend:
A more auspicious planet may ascend;
Good fortune may present some happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witness all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little space you safely may allow;
Your all-dispensing power protects you now.
Hold, said the Hind, 'tis needless to explain;
You would postpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjust:
Your part is to possess, and mine to trust.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For present profit and inheritance.
Few words will serve to finish our dispute;
Who will not now repeal, would persecute.
To ripen green revenge, your hopes attend,
Wishing that happier planet would ascend.
For shame, let Conscience be your plea no more:
To will hereafter, proves she might before:
But she's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near;
If so, a just reprise would only be
Of what the land usurp'd upon the sea;
And all your jealousies but serve to show,
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low,
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to distrust the justice of your cause;
And argues that the true religion lies
In those weak adversaries you despise.
Tyrannic force is that which least you fear;
The sound is frightful in a christian's ear:
Avert it, heaven! nor let that plague be sent
To us from the dispeopled continent.
But piety commands me to refrain;
Those prayers are needless in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppress'd,
Receives the banish'd, succours the distress'd:
Behold, for you may read an honest open breast.
He stands in day-light, and disdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Test he would repeal, his peers restore;
This when he says he means, he means no more.
Well, said the Panther, I believe him just,
And yet—
And yet, 'tis but because you must;
You would be trusted, but you would not trust.
The Hind thus briefly; and disdain'd t'inlarge
On power of kings, and their superior charge,
As heaven's trustees before the people's choice,
Though sure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear those echos given of her once-loyal voice.
The Matron woo'd her kindness to the last,
But could not win: her hour of grace was past.
Whom, thus persisting, when she could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wish'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally:
Which well she hop'd would more successful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther ask'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whose natures disagree?
The Dame reply'd: 'Tis sung in every street,
The common chat of gossips when they meet:
But, since unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholesome tale, though told in homely style.

A plain good man, whose name is understood,
(So few deserve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the best.
Inur'd to hardships from his early youth,
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his truth:
At land and sea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more adventurous knight,
Who oft'ner drew his sword, and always for the right.
As fortune would (his fortune came, though late)
He took possession of his just estate:
Nor rack'd his tenants with increase of rent;
Nor liv'd too sparing, nor too largely spent;
But overlook'd his Hinds; their pay was just,
And ready, for he scorn'd to go on trust:
Slow to resolve, but in performance quick;
So true, that he was awkward at a trick.
For little souls on little shifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.
False friends, his deadliest foes, could find no way
But shows of honest bluntness, to betray:
That unsuspected plainness he believ'd;
He look'd into himself, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet sure attends his birth,
Or heaven would make a miracle on earth;
For prosperous honesty is seldom seen
To bear so dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would strive,
To shew plain-dealing once an age may thrive:
And, when so tough a frame she could not bend,
Exceeded her commission to befriend.
This grateful man, as heaven increas'd his store,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His house with all convenience was purvey'd;
The rest he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd;
And in that sacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happiest hours of holy life.
Nor did their alms extend to those alone,
Whom common faith more strictly made their own;
A sort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who cross the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though some, 'tis true, are passively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind;
Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink, because on salt they feed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws;
Yet, bound by promise, he supports their cause,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
That house which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built, long since, God knows, for better birds;
But fluttering there they nestle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies they could scent a plenteous board,
Then to be sure they never fail'd their lord:
The rest was form, and bare attendance paid;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd still for more;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beersheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind:
But when some lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once possess'd, they never quit their claim;
For then 'tis sanctify'd to heaven's high name;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give consent,
The gift should be prophan'd by worldly management.
Their flesh was never to the table serv'd;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were starv'd;
But that their master did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature suit,
Ev'n though they were not doves, to persecute:
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind should teach him abstinence.
Nor consecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought:
But left his Hinds each in his private power,
That those who like the bran might leave the flour.
He for himself, and not for others, chose,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impose;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And sacrifice with solemn rites was made,
And sacred incense on his altars laid.
Besides these jolly birds, whose corpse impure
Repaid their commons with their salt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his house,
Not overstock'd, but barely for his use:
Wherein his poor domestic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld these inmates, and their nurseries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn
A cruise of water and an ear of corn;
Yet still they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A sheaf in every single grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unrestrain'd those happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to see so nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall:
That he should raise his mitred crest on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To sacred rites; and vex th' etherial powers
With midnight matins at uncivil hours;
Nay more, his quiet neighbours should molest,
Just in the sweetness of their morning rest.
Beast of a bird, supinely when he might
Lie snug and sleep, to rise before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an easier way;
This age knew better than to fast and pray.
Good sense in sacred worship would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the fall
Of crowning Chanticleers in cloyster'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands they fled;
And sister Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, because she would not pray a-bed.

The way to win the reſtiff world to God,
Was to lay by the diſciplining rod,
Unnatural faſts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien ſevere.
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleaſe:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the pigeon-houſe were taught:
You need not aſk how wondrouſly they wrought;
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe,
Whoſe life and precepts both encourag'd eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
For vice, though frontleſs, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the ſight of awful grace,
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor ſhades, nor colours true;
And this groteſque deſign expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it ſome Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has ſtuck the ſkies.
All ſo perverſe a draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to ſtrike.
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and great and ſmall
To view the monſter crowded pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adorning ſhrines, and ſtocks of fainted trees;
And by him, a miſ-ſhapen, ugly race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look, the fitter for a fiend.
The maſter of the farm, diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Inquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know,
The paſſive church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow;
With groundleſs fears and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding gueſt
Would drive the birds of Venus from their neſt.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But intereſt will not truſt, though God ſhould plight his word.
A law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody ſtatute chiefly was deſign'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt or profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poiſonous wicked weed:
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to ſwell them till they burſt.
The patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his yard,
By which the ſovereign was of ſubjects' uſe de-barr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' effects of ſo unnatural a law:
But ſtill the dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours' good;
And which was worſe, if any worſe could be,
Repented of their boaſted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cauſe,
And drunk with fumes of popular applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd delays;
And emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper counſels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The maſter ſmil'd, to ſee them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are doubly fools, endeavouring to be wiſe.
After a grave conſult what courſe were beſt,
One, more mature in folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told them with his head aſide,
That deſperate cures muſt be to deſperate ills apply'd:
And therefore, ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' increaſing race of Chanticleer,
Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk, who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly:
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The Muſquet and the Coyſtrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon; but, above the reſt,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courteſy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends:
Give up our forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For Pigeons fleſh he ſeems not much to care;
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would confer the ſovereign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a ſplendid embaſſy be ſent.
This pithy ſpeech prevail'd; and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard ſhould ſucceed.
Their welcome ſuit was granted ſoon as heard,
His lodgings furniſh'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breaſt, appointed for his guard.
He came, and, crown'd with great ſolemnity,
God ſave king Buzzard! was the general cry.
A portly prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a ſon of Anach for his height:

Like thoſe whom ſtature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proſelyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding ſharp, by nature confident.
Intereſt in all his actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky paraſite alive.
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſued his compliment;
But, by reverſe of fortune chas'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay:
He ſhakes the duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame;
For in his rage he ſpares no ſovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile.
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe;
For courteſies, though undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of foes is venomouſly nice:
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
"A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Seven ſacraments he wiſely does diſown,
Becauſe he knows confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where ſins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Front leſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcowrs the ſtreets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is, the Captain of the Teſt,
Though half his virtues are not here expreſs'd;
The modeſty of fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate;
Indeed, more proper to revenge than ſave.
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to ſeduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-ſubjects to inthral,
Their patron's promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.

False fears their leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the Doves were to be diſpoſſeſs'd;
Nor ſighs, nor groans, nor gogling eyes, did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learn'd to cant.
The houſe of prayer is ſtock'd with large increaſe;
Nor doors nor windows can contain the preſs;
For birds of every feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n atheiſts, out of envy, own a God:
And reeking from the ſtews adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demoliſh Rome.
That Conſcience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to perſecute:
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lord's requeſt:
They thought it great their ſovereign to controul,
And nam'd their pride nobility of ſoul.
'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Where ſhort of power, their purpoſe to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer
With all reſpect, he was a groſs idolater.
But when th' imperial owner did eſpy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villainy,
Not ſuffering wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extremes to find.
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of ſacred ſtrength for every age to come.
By this the doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns aſcrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.
But ſince his own domeſtic birds have try'd
The dire effects of their deſtructive pride,
He deems that proof a meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his kingly breaſt,
His fowls of nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all birds of every ſect
Free of his farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſeveral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the ſame franchiſe yields
To all the wild increaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples builds:
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Coughs and Daws, and ſuch republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his diſtrict, and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common intereſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the ſceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionyſius to a private rod,
The paſſive church, that with pretended grace
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.

What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs:
The ſmall beginnings had a large increaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed, the ſecret ſpoils of peace.
'Tis ſaid, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate:
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour;
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay.

The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinneſs of their flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming goodly flight:
But each have ſeparate intereſts of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' uſurper long abſtain from food;
Already he has taſted Pigeons blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord ſhall late to heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in ſchiſm (for ſo their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.

Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe:
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The dame withdrew, and wiſhing to her gueſt
The peace of heaven, betook herſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand angels on her ſlumbers wait,
With glorious viſions of her future ſtate.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA.

A POEM ON THE PRINCE,

BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

Our vows are heard betimes, and heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.
Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
Last solemn sabbath saw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The mighty trine the triple empire shar'd:
As every person would have one to guard.
Hail, Son of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven; but long be banish'd thence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes, whole ages would require;
To change th' inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep possession, and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this Son an auspice to the new.
Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.

Or, if alluſions may not riſe ſo high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The ſnakes beſieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For oppoſition makes a hero great.
To needful ſuccour all the good will run,
And Jove aſſert the godhead of his Son.
O ſtill repining at your preſent ſtate,
Grudging yourſelves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A bleſſing ſent you in your own deſpight.
The manna falls, yet that celeſtial bread [feed
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild!
Or if it be, may Moſes live at leaſt,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd reſt!
Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heaven, his footſteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The riſe of empires, and their fall ſurveys;
More, might I ſay, than with an uſual eye,
He ſees his bleeding church in ruin lie, [cry.
And hears the ſouls of ſaints beneath his altar
Already has he lifted high the ſign,
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Conſtantine:
The moon grows pale at that preſaging ſight,
And half her train of ſtars have loſt their light.
Behold another Sylveſter, to bleſs
The ſacred ſtandard, and ſecure ſucceſs;
Large of his treaſures, of a ſoul ſo great,
As fills and crowds his univerſal ſeat.
Now view at home a ſecond Conſtantine
(The former too was of the Britiſh line);
Has not his healing balm your breaches cloſ'd,
Whoſe exile many fought, and few oppos'd?
O, did not heaven by its eternal doom
Permit thoſe evils, that this good might come?
So manifeſt, that ev'n the moon-ey'd ſects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one ſhipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reſerves for ſuch a reign.
To dream that chance his preſervation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preſerv'd for nought;
Or the ſurviving eight were not deſign'd
To people earth, and to reſtore their kind.
When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majeſtic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradiſe to look
On the fair frontiſpiece of Nature's book:
In the firſt opening page ſo charms the ſight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's ſoul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future ſubjects how he ſmiles,
No meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Aſſures our birthrights, and aſſumes his own:
Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itſelf is light, does darkneſs ſhun;
And the true eaglet ſafely dares the ſun. [birth,
Fain would the fiends have made a dubious
Loth to confeſs the Godhead cloath'd in earth:
But ſicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent in the ſkies:
Abandon'd to deſpair, ſtill may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
Not great Æneas ſtood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling miſt diſſolv'd away;
He to the Tyrians ſhewd his ſudden face,
Shining with all his goddeſs mother's grace:
For ſhe herſelf had made his countenance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.
If our victorious Edward, as they ſay,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a diſtant ſhore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why ſhould James or his young hero ſtay
For ſlight preſages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wiſh his birth-day for ſome future prince.
Great Michael, prince of all th' ætherial hoſts,
And whate'er inborn ſaints our Britain boaſts;
And thou, th' adopted patron of our iſle,
With cheerful aſpects on this infant ſmile:
The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliſs, and reconciles his love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conſpire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our ſtill-increaſing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the ſtill impending teſt,
And worſe—but charity conceals the reſt:
Here ſtop the current of the ſanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harveſt through their native ſoil;
A harveſt ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early ſaints one womb has given;
Enough increas'd the family of heaven:
Let them for his, and our atonement go;
And, reigning bleſt above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreſhow'd
His wonted courſe, the ſea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping ſpring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to ſing:
The ſtrong-limb'd ſteed beneath his harneſs faints,
And the ſame ſhivering ſweat his lord attaints.
When will the miniſter of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Araunah's threſhing-floor:
He ſtops, and ſeems to ſheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incenſe from our David's hand

David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys sincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discord and debate were given:
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,
And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!
Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.
Let Conscience, which is interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Un-nam'd as yet; at least unknown to fame:
Is there a strife in heaven about his name;
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and sorceries of those,
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
Th' artillery of heaven shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was grown.
As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn;
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And for his Eslian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast,
The face of heaven, and our young Sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reptiles told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but, mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black rebellion shooting from below
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their heaven.

As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.
So, ere the Shunamite a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul, return'd.
Thus mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void:
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass,
With sparing hands will diet us to good:
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.
True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But where's the wedding garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark their guard:
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence; and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James and Mary, and the church, prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen hands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.

Forgiveneſs is our thanks for ſuch a day.
'Tis god-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged ſphere,
Beyond the funny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boaſt,
Though beautiful is well in pious loſt;
So loſt as ſtar-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the day;
Or gold about the royal diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For ſhould our thanks awake the riſing ſun,
And lengthen, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That, though the longeſt day, would ſoon, too ſoon be done.
Let angels voices with their harps conſpire,
But keep th' auſpicious infant from the choir;
Late let him ſing above, and let us know
No ſweeter muſic than his cries below.
Nor can I wiſh to you, great monarch, more
Than ſuch an annual income to your ſtore;
The day which gave this unit, did not ſhine
For a leſs omen, than to fill the trine.
After a prince, an admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our iſle has younger titles ſtill in ſtore,
And when th' exhauſted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign ſhore.

The name of grea your martial mind will ſuit;
But juſtice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
And in him, Plutarch propheſy'd of you.
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But juſtice is a virtue ſhar'd by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have aſſum'd,
Some to be great, ſome to be gods preſum'd;
But boundleſs power, and arbitrary luſt,
Made tyrants ſtill abhor the name of juſt;
They ſhunn'd the praiſe this godlike virtue gives
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power, from which all kings derive their ſtate,
Whom they pretend, at leaſt, to imitate,
Is equal both to puniſh and reward;
But few would love their God, unleſs they fear'd.
Reſiſtleſs force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
Tempeſts have force unbounded to deſtroy,
And deathleſs being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;
And yet heaven's attributes, both laſt and firſt,
One without life, and one with life accurſt:
But juſtice is heaven's ſelf, ſo ſtrictly he,
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and ſtate
Are one to fortune ſubject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile;
Nor hopes nor fears your ſteady hand beguile;
Yourſelf our balance hold, the world's our iſle.

MAC-FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval:
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn state supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology!
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail,
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar:
Echoes from Pissing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Pysche's rhyme:
Though they in numbers as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.

Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to tears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.

Near thoſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are are form'd' and future heroes bred;
Where unſledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater Johnſon dare in ſocks appear;
But gentle Simkin juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the ſuburbian Muſe affords,
And Panton waging harmleſs war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophecy'd long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and flail of ſenſe.
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome Pyſches owe,
But worlds of miſers from his pen ſhould flow:
Humouriſts and hypocrites it ſhould produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empreſs fame had publiſh'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rouz'd by report of fame the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and diſtant Watling-ſtreet.
No Perſian carpets ſpread th' imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almoſt chok'd the way.
Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majeſty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Aſcanius ſate.
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.
His brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulneſs play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulneſs would maintain:
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with ſenſe.
The king himſelf the ſacred unction made,
As king by office, and as prieſt by trade.
In his miniſter hand, inſtead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his ſceptre, and his rule of ſway,
Whoſe righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe loins recorded Pyſche ſprung.
His temples, laſt, with poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis ſung, by Tyber's brook,
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The ſire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full on the filial dulneſs; long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood.
Heavens bleſs my ſon! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the weſtern main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen!—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.
Then thus continued he: My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without births, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let virtuoſos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the ſtage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage:
Let Gully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly ſhew the writer's wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtify their author's want of ſenſe.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpoſe,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.
And when falſe flowers of rhetoric thou wouldſt cull,
Truſt nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Johnſon's hoſtile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praiſe,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where Johnſon had no part:
What ſhare have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in Pyſche's humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he bargains, whip-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muſe from Fletcher ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege did transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play;
This is that boaſted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muſe gives ſmiles, thy comic ſleep.

With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite.
In thy ſelonious heart though venom lies,
t does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chooſe for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acroſtic land.
There thou mayſt wings diſplay and altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or if thou wouldſt thy different talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard:
For Bruce and Longvel had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a ſubterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

To my honoured Friend

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is muſic uninform'd by art
In thoſe wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure, and its art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your Muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous boldneſs lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as ſtoics feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer pain;
And we, dull ſouls, admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be.
Or 'tis ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muſe.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies ſpread,
Lets through its meſhes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world.
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit,
As would deſtroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your ſtrong genius then which does not feel
Thoſe weights, would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel thoſe heavens and gods he bore.
Your eaſier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty, and a fortune too

Of moral knowledge poesy was queen,
And still she might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like some brave captain, your successful pen
Restores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that, having seen the days
When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion rest,
"A sober prince's government is best."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richest ground,
That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true,
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your Muse so justly has discharged those,
Eliza's shade may now its wandering cease,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess;
Who, dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took,
To understand how much we owe to you,
We must your numbers, with your author's, view:
Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff:
His colours laid so thick on every place,
As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face,
But as in perspective we beauties see,
Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
So here our sight obligingly mistakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar dishes are, by cooks disguis'd,
More for their dressing, than their substance priz'd.
Your curious notes so search into that age,
When all was fable but the sacred page,
That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
We are at least misled in pleasant way.
But, what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
To Charles your Muse first pays her duteous love,
As still the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's interest, than the world to sway,
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
"This work, by merit first of fame secure,
"Is likewise happy in its geniture: [throne,
"For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the
"It shares at once his fortune and its own."

EPISTLE II.

To my honoured Friend

DR. CHARLETON.

ON HIS LEARNED AND USEFUL WORKS;

BUT MORE PARTICULARLY HIS TREATISE ON STONE-HENGE, BY HIM RESTORED TO THE TRUE FOUNDER.

The longest tyranny that ever sway'd,
Was that wherein our ancestors betray'd
Their free born reason to the Stagirite,
And made his torch their universal light.
So truth, while only one supply'd the state,
Grew scarce, and dear, and yet so sophisticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words seal'd up with Aristotle's arms.
Columbus was the first that shook his throne;
And found a temperate in a torrid zone:
The feverish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
Had we still paid that homage to a name,
Which only God and nature justly claim;

The weſtern ſeas had been our utmoſt bound,
Where poets ſtill might dream the ſun was drown'd:
And all the ſtars that ſhine in ſouthern ſkies,
Had been admir'd by none but ſavage eyes.
Among th' aſſerters of free reaſon's claim,
Our nation's not the leaſt in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its preſent knowledge, but its future too.
Gilber ſhall live till loadſtones ceaſe to draw,
Or Britiſh fleets the boundleſs ocean awe.
And noble Boyle, not leſs in nature ſeen,
Than his great brother read in ſtates and men.
The circling ſtreams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave;
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are you, learned friend, the leaſt renown'd;
Whoſe fame, not circumſcrib'd with Engliſh ground,
Flies like the nimble journies of the light;
And is, like that, unſpent too in its flight.
Whatever truths have been by art or chance,
Redeem'd from error, or from ignorance,
Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
Your works unite, and ſtill diſcover more.
Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on books, as well as men.
Nor is this work the leaſt: you well may give
To men new vigour, who make ſtones to live.
Through you, the Danes, their ſhort dominion loſt,
A longer conqueſt than the Saxons boaſt.
Stonehenge, once thought a temple, you have found
A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wondering ſubjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their ſtature, and their princely mien.
Our ſovereign here above the reſt might ſtand,
And here he choſe again to rule the land.
Theſe ruins ſhelter'd once his ſacred head,
When he from Wor'ſter's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of this royal place,
And mighty viſions of the Daniſh race.
His refuge then was for a temple ſhown:
But, he reſtor'd, 'tis now become a throne.

EPISTLE III,

TO THE LADY CASTLEMAIN,

UPON HER ENCOURAGING HIS FIRST PLAY.

As ſeamen, ſhipwreck'd on ſome happy ſhore,
Diſcover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much envy'd Muſe, by ſtorms long toſt,
Is thrown upon your hoſpitable coaſt,
And finds more favour by her ill ſucceſs,
Than ſhe could hope for by her happineſs.
Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppoſe;
While they the victor, he the vanquiſh'd choſe:
But you have done what Cato could not do,
To chooſe the vanquiſh'd, and reſtore him too
Let others ſtill triumph, and gain their cauſe
By their deſerts, or by the world's applauſe;
Let merit crowns, and juſtice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praiſe deſpiſe,
Fame is the trumpet, but your ſmile the prize.
You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great actions others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs join'd in one,
Could only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a noble cauſe,
From your own knowledge, not from nature's laws.

Your power you never uſe, but for defence,
To guard your own, or others' innocence:
Your foes are ſuch, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, though not invade.
Such courage did the ancient heroes ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow:
With ſuch aſſurance as they meant to ſay,
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity will judge by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian poet's happineſs,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some God deſcended, and preſerv'd the play.
When firſt the triumphs of your ſex were ſung
By thoſe old poets, beauty was but young,
And few admir'd the native red and white,
Till poets dreſs'd them up to charm the ſight;
So beauty took on truſt, and did engage
For ſums of praiſes till ſhe came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You juſtly, madam, have diſcharg'd to me,
When your applauſe and favour did infuſe
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muſe.

EPISTLE IV.

TO MR. LEE.

ON HIS ALEXANDER.

The blaſt of common cenſure could I fear,
Before your play my name ſhould not appear;
For 't will be thought, and with ſome colour too,
I pay the bribe I firſt receiv'd from you;
That mutual vouchers for our fame we ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand;
And as cheap pen'worths to ourſelves afford,
As Beſſus and the brothers of the ſword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure;
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then, envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For, ſince I could not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For ev'n reverſions are all begg'd before:
Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt, for fear of ſhame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd himſelf away.
'Tis here as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much outgrows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt, and high, to be expreſt;
As his heroic worth ſtruck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom:
Such praiſe is your's, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where nature triumphs over wretched art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot regions, brings the ſun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themſelves all phlegm.
Prizes would be for lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Deſpiſe theſe drones, whoſe praiſe, while they accuſe,
The too much vigour of your youthful Muſe.
That humble ſtile which they your virtue make,
Is in your power; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile poets of the crowd.
But how ſhould any ſign-poſt dawber know
The worth of Titan or of Angelo?
Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty, ſhew's a maſter's hand.

EPISTLE V.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

ON HIS EXCELLENT ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian ſhore,
The ſeeds of arts and infant ſcience bore,
'Tis ſure the noble plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurſt.
The Grecians added verſe: their tuneful tongue
Made nature firſt, and nature's God, their ſong.
Nor ſtopt tranſlation here: for conquering Rome,
With Grecian ſpoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by thoſe Athenian Muſes more,
Than all the vanquiſh'd world could yield before.
Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhymes:
Thoſe rude at firſt: a kind of hobbling proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the cloſe.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkiſh ignorance,
With pauſes, cadence, and well vowel'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver, not a golden age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At beſt a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity.
The French purſued their ſteps; and Britain, laſt,
In manly ſweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes' empire is reſtor'd again,
In Charles's reign, and by Roſcommon's pen.
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd Poem an Eſſay;
For all the needful rules are ſcatter'd here;
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
So well is art diſguis'd for nature to appear.
Nor need theſe rules to give tranſlation light:
His own example is a flame ſo bright;
That he who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could ſuch rules ordain,
Or his own Virgil ſing a nobler ſtrain,
How much in him may riſing Ireland boaſt,
How much in gaining him has Britain loſt!
Their Iſland in revenge has our's reclaim'd;
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from Britiſh channels long ago,
That here his conquering anceſtors were nurſt;
And Ireland but tranſlated England firſt:
By this repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and tranſlation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th' inglorious praiſe of art!
Great generals thus, deſcending from command,
With their own toil provoke the ſoldiers' hand.
How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer;
How he embelliſhes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes his ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves!
When theſe tranſlate, and teach tranſlators too,
Nor firſtling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
Should at Apollo's grateful altar ſtand:
Roſcommon writes: to that auſpicious hand.
Muſe, feed the bull that ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Roſcommon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roſcommon, firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minerva's juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page.
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the gate.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1682.

When factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty ond the court of love,
The Muſes droop'd, with their forſaken arts,
And the ſad Cupids broke their uſeleſs dartse
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſerts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne.
Love could no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way.
But now th' illuſtrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreflow'd her paſſage, to behold her form:
Some cry'd, a Venus; ſome, a Thetis paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day were ſet;
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heavens become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long forgotten lays,
And Love reſtor'd his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit:
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church, and tear the ſtate;
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord, like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord, that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the duke, and ſerve the king.

EPISTLE VII.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one.
Methinks all climes ſhould be alike,
From tropic ev'n to pole artique;
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhew
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
"Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wondrous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where found of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or ev'n for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's ſo dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres;
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt through forms with as much caſe
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent,
They, whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men.
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round;
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights, I mention'd laſt,
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your excellence,
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you top in form, and treat,
'Tis the four ſauce to the ſweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay, here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition.
That, ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wife negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will ſay,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you ſcarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whoſe comic wit is terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal.
Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO MR. SOUTHERN,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES EXCUSE.

Sure there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while these malignant planets reign.
Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to sense, or just to wit:
And whilst it lasts, let buffoonry succeed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent;
But the gain smells not of the excrement.
The Spanish nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a single show:
But let a monster Muscovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but so Terence writ.

Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
Ev'n lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But rest secure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd,
But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
With such good manners, as the Wise did use,
Who, not accepting, did but just refuse.
There was a glance at parting; such a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldst be seen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The standard of thy style let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal spring of Wycherley;
Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE IX.

TO HENRY HIGDEN ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

The Grecian wits, who Satire first began,
Were pleasant Pasquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the state oppress,
They durst not rail, perhaps; they lash'd, at least,
And turn'd them out of office with a jest.

No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wise legislators never yet could draw
A fop within the reach of common law;
For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.

Our laſt redreſs is dint of verſe to try,
And Satire is our Court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone,
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.

Suppoſe I had the better end o' th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
But let me half that cure to you reſtore;
You give the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.
Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe, too ſtudious of debate,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE X.

To my dear friend

MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

Well then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt,
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.
Like Janus he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the ſtage was rude,
And boiſterous Engliſh wit with art indued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in ſkill, we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curſt;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt:
Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength;
Firm Doric pillars found your ſolid baſe:
The fair Corinthian crown the higher ſpace:
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.

In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raiſe.
Great Jonſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his eaſe.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the ſtudy, t'other for the ſtage.
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit, [wit.
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in
In him all beauties of this age we ſee
Etherege's courtſhip, Southern's purity, [ley.
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly Wycher-
All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd co-temporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſufferage to the voices of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.

Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.
But let them not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.
Yet this I propheſy; thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Though with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage:
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you:
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor could my love do leſs.

EPISTLE XI.

TO MR. GRANVILLE,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

Auſpicious poet, were thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and withering age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, though ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town.
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.
Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miſcal reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe, through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy,
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own ſire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine is all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting-ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coaſt.
This difference yet the judging world will ſee;
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE XII.

To my Friend

MR. MOTTEUX,

ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'Tis hard, my friend, to write in ſuch an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the ſtage.
That ſacred art, by heaven itſelf infus'd,
Which Moſes, David, Solomon, have us'd,
Is now to be no more: the Muſes' foes
Would ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune the laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would ſubmit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common ſenſe they give the lie,
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy,
They give the ſcandal, and the wiſe diſcern,
Their gloſſes teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have looſely or profanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſued;
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd; for the ſaints would ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at leaſt, we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;
Ambition, intereſt, avarice, accuſe:
Theſe are the province of a Tragic Muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the public voice
Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee
That ev'n Corneille might with envy ſee
Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are ſown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At leaſt but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in deſign, and Wycherley in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful ſoil
With more increaſe rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our ſturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with allay.
But whence art thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
To flouriſh in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder that a foreign gueſt
Should over-match the moſt, and match the beſt.
In under-praiſing thy deſerts, I wrong;
Here find the firſt deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my ſtock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and ſo good a friend.

EPISTLE XIII.

To my Honoured Kinſman

JOHN DRYDEN, OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

How bleſs'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of ſtrife!
Who, ſtudying peace, and ſhunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age.
All who deſerve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himſelf, needs only to be known.
Juſt, good, and wiſe, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendſhip home.
Without their coſt, you terminate the cauſe;
And ſave th' expence of long litigious laws:
Where ſuits are travers'd; and ſo little won,
That he who conquers, is but laſt undone:
Such are not your decrees; but ſo deſign'd,
The ſanction leaves a laſting peace behind;
Like your own ſoul, ſerene; a patron of your mind.
Promoting concord, and compoſing ſtrife;
Lord of yourſelf, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight:
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that even the firſt,
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradiſe were curs'd.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet firſt or laſt, return again to two.
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made;
So, farther from the ſount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
How could he ſtand, when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain!
Each might have ſtood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair,
But yet, if ſome be bad, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait, than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought;
The firſt begotten had his father's ſhare:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores and fruitful fields increaſe;
And ever be you bleſs'd, who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd, where-e'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew:
So free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champion ſports, or ſylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
Ev'n then, induſtrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chac'd even amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, though reſtrain'd:
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours:
For age but taſtes of pleaſures, youth devours.

The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.
Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he,
Who ſeeks not pleaſure through neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlippery thrones were plac'd;
And, chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.
So liv'd our fires, e'er doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made:
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade:
Pity the generous kind their cares beſtow
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a ſin to know:)
To which if human ſcience could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpoſe delay;
Fate faſtens firſt, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave:
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muſe.
Wouldſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole,
Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy ſoul.
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of life!
Now both are loſt: yet, wandering in the dark,
Phyſicians, for the tree, have found the bark;
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find;
Th' apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one preſcription make,
Garth, generous as his Muſe, preſcribes, and gives;
The ſhopman ſells; and by deſtruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine iſſuing, ſuck their mother's blood!
Let theſe obey; and let the learn'd preſcribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their ſuperiors, kill;
When doctors firſt have ſign'd the bloody bill:
He ſcapes the beſt, who nature to repair,
Draws phyſic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private uſe,
But on the public ſpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And ſends to ſenates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more ſhuns; and none can better bear;
Where could they find another form'd ſo fit,
To poiſe, with ſolid ſenſe, a ſprightly wit!
Were theſe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could ſo firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no ſupport,
You ſteer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great deſire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part muſt be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath-year to mend the meagre ſoil.
Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give,
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native ſtrength, in time of need, relies.
Munſter was bought, we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to laſt:
Which, if ſecure, ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.
Obſerve the war, in ever annual courſe;
What has been done, was done with Britiſh force:
Namur ſubdued, is England's palm alone;
The reſt beſieg'd; but we conſtrain'd the town:
We ſaw th' event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, though pretending arms, purſued the peace;
Oblig'd, by one ſole treaty, to reſtore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themſelves their own mortality confeſs'd;
And left the ſon of Jove to quarrel for the reſt.
Ev'n victors are, by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful dye again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs;
Sure of a ſhare as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country ſerves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preſerves:
Of each our laws the certain limits ſhew;
One muſt not ebb, nor t' other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand;
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode;
Like thoſe that water'd once the Paradiſe of God

Some overpoiſe of ſway, by turns, they ſhare;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of moderate power in calms were made:
When the Gauls came, one ſole dictator ſway'd.
Patricts in peace, aſſert the people's right;
With noble ſtubbornneſs reſiſting might:
No lawleſs mandates from the court receiv'd,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandſire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe,
As not to lend the king againſt his laws.
And in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd oppreſſion, till it ſet him free.

O true deſcendant of a patriot line, [thine,
Who, while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre, lend'ſt them
Vouchſafe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
'Tis ſo far good, as it reſembles thee.
The beauties to th' original I owe;
Which when I miſs, my own defects I ſhew;
Nor think the kindred Muſes thy diſgrace:
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a houſe few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praiſe-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praiſe, to make thy praiſes laſt.
For ev'n when death diſſolves our human frame,
The ſoul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verſe preſerves the fame.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

Once I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:
True, ſhe was dumb: for nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But, ſmiling, ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller; ſuch thy ſkill,
That nature ſeems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought.
At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife;
And from their animated canvaſs came,
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay;
And either would thy noble work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe;
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, firſt imitated man:
Perhaps the ſhadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;
E'er canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face.
By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was inhanc'd:
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart;
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface.
Then all the Muſes in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.

Thus, in a ſtupid military ſtate,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, ſuch as would diſgrace a ſkreen,
Such as in Bantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the ſiſter arts, in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence roſe the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt:
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakeſpeare, thy gift, I place before my ſight:
With awe, I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majeſtic face;
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me, while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight.
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy croud,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my Muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, though not twins in birth:
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter Muſe, though laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles a while, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in every lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.
Though nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, ſo glows the generous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.

Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill,
When on wild nature we ingraft our ſkill;
But not creating beauties at our will.
But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command:
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of every land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you pleaſe to live;
And not ſeven cities, but the world, would ſtrive.
Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile,
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our genius brought you here, t' enlarge our fame;
For your good ſtars are every where the ſame;
Thy matchleſs hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong, or ſenſeleſs opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory.
But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live:
Kings cannot reign, unleſs their ſubjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs ideot ſeems at laſt to think.
Good heaven! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days, a libel or a jeſt!
Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With every various character expreſt:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to complete the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt;
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt.
For time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

To the memory of

MR. OLDHAM,

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own;
For ſure our ſouls were near allied, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet our, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlippery place, [race.
Whilſt his young friend perform'd, and won the
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native tongue.
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd,
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull ſweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewel; farewel, thou young,
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompaſs thee around.

II.

AN ODE.

To the pious memory of the accompliſhed young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

I.

Thou youngeſt virgin-daughter of the ſkies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſt;
Whoſe palms, new pluck'd from paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,
Rich with immortal green above the reſt:
Whether, adopted to ſome neighbouring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majeſtic pace;
Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou treadſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muſe thy praiſe rehearſe,
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of Poeſy were given;
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.
But if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt, which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy birth,
New joy was ſprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And ev'n the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſic of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſtering ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-[day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made proſtitute and proſligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t' excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unfoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want ſupply:
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and every light, her Muſe will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love ſometimes her Muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herſelf, while ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine, [content
One would have thought, ſhe ſhould have been
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For Painture near adjoining lay
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd.
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the Dumb Siſter sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheretoe'er ſhe went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind.
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy Satyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with reverence ſtrook:
For, not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heavenly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines were ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on every ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, heaven only knows:
To ſuch immoderate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That Fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.

But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

x.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt aſſizes keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.
There thou, ſweet Saint, before the quire ſhall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

III.

Upon the death of the

EARL OF DUNDEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF DR. PITCAIRN.

Oh laſt and beſt of Scots! who did maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live;
Nor would'ſt thou her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive.
Farewell, who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

IV.

ELEONORA.

A PANEGYRICAL POEM,

Dedicated to the memory of the late

COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

To the right honourable the

EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

My Lord,

The commands with which you honoured me ſome months ago are now performed: they had been ſooner; but betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verſes never flow but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings faſtened to his head and heals, can fly but ſlowly in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill; if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage. I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped from a ſhipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming; where I may pant a while and gather breath: for the doctors give me a ſad aſſurance, that my diſeaſe never took its leave of any man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the ſmall flock, which age has left me, to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my lady's memory. We,

who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the God comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to reſiſt: which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my lord; for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheſis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Chriſtian uſe. And on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound by preſcription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my lord, I may juſtly plead, that, if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or ſeen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the deſcription which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular obſervations wou'd have diſcovered more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric; which was to raiſe an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem "The Pattern:" and though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleonora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They who deſpiſe the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, to have been ſo truly loved by you while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honoured after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands: and perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf from ordinary lovers, by a real and laſting grief for the deceaſed; and by endeavouring to raiſe for her the moſt durable monument, which is that of verſe. And ſo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your deſign. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the ſtatue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: ſo give me leave to hope that, by ſubſcribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddeſs, and tranſmit my name to poſterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to aſſure your lordſhip, that ſhe is remembered, in the preſent age, by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it, muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of

both ſexes are ſo few in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules: and though one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay, my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt: they have ſown the dragon's teeth themſelves, and it is but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end. You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honour. Be pleaſed to accept of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

As when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mournful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So, ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did Matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loſs the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch but when ſhe dy'd.
For, while ſhe liv'd, they ſlept in peace by night,
Secure of bread as of returning light;
And with ſuch firm dependence on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So ſure the dole, ſo ready at their call,
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the manna fall.

Such multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloath'd, ſhe nurſt,
That ſhe herſelf might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her five talents, other five ſhe made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſire of praiſe; the ſoul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No leſs than heaven; to heap huge treaſures there.

Want paſs'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his poor,
And truſt their ſuſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All in the compaſs of her ſphere ſhe drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians of th' apoſtles' cure.
The diſtant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremeſt needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to ſome holy houſe th' afflicted came,
The hunger-ſtarv'd, the naked, and the lame;
Want and diſeaſes fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too.

Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great Maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for aught we know;
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted angel, in his way,
Might eaſe his wings, and, ſeeing heaven appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as conſtant method as above,
All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her prayers.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste,
And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last;
That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he,
Provided for the seventh necessity;
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-sufficient, shews a thrift
In his economy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one single light;
And his reflection too supplies the night;
Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the sky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst:
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her soul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
Had she given more, it had profusion been,
And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her secure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely she knew that she was great, or fair,
Or wise, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare;
For to be conscious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But still she found, or rather thought she found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Ascrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd with zeal.
Business might shorten, not disturb, her prayer;
Heaven had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long orasons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds.

Her every day was sabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above,
Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which she employs
(For such vicissitudes in heaven there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this she practis'd here; that when she sprung,
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angel's lays;
For, praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heaven so well she knew,
Before she came, that nothing there was new:
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear,
Yet not the sun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this watery glass:
Yet look not every lineament to see;
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know, 'tis she.
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd light.

Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of stars, that rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 'tis saith ascends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends.

As in perfumes compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost;
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose every part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So subjects love just kings, or so they should.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day would be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That should so soon divide their happy state:

When he to heaven entirely muſt reſtore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the ſoul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perſpective of diſtant view.
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marſhaling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half ſo kind an eye,
Survey'd her ſons and daughters of the ſky;
Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may ſuit.
Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the choſen found the pearly grain
As much as every veſſel could contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory as his ſoul can bear;
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt, and kind;
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard:
With every act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.
Thus fix'd ſhe virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children ſhone;
For that was their perfection; ſhe was ſuch,
They never could expreſs her mind too much.
So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That, for more children, ſhe had more to ſpare;
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
And (could they take th' impreſſions of her mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend:
As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt:
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chooſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind.
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and buſineſs well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of th' aſtronomer.
She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.
Though all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhewn:
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of of virtues paſs'd along;
Each paſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of heaven to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, though each complete;
But every act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſt name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity:
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy of th' original, 'twas ſhe.
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet odor, of a vaſt expence.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heaven and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs, when ſouls are almoſt pure,
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue;
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, Such wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep:

So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and ſhe was there.
No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe;
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long familiar gueſt.
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from heaven had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counſel'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact.
That hardly death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And, that ſhe dy'd, we only have to ſhew
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went,
Look'd like tranſlation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand ſent.
O happy ſoul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaking in their love,
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain.
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice: nor thou, great ſaint, refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muſe:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt;
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime:
Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is ſatire on the moſt of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what and where thou art: to wiſh thy place,
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.
Thy relics (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
So ſhall this verſe preſerve thy memory;
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

V.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'Twas on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn;
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chace the flying prey,
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and ſighing did ſurvey
The fields, and curſt th' ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and cheerleſs was his face:
He wrung his hands, diſtracted with his care,
And ſent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy ſwain,
The ſpungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promiſe of the day not only croſs'd,
But ev'n the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf, is loſt.
Amyntas—oh!—he could not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging Damon gueſs'd.
Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,

Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's soul.
Then thus he cry'd: the morn bespoke the news:
The morning did her cheerful light diffuse:
But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's dis-
grace;
Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature
smil'd,
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
In years so tender that prevented time:
Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd
away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey: [day.
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast;
The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound:
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
drown'd.
So dire a sadness sat on every look,
Ev'n death repented he had given the stroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to those who yet re-
main'd.
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny controul:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophesy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his
way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new-come guest admires th' ætherial state,
The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shews the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire [quire:
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who could view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind,
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some new leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.
We must not, dare not think, that heaven began
A child, and could not finish him a man

Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The coſt already furniſh'd; ſo beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd:
Yet, after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering aſhes to remain,
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet, durſt I gueſs, heaven kept it for himſelf;
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recal,
Ere we could ſpare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay;
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford,
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the powers above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon;
Though miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhewn;
Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flames diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Of gentle blood, his parents only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heaven his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.

Mark how the lark and linnet ſing:
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And liſtening ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They sung no more, or only sung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too soon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore:
Had he been there,
Their sovereign's fear
Had sent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught; and all the way they sung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH.

ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

Fair, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing, what he had, and lost.
Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come first, and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of his wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life;
And wish your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

X.

EPITAPH

ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir Palmes Fairbone, Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors, then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age, Oct. 24, 1680.

Ye sacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep:
Discharge the trust, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead these walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples must attend.
The Candian siege his early valour knew,
Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue,

From thence returning with deserv'd applause,
Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws;
The same the courage, and the same the cause.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in some great and regular design,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heaven his virtues shone more bright,
Like rising flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight.
More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loss for time to come
His pious widow consecrates this tomb.

XI.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE,

BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

XII.

On the Monument of a

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.

Below this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind:
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace:
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul;
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light:
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll'd within:
As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen.
And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies:
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind:
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know:
But only to refresh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind:
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON, OF BURNINGHAM, IN NORFOLK.

So fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

On the Monument of

THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

He, who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good:
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſufferings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before;
Reſts here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray, reader, that ſuch times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, heaven confin'd in thee.
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve:
And fewer, ſuch a king, ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſt king, bleſt ſubject, whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſufferings roſe, and gave the law to fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

XV.

EPITAPH,

UPON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S BEING DISMISSED FROM THE TREASURY, IN 1687.

Here lies a creature of indulgent fate,
From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chit of ſtate;
In chariot now, Eliſha like, he's hurld
To th' upper empty regions of the world:
The airy thing cuts through the yielding ſky;
And as it goes does into atoms fly:
While we on earth ſee, with no ſmall delight,
The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.
With drunken pride and rage he did ſo well,
The hated thing without compaſſion fell;
By powerful force of univerſal prayer,
The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air;
To his firſt leſs than nothing he is gone,
By his prepoſterous tranſaction!

XVI.

EPITAPH,

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now she's at reſt, and ſo am I.

XVII.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE.

Sure we do live by Cleopatra's age,
Since Sunderland does govern now the ſtage:
She of Septimius had nothing made,
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.
Were ſhe a poet, ſhe would ſurely boaſt,
That all the world for pearls had well been loſt.

XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD JACOB TONSON*.

With leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
With two left-legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.—

* On Tonſon's refuſing to give Dryden the price he aſked for his Virgil, the Poet ſent him the above; and added, "'Fel the dog that he who wrote them, can "write more." The money was paid.

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER,

A SONG.

I.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt;
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My amorous heart was in deſpair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you, deſcending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty ſovereign of my ſoul.

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your ſtay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

II.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politics to jeſts.
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would these madmen have?
First, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without power enslave.
Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame;
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke shall wield his conquering sword,
The chancellor make a speech,
The king shall pass his honest word,
The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
And then, come kiss my breech.
So have I seen a king on chess
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and bishop in distress)
Shifting about, grew less and less,
With here and there a pawn.

III.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA,

FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON,

A SONG.

I.

On a bank, beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the cheerleſs dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the joys he drain before:
Death, come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

V.

A SONG.

I.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as ſhe lay on the green:
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt:
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah! for a languiſhing maid,
In a country of Chriſtians, to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant parſon, or Catholic prieſt,

T' inſtruct a young virgin, that is at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe!
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe,

III.

Cupid in ſhape of a ſwain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhew'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd, ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

VI.

THE LADY'S SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in ſpring did appear,
To chooſe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our ſhore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and love is no more:
The ſoft God of pleaſure that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow and extinguiſh'd his fires:
And vows that himſelf and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addreſſes, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the deity ſwore:
But if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan, and his ſon, and fair Syrinx, return.

VII.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, ſweet, and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you ſee,
O pity, and diſtinguiſh me!
And from thouſand beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conqueſt was deſign'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your ſilence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you ſpeak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are loſt, unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all repreives too late.

VIII.

A SONG.

HIGH ſtate and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire,
My ſoul does inſpire;
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I would have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you diſcover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die.
So give up my game.

IX.

RONDELAY.

I.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

II.

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain.
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
But, repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A SONG.

I.

Go tell Amynta, gentle ſwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the wretch that ſpeechleſs lies,
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

XI.

A SONG.

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I.

Ask not the cauſe, why ſullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Thy warbling birds forget to ſing,
And winter ſtorms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring, where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair,
She caſt not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die:
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why haſt thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch power before,
Thou ſhouldſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal,
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XII.

A SONG.

FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE†.

I.

Why ſhould a fooliſh marriage-vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When paſſion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,
Till our love was lov'd out of us both;
But our marriage is dead, when the pleaſures are fled?
'Twas pleaſure firſt made it an oath.

II.

If I have pleaſures for a friend,
And father love in ſtore,
What wrong has he, whoſe joys did end,
And who could give no more?
'Tis a madneſs that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhould bar him of another:
For all we can gain
Is to give ourſelves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

XIII.

SONG,

FROM TYRANNIC LOVE.

Ah, how ſweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young deſire!
And what pleaſing pains we prove
When we firſt approach love's fire!
Pains of love be ſweeter far
Than all other pleaſures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they ſhed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their ſmart.
Lovers, when they loſe their breath,
Bleed away in eaſy death.

Love and Time with reverence uſe,
Treat them like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuſe
Which in youth ſincere they ſend:
For each year their price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like ſpring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein:
But each tide does leſs ſupply.
Till they quite ſhrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

† There are ſeveral excellent ſongs in his "King Arthur," which ſhould have been copied, but that they are ſo interwoven with the ſtory of the drama that it would be improper to ſeparate them. There is alſo a ſong in "Love in a Nunnery;" and another in "The Duke of Guiſe;" but neither of them worth tranſcribing.

XIV.

ALEXANDER's FEAST:

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECELIA's DAY.

'Twas at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.
The liſtening crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, every fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain;

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful Muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And weltring in his blood;
Deſerted, at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds, [fore.
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt, divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raiz'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

XIII.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he ſets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me droop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done,
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool, e'er ſince it begun,
And ſince neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

JANUS. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the ſhow,
That he may ſee, in every ſcene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS. Then, goddeſs of the ſilver bow, begin.
[*Horns, or hunting muſic, within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA. With horns and with hounds, I awaken the day;
And hye to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.
I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel'd the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho. of all. *With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,*
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS. Then our age was in 't's prime,
CHRONOS. Free from rage:
DIANA. ——— And free from crime.
MOMUS. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. *Then our age was in 't's prime,*
Free from rage, and free from crime.
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled,
Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green,
In woodland walks, no more is ſeen;
The Sprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace,* &c.

MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,

Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior god is come.
Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet*, &c.
MOMUS. Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were faſt aſleep,
Then kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.
Cho. of all. *The fools are only*, &c.

Enter VENUS.

VENUS. Calms appear, when ſtorms are paſt;
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair:
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.
Cho. of all. *Take her, take her*, &c.
CHRONUS. The world was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.
But ſince the queen of pleaſure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The ponderous orb around.
MOMUS. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana. } Thy chace had a beaſt in view;
[To Mars.] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[To Venus] Thy lovers were all untrue.
JANUS. 'Tis well an old age is out,
CHRONOS. And time to begin a new.
Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout;*
Thy chace had a beaſt in view;
Thy wars brought nothing about;
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin anew.

Dance of huntſmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

XV.

SONG

OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS,

WHO BEING CROSS'D BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[MUSIC within.]

The Lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each held by a Keeper.

PHYLLIS. Look, look, I ſee—I ſee my love appear!
'Tis he—'Tis he alone;
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.
AMYNTAS. Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar:
Toſſing and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can ſhoot ſo fair a light:
'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is overblown.
PHYLLIS. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.
AMYNTAS. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
I'll force my way to Phyllis, and break through the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHYLLIS. Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now bleſs'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNTAS. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make ſure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHYLLIS. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay—

AMYNTAS. At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the ſooner begun,

Cho. of both. *At worſt if he delay*, &c.

[*They run out together hand in hand.*

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

So ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſert ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide fate had ſome care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.

You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city riſes higher,
So from old theatres may new aſpire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And like a king, ſhould in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your preſence here, for which we humbly ſue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, MARCH 26. 1674.

A PLAIN built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd,

You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, diſdain the cheer.

Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit, ſince we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence;
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendour on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our royal maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhew:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays;
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit:
You're now grown vaſſals to them in your wit,
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence,
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not propheſy our houſe's fate:
But while vain ſhews and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd —
That as a fire the former houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

III.

EPILOGUE, ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Though what our Prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with—wicked you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Though ſhe's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud ſirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, the true forlorn of wit;
Whoſe favours, like the ſun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuſe of youth for ignorance:
So may ſop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight ſcowerings happy prove,
And morning batteries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each other's ſwords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft been ſaid:
Our houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill pav'd ſtreets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and ſuſtian ſtuff,
Of rhyme, more naufeous than three boys in buff.
Though in their houſe the poets heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play,
For, like kind cuckolds, though w've not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
You know the French ſure cards at time of need.

IV.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART.

Poets, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their ſovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of cryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhew,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonſon's claim,
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhip'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults they ſhun the eye,
And, as profane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhewn:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd ev'n to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make.
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power tranſcends,
As what ſhould be beyond what is extends.

V.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

[BY DR. DEVENANT, 1675.]

Were you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear;
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit,
The ſex, that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chooſe to err on t' other hand.
They check not him that's aukward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right

Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.
Shakſpeare's own Muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome pox is curſt:
But no man can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praiſe,
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

VI.

EPILOGUE,

Intended to have been ſpoken by

THE LADY HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH,

WHEN CALISTO WAS ACTED AT COURT.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a god to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a God command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that ſovereign power admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Catos, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty ſir, our bonds more eaſy make,
And gracefully, what all muſt ſuffer, take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought,
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war;
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains deſpiſe.
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noontide ſtrike and ſhine:
Whom you to ſuppliant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends, and to diſarm your foes.

VII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAN OF MODE, OR SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shewn,
They seem not of heaven's making, but their own.
Those nauseous harlequins in farce may pass;
But there goes more to a substantial ass:
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And, when he sings, talks loud, and cocks would cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company:
So brisk, so gay, so travel'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o' th' shire, and represents you all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow.
His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd;
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.
As for his songs, the ladies dear delight,
These sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

VIII.

EPILOGUE

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1678.]

You've seen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for most of you will cry,
'Twas a just judgment on their constancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in such an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the stage:
And ev'n those martyrs are but rare in plays;
A cursed sign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent desire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our sex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of subtle interest made:
Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!

She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhould buy.

Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swiſſers, for their pay.

IX.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA,

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1680.]

Th' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That ſumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichriſt or France,
In the bleſt time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh with a yawning face:
You ſleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moſt of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves, and all the world beſide.

One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilome of Requeſts was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.
Up ſtairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment ſtill is fed
By villains in your own dull iſland bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhew you better rogues upon the ſtage.
You know no poiſon but plain ratſbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By ſmelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch pranks;
The pope ſays grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

X.

PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

AT OXFORD, 1680.

Thespis, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country wakes, ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur & plauſtris vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis.

But Æſchylus, ſays Horace in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trod the ſtage;
Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.

But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits ſhall go to pot,
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:
Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our firſt original, a cart.

No zealous brother there would want a ſtone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beaſt:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the triple crown;
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay, he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
Which by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

XI.

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the ſhrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage,
Methinks, reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings.
The ſtyle of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.

They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt.
Therefore thin nouriſhment of farce ye chooſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muſe:
A meal of tragedy would make you ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick.
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth our time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in rhyme;
If theſe ſhould fail—
We muſt lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Keep holiday, like watermen in froſt;
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

XII.

EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

[By Mr. SAUNDERS.]

Ladies, the beardleſs author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman wit has often grac'd the ſtage;
But he's the firſt boy-poet of our age.

Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narciſſus peeping through the ſnow.
Thus Cowley bloſſom'd ſoon, yet flouriſh'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.

Youth with the fair ſhould always favour find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and grey-beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith, you'd ev'n truſt them to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since Love's our buſineſs, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.
What though he be not come to his full power,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You fly ſhe-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

XIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1681.

The fam'd Italian Muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the ſtory be, the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Here buſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their laſt proviſion here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one croſs.
We look'd what repreſentatives would bring;
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the king.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The Sibyls books to thoſe who know their worth;
And though the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted Muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

XIV.

PROLOGUE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

In thoſe cold regions which no ſummers cheer,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow.
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimmering ſun;

The ſurly ſavage offspring diſppear,
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay, with ſeeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place:
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the crowd:
Truth ſpeaks too low; hypocriſy too loud.
Let them be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but guilt has need to preſs;
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at Heaven's Whitehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the reſt
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but ſue:
A tyrant's power in rigour is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But moſt are babes, that know not they offend.
The crowd, to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour;
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhower.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus angels on glad meſſages appear:
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus heaven, that could conſtrain us to obey,
(With reverence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſovereign ſway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

XV.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

[By Mr. J. BANKS, 1682.]

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

When firſt the ark was landed on the ſhore,
And heaven had vow'd to curſe the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw;
The dove was ſent to view the waves decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye powers, why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcenes of changes be,
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t'enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord, and then themſelves deſtroy.
What civil broils have coſt, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conſpire, and every tongue,
Still to have ſuch a king, and this king long.

XVI.

AN EPILOGUE

FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

We act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vocation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſeven lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes nine.
The comet, that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from play-houſe earth:
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhews our change of ſtate, and thin third-days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus's wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for ſhame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

XVII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE LOYAL BROTHER: OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[By Mr. SOUTHERN, 1682.]

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
T' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Critics would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds that fright beaſts of prey.

Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe:
And that would be till next queen Beſs's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmundbury firſt, in woful wife,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil congé does retire:
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years:
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old caſt-whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is given, and, with a loud huzza,
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for faſhion, cry, God ſave the king!
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſaved, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
Come, let's go cry, God ſave him at Whitehall?
His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the ſafer for this prayer.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, ſhould heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Preſbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty thouſand, five would ſcarce remain.

XVIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A VIRGIN poet was ſerv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy:
But, like a girl whom ſeveral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The king's houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one; I wiſh no more:
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex, with eaſe, can every riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits, who have murder'd ſenſe.
Though nonſenſe is a naufeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.
Faction in play's the commonwealth-man's bribe;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Though void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Their's is the penſion-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe, in its own element.
Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle, why ſhould two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can ſee:
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land:
If places fell, the party could not ſtand:
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains:
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean time you ſee what trade our plots advance;
We ſend each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants to mend our breed,

XIX.

PROLOGUE TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

Our play's a parallel: the Holy League
Begot our Covenant: Guiſards got the Whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd ſheriffs did advance
Was, like our faſhions, firſt produc'd in France;
And, when worn-out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly beggars, here. [gull?
Could the ſame trick, twice play'd, our nation
It looks as if the devil were grown dull,
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken meat,
And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
The fulſome Covenant, one would think in reaſon,
Had given us all our bellies full of treaſon:
And yet, the name but chang'd, our naſty nation
Chaws its own excrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true we have not learn'd their poiſoning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, your drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious inſtrument a flail.
Go on; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare;
Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:
Once more decide religion by the ſword;
And purchaſe for us a new tyrant lord.
Pray for your king; but yet your purſes ſpare:
Make him not two-pence richer by your prayer.
To ſhew you love him much, chaſtiſe him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Puſh him to wars, but ſtill no pence advance;
Let him loſe England, to recover France.
Cry freedom up with popular noiſy votes:
And get enough to cut each other's throats.
Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
A noiſe was made of arbitrary ſway;
But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way,
An arbitrary duty now to pay.
Let his own ſervants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas near his perſon ſtay,
To ſwallow the laſt ſop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the crown:
A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.
Let ignoramus juries find no traitors:
And ignoramus poets ſcribble ſatires.
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do what in coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the maſter, and ſet up the man.

XX.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Much time and trouble this poor play has coſt;
And, faith, I doubted once the cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor ſmall;
Our poets, like frank gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle aim—
But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadſides at the whole party.
Duels at crimes; but, when the cauſe is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what ſhould hinder me to ſell my ſkin
Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a ſin.
'Tis a fine world, my maſters, right or wrong,
The Whigs muſt talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They muſt do all they can—
But we, forſooth, muſt bear a chriſtian mind;
And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.

Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous nice,
To cry *box fair*, and give him time to riſe.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally;
Would any of you ſparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting wink, ſtand ſhall I; ſhall I?
A trimmer cry'd (that heard me tell the ſtory),
Fie, Miſtreſs * Cook! faith, you're too rank a Tory!
Wiſh not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard caſes;
You women love to ſee men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſuch a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenetives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our condition.
Jack Ketch, ſays I, 's an excellent phyſician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
Yes—juſt like him that hung twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?
Yes ſure:—but you're for holding all things ſteady:
Now, ſince the weight hangs all on our ſide, brother,
You Trimmers ſhould, to poize it, hang on t' other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of ſteering,
Are neither fiſh, nor fleſh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not birds, nor beaſts; but juſt a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cauſe,
With Tory wings, but whiggiſh teeth and claws.

XXI.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE PLAY, BEFORE IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST SUMMER†.

Two houſes join'd, two poets to a play?
You noiſy Whigs will ſure be pleas'd to-day;
It looks ſo like two ſhrieves the city way.
But, ſince our diſcords and diviſions ceaſe,
You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:
Make here no tilts: let our poor ſtage alone;
Or, if a decent murther muſt be done,
Pray take a civil turn to Marybone.
If not, I ſwear, we'll pull up all our benches;
Not for your ſakes, but for our orange-wenches:
For you thruſt wide ſometimes; and many a ſpark,
That miſſes one, can hit the other mark.
This makes our boxes full; for men of ſenſe
Pay their four ſhillings in their own defence;
That ſafe behind the ladies they may ſtay,
Peep o'er the fan ‡, and judge the bloody fray.
But other foes give beauty worſe alarms;
The *poſſe poetarum* 's up in arms:
No woman's fame their libels has eſcap'd;
Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt.
When ſighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
They rail, write treaſon, and turn Whigs to love.
Nay, and I fear they worſe deſigns advance,
There's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from France;
We charm in vain, and dreſs, and keep a pother,
Whilſt thoſe falſe rogues are ogling one another.
All ſins beſides admit ſome expiation;
But this againſt our ſex is plain damnation.
They join for libels too, theſe women-haters;
And, as they club for love, they club for ſatires:
The beſt on 't is they hurt not; for they wear
Stings in their tails, their only venom's there.
'Tis true, ſome ſhot at firſt the ladies hit,
While able markſmen made, and men of wit:
But now the fools give fire, whoſe bounce is louder:
And yet, like mere train-bands, they ſhoot but powder.
Libels, like plots, ſweep all in their firſt fury;
Then dwindle like an ignoramus jury.
Thus age begins with touzing and with tumbling;
But grunts, and groans, and ends at laſt in fumbling.

* The actreſs, who ſpake the epilogue. N.

† Langbaine ſays, this play found many enemies at its firſt appearance on the ſtage.

‡ Hence Mr. Pope's couplet, Eſſay on Criticiſm. ver. 543.

" The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
" And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before."

XXII.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives, ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the beſt are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Jonſon durſt have wiſh'd to ſee.
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners, our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human kind.
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhewn,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate writer, emp'ric-like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions, in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

XXIII.

EPILOGUE,

[*SPOKEN BY THE SAME.*]

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town:
Heaven for our ſins this ſummer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way;
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:

Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace:
Inſtead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magic is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhip'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Johnſon's out of faſhion,
And Wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhewn;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay, the price is rais'd.

XXIV.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

Oft has our poet wiſh'd, this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.
Youth, e'er it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching ev'n you, while the vext world we ſhew,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt,
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble art, and every ſcience guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhewn,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

XXV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Diſcord, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd, or carted.

With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff 's lean,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe, and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhyme.
Take but a copper-lace to drugget ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it would be choſen king.
But why ſhould I theſe renegades deſcribe,
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action ſlander'd Engliſh wit:
You have beheld ſuch barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre:
Such as, like Cain, were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrollers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never ſtarve.

XXVI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Though actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt:
We love the praiſes of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We ſpeak our poets' wit; and trade in ore,
Like thoſe, who touch upon the golden ſhore:
Betwixt our judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of ſenſe, rejoice;
Whether th' applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our ſop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſsly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot; [not.
Knows what ſhould juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhould
Nature herſelf lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines falſe, and colours ſeem too faint,
Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets paint.
But, by the ſacred genius of this place,
By every Muſe, by each domeſtic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations ſued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the ſuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be,
Than his own mother univerſity.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooſes Athens in his riper age.

XXVII.

EPILOGUE TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1683.]

Our hero's happy in the play's concluſion;
The holy rogue at laſt has met confuſion:
Though Arius all along appear'd a ſaint,
The laſt act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports, that, after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,
The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſt before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying. Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a ſort of peaking tools,
(Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools)
Men much more loyal, though not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were caſt behind the crowd.
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of wights,
I think my author calls them Teckelites,
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and laws,
They favour'd ev'n a foreign rebel's cauſe.
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt, they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard, not to noſe his wife;
Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry;
And though they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it 'prentice to Count Teckeley.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt
No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man, that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell [well.
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks ſo
Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman:
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted:
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heaven?

XXVIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DISSAPPOINTMENT: OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

How comes it, gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe?
All prologues treat you at your own expence.
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo.
They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with ladyſhip:

But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights.
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deserves a satire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker,
To call men fools; 'tis railing at their Maker.
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf;
He's young enough to be a fop himself.
And, if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred.
Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,
Your father chose, because he lik'd the face;
And, often, they supply'd your mother's place.
The dry nurse was your mother's ancient maid.
Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt them both, for milk and sugarcandy,
Your sucking-bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your discourse,
Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse,
But was prevented by each careful nurse.
For, leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I pass your schools; for there when first you came,
You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:
Thence come to town, you practise play, to know
The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
Each thinks himself a sharper most profound:
He cheats by pence; is cheated by the pound.
With these perfections, and what else he gleans,
The spark sets up for love behind our scenes;
Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens.
There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires some homely room, love's fruits to gather,
And garret-high rebels against his father:
But he once dead———
Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
A toilet, dressing-box, and half a crown.
Some marry first, and then they fall to scowering;
Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good-nature;
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
But while abroad so liberal the dolt is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
Last, some there are, who take their first degrees
Of lewdness in our middle galleries.
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out;
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

XXIX.

PROLOGUE

TO THE KING AND QUEEN*, UPON THE UNION OF THE TWO COMPANIES IN 1686.

Since faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
Their penny-scribes take care t' inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation;

How Pensylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
And Carolina's with Associators;
Both ev'n too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
And every age produces such a store, [more.
That now there's need of two New-Englands

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our station,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factious natives never could agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Those play-house Whigs set up for property.

Some say, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealousies create;
Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

* At the opening of their Theatre, 1683.

Plain ſenſe, without the talent of foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling:
For ſeldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needleſsly, their freedom barter
For lawleſs power, ſometimes they catch a Tartar;
There 's a damn'd word that rhymes to this, call'd Charter.

But, ſince the victory with us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us ſaucy for our pains.

Old men ſhall have good old plays to delight them:
And you, fair ladies, and gallants, that ſlight them,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can write them.

We'll take no blundering verſe, no fuſtian tumor,
No dribbling love, from this or that preſumer;
No dull fat fool ſhamm'd on the ſtage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of them ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies ever play'd;
But 'twas, as ſhopmen ſay, to force a trade.

We've given you tragedies, all ſenſe defying,
And ſinging men, in woful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we well hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither;
Whig poets and whig ſheriffs may hang together.

XXX.

EPILOGUE ON THE SAME OCCASION.

New miniſters, when firſt they get in place.
Muſt have a care to pleaſe, and that's our caſe:
Some laws for public welfare we deſign,
If you, the power ſupreme, will pleaſe to join:
There are a ſort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit;
Theſe noiſy ſirs ſo loud their parts rehearſe,
That oft the play is ſilenc'd by the farce.
Let ſuch be dumb, this penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldeſt ſon.
But ſtay: methinks ſome vizard maſk I ſee,
Caſt out her lure from the mid gallery:
About her all the flattering ſparks are rang'd;
The noiſe continues, though the ſcene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputtering, wauling ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like puſs defendant in a gutter:
Fine, love, no doubt; but e'er two days are o'er
The ſurgeon will be told a woful ſtory. [ye,
Let vizard maſk her naked face expoſe,
On pain of being thought to want a noſe:
Then for your lacqueys, and your train beſide,
By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
They roar ſo loud, you'd think behind the ſtairs
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears;
They're grown a nuiſance, beyond all diſaſters;
We've none ſo great but their unpaying maſters.
We beg you, ſirs, to beg your men, that they
Would pleaſe to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the play-houſe ſpare your precious lives;
Think, like good Chriſtians, on your bearns and wives:
Think on your ſouls; but by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth.
If none of theſe will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpleſs whore you leave behind.
We beg you, laſt, our ſcene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
Alas! our women are but waſhy toys,
And wholly taken up in ſtage employs:
Poor willing tits they are; but yet I doubt
This double duty ſoon will wear them out.
Then you are watch'd beſides with jealous care;
What if my lady's page ſhould find you there?
My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt ſhilling for a guinea.
Thus, gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt vote money, then redreſs at leiſure.

XXXI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1689.]

Ladies! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your ear :
A ſecret, which does much my mind perplex :
There's treaſon in the play againſt our ſex.
A man that's falſe to love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets.
A rogue in mode, I dare not ſpeak too broad,
One that does ſomething to the very bawd.
Out on him, traitor, for a filthy beaſt ;
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt.
None of them ſtick at mark ; they all deceive.
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe ;
There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults, they rap up oaths, and tear :
Now, though we lye, we're too well-bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the ſin we owe,
But men are dipt for ſoul and body too ;
And, when found out, excuſe themſelves, pox cant them,
With Latin ſtuff, " Perjuria ridet Amantûm."
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
I'm ſure, I never heard that ſcritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears, but ſeparation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd villains e'er be ſaved ?
Achitophel's not half ſo falſe to David.
With vows and ſoft expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like foremen of a ſhop, demure :
No ſooner out of ſight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new face ride out a padding.
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready money miſſing.
Well ! we may rail ; but 'tis as good as ev'n wink ;
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

XXXII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A qualm of conſcience brings me back again,
To make amends to you beſpatter'd men.
We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
By growling, ſqualling, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young ſparks ; but, without lying,
Never was man worſe thought on for high-flying ;
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And ſquandering ſhews, at leaſt, a noble heart.

I've heard of men, who, in ſome lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend, to make their valour known.
That accuſation ſtraight this queſtion brings;
What is the man that does ſuch naughty things?
The ſpaniel lover, like a ſneaking fop,
Lies at our feet: he's ſcarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, ſuch heroes in a play go far
But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
When men ſuch vile, ſuch faint, petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since modeſty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own ſex confin'd.
When men uſurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of ſupererogation—
We ſhew'd a princeſs in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæſar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: but I ſhould much abhor
To chooſe a huſband for my confeſſor.
You ſee what fate follow'd the ſaint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial ſchool.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had ſhe confeſs'd ſo much to him ſhe lov'd.
True Preſbyterian wives the means would try;
But damn'd confeſſing is flat Popery.

XXXIII.

PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW RANTER.

[By Mrs. BEHN, 1690.]

Heavens ſave you, gallants, and this hopeful age;
Ye 're welcome to the downfall of the ſtage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erſtocks the town ſo much, and thrives ſo well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not ſell.
In vain our wares on theatres are ſhewn,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cauſe ne'er fails; for whatſo'er he ſpends,
There's ſtill God's plenty for himſelf and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expence;
And yet, as ſoon as ſeen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry, That oaf was me;
But now you ſtrive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there's a muſs of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at leaſt;
A ſign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're ſupply'd ſo faſt with Engliſh breed.
Well! flouriſh, countrymen, drink, ſwear, and roar;
Let every free-born ſubject keep his whore,
And wandering in the wilderneſs about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or ſingle ſhare:
For where the punk is common, he 's a ſot,
Who needs will father what the pariſh got.

XXXIV.

PROLOGUE

TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED.

[By LODOWICK CARLELL, Eſq.]

Spoken by Mr. HART.

With ſickly actors and an old houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouſe ſcenes, and clothes bare
Can neither raiſe old plays, nor new adorn. [worn,
If all theſe ills could not undo us quite,
A briſk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;

Or ſee ſome ſerious piece, which we preſume
Is fallen from ſome incomparable plume;
And therefore, Meſſieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preſerve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or aſk you why ye like them? they are French.
Therefore ſome go with courteſy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor ſee, but ſhew their breeding:
Each lady ſtriving to out-laugh the reſt;
To make it ſeem they underſtood the jeſt.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us Engliſh where to clap the play:
Civil, egad! our hoſpitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to underſtand:
Mean time we languiſh, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wiſh for your own ſakes, without a ſatire,
You'd leſs good breeding, or had more good-nature.

XXXV.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

By BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

Revived by Mr. DRYDEN.

Spoken by Mr. *BETTERTON.*

What Noſtradame, with all his art, can gueſs
The fate of our approaching Propheteſs?
A play, which, like a perſpective ſet right,
Preſents our vaſt expences cloſe to ſight;
But turn the tube, and there we ſadly view
Our diſtant gains; and thoſe uncertain too:
A ſweeping tax, which on ourſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our loſſes warn us to be wiſe?
Our wealth decreaſes, and our charges riſe.
Money, the ſweet allurec of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raiſe new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow ſated, ere the ſecond ſight.
Falſe-men, ev'n ſo you ſerve your miſtreſſes:
They riſe three ſtories in their towering dreſs;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Engliſhmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and ſcarf, jack-boots, and Bilboa blade,
Your ſilver goes, that ſhould ſupport our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our ſtage to mourn;
Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return;
And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his uſquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hoſe.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the faſhion of our blacks.
Then ſhall the pious Muſes pay their vows,
And furniſh all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice ſhall raiſe for your delights:
We want not poets fit to ſing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whoſe only ſake
Thoſe doughty knights ſuch dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play;
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think, on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to ſee you often here;
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

XXXVI.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on, without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, ſniveling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here's honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe-Tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or ſomething like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part, I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

Save ye ſirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething, in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the duce take me, if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret, in my belly.
So far I'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting:
And, if my verſes feet ſtumble—you ſee my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Corke.
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we ſhew not)
What may be its fortune—By the Lord—I know not
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—ev'n of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no ſky-rockets.
His ſquibs are only level'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himſelf.
By this time, I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd madneſs:
And now, a word or two in ſober ſadneſs.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juſt half a crown.
You'll ſay, I play the pimp, on my friend's ſcore;
But, ſince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry? an actor writ?—we know it;
But Shakſpeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning, often fail'd?
But Shakſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our buſineſs here:
So much for that;—and the devil take ſmall beer.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II.

[By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they ſay;
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Roſamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs, or with ſuch a wife?

If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would you be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife:
Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?
I gueſs your minds: the miſtreſs would be taken,
And naufeous matrimony ſent a packing.
The devil's in you all, mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year, poor ſpouſe is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother church.
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind,
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The play-houſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face;
Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny
Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide,
Though for your love, perhaps I ſhould not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

XXXVIII.

A PROLOGUE.

Gallants, a baſhful poet bids me ſay,
He's come to loſe his maidenhead to day.
Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age,
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the ſtage.
He wants the ſuffering part of reſolution,
And comes with bluſhes to his execution.
Ere you deflower his Muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well, before the play begin:
For he would fain be cozen'd into ſin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He 'll have, at leaſt, a fair pretence to rail:
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new deſerters bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee,
Enough to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the firſt colours you forſook.
He would be loth the beauties to offend;
But, if he ſhould, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing;
But his friend ſwears, he will be worth the rearing.
His gloſs is ſtill upon him: though 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.
Mangos and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Though not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this difference in the ſexes too;
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he would contribute ſome delight;
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;
With arms offenſive and defenſive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

XXXIX.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

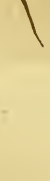
To ſay, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit;
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Jonſon, of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchemiſt by this Aſtrologer;

Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their poſſeſſion call:
Who, like bold padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſun-ſhine, in the face of day:
Nay ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid,
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in Poetry may claim ſome part:
They have the licence, though they want the art!
And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laureats
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand. [ſtand,
They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink:
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They ſhould refund; but that can never be.
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal, [ſteal.
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would

XL.

AN EPILOGUE

You ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd.
And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow:
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow:
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall-chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In Comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhewn
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, Poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly [pace.
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You roll like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run;
And get ſeven devils when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But every inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-maſk upon the face:
For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, every twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn, ev'n now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this ſummer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let them go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhew:
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
For every critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.



XLI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

Like some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Unus'd to crowds, the Parson quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durst come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place.
Some heard, some learning, and some little grace:
Nor is the puny Poet void of care.
For authors, such as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to spare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce
But has as little as the very Parson: [one,
Both say, they preach and write for your instruc-
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction. [tion;
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the Parson 'tis another case,
He, without holiness, may rise to grace;
The poet has one disadvantage more,
That, if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulness well becomes the sable garment;
I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment:
Wit is not his business; and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not so much your's as you suppose;
For you like nothing now but nauseous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauship says, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears;
The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
The wit lies in the dress, and monstrous muff.
The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our absent author hope
He should equip the stage with such a fop:
Fools change in England, and new fools arise,
For though th' immortal species never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he scarce can find
One fool, for millions that he left behind.

XLII.

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM,

Revived for our Author's Benefit, Anno 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write!
Brought muzzled to the stage, for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet, worse, their brother Poets damn the play,
And roar the loudest, though they never pay.
The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
At every lewd, low character—That 's I,
He, who writes letters to himself, would swear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What should a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To please all the fools that would be shewn:
And yet not two in ten will pass the town.

Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a fop, than fops can find.
Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our univerſities;
Yet to be ſhewn by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool, and writ three books,
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen,
He muſt be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former fuſtian ſtuff he wrote,
Was dead-born droggrel, or is quite forgot:
His man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and as poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight;
But here, he founders in, and ſinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'erleaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the pſalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if, after all this godly geer
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw them in again.
At leiſure hours, in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the tumbling of his coach's wheels,
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We knew not by what name we ſhould arraign him
For no one category can contain him;
A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back:
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

XLIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

Perhaps the Parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But ſure, a baniſh'd court, with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who muſt live by courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud, ſo good a government to ſerve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
Tainted the Stage, for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the Poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.
Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd;
White-hall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd.
Who ſtanding as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend.
Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you ſay, if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene:
Where actreſſes make bold with married men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you, nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains,
While you have ſtill your Oats, and we our Hains.

TALES AND TRANSLATIONS.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

My Lord,

Some eſtates are held in England, by paying a fine at the change of every lord: I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this preſent day. I have dedicated the tranſlation of the lives of Plutarch to the firſt Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very ſhort of the age of Neſtor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your houſe; and by your Grace's favour am admitted ſtill to hold from you by the ſame tenure.

I am not vain enough to boaſt that I have deſerved the value of ſo illuſtrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three deſcents they have been pleaſed to diſtinguiſh my poems from thoſe of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to ſay, That as your grandfather and father were cheriſhed and adorned with honours by two ſucceſſive monarchs, ſo I have been eſteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the ſon, deſcended from one of the moſt ancient, moſt conſpicuous, and moſt deſerving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my laſt fine, when it was due by your Grace's acceſſion to the titles and patrimonies of your houſe, I may ſeem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your ſervice: and ſince you have been graciouſly pleaſed, by your permiſſion of this addreſs, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay theſe volumes at your feet.

The world is ſenſible that you worthily ſucceed, not only to the honours of your anceſtors, but alſo to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of doing good even to the prejudice of your fortune, is ſo far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the neweſt link of it: which I will not call the laſt, becauſe I hope and pray, it may deſcend to late poſterity: and your flouriſhing youth, and that of your excellent Dutcheſs, are happy omens of my wiſh.

It is obſerved by Livy and by others, that ſome of the nobleſt Roman families retained a reſemblance of their anceſtry, not only in their ſhapes and features, but alſo in their manners, their qualities, and the diſtinguiſhing characters of their minds: ſome lines were noted for a ſtern, rigid virtue, ſavage, haughty, parſimonious, and unpopular: others were more ſweet, and affable; made of a more pliant paſte, humble, courteous, and obliging; ſtudious of doing charitable offices, and diffuſive of the goods which they enjoyed. The laſt of theſe is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a ſoftneſs, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour on the hearts of others; and ſo ſenſible of their miſery, that the wounds of for-

tune ſeem not inflicted on them, but on yourſelf. You are ſo ready to redreſs, that you almoſt prevent their wiſhes, and always exceed their expectations: as if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to poſſeſs, but to beſtow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I muſt caſt in ſhades, leſt I offend your modeſty, which is ſo far from being oſtentatious of the good you do, that it bluſhes even to have it known: and therefore I muſt leave you to the ſatisfaction and teſtimony of your own conſcience, which though it be a ſilent panegyric, is yet the beſt.

You are ſo eaſy of acceſs, that Poplicola was not more, whoſe doors were opened on the outſide to ſave the people even the common civility of aſking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reaſonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where (I can ſcarce forbear ſaying) that want itſelf was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The hiſtory of Peru aſſures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, eſteemed that the higheſt, which called them Lovers of the poor: a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Auguſtus of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deſerved by few of them; and not running in a blood, like the perpetual gentleneſs, and inherent goodneſs of the Ormond Family.

Gold, as it is the pureſt, ſo it is the ſofteſt, and moſt ductile of all metals: iron, which is the hardeſt, gathers ruſt, corrodes itſelf; and is therefore ſubject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear faces and the inſcriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off inſults, and preſerve the wearer in the day of battle: but the danger once repelled, it is laid aſide by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil converſation: a neceſſary guard in war, but too harſh and cumberſome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reaſon, my lord, though you have courage in a heroical degree, yet I aſcribe it to you, but as your ſecond attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compaſſion, claim precedence, as they are firſt in the divine nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at beſt but a holiday kind of virtue, to be ſeldom exerciſed, and never but in caſes of neceſſity: affability, mildneſs, tenderneſs, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original ſignification of virtue, I mean Good-nature, are of daily uſe: they are the bread of mankind, and ſtaff of life: neither ſighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curſes of the vanquiſhed, follow acts of compaſſion, and of charity: but a ſincere pleaſure and ſerenity of mind, in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot ſuffer the misfortunes of another, without re[illegible]ſs; leſt they ſhould bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happineſs which he enjoys.

Yet ſince the perverſe tempers of mankind, ſince oppreſſion on one ſide, and ambition on the other, are ſometimes the unavoidable occaſions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and reſolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: and here it grieves me that I am ſcanted in the pleaſure of dwelling on many of your actions: but αἰδέομαι Τρῶας is an expreſſion which Tully often uſed, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the cenſure of the Romans.

I have ſometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the ſubject is ſo fruitful that the harveſt overcomes the reaper, I am ſhortened by my chain, and can only ſee what is forbidden me to reach: ſince it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wiſhes, and much leſs is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits. Yet, in this frugality of your praiſes, there are ſome things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have ſo formed your own education as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country; or, more properly ſpeaking, both your countries: becauſe you were born, I may almoſt ſay in purple, at the caſtle of Dublin, when your grandfather was lord-lieutenant, and have ſince been bred in the court of England.

If this addreſs had been in verſe, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury. "Numen "commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo." The better to ſatisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the ſervice of Britain or Ireland ſhall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practiſed in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæſar (to omit a crowd of ſhining Romans) formed themſelves to war by the ſtudy of hiſtory, and by the examples of the greateſt captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name thoſe two commanders in particular, becauſe they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be ſent into the field, againſt the moſt formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned conſul in deriſion; but then he was not born a ſoldier: his head was turned another way: when he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general who dares not make uſe of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and reſolution; in him it will direct his martial ſpirit, and teach him the way to the beſt victories, which are thoſe that are leaſt bloody, and which, though atchieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science diſtinguiſhes a man of honour from one of thoſe athletic brutes whom, undeſervedly, we call heroes. Curſed be the poet, who firſt honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot. The Ulyſſes of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he underſtood not the ſhield for which he pleaded: there were engraven on it, plans of cities, and maps of coun-

tries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as ſtupidly as his fellow-beaſt the lion. But, on the other ſide, your Grace has given yourſelf the education of his rival: you have ſtudied every ſpot of ground in Flanders, which for theſe ten years paſt has been the ſcene of battles and of ſieges. No wonder if you perform-ed your part with ſuch applauſe on a theatre which you underſtood ſo well.

If I deſigned this for a poetical encomium, it were eaſy to enlarge on ſo copious a ſubject; but, confining myſelf to the ſeverity of truth, and to what is becoming me to ſay, I muſt not only paſs over many inſtances of your military ſkill, but alſo thoſe of your aſſiduous diligence in the war: and of your perſonal bravery, attended with an ardent thirſt of honour; a long train of genero-ſity; profuſeneſs of doing good; a ſoul unſatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguiſhed de-ſire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own hiſtorians; I am, as Virgil ſays, "Spatiis ex-"cluſis iniquis."

Yet, not to be wholly ſilent of all your chari-ties, I muſt ſtay a little on one action, which pre-ferred the relief of others to the conſideration of yourſelf. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had tranſported you ſo far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much leſs to ſuccour you; when you were not only dangerouſly, but in all appearance mortally wound-ed, when in that deſperate condition you were made priſoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in poſſeſſion of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a conſiderable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable inſtance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of Count Guiſcard, who was go-vernor of the place, to be diſtributed among your fellow priſoners. The French commander, charm-ed with the greatneſs of your ſoul, accordingly conſigned it to the uſe for which it was intended by the donor: by which means the lives of ſo many miſerable men were ſaved, and a comfort-able proviſion made for their ſubſiſtence, who had otherwiſe periſhed, had not you been the companion of their misfortune: or rather ſent by Providence, like another Joſeph, to keep out fa-mine from invading thoſe whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for thoſe poor creatures, that your Grace was made their fellow-ſufferer! and how glorious for you, that you choſe to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commend-ing the charity of Dido to the Trojans, ſpoke like a Chriſtian; "Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere "diſco." All men, even theſe of a different in-tereſt, and contrary principles, muſt praiſe this action, as the moſt eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almoſt in any of the former; when men were made "de meliore luto;" when examples of charity were frequent, and when they were in being, "Teucri pulcherrima "proles, magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis." No envy can detract from this: it will ſhine in hiſtory; and, like ſwans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the name of Ormond will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greateſt triumphs.

But all actions of your Grace are of a piece; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains: your compaſſion is general, and has the ſame effect as well on enemies as friends. It is ſo much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one con-tinued act of placing benefits on many, as the ſun is always carrying his light to ſome part or other of the world: and were it not that your reaſon guides you where to give, I might almoſt ſay that you could not help beſtowing more, than is con-ſiſting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a bleſſing to mankind, your ſuppoſed death in that engagement was ſo generally lamented through the nation! The concernment for it was as uni-verſal as the loſs: and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in ſome, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity; and even thoſe, who had not taſted of your favours, yet built ſo much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loſs of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into freſh remembrance; as if the ſame de-cree had paſſed on two, ſhort ſucceſſive genera-tions of the virtuous; and I repeated to myſelf the ſame verſes, which I had formerly applied to him: "Oſtendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultrà eſſe "ſinunt." But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are ſtill living to en-joy the bleſſings and applauſe of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long proſperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealouſly deſired than by

Your Grace's

Moſt humble,

Moſt obliged, and

Moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FABLES.

It is with a poet as with a man who deſigns to build, and is very exact, as he ſuppoſes, in caſting up the coſt beforehand; but, generally ſpeaking, he is miſtaken in his account, and reckons ſhort in the expence he firſt intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a houſe, where I intended but a lodge: yet with better ſucceſs than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finiſh the palace he had contrived.

From tranſlating the firſt of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an eſſay to the whole work) I proceeded to the tranſlation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, becauſe it contains, among other things, the cauſes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war: here I ought in reaſon to have ſtopped; but the ſpeeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compaſſed them, I was ſo taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the maſter-piece of the whole Metamorphoſes), that I enjoined myſelf the pleaſing taſk of rendering it into Engliſh. And now I found, by the number of my verſes, that they began to ſwell into a little volume: which gave me an occaſion of looking backward on ſome beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, with the reſt, which I hope I have tranſlated cloſely enough, and given them the ſame turn of verſe which they had in the original; and this, I may ſay without vanity, is not the talent of every poet: he who has arrived the neareſt to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the beſt verſifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenſer and Fairfax both flouriſhed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great maſters in our language; and who ſaw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than thoſe who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical ſon of Spenſer, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal deſcents and clans, as well as other families: Spenſer more than once inſinuates, that the ſoul of Chaucer was transfuſed into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his deceaſe. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenſer was his original; and many beſides myſelf have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into Engliſh by Mr. Fairfax. But to return: having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old Engliſh poet Chaucer in many things reſembled him, and that with no diſadvantage on the ſide of the modern author, as I ſhall endeavour to prove when I compare them: and as I am, and always have been, ſtudious to promote the honour of my native country, ſo I ſoon reſolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning ſome of the Canterbury tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means

both the poets being ſet in the ſame light, and dreſſed in the ſame Engliſh habit, ſtory to be compared with ſtory, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them, by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him: or if I ſeem partial to my countryman, and predeceſſor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few: and beſides many of the learned, Ovid has almoſt all the beaux, and the whole fair ſex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have aſſumed ſomewhat more to myſelf than they allow me; becauſe I have adventured to ſum up the evidence: but the readers are the jury; and their privilege remains entire to decide according to the merits of the cauſe, or if they pleaſe, to bring it to another hearing, before ſome other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my diſcourſe (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always ſome connection) ſo from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but alſo purſued the ſame ſtudies; wrote novels in proſe, and many works in verſe; particularly is ſaid to have invented the octave rhyme, or ſtanza of eight lines, which ever ſince has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at leaſt aſſume the title of Heroic Poets: he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at leaſt in verſe, before the time of Boccace, who likewiſe received no little help from his maſter Petrarch. But the reformation of their proſe was wholly owing to Boccace himſelf, who is yet the ſtandard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phraſes are become obſolete, as in proceſs of time it muſt needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) firſt adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provencall, which was then the moſt poliſhed of all the modern languages; but this ſubject has been copiouſly treated by that great critic, who deſerves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For theſe reaſons of time, and reſemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I reſolved to join them in my preſent work; to which I have added ſome original papers of my own; which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the moſt improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the beſt, that they will not be condemned; but if they ſhould, I have the excuſe of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horſeback before ſome ladies, when I was preſent, got up ſomewhat heavily, but deſired of the fair ſpectators, that they would count fourſcore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader muſt determine. I think myſelf as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my ſoul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I loſe not more of it, I have no great reaſon to complain. What judgment I had, increaſes rather than diminiſhes; and thoughts, ſuch as they are, come crowding in ſo faſt upon me, that my only difficulty is to chooſe or to reject; to run them into verſe, or to give them the other harmony of proſe. I have ſo long ſtudied and practiſed both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In ſhort, though I may lawfully plead ſome part of the old gentleman's excuſe; yet I will reſerve it till I think I have greater need, and aſk no grains of allowance for the faults of this my preſent work, but thoſe which are given of courſe to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the ſhortneſs of time in which I writ it, or the ſeveral intervals of ſickneſs: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boaſt in their prefaces how little time their works have coſt them; and what other buſineſs of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to aſk the queſtion, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had ſo deſpicable an opinion of their judges, as to thruſt their indigeſted ſtuff upon them, as if they deſerved no better?

With this account of my preſent undertaking, I conclude the firſt part of this diſcourſe: in the ſecond part, as at a ſecond ſitting, though I alter not the draught, I muſt touch the ſame features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only ſay, that I have written nothing which favours of immorality or profaneneſs; at leaſt, I am not conſcious to myſelf of any ſuch intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expreſſion, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verſes through my inadvertency; if the ſearchers find any in the cargo, let them be ſtaved or forfeited, like contraband goods; at leſt, let their authors be anſwerable for them, as being but imported merchandiſe, and not of my own manufacture. On the other ſide, I have endeavoured to chooſe ſuch fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them ſome inſtructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremoſt into ſight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wiſh I could affirm with a ſafe conſcience, that I had taken the ſame care in all my former writings; for it muſt be owned, that ſuppoſing verſes are never ſo beautiful or pleaſing, yet if they contain any thing which ſhocks religion, or good manners, they are at beſt, what Horace ſays of good numbers, without good ſenſe, "Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque "canoræ." Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of ſelf-defence, where I have been wrongfully accuſed, and my ſenſe wire-drawn into blaſphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading againſt the ſtage; in which he mixes truth with falſehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating ſtrongly, that ſomething may remain.

I reſume the thread of my diſcourſe with the firſt of my tranſlation, which was the firſt Iliad of Homer. If it ſhall pleaſe God to give me longer

life, and moderate health, my intentions are to tranſlate the whole Ilias; provided ſtill that I meet with thoſe encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with ſome cheerfulneſs. And this I dare aſſure the world before-hand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleaſing taſk than Virgil (though I ſay not the tranſlation will be leſs laborious): for the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, ſedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties, both of numbers and of expreſſions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined: ſo that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the ſecond part of Ilias; a continuation of the ſame ſtory: and the perſons already formed: the manners of Æneas are thoſe of Hector ſuperadded to thoſe which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulyſſes in the Odyſſeis are imitated in the firſt Six Books of Virgil's Æneis: and though the accidents are not the ſame (which would have argued him of a ſervile copying, and total barrenneſs of invention) yet the ſeas were the ſame, in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypſo. The ſix latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occaſioned by a lady, a ſingle combat, battles fought, and a town beſieged. I ſay not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly ſaid in his juſt praiſe: for his Epiſodes are almoſt wholly of his own invention; and the form which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original ſtory had been the ſame. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to deſign: and if invention be the firſt virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the ſecond place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald tranſlation of the Ilias, (ſtudying poetry as he did mathematics, when it was too late) Mr. Hobbes, I ſay, begins the praiſe of Homer where he ſhould have ended it. He tells us, that the firſt beauty of an Epic poem conſiſts in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is laſt to be conſidered. The deſign, the diſpoſition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of thoſe are wanting or imperfect, ſo much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the firſt beauties that ariſe, and ſtrike the ſight: but if the draught be falſe or lame, the figures ill-diſpoſed, the manners obſcure or inconſiſtent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the fineſt colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monſter at the beſt. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this laſt, which is expreſſion, the Roman poet is at leaſt equal to the Grecian, as I have ſaid elſewhere; ſupplying the poverty of his language by his muſical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being ſo different in their tempers, one choleric and ſanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their ſeveral ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the deſign, as in the execution of it. The very heroes ſhew their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful; "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, "acer," &c. Æneas patient, conſiderate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies: ever ſubmiſſive to the will of heaven, "quo fata tra- "hunt, retrahuntque, ſequamur." I could pleaſe myſelf with enlarging on this ſubject, but I am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have ſaid, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of conſequence more pleaſing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other ſets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the ſame difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demoſthenes and Tully. One perſuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the ſecond book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he haſtens from the ſhips, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in leſs compaſs than two months. This vehemence of his, I confeſs, is more ſuitable to my temper; and therefore I have tranſlated his firſt book with greater pleaſure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleaſure without pains: the continual agitations of the ſpirits muſt needs be a weakening of any conſtitution, eſpecially in age; and many pauſes are required for refreſhment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itſelf being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to ſay of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; conſidering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue: from Chaucer the purity of the Engliſh tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at leaſt in their writings, it may be alſo in their lives. Their ſtudies were the ſame, philoſophy and philology. Both of them were known in aſtronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feaſts, and Chaucer's treatiſe of the Aſtrolabe, are ſufficient witneſſes. But Chaucer was likewiſe an aſtrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Perſius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearneſs; neither

were great inventors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and moſt of Chaucer's ſtories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predeceſſors. Boccace's Decameron was firſt publiſhed; and from thence our Engliſhman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales: yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by ſome Italian wit, in a former age; as I ſhall prove hereafter: the tale of Griziid was the invention of Petrarch; by him ſent to Boccace: from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Creſſida was alſo written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our Engliſh tranſlator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themſelves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is ſo much leſs behind; and I am of the temper of moſt kings, who love to be in debt; are all for preſent money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: beſides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honeſt Montaign, and return at my pleaſure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to ſay. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet ſince Chaucer had ſomething of his own, as The Wife of Bath's Tale, The Cock and the Fox, which I have tranſlated, and ſome others, I may juſtly give our countryman the precedence in that part; ſince I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them underſtood the manners, under which name I comprehend the paſſions, and, in a larger ſenſe, the deſcriptions of perſons, and their very habits; for an example, I ſee Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if ſome ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dreſs, as diſtinctly as if I had ſupped with them at the Tabard in Southwark: yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and ſet in a better light: which though I have not time to prove; yet I appeal to the reader, and am ſure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be conſidered in the compariſon of the two poets; and I have ſaved myſelf one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the compariſon ſtands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our preſent Engliſh. The words are given up as a poſt not to be defended in our poet, becauſe he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be conſidered: and they are to be meaſured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or leſs naturally from the perſons deſcribed, on ſuch and ſuch occaſions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who ſee Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little leſs than mad, for preferring the Engliſhman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I muſt preſume to ſay, that the things they admire, are not only glittering trifles, and ſo far from being witty, that in a ſerious poem they are nauſeous, becauſe they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, deſcribe his paſſion like Narciſſus? Would he think of "inopem me copia fecit," and a dozen more of ſuch expreſſions, poured on the neck of one another, and ſignifying all the ſame thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death! This is juſt John Littlewit in Bartholemew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his miſery; a miſerable conceit. On theſe occaſions the poet ſhould endeavour to raiſe pity: but, inſtead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made uſe of ſuch machines, when he was moving you to commiſerate the death of Dido: he would not deſtroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjuſt in the purſuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reaſonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injuſtice of his proceedings, and reſigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occaſion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from poſſeſſion, by being ſo near, and a thouſand ſuch boyiſms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the ſubject. They, who think otherwiſe, would by the ſame reaſon prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are ſometimes a fault, and ſometimes a beauty, as they are uſed properly or improperly; but in ſtrong paſſions always to be ſhunned, becauſe paſſions are ſerious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confeſs, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more ſimplicity, and followed nature more cloſely, than to uſe them. I have thus far, to the beſt of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the deſign nor the diſpoſition of it; becauſe the deſign was not their own; and in the diſpoſing of it they were equal. It remains that I ſay ſomewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the firſt place, as he is the father of Engliſh poetry, ſo I hold him in the ſame degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good ſenſe; learned in all ſciences; and therefore ſpeaks properly on all ſubjects: as he knew what to ſay, ſo he knows alſo when to leave off; a continence which is practiſed by few writers, and ſcarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is ſunk in his reputation, becauſe he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but ſwept like a dragnet, great and ſmall. There was plenty enough,

but the dishes were ill-sorted; whole pyramids of sweet-meats, for boys and women; but little of solid meat, for men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions, which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not stand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her; and there is a great difference of being Poeta and nimis Poeta, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was "auribus istius temporis accommodata:" they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense, (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verse, which we call heroic, was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses, which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in process of time a Lucilius and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer, there was a Spenser, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being; and our numbers were in their nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his parentage, life, and fortunes; they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and, being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had deposed his predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wise, as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by succession, and was sensible that his title was not sound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great politician should be pleased to have the greatest wit of those times in his interests, and to be the trumpet of his praises. Augustus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him, whose praises helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death, have made him precious to posterity. As for the religion of our poet, he seems to have some little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; somewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly interest, deserved the lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace spared them. Yet both these poets lived in much esteem with good and holy men in orders; for the scandal which is given by particular priests, reflects not on the sacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his Good Parson. A satyrical poet is the check of the laymen, on bad priests. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the same condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarsely used; for the corruption of the best becomes the worst. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is first taken off, by which the dignity of his order is secured: if he be wrongfully accused, he has his action of slander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he transgress the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of satire, though never so well deserved by particular priests, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing dishonoured, when a peer suffers for his treason? If he be libelled, or any way defamed, he has his "Scandalum Magnatum" to punish the offender. They, who use this kind of argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the poet's lash; and are less concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at least there is pride at the bottom of their reasoning. If the faults of men in orders are all only to be judged among themselves, they are in some sort parties; for, since they say the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to speak my opinion in this case, I know not; but I am sure a dispute of this nature caused mischief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbishop of Canterbury; one standing up for the laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murder of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majesty from post to pillar for his

penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has saved me the labour of inquiring into the esteem and reverence which the priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any part of it: yet I must needs say, that when a priest provokes me without any occasion given him, I have no reason, unless it be the charity of a Christian, to forgive him. "Prior læsit" is justification sufficient in the civil law. If I answer him in his own language, self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that subject with some pleasure, reserving to myself the right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another sort of priests, such as are more easily to be found than the good parson; such as have given the last blow to Christianity in this age, by a practice so contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole English nation, in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity: their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them, and them only. Some of his persons are vicious, and some are virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-tooth'd wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. 'Tis sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of Monks and Friars, and Chanons, and Lady Abbesses, and Nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I live to do myself the justice, (since my enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a moral man); may I have leave, I say, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to such tales of Chaucer as favour nothing of immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchants, the Summer, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleasure in the town. But I will no more offend against good-manners: I am sensible, as I ought to be, of the scandal I have given by my loose writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneness, be crept into these poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. "Totum hoc "indictum volo." Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-speaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuses the ribaldry, which is very gross in many of his novels.

But first, I pray you of your courtesy,
That ye ne arrettee it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who shall telen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearse as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
Or else he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not spare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well say o word as another.
Christ spake himself full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote ne villany is it,
Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
The words mote been cousin to the dede.

Yet if a man should have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing such characters, where obscene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard, I know not what answer they would have made: for that reason, such tale shall be left untold by me. You have here a specimen of Chaucer's language, which is so obsolete, that his sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verses consist of ten syllables, and the words not much behind our present English; as for example, these two lines, in the description of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing she was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.

I have almoſt done with Chaucer, when I have anſwered ſome objections relating to my preſent work. I find ſome people are offended that I have turned theſe tales into modern Engliſh; becauſe they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-faſhioned wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of Leiceſter ſay, that Mr. Cowley himſelf was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's requeſt, declared he had no taſte of him. I dare not advance my opinion againſt the judgment of ſo great an author; but I think it fair, however, to leave the deciſion to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modeſt to ſet up for a dictator; and being ſhocked perhaps with his old ſtile, never examined into the depth of his good ſenſe. Chaucer, I confeſs, is a rough diamond and muſt firſt be poliſhed, e'er he ſhines. I deny not likewiſe, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece; but ſometimes mingles trivial things with thoſe of greater moment. Sometimes alſo, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has ſaid enough. But there are more great wits beſides Chaucer, whoſe fault is their exceſs of conceits, and thoſe ill ſorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having obſerved this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an eaſy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myſelf to a literal tranſlation; but have often omitted what I judged unneceſſary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have preſumed farther, in ſome places, and added ſomewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true luſtre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, becauſe (if I may be permitted to ſay it of myſelf) I found I had a ſoul congenial to his, and that I had been converſant in the ſame ſtudies. Another poet, in another age, may take the ſame liberty with my writings, if at leaſt they live long enough to deſerve correction. It was alſo neceſſary ſometimes to reſtore the ſenſe of Chaucer, which was loſt or mangled in the errors of the preſs: let this example ſuffice at preſent; in the ſtory of Palamon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is deſcribed, you find theſe verſes in all the editions of our author:

There ſaw I Danè turned into a tree,
I mean not the goddeſs Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè.

Which, after a little conſideration, I knew was to be reformed into this ſenſe, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durſt not make thus bold with Ovid, leſt ſome future Milbourn ſhould ariſe, and ſay, I varied from my author, becauſe I underſtood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have tranſlated Chaucer into Engliſh, out of a quite contrary notion: they ſuppoſe there is a certain veneration due to his old language, and that it is little leſs than profanation and ſacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that ſomewhat of his good ſenſe will ſuffer in this tranſfuſion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be loſt, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent perſon whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leiceſter, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley deſpiſed him. My Lord diſſuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it ſome years before his death) and his authority prevailed ſo far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reaſon was not convinced with what he urged againſt it. If the firſt end of a writer be to be underſtood, then, as his language grows obſolete, thoughts muſt grow obſcure:

"Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
"Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula; ſi volet uſus,
"Quem penès arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma lo-
"quendi."

When an ancient word for its ſound and ſignificancy deſerves to be revived, I have that reaſonable veneration for antiquity, to reſtore it. All beyond this is ſuperſtition. Words are not like landmarks, ſo ſacred as never to be removed; cuſtoms are changed; and even ſtatutes are ſilently repealed, when the reaſon ceaſes for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will loſe of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the firſt place, not only their beauty, but their being is loſt, where they are no longer underſtood, which is the preſent caſe. I grant that ſomething muſt be loſt in all tranſfuſion, that is, in all tranſlations; but the ſenſe will remain, which would otherwiſe be loſt, or at leaſt be maimed, when it is ſcarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, ſo as to underſtand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with leſs profit and no pleaſure. It is not for the uſe of ſome old Saxon friends, that I have taken theſe pains with him: let them neglect my verſion, becauſe they have no need of it. I made it for their ſakes who underſtood ſenſe and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and ſenſe is put into words which they underſtand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I loſe in ſome places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myſelf; let the reader judge, and I ſubmit to his deciſion. Yet I think I have juſt occaſion to complain of them, who, becauſe they underſtand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the ſame advantage, and hoard him up, as miſers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themſelves, and hinder others from making uſe of it. In ſum, I ſeriouſly proteſt, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer than myſelf. I have tranſlated ſome part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at

leaſt refreſh it, amongſt my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I muſt at the ſame time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: "Facile eſt inventis "addere," is no great commendation; and I am not ſo vain to think I have deſerved a greater. I will conclude what I have to ſay of him ſingly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correſpondence with ſome authors of the fair ſex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiſelle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inſpired like her by the ſame god of poetry, is at this time tranſlating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly tranſlated into the old Provençal (for how ſhe ſhould come to underſtand old Engliſh I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is ſomething in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits ſhould be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, it is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with ſuperſtition.

Boccace comes laſt to be conſidered, who, living in the ſame age with Chaucer, had the ſame genius, and followed the ſame ſtudies; both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greateſt reſemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar ſtile, and pleaſing way of relating comical adventures, I may paſs it over, becauſe I have tranſlated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the ſerious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's ſide; for though the Engliſhman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that thoſe of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled; ſo that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the ſtories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though proſe allows more liberty of thought, and the expreſſion is more eaſy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at diſadvantage. I deſire not the reader ſhould take my word; and therefore I will let two of their diſcourſes on the ſame ſubject, in the ſame light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I tranſlated Chaucer firſt, and amongſt the reſt, pitched on the Wife of Bath's tale; not daring, as I have ſaid, to adventure on her prologue, becauſe it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and conſequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his averſion, endeavours to win his affection by reaſon, and ſpeaks a good word for herſelf, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the ſullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and uglineſs, the vanity of youth, and the ſilly pride of anceſtry and titles, without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had cloſed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and tranſlated ſome more of his fables; and by this time had ſo far forgotten the Wife of Bath's tale, that when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the ſame argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood and titles, in the ſtory of Sigiſmunda; which I had certainly avoided for the reſemblance of the two diſcourſes, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other ſtories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the ſtory is more pleaſing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the diſpoſition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up ſeven years at leaſt; but Ariſtotle has left undecided the duration of the action, which yet is eaſily reduced into the compaſs of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whoſe laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this ſtory was of Engliſh growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for caſually looking on the end of his ſeventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he ſhadows himſelf) and Fiametta (who repreſents his miſtreſs the natural daughter of Robert King of Naples) of whom theſe words are ſpoken, "Dioneo e la Fiametta "granpezza contarono inſieme d' Arcita, e di "Palamone:" by which it appears that this ſtory was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly loſt, Chaucer is now become an original; and I queſtion not but the poem has received many beauties by paſſing through his noble hands. Beſides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called the Flower and the Leaf; with which I was ſo particularly pleaſed, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myſelf from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done juſtice to others, I owe ſomewhat to myſelf; not that I think it worth my time to enter the liſts with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that ſuch men there are who have written ſcurrilouſly againſt me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends, amongſt the reſt, this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on prieſthood: if I have, I am only to aſk pardon of good prieſts, and I am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be ſatisfied that he ſhall not be able to force himſelf upon me for an adverſary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own tranſlations of Virgil have anſwered his criticiſms on mine. If (as they ſay, he has declared in print) he prefers

the verſion of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the ſame compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will ſay, is not eaſily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am ſatisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I ſhall not be thought the worſt poet of the age. It looks as if I had deſired him underhand to write ſo ill againſt me; but, upon my honeſt word, I have not bribed him to do me this ſervice, and am wholly guiltleſs of his pamphlet. It is true, I ſhould be glad, if I could perſuade him to continue his good offices, and write ſuch another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great ſtroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken ſome pains with my poetry; but nobody will be perſuaded to take the ſame with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which never was in my thoughts) I ſhould have had more ſenſe, if not more grace, than to have turned myſelf out of my benefice by writing libels on my pariſhioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry; and ſo I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Phyſician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Abſalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, becauſe nothing ill is to be ſpoken of the dead; and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only ſay, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on King Arthur, in my preface to the tranſlation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took the hint: for he began immediately upon the ſtory, though he had the baſeneſs not to acknowledge his benefactor; but, inſtead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I ſhall ſay the leſs of Mr. Collier, becauſe in many things he has taxed me juſtly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expreſſions of mine, which can be truly argued of obſcenity, profaneneſs, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no perſonal occaſion to be otherwiſe, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in defence of a bad cauſe, when I have ſo often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his gloſſes; and interpreted my words into blaſphemy and baudry, of which they were not guilty; beſides that, he is too much given to horſe-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not ſay, The zeal of God's houſe has eaten him up; but I am ſure it has devoured ſome part of his good manners and civility. It might alſo be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbiſh of ancient and modern plays: a divine might have employed his pains to better purpoſe, than in the naſtineſs of Plautus and Ariſtophanes; whoſe examples, as they excuſe not me, ſo it might be poſſibly ſuppoſed, that he read them not without ſome pleaſure. They who have written commentaries on thoſe poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained ſome vices, which without their interpretation had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more baudry in one play of Fletcher's, called The Cuſtom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the ſtage in my remembrance. Are the times ſo much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cauſe of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have ſome of them anſwered for themſelves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier ſo formidable an enemy, that we ſhould ſhun him. He has loſt ground at the latter end of the day, by purſuing his point too far, like the Prince of Conde at the battle of Senneph: from immoral plays, to no plays; "ab abuſu ad uſum, non va- "let conſequentia" But being a party, I am not to erect myſelf into a judge. As for the reſt of thoſe who have written againſt me, they are ſuch ſcoundrels, that they deſerve not the leaſt notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only diſtinguiſhed from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

——"Demetri, Teque Tigelli
"Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plotare cathedras."

TALES FROM CHAUCER.

TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

With the following Poem of

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

THE bard who firſt adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his Britiſh lyre this ancient ſong:
Which Homer might without a bluſh rehearſe,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verſe:
He match'd their beauties, where they moſt excel;
Of love ſung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchſafe, illuſtrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if ſuch deeds of arms were done,
Inſpir'd by two fair eyes that ſparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the beſt idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The faireſt nymph before his eyes he ſet;
And then the faireſt was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the nobleſt order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conqueſts, and extend your own:
As when the ſtars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid ſpace,
At certain periods they reſume their place,
From the ſame point of heaven their courſe advance,
And move in meaſures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, ſhe returns,
Reſtor'd in you, and the ſame place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the ſphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty ſtill is fatal to the line,)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theſeus from his ſide had ſent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.
Time ſhall accompliſh that; and I ſhall ſee
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepar'd,
And ſure preſage your future ſway declar'd:
When weſtward, like the ſun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the ſignal from the ſhore,
The ready Nereids heard, and ſwam before

To smooth the seas; a soft Etesian gale
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail;
Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
Heav'd up his lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand,
And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land.
The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd
In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
Due to her isle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandsire known to fame;
Aw'd by that house, accustom'd to command,
The sturdy Kerus in due subjection stand;
Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach, they crowded to the port;
And, scarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promise of the Sun.
The waste of civil wars, their towns destroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompence your beauty brought.
As when the dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restor'd to the long labouring ark,
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Op'd every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd;
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies,
To sign inviolable peace restor'd;
The saints with solemn shouts proclaim'd the new accord.
When at your second coming you appear,
(For I foretel that millenary year)
The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
And heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle.
Heaven from all ages has reserv'd for you
That happy clime which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chace all poison, but their own.

Now in this interval, which fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories and your past,
This pause of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the seasons to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land.
The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.
The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more.
Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern air;
Rest here a while your lustre to restore,
That they may see you, as you shone before;
For yet, th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.

A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main.
Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where disease could enter in;
How those malignant atoms forc'd their way,
What in the faultless frame they found to make their prey?
Where every element was weigh'd so well,
That heaven alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak:
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your breast the sickness durst aspire;
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely set the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord like young Vespasian mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd;
And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude
A most detested act of gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel sure our Morley's mind inspir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or heaven, which had such over-cost bestow'd,
As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To save the charges of another you.
Or by his middle science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent good appear
Well worth a miracle to keep you here:
And for that end, preserv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated in his better mind
An heir from you, which may redeem the failing kind.

Blest be the power which has at once restor'd
The hopes of lost succession to your lord,
Joy to the first and last of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to see,
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.
O daughter of the rose, whose cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well display,
The blush of morning and the milky way;
Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin:
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers;
Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such, for Alscanius, fair Eliza wrought.
The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son;
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theſeus was his name:
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The riſing nor the ſetting ſun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won.
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he ſtrove,
Whom firſt by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her ſiſter, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theſeus ride.
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his ſide.
I paſs their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their ſhouts, their ſongs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town beſieg'd, and how much blood it coſt
The female army and th' Athenian hoſt;
The ſpouſals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts and turneys at the feaſt were ſeen;
The ſtorm at their return, the ladies fear:
But theſe, and other things, I muſt forbear.
The field is ſpacious I deſign to ſow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waſte my ſtrength;
And trivial accidents ſhall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at firſt enjoin'd us by mine hoſt:
That he whoſe tale is beſt, and pleaſes moſt,
Should win his ſupper at our common coſt.
And therefore where I left, I will purſue
This ancient ſtory, whether falſe or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mentioned, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmoſt of his pride,
Marching he chanc'd to caſt his eye aſide,
And ſaw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two acroſs the common way:

At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry, [high,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd. [are,
Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omend weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief.

The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We wretched women sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears,
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed:
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore, [bore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way;
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green gras was dy'd to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure:
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour; inly pleas'd to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd; and all th' ensuing night;
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain:
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd;
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd:
I spare the widows tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands obsequies;
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.

Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.

There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grievly wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd.

But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinſmen are inclos'd:
Thus year by year they paſs, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be ſeen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More freſh than May herſelf in bloſſoms new,
For with the roſy colour ſtrove her hue,
Wak'd, as her cuſtom was, before the day,
To do th' obſervance due to ſprightly May:
For ſprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their ſluggard ſleep;
Each gentle breaſt with kindly warmth ſhe moves;
Inſpires new flames, revives extinguiſh'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Aroſe, and dreſs'd herſelf in rich array;
Freſh as the month, and as the morning fair;
Adown her ſhoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided treſſes bind,
The reſt was looſe, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the ſky with bluſhing light,
When to the garden walk ſhe took her way,
To ſport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
At every turn, ſhe made a little ſtand,
And thruſt among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the roſe, and every roſe ſhe drew
She ſhook the ſtalk, and bruſh'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, ſhe ſung and carol'd out ſo clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to ſing;
And learn'd from her to welcome in the ſpring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whoſe keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and ſtrong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the ſquare,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon the priſoner knight,
Reſtleſs for woe, aroſe before the light,
And with his jaylor's leave deſir'd to breathe
An air more wholeſome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promiſe of a glorious day:
Then caſt a languiſhing regard around,
And ſaw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden ſpires, and all the hoſtile ground.
He ſigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, becauſe he knew
'Twas but a larger goal he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the caſtle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleaſing ſight:
The garden, which before he had not ſeen,
In ſpring's new livery clad of white and green,
Freſh flowers in wide parterres, and ſhady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms acroſs
He ſtood, reflecting on his country's loſs;
Himſelf an object of the public ſcorn,
And often wiſh'd he never had been born.
At laſt, for ſo his deſtiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window caſt his ſight,
Though thick of bars that gave a ſcanty light:
But ev'n that glimmering ſerv'd him to deſcry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.
Scarce had he ſeen, but, ſeiz'd with ſudden ſmart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with over-powering light he ſtood,
Then ſtarted back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haſte,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And aſk'd him why he look'd ſo deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done th' offence? But if, ſaid he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity;
For love of heaven, with patience undergo
A cureleſs ill, ſince fate will have it ſo:
So ſtood our horoſcope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the ſky,
Or other baleful aſpect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly ſtars were under earth:
Whate'er betides, by deſtiny 'tis done;
And better bear like men, than vainly ſeek to ſhun.
Nor of my bonds, ſaid Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguiſh caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random ſhaft, I faint away,
And periſh with inſenſible decay:
A glance of ſome new goddeſs gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how ſhe walks along yon ſhady ſpace,
Not Juno moves with more majeſtic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confeſs
That face was form'd in heaven, nor art thou leſs;
Diſguis'd in habit, undiſguis'd in ſhape)
O help us captives from our chains to 'ſcape;
But if our doom be paſt in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathſome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our diſgrace,
And ſhew compaſſion to the Theban race,
Oppreſs'd by tyrant power! While yet he ſpoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready paſſage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded ſore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmoſt ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſaid,
The beauty I behold has ſtruck me dead:
Unknowingly ſhe ſtrikes; and kills by chance;
Poiſon is in her eyes, and death in every glance.
O, I muſt aſk; nor aſk alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or muſt die for love.
Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
Speak'ſt thou in earneſt, or in jeſting vein?
Jeſting, ſaid Arcite, ſuits but ill with pain.
It ſuits far worſe (ſaid Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendſhip to betray;
But worſt with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinſman, and in arms my brother ſworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one ſhould be the common good of both;

One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellows hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design:
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor darst thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right:
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.
Thus Palamon: but Arcite with disdain
In haughty language thus reply'd again;
Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurst
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love;
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.
Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitless fight continued all the day;
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore justle for a grant, [want,
And when they break their friendship plead their
So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance;
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or failing in th' adventure die.
Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a furly stand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their last.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he said, in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to live:
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides;
And where she's absent, all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompence enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes,
In prison, no; but blissful paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewel youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewel.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than thoſe which we deſire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are ſlain;
Some pray from priſon to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by thoſe they truſted with their life,
A favour'd ſervant, or a boſom wife.
Such dear-bought bleſſings happen every day,
Becauſe we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken ſots about the ſtreet we roam:
Well knows the ſot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and ſtaggers every pace.
Thus all ſeek happineſs; but few can find;
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my caſe, who thought our utmoſt good
Was in one word of freedom underſtood:
The fatal bleſſing came: from priſon free,
I ſtarve abroad, and loſe the ſight of Emily.
Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His ſufferings, Palamon yet ſuffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He ſwells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he ſtares, he ſtamps the ground;
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of ſweat.
Alas! he cry'd! I wretch in priſon pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'ſt at large, thou draw'ſt thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my deſpair:
Thou may'ſt, ſince thou haſt youth and courage
A ſweet behaviour and a ſolid mind, [join'd,
Aſſemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy diſgrace;
And after, by ſome treaty made, poſſeſs
Fair Emily, the pledge of laſting peace.
So thine ſhall be the beauteous prize, while I
Muſt languiſh in deſpair, in priſon die.
Thus all th' advantage of the ſtrife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double ſorrows mine.
The rage of Jealouſy then fir'd his ſoul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Deſpair, ſucceeding in her ſtead,
To livid paleneſs turns the glowing red.
His blood, ſcarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind conſtrains.
Then thus he ſaid: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with abſolute decrees,
And write whatever time ſhall bring to paſs,
With pens of adamant, on plates of braſs;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the reſt is liable to pain,
And like the ſheep, his brother-beaſt, is ſlain.
Cold, hunger, priſons, ills without a cure,
All theſe he muſt, and guiltleſs oft endure;
Or does your juſtice, power, or preſcience fail,
When the good ſuffer, and the bad prevail?
What worſe to wretched virtue could befal,
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worſe than other beaſts is our eſtate;
Them, to purſue their pleaſures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, muſt curb our will,
And your commands, not our deſires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjuſtly ſlain,
Yet after death at leaſt he feels no pain;
But man in life ſurcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to ſuffer more.
A ſerpent ſhoots his ſting at unaware;
An ambuſh'd thief forelays a traveller:
The man lies murder'd while the thief and ſnake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Juſt or unjuſt, I have my ſhare of woe,
Through Saturn ſeated in a luckleſs place,
And Juno's wrath, that perſecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartil, move
My pangs of jealouſy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppreſs'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this the ſun, declining from his his height,
The day had ſhorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of miſery,
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endleſs priſon mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The baniſh'd never hopes his love to ſee,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to ſay who ſuffers greater pains:
One ſees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold.
Judge as you pleaſe; for I will haſte to tell
What fortune to the baniſh'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loſs of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worſe, than never more to ſee
His life, his ſoul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madneſs of deſpair,
He roar'd, he beat his breaſt, he tore his hair.
Dry ſorrow in his ſtupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nouriſhment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow ſockets ſink.
Bereft of ſleep, he loaths his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale ſpectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of ſapleſs boxen leaves:
In ſolitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleaſures ſhares,
But ſighs when ſongs and inſtruments he hears.
His ſpirits are ſo low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a ſwoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a diſtant ſound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and ſqualid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay deſire:
But full of muſeful mopings, which preſage
The loſs of reaſon, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

It happen'd once, that, ſlumbering as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with ſoft words his drooping ſpirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, diſcloſ'd the God,
And in his hand he bore the ſleep-compelling rod:
Such as he ſeem'd, when, at his ſire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the ſnaky wand.
Ariſe, he ſaid, to conquering Athens go,
There fate appoints an end to all my woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a ſtart,
Againſt his boſom bounc'd his heaving heart;
But ſoon he ſaid, with ſcarce-recover'd breath,
And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be ſlain; but death is my deſire,
Since in Emelia's ſight I ſhall expire.
By chance he ſpy'd a mirror while he ſpoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wondering, he ſaw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that ſcarce himſelf he knew.
A ſudden thought then ſtarting in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may ſearch in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this diſguiſe.
Thanks to the change which grief and ſickneſs give,
In low eſtate I may ſecurely live,
And ſee unknown my miſtreſs day by day.
He ſaid; and cloth'd himſelf in coarſe array:
A labouring hind in ſhew; then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent:
One ſquire attended in the ſame diſguiſe,
Made conſcious of his maſter's enterpriſe.

Arriv'd at Athens, ſoon he came to court,
Unknown, unqueſtion'd, in that thick reſort:
Proffering for hire his ſervice at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befel him, that for little gain
He ſerv'd at firſt Emelia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to ſpy,
Was ſtill at hand, and in his maſter's eye;
And as his bones were big, and ſinews ſtrong,
Refus'd no toil that could to ſlaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He paſs'd a year at leaſt attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philoſtratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much eſteem'd, ſo well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courteſy was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace:
That, exercis'd within a higher ſphere,
His virtues more conſpicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd;
And by great Theſeus to high favour rais'd:
Among his menial ſervants firſt enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with ſums of gold:
Beſides what ſecretly from Thebes was ſent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame;
But cautiouſly conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increaſe,
In arms of honour, and eſteem in peace;
To Theſeus' perſon he was ever near;
And Theſeus for his virtues held him dear.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliſs, the ſtory turns
Where hopeleſs Palamon in priſon mourns.
For ſix long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and ſcarcely ſeen the light:
Loſt liberty, and love, at once he bore:
His priſon pain'd him much, his paſſion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wiſhes to be free from love.
But when the ſixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the ſun,
Were it by chance, or forceful deſtiny,
Which forms in cauſes firſt whate'er ſhall be,
Aſſiſted by a friend, one moonleſs night,
This Palamon from priſon took his flight:
A pleaſant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd with added ſtore
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who ſwallow'd unaware the ſleepy draught,
And ſnor'd ſecure till morn, his ſenſes bound
In ſlumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert e'er the riſing ſun.
A thick ſpread foreſt near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd ſtrides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from purſuit, he meant to ſhun the light,
Till the brown ſhadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next deſign
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theſeus, till he loſt his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our ſtile;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous fortune caught him in the ſnare.
The morning-lark, the meſſenger of day,
Saluted in her ſong the morning gray;
And ſoon the ſun aroſe with beams ſo bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous ſight;
He with his tepid rays the roſe renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, reſolv'd to pay
Obſervance to the month of merry May:

Forth in his fiery ſteed betimes he rode,
That ſcarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At eaſe he ſeem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horſe's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland ſought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face againſt the riſing day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, ſweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy ſhort reign is paſt, the feveriſh ſun
The ſultry tropic fears, and moves more ſlowly on.
So may thy tender bloſſoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou ſhalt guide my wandering feet to find
The fragrant greens I ſeek my brows to bind.

His vows addreſs'd, within the grove he ſtray'd,
Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His ſteps where ſecret Palamon was laid.

Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight,
In breaks and brambles hid, and ſhunning mortal fight:
And leſs he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been ſaid of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wiſe are ever on their guard,
For, unforeſeen, they ſay, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himſelf alone,
And leſs than all ſuſpected Palamon,
Who liſtening heard him, while he ſearch'd the grove,
And loudly ſung his roundelay of love:
But on the ſudden ſtopp'd; and ſilent ſtood,
As lovers often muſe, and change their mood;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And ſeldom ſhall we ſee a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having ſung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his boſom drew
A deſperate ſigh, accuſing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Curs'd be the day when firſt I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the kalendar.
Leſt it pollute the month, and poiſon all the year.
Still will the jealous Queen purſue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceaſes not her hate; for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I ſuffer for my blood: unjuſt decree!
That puniſhes another's crime in me.
In mean eſtate I ſerve my mortal foe,
The man who cauſ'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my ſhame,
Has forc'd me to forſake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philoſtratus I am.
That ſide of heaven is all my enemy:
Mars' ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Beſides myſelf, th' unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theſeus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet theſe, and all the reſt, I could endure;
But Love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hiſſes at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate purſue;
I ſuffer for the reſt, I die for you.
Of ſuch a Goddeſs no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where ſhe was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my ſufferings, if you knew my pain.

At this a ſickly qualm his heart aſſail'd,
His ears rung inward, and his ſenſes fail'd.
No word miſs'd Palamon of all he ſpoke,
But ſoon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a ſmart,
As if cold ſteel had glided through his heart;
No longer ſtaid, but ſtarting from his place,
Diſcover'd ſtood, and ſhew'd his hoſtile face:
Falſe traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy ſacred oath to ſeek my good,
Now art thou found forſworn, for Emily;
And dar'ſt attempt her love, for whom I die.
So haſt thou cheated Theſeus with a wile,
Againſt thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name, as falſe to me,
So falſe thou art to him who ſet thee free:
But reſt aſſur'd, that either thou ſhalt die,
Or elſe renounce thy claim in Emily:
For, though unarm'd I am, and (free'd by chance)
And here without my ſword, or pointed lance:
Hope not, baſe man, unqueſtion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His ſword unſheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now by the Gods who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy laſt, or in this grove
This hand ſhould force thee to renounce thy love.
The ſurety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.
Know I will ſerve the fair in thy deſpight;
But ſince thou art my kinſman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms ſhall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven ſo help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cauſe and quarrel both unknown;
With arms of proof both for myſelf and thee;
Chooſe thou the beſt, and leave the worſt to me.
And, that at better eaſe thou may'ſt abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful ſuſtenance, that thou may'ſt be
A conqueſt better won, and worthy me.
His promiſe Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the firſt he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.

Oh Love! thou ſternly doſt thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowſhip diſdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
Both in deſpair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding and with food ſupply'd;
Then, e'er the day, two ſuits of armour ſought,
Which borne before him on his ſteed he brought:
Both were of ſhining ſteel, and wrought ſo pure,
As might the ſtrokes of two ſuch arms endure.
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So ſtands the Thracian herdſman with his ſpear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him ruſtling in the wood, and ſees
His courſe at diſtance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he muſt fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chilneſs ſeizes every part:
The veins pour back the blood and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dim furlineſs, each arm'd with care
His foe profeſt, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment loſt, at once advance
Againſt each other, arm'd with ſword and lance:
They laſh, they foin, they paſs, they ſtrive to bore
Their corſlets, and the thinneſt parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they ſtood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the ſpot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With riſing briſtles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverſe breaſts with tuſks oblique they wound;
With grunts and groans the foreſt rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting muſt abide,
'Till Fate an umpire ſends their difference to decide.
The power that miniſters to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what heaven foreſees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And ſome one day, ſome wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For ſure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foreſight neceſſitate the will.
In Theſeus this appears; whoſe youthful joy
Was beaſts of chace in foreſts to deſtroy,
This gentle knight, inſpir'd by jolly May,
Forſook his eaſy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds purſued his way.
Beſide him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, ſo now
He ſerves the goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
The way that Theſeus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle ſtood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouſe the prey,
That ſhaded by the fern in harbour lay:
And, thence diſlodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and croſs the cryſtal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the ſun,
He ſaw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightening flam'd their faulchions to and fro,
And ſhot a dreadful gleam; ſo ſtrong they ſtrook,
There ſeem'd leſs force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Reſolv'd to learn, he ſpurr'd his fiery ſteed
With goring rowels to provoke his ſpeed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So ſoon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his ſword unſheath'd, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to ceaſe their ſtrife:
Then with imperious tone purſues his threat;
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride preſume againſt my laws,
As in a lifted field to fight your cauſe?
Unmaſk'd the royal grant; no marſhal by,
As knightly require; nor judge to try?
Then Palamon, with ſcarce recover'd breath,
Thus haſty ſpoke: We both deſerve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair ſo wretched is not to be found,
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to ſet th' impriſon'd ſoul at large.
Now, as thou art a ſovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.
Me firſt, O kill me firſt, and cure my woe;
Then ſheath the ſword of juſtice on my foe:
Or kill him firſt; for when his name is heard,
He foremoſt will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty beſtow;
But firſt contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit; ſee return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour ſcorn'd.
For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd ſervice, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philoſtratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor truſted, and in high degree,
Aſpiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myſelf th' unhappy Palamon.

Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain;
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe;
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her sake and in her fight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.
To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd, In owning your offence,
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid:
And thus among themselves they softly said:
What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide streaming wounds; they neither came
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cause.
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king, implor'd th' offenders grace.
He paus'd a while, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th' impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt
And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence.
Offence! Of what? to whom? who judg'd the cause?
The prisoner freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he fought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries;
Which mov'd compassion more, he shook his head,
And softly sighing to himself he said:
Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent, and proud:
At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled;
Then thus aloud he spoke: The power of love,
In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a God:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd; so well they know,
'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.
See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their pains;
For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, Love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the God can human hearts constrain.
To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right,
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd;
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to destiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love?
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;

But on the day when this returning ſun
To the ſame point through every ſign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights ſhall bring,
In royal liſts, to fight before the king;
And then the knight, whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms ſo far inequal fight,
From out the bars to force his oppoſite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love ſhall gain;
The vanquiſh'd party ſhall their claim releaſe,
And the long jars conclude in laſting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the choſen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions ſo renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And heaven of me ſo judge as I ſhall judge aright.
If both are ſatisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my ſword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And raviſh'd Arcite ſeems to touch the ſky;
The whole aſſembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bleſs the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his laſt commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inſpiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls purſue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd on our hiſtorian's part,
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vaſt magnificence
Of royal Theſeus, and his large expence.
He firſt inclos'd for liſts a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was ſunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees; to ſixty paces rear'd:
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to ſee.
Eaſtward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the weſtern oppoſite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never ſaw; nor of ſo vaſt a ſpace:
For, rich with ſpoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artiſts Theſeus could command;
Who ſold for hire, or wrought for better fame;
The maſter-painters and the carvers came.
So roſe within the compaſs of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eaſtern gate was rais'd above
A temple, ſacred to the queen of love;
An altar ſtood below: on either hand
A prieſt with roſes crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was incloſ'd,
Within the wall of alabaſter white,
And crimſon coral for the queen of night,
Who takes in ſylvan ſports her chaſte delight.
Within theſe oratories might you ſee
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery;
Where every figure to the life expreſt
The godhead's power to whom it was addreſs'd.
In Venus' temple on the ſides were ſeen
The broken ſlumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers that even ſpoke, and pity ſeem'd to call,
And iſſuing ſighs that ſmok'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot deſires, the lover's hell,
And ſcalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties,
Of love's aſſurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in luſt, conclude in perjuries,
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And ſpritely hope, and ſhort-enduring joy;
And ſorceries to raiſe th' infernal powers,
And ſigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motely hue, and dark deſpair;
Suſpicions, and fantaſtical ſurmiſe,
And jealouſy ſuffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Diſcolouring all ſhe view'd, in tawny dreſs'd;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fiſt.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other ſide advance
The coſtly feaſt, the carol, and the dance,
Minſtrels, and muſic, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All theſe were painted on the wall, and more:
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus was in colours drawn:
Before the palace gate, in careleſs dreſs,
And looſe array, ſat portreſs Idleneſs:
There, by the fount, Narciſſus pin'd alone;
There Samſon was, with wiſer Solomon,
And all the mighty names by Love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feaſts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beaſts,
Here might be ſeen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And proweſs, to the power of love ſubmit:
The ſpreading ſnare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The Goddeſs' ſelf ſome noble hand had wrought;
Smiling ſhe ſeem'd, and full of pleaſing thought:
From ocean as ſhe firſt began to riſe,
And ſmooth'd the ruffled ſeas and clear'd the ſkies;
She trod the brine all bare below the breaſt,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the reſt;
A lute ſhe held, and on her head was ſeen
A wreath of roſes red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother, ſtood an infant Love,
With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly ſtore.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the ſides were ſpread;
This temple, leſs in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the firſt in Thrace:

For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And ſovereign manſion of the warrior god.
The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare;
Where neither beaſt, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that ſcent afar, the borders fly,
And ſhun the bitter blaſt, and wheel about the ſky.
A cake of ſcurf, lies baking on the ground,
And prickly ſtubs, inſtead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old:
Headleſs the moſt, and hideons to behold:
A rattling tempeſt through the branches went,
That ſtripp'd them bare, and one ſole way they bent.
Heaven froze above, ſevere, the clouds congeal,
And through the cryſtal vault appear'd the ſtanding hail,
Such was the face without; a mountain ſtood
Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the lowring brow, and on a bent,
The temple ſtood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burniſh'd ſteel, that caſt a glare
From far, and ſeem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A ſtrait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls; and horror over head:
Thence iſſu'd ſuch a blaſt, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door, a northern light there ſhone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none,
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himſelf, from Indian quarries came,
The labour of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it ſtrong.
A ton about was every pillar there;
A poliſh'd mirror ſhone not half ſo clear.
There ſaw I how the ſecret felon wrought
And treaſon labouring in the traitor's thought:
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next ſtood hypocriſy, with holy leer;
Soft ſmiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' aſſaſſinating wife, the houſehold fiend;
And far the blackeſt there, the traitor-friend.
On t' other ſide there ſtood deſtruction bare;
Unpuniſh'd rapine, and a waſte of war.
Conteſt, with ſharpen'd knives, in cloiſters drawn,
And all with blood beſpread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul diſgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language baſe;
Till ſenſe was loſt in ſound, and ſilence fled the place.
The ſlayer of himſelf yet ſaw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul away.
In midſt of all the dome, misfortune ſate,
And gloomy diſcontent, and fell debate,
And madneſs laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd complaint on theft; and cries of blood.

There was the murder'd corpſe, in covert laid,
And violent death in thouſand ſhapes diſplay'd:
The city to the ſoldier's rage reſign'd:
Succeſsleſs wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky ſhores,
And the raſh hunter ſtrangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurſes overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made,
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and ſteel;
The gaſping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd houſe that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
The whole diviſion that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in ſteel for gains,
Were there, the butcher, armourer, and ſmith,
Who forges ſharpen'd faulchions, or the ſcythe.
The ſcarlet conqueſt on a tower was plac'd,
With ſhouts, and ſoldiers acclamations grac'd:
A pointed ſword hung threatening o'er his head.
Suſtain'd but by a ſlender twine of thread.
There ſaw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
The ſeer in vain foretelling Cæſar's fall;
The laſt triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who loſt the world for love.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted e'er the men were born,
All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red ſtar, in his revolving courſe.
The form of Mars high on a chariot ſtood,
All ſheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God:
Two geomantic figures were diſplay'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tir'd with deformities of death, I haſte
To the third temple of Diana chaſte.
A ſylvan ſcene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the ſides, and on the midſt a lawn:
The ſilver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Purſu'd the flying deer, the woods with horns reſound:
Caliſto there ſtood manifeſt of ſhame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern ſtar became:
Her ſon was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the ſecond place:
The ſtag Actæon in the ſtream had ſpy'd
The naked huntreſs, and, for ſeeing dy'd:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, purſue
The chace, and their miſtaken maſter ſlew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to ſee,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' aſſembled Greeks expreſs'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beaſt.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor ſhewn,
The murdreſs mother; and conſuming ſon;
The Volſcian queen extended on the plain;
The treaſon puniſh'd, and the traitor ſlain.
The reſt were various huntings, well deſign'd,
And ſavage beaſts deſtroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddeſs was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles ſeen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.

Her legs were buſkin'd, and the left before;
In act to ſhoot, a ſilver bow ſhe bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a wexing moon, that ſoon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
With downcaſt eyes, as ſeeming to ſurvey
The dark dominions, her alternate ſway.
Before her ſtood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to diſcloſe.
All the painter drew with ſuch command,
That Nature ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Aſham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theſeus beheld the fanes of every God,
And thought his mighty coſt was well beſtow'd.
So princes now their poets ſhould regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the liſts incloſ'd,
And all with vaſt magnificence diſpos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haſte to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to ſing.

PALAMON AND ARCITE;

OR,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

The day approach'd when Fortune ſhould decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had ſought,
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And ſend the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army ſeem'd alone:
Beſide the champions: all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the liſts, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor ſeems it ſtrange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In ſuch a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not ſcarce a man on Britiſh ground
(An iſle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have ſold his life to purchaſe fame,
To Palamon or Arcite ſent his name:
And had the land ſelected of the beſt,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the reſt.

A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were ſeveral, as their nations were,
But furniſh'd all alike with ſword and ſpear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating ſcale;
And next their ſkins were ſtubborn ſhirts of mail.
Some wore a breaſt-plate and a light juppon,
Their horſes cloth'd with rich capariſon:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers uſe,
Of folded hides; and other ſhields of pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his ſaddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to ſhun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of ſteel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a ſleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon above the reſt in place,
Lycurgus came, the furly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:

He look'd a lion with a gloomy ſtare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with ſinews ſtrong,
Broad-ſhoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian uſe of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burniſh'd gold.
Upright he ſtood, and bore aloft his ſhield,
Conſpicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His ſurcoat was a bear-ſkin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and gloſſy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With ſparkling diamonds and with rubies ſet:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, ſnowy fair,
And tall as ſtags, ran looſe, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the ſame their necks furround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with ſtrong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courſer, goodly to behold [gold.
The trappings of his horſe adorn'd with barbarous
Not Mars beſtrode a ſteed with greater grace;
His ſurcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His ſaddle was of gold, with emerald ſet.
His ſhoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and ſparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, [ſun,
With graceful negligence, and ſhone againſt the
His noſe was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and freſh and fair his hue:
Some ſprinkled freckles on his face were ſeen,
Whoſe duſk ſet off the whiteneſs of the ſkin:
His awful preſence did the crowd ſurprize,
Nor durſt the raſh ſpectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confeſs'd him born for kingly ſway,
So fierce, they flaſh'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And juſt began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he ſpoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a ſilver ſound,
A laurel wreath'd his temples, freſh and green;
And myrtle ſprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his fiſt he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war.
All arm'd for battle; ſave their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every ſhield,
And pleaſing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might ſee,
Like ſparkling ſtars, though different in degree,
All for th' increaſe of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beaſts in gambols friſk'd before the honeſt god.
In this array the war of either ſide
Through Athens paſs'd with military pride.

At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tapeſtry ſpread the ſtreets, and flowers the poſts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feaſts;
So Theſeus will'd, in honour of his gueſts;
Himſelf with open arms the king embrac'd,
Then all the reſt in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For every houſe was proud to lodge a knight.
I paſs the royal treat, nor muſt relate
The gifts beſtow'd, nor how the champions ſate:
Who firſt, or laſt, or how the knights addreſs'd
Their vows, or who was faireſt at the feaſt;
Whoſe voice, whoſe graceful dance did moſt ſurpriſe;
Soft amorous ſighs, and ſilent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muſe another way,
To ſing their vigils for th' enſuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkneſs, paſt the noon of night:
And phoſpher, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the ſun, e'er day began to ſpring;
The tuneful lark already ſtretch'd her wing,
And, flickering on her neſt, made ſhort eſſays to ſing.
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal liſts, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own houſe, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her ſhrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.
Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliſs of men below, and Gods above!
Beneath the gliding ſun thou runn'ſt thy race,
Doſt faireſt ſhine, and beſt become thy place.
For thee the winds their eaſtern blaſts forbear,
Thy month reveals the ſpring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee the ſtorms of winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with flowers renewing, laughs the ſky, [apply.
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes
For thee the lion loaths the taſte of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood:
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the ſtream, and ſnuff their abſent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleaſant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'ſt the world, and doſt the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increaſe of Jove, companion of the ſun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, Goddeſs, for thou know'ſt the ſmart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my ſorrow, would be ſome relief;
Light ſufferings give us leiſure to complain;
We groan, but cannot ſpeak, in greater pain.
O Goddeſs, tell thyſelf what I would ſay,
Thou know'ſt it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my ſuit, as I enforce my might;
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;
A ſervant to thy ſex, a ſlave to thee,
A foe profeſt to barren chaſtity.

Nor aſk I fame or honour of the field,
Nor chooſe I more to vanquiſh than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me bleſt,
Let fate, or partial chance, diſpoſe the reſt:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;
Poſſeſſion, more than conqueſt, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With ſmiling aſpect you ſerenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The fates but only ſpin the coarſer clue,
The fineſt of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one ſmall portion of the twine,
And let the ſiſters cut below your line:
The reſt among the rubbiſh may they ſweep,
Or add it to the yarn of ſome old miſer's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wiſh, I grant, beyond mortality,)
Then let me ſink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And, I once dead, let him poſſeſs her charms.
Thus ended he; then, with obſervance due,
The ſacred incenſe on her altar threw:
The curling ſmoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious Goddeſs gave the ſign,
Her ſtatue ſhook, and trembled all the ſhrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, ſince the flames purſued the trailing ſmoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To diſtance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.

Now morn with roſy light had ſtreak'd the ſky.
Up roſe the ſun, and up roſe Emily;
Addreſs'd her early ſteps to Cynthia's fane,
In ſtate attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the veſts that holy rites require,
Incenſe, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleaſant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught beſides in honour of the moon.
Now while the temple ſmoak'd with hallow'd ſteam,
They waſh the virgin in a living ſtream;
The ſecret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal:
But ſuch they were as Pagan uſe requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whoſe eyes profane their chaſte myſterious rites
Might turn to Scandal, or obſcene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the reſt,
Things ſacred they pervert, and ſilence is the beſt.
Her ſhining hair, uncomb'd, was looſely ſpread,
A crown of maſtleſs oak adorn'd her head:
When to the ſhrine approach'd, the ſpotleſs maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid
(The rites were ſuch as were obſerv'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban ſtory told).
Then kneeling with her hands acroſs her breaſt,
Thus lowly ſhe preferr'd her chaſte requeſt.

O Goddeſs, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heaven and earth and ſeas are ſeen;
Queen of the nether ſkies, where half the year
Thy ſilver beams deſcend, and light the gloomy ſphere;
Goddeſs of maids, and conſcious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted iſſue felt,
When hiſſing through the ſkies the feather'd deaths were dealt;
As I deſire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votreſs from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and ſylvan game.
Like death, thou know'ſt, I loath the nuptial ſtate,
And man, the tyrant of our ſex, I hate,
A lowly ſervant, but a lofty mate:
Where love is duty on the female ſide;
On their's mere ſenſual guſt, and fought with ſurly pride,
Now by the triple ſhape, as thou art ſeen
In heaven, earth, hell, and every where a queen,
Grant this my firſt deſire; let diſcord ceaſe,
And make betwixt the rivals laſting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on ſome other love:
Or, if my frowning ſtars have ſo decreed,
That one muſt be rejected, one ſucceed,
Make him my lord, within whoſe faithful breaſt
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me beſt.
But, oh! ev'n that avert! I chooſe it not,
But take it as the leaſt unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh, let me ſtill that ſpotleſs name retain!
Frequent the foreſts, thy chaſte will obey,
And only make the beaſts of chace my prey!

The flames aſcend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameleſs maid addreſs'd her prayer.
When lo! the burning fire that ſhone ſo bright,
Flew off, all ſudden, with extinguiſh'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little ſpace;
Which turn'd ſelf-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;
The other victor-flame a moment ſtood,
Then fell, and lifeleſs left th' extinguiſh'd wood;
For ever loſt, th' irrevocable light
Forſook the blackening coals, and ſunk to night:
At either end it whiſtled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, ſo dropp'd the dew;
Infected as it fell with ſweat of ſanguine hue.

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud ſhrieks and clamours rent the ſkies,
Nor knew what ſignify'd the boding ſign,
But found the powers diſpleas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.

Then ſhook the ſacred ſhrine, and ſudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.

The power, behold! the power in glory ſhone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The reſt, a huntreſs iſſuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel ſpear ſhe ſtood.
Then gracious thus began: Diſmiſs thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More powerful Gods have torn thee from my ſide,
Unwilling to reſign, and doom'd a bride;

The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreshews the love allotted to remain:
Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood,
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:
But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd;
Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid.
Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with Pagan rites the power armipotent:
Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray:
Strong God of Arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most; but every where thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong:
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have atchiev'd deserve thy care:
If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has softned into love:
Now by her blandishments and powerful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net inthrall'd;
O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And I make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade:
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Endued by force, I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous heart,
Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be hung:
Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' atchievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be sat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood:
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine:
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest.
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the God,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.
These vows thus granted, rais'd a strife above,
Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love.
She granting first, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught
To please both parties, for ill ends, he fought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God:

Ceaſe, daughter, to complain, and ſtint the ſtrife;
Thy Palamon ſhall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conqueſt, in the fight
With palm and laurel ſhall adorn his knight.
Wide is my courſe, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I preſs th' etherial plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains,
Mine is the ſhipwreck, in a watery ſign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold ſhivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blaſting winds, and poiſon'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, reſulting from deſpair.
The throtling quinſey 'tis my ſtar appoints,
And rheumatiſms aſcend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel againſt their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furniſh the pretence;
And, houſing in the lion's hateful ſign,
Bought ſenates and deſerting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poiſoning; I command
Unkindly ſeaſons, and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are puſh'd to ground,
And miners cruſh'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I ſlew Samſon, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and cruſh'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of peſtilence,
That ſweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but truſt thy grandſire's art,
Mars ſhall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men ſhould war.
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither loſt his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and ſing the war.

In Athens all was pleaſure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the ſpring, and ſprightly May:
Which every ſoul inſpir'd with ſuch delight,
'Twas jeſting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven ſmil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it firſt began.
At length in ſleep their bodies they compoſe,
And dreamt the future fight, and early roſe.

Now ſcarce the dawning day began to ſpring,
As at a ſignal given, the ſtreets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd aroſe; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the heaven was heard a ſhouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the ſky.
The Gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their ſights, and leaning from their ſtars.
The neighing of the generous horſe was heard,
For battle by the buſy groom prepar'd,
Ruſtling of harneſs, rattling of the ſhield,
Clattering of armour, furbiſh'd for the field.
Crowds to the caſtle mounted up the ſtreet,
Battering the pavement with their courſers' feet:
The greedy ſight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And poliſh'd ſteel that caſt the view aſide,
And creſted morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their ſquires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the ſhining buckler did advance.
The courſer paw'd the ground with reſtleſs feet,
And ſnorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The ſmiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their ſide,
And nails for looſen'd ſpears, and thongs for ſhields provide.
The yeomen guard the ſtreets, in ſeemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the ſign to ſound the martial blaſt;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the laſt comers bear the former to the ſides.
The throng is in the midſt: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they ſtand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aſpect, earneſt in their talk:
Factious, and favouring this or t' other ſide,
As their ſtrong fancy or weak reaſon guide:
Their wagers back their wiſhes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, ſuch rays they caſt,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But moſt their looks on the black monarch bend,
His riſing muſcles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beamy ſpear,
Each aſking a gigantic force to rear.
All ſpoke as partial favour mov'd the mind:
And, ſafe themſelves, at others' coſt divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief aroſe,
The knightly forms of combat to diſpoſe;
And paſſing through th' obſequious guards, he ſate
Conſpicuous on a throne, ſublime in ſtate;
There, for the two contending knights he ſent;
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent;
He ſmil'd on both, and with ſuperior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people preſs on every ſide, to ſee
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then ſigning to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty ſtand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms beſpeaks the knights and liſtening crowd.

Our ſovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to ſpare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his firſt ſevere decree!
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death ſhould terminate their ſtrife;
And wounds, if wounds enſue, be ſhort of life:
But iſſues, e'er the fight, his dread command,
That ſlings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be baniſh'd from the field; that none ſhall dare
With ſhortned ſword to ſtab in cloſer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly ſtrength,
Nor puſh with biting point, but ſtrike at length.

The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their way.
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread;
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arriv'd e'er prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling East and West, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd,
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron God.
At that self-moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising-sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From East to West, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature fix'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take,
Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Courscrs with courscrs justling, men with men:
As labouring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering faulchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hewd with many a wound: [ground.
Out spins the streaming blood, and dies the
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And floundering throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other side.
By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their faulchions bite, that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tyger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.

Each claims poſſeſſion, neither will obey,
But both their paws are faſten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they ſtrive,
The ſwains come arm'd between, and both to
diſtance drive.
At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By courſe of time to their appointed end;
So when the ſun to Weſt was far declin'd,
And both afreſh in mortal battle join'd,
The ſtrong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning ſhort, he ſtruck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he ſtagger'd with the
blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with ſuch force he ſtruck, he fell'd him
down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once ſurround the ſingle knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the
ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worſe than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conqueſt, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from firſt to laſt,
Bad ceaſe the war: pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The ſound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal liſts the heralds cry'd,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.
The people rend the ſkies with vaſt applauſe;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cauſe.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,
And conquering Mars inſults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's uſurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the ſtanding army of the ſky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the liſts diſtill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman moſt,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cauſe of Love
is loſt.
Till Saturn ſaid, Fair daughter, now be ſtill,
The bluſtering fool has ſatisfy'd his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But loſt the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care ſhall be
To pleaſe thy knight, and ſet thy promiſe free.
Now while the heralds run the liſts around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth reſound;
A miracle (nor leſs it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected ſorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aſide,
Part for his eaſe, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the ſalutations of the crowd.
Then ſpurring at full ſpeed, ran endlong on
Where Theſeus ſate on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward caſt his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily;
Then paſſing to the ſaddle-bow he bent:
A ſweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For women, to the brave an eaſy prey,
Still follow Fortune where ſhe leads the way):
Juſt then, from earth ſprung out a flaſhing fire,
By Pluto ſent, at Saturn's bad deſire:
The ſtartling ſteed was ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel caſt the knight;
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his countenance in a little ſpace,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the
ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with ſymptoms of his death.
The ſaddle-bow the noble parts had preſt,
All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breaſt.
Him ſtill entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd,
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he firſt pronounc'd was Emily.
Mean time the king, though inwardly he
mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd.
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd).
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior-train,
Though moſt were ſorely wounded, none were
ſlain.
The ſurgeons ſoon deſpoil'd them of their arms,
And ſome with ſalves they cure, and ſome with
charms;
Foment the bruiſes, and the pains aſſuage,
And heal their inward hurts with ſovereign
draughts of ſage.
The king in perſon viſits all around,
Comforts the ſick, congratulates the ſound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the reſt,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feaſt.
None was diſgrac'd; for falling is no ſhame;
And cowardice alone is loſs of fame.
The venturous knight is from the ſaddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own,
If crowds and palms the conquering ſide adorn.
The victor under better ſtars was born:
The brave man ſeeks not popular applauſe,
Nor over-power'd with arms deſerts his cauſe;
Unſham'd, though foil'd, he does the beſt he
can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theſeus ſmil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was ſet according to his place.
With eaſe were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd;
Well pleas'd, and to their ſeveral homes retir'd.

Meanwhile the health of Arcite ſtill impairs;
From bad proceeds to worſe, and mocks the leeches cares;
Swoln is his breaſt; his inward pains increaſe,
All means are us'd, and all without ſucceſs.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in ſpite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mold of nature's fabric is deſtroy'd,
Her veſſels diſcompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begin to ſwell:
All out of frame is every ſecret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Thoſe breathing organs thus within oppreſt,
With venom ſoon diſten'd the ſinews of his breaſt.
Nought profits him to ſave abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmoſt region batter'd and deſtroy'd,
When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.
For phyſic can but mend our crazy ſtate,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Muſt leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, againſt right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was paſt,
Conſcience (that of all phyſic works the laſt)
Caus'd him to ſend for Emily in haſte.
With her, at his deſire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
No language can expreſs the ſmalleſt part
Of what I feel, and ſuffer in my heart,
For you, whom beſt I love and value moſt;
But to your ſervice I bequeath my ghoſt;
Which from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unſeen, unheard, ſhall hover at your ſide;
Nor fright you waking, nor your ſleep offend,
But wait officious, and your ſteps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuſe my faltering tongue,
My ſpirits feeble, and my pains are ſtrong:
This I may ſay, I only grieve to die
Becauſe I loſe my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not chooſe a more malicious hour!
What greater curſe could envious fortune give,
Than juſt to die, when I began to love!
Vain men, how vaniſhing a bliſs we crave,
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to ſee the ſun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and ſtill alone!
This fate is common; but I loſe my breath
Near bliſs, and yet not bleſs'd before my death.
Farewel; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death reſign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me ſpeak my laſt,
Ah! my ſweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the ſenſe of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, ſhould heaven my life prolong,
I ſhould return to juſtify my wrong;
For, while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to ſin.
With mortal hatred I purſued his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the ſtrife:
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind;
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For ſtill our kindered ſouls had one deſire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I ſeen firſt, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and juſtify'd his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deſerving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for nobler blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with ſuch an holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire;
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but your's could our's divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long ſuffering, and my ſhort command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.
This was his laſt; for death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the ſeat of life he goes:
Senſe fled before him, what he touch'd he froze;
Yet could he not his cloſing eyes withdraw,
Though leſs and leſs of Emily he ſaw;
So, ſpeechleſs, for a little ſpace he lay;
Then graſp'd the hand he held, and ſigh'd his ſoul away.
But whither went his ſoul, let ſuch relate
Who ſearch the ſecrets of the future ſtate:
Divines can ſay but what themſelves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonſtrative:
For, were all plain, then all ſides muſt agree,
And faith itſelf be loſt in certainty.
To live uprightly then is ſure the beſt,
To ſave ourſelves, and not to damn the reſt.
The ſoul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though leſs they know.
In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent he wept, aſham'd to ſhew his tears:
Emilia ſhriek'd but once, and then, oppreſs'd
With ſorrow, ſunk upon her lover's breaſt:
Till Theſeus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from ſo ſad a ſight, the ſwooning fair.
'Twere loſs of time her ſorrow to relate;
Ill bears the ſex a youthful lover's fate,
When juſt approaching to the nuptial ſtate.
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains ſo faſt,
That all at once it falls, and cannot laſt.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd ſo late, becomes the ſcene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both ſexes, every ſtate,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was ſeen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with duſt deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breaſts, their cheeks they tare.
Why would'ſt thou go, with one conſent thy cry,
When thou hadſt gold enough, and Emily,

Theſeus himſelf, who ſhould have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the ſame relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his ſon,
Who various changes of the world had known,
And ſtrange viciſſitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a ſteady ſtate;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate, like the ſcenes of day and night;
Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world 's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worſe or better, mount the throne.
With worlds like theſe the crowd was ſatisfy'd,
And ſo they would have been, had Theſeus dy'd.
But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead deſign'd.
And, after long debate, at laſt he found
(As love itſelf had mark'd the ſpot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conſcious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he ſed his amorous deſires
With ſoft complaints, and felt his hotteſt fires,
There other flames might waſte his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.
This once reſolv'd, the peaſants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With ſounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, ſplit, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeleſs body ſhould be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpſe of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle ſpread.
A ſword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly viſage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; even in death ſevere.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in ſolemn ſtate, a public ſight.
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaffected ſorrow ſat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the reſt appears,
In ſable garments, dew'd with guſhing tears:
His auburn locks on either ſhoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his ſide,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obſequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The ſteed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with poliſh'd ſteel, all ſhining bright,
And cover'd with th' atchievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreaſt, and one his ſhield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The coſtly quiver, all of burniſh'd gold.
The nobleſt of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their ſhoulders bore the bier;
With ſober pace they march'd, and often ſtaid,
And through the maſter-ſtreet the corps convey'd.
The houſes to their tops with black were ſpread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right ſide of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theſeus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinſman of the ſlain,
And after him appear'd th' illuſtrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the ſervice made,
And all the rites of pagan honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, muſt ſend the ſhaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling ſtraw beneath in due proportion ſtrow'd.
The fabric ſeem'd a wood of riſing green,
With ſulphur and bitumen caſt between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctious fir,
And mountain aſh, the mother of the ſpear;
The mourner yew and builder oak were there:
The beech, the ſwimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a ſofter grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd, ſhall reſt untold by me,
With nameleſs nymphs that liv'd in every tree;
Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train,
Diſherited, ran howling on the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign ſeats repair'd,
Or beaſts, that bolted out, and ſaw the foreſt bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghaſtly fright
Beheld the ſudden ſun, a ſtranger to the light.
The ſtraw, as firſt I ſaid, was laid below;
Of chips and ſere-wood was the ſecond row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high ſtage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious ſtones, and rich array;
In midſt of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The ſervice ſung, the maid with mourning eyes
The ſtubble fir'd; the ſmouldering flames ariſe:
This office done, ſhe ſunk upon the ground;
But what ſhe ſpoke, recover'd from her ſwoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dreſs;
But by themſelves the tender ſex may gueſs.
While the devouring fire was burning faſt,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy caſt; [threw,
And ſome their ſhields, and ſome their lances
And gave their warrior's ghoſt a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hiſſing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted ſquadrons ride around
The fire; and Arcite's name they thrice reſound;

Hail, and farewel, they ſhouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering ſhields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning light;
Who naked wreſtled beſt, beſmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haſte to my long ſtory's end.
I paſs the reſt; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long ſince to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians' general conſent,
At Athens Theſeus held his parliament:
Among the laws that paſs'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage ſhould be freed;
Reſerving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the ſovereign ſummon'd Palamon,
Unknowing of the cauſe, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and ſtill in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, ſhe came; the ſenate roſe, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And firſt ſoft whiſpers through th' aſſembly went,
With ſilent wonder then they watch th' event:
All huſh'd, the king aroſe with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breaſt, and counſel in his face.
At length he ſigh'd; and, having firſt prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
The cauſe and ſpring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring ſeeds he ſent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain ſtill holds; for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The ſame firſt mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long thoſe periſhable forms ſhall laſt:
Nor can they laſt beyond the time aſſign'd
By that all-ſeeing and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never paſs th' appointed deſtiny.
So men oppreſs'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and ſuborn their death.
Then, ſince thoſe forms begin, and have their end,
On ſome unalter'd cauſe they ſure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life and animating ſoul:
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give;
He perfect, ſtable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beaſts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or leſs of his perfection ſhare.
But by a long deſcent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, ſo they paſs,
And the ſame matter makes another maſs:
This law th' Omniſcient Power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind ſhould by ſucceſſion live:
That individuals die his will ordains;
The propagated ſpecies ſtill remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
ſhoots riſing up, and ſpreads by ſlow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he ſtays,
Supreme in ſtate, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the ſtreet,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie, [dry.
Forſaken of their ſprings; and leave their channels
So man, at firſt a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat,
Secret he ſeeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the ſhell,
And ſtruggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpleſs, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, iſſuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began:
Reckleſs of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and reſtleſs on the throne:
Firſt vegetive, then feels, and reaſons laſt;
Rich of three ſouls, and lives all three to waſte.
Some thus; but thouſands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter ſtage.
Sunk in the firſt, in battle ſome are ſlain,
And others whelm'd beneath the ſtormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whoſe command we periſh, and we ſpring?
Then 'tis our beſt, ſince thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of neceſſity.
Take what he gives, ſince to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well ſuſtain;
And could we chooſe the time, and chooſe aright,
'Tis beſt to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our anceſtors no ſhame,
But ſerv'd our friends, and well ſecur'd our fame;
Then ſhould we wiſh our happy life to cloſe,
And leave no more for fortune to diſpoſe;
So ſhould we make our death a glad relief
From future ſhame, from ſickneſs, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the preſent hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower.
Then round our death-bed every friend ſhould run,
And joyous of our conqueſt early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and with it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why ſhould we mourn, that he ſo ſoon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed?
With grief as juſt, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul priſon to free air reſtor'd.
Ought he to thank kinſmen or his wife,
Could tears recal him into wretched life?
Their ſorrow hurts themſelves; on him is loſt;
And, worſe than both, offends his happy ghoſt.
What then remains, but, after paſt annoy,
To take the good viciſſitude of joy?

To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Poſſeſs our ſouls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then, two ſorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence reſulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propoſe that Palamon ſhall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' aſſent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deſerv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; ſince Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair ſiſter, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your huſband and your lord,
'Tis no diſhonour to confer your grace
On one deſcended from a royal race:
And were he leſs, yet years of ſervice paſt
From grateful ſouls exact reward at laſt:
Pity is Heaven's and your's; nor can ſhe find
A throne ſo ſoft as in a woman's mind.

He ſaid; ſhe bluſh'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might
Seem'd to give Theſeus what ſhe gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban thus he ſaid:
Small arguments are needful to perſuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And ſpeaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conqueſt, though he loſt the fight;
And bleſs'd with nuptial bliſs the ſweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either ſide, [bride;
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
And long-attending Hymen from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life;
No day diſcolour'd with domeſtic ſtrife;
No jealouſy, but mutual truth believ'd.
Secure repoſe, and kindneſs undeceiv'd.
Thus heaven, beyond the compaſs of his thought,
Sent him the bleſſing he ſo dearly bought.
So may the Queen of Love long duty bleſs,
And all true lovers find the ſame ſucceſs.

THE COCK AND THE FOX:

OR,

THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow ſomewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely ſtood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since laſt ſhe laid her huſband in the ground,
A ſimple ſober life, in patience, led,
And had but juſt enough to buy her bread:
But huſwiſing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homeſtead were three ſows,
An ewe call'd Molly, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour window ſtuck with herbs around,
Of ſavoury ſmell; and ruſhes ſtrew'd the ground.
A maple-dreſſer in her hall ſhe had,
On which full many a ſlender meal ſhe made;
For no delicious morſel paſs'd her throat;
According to her cloth ſhe cut her coat:
No poignant ſauce ſhe knew, nor coſtly treat,
Her hunger gave a reliſh to her meat:
A ſparing diet did her health aſſure;
Or, ſick, a pepper poſſet was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work ſhe ſped,
And never went by candle-light to bed;
With exerciſe ſhe ſweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew ſhe what the ſpleen or vapours meant.
Of wine ſhe never taſted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread, and milk (but firſt ſhe ſkim'd her bowls),
And raſhers of ſing'd bacon on the coals.
On holy days, an egg, or two at moſt;
But her ambition never reach'd to roaſt.
A yard ſhe had with pales inclos'd about,
Some high, ſome low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homeſtead, liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So hight her cock, whoſe ſinging did ſurpaſs
The merry notes of organs at the maſs.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And ſooner than the mattin-bell was rung,
He clapt his wings upon his rooſt, and ſung:
For when degrees fifteen aſcended right,
By ſure inſtinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a caſtle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and ſhone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:

White were his nails, like ſilver to behold,
His body glittering like the burniſh'd gold.
This gentle cock, for ſolace of his life,
Six miſſes had, beſides his lawful wife;
Scandal, that ſpares no king, though ne'er ſo good,
Says, they were all of his own fleſh and blood,
His ſiſters both by ſire and mother's ſide;
And ſure their likeneſs ſhew'd them near ally'd.
But make the worſt, the monarch did no more
Than all the Ptolemys had done before;
When inceſt is for intereſt of a nation,
'Tis made no ſin by holy diſpenſation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common uglineſs are known.
But paſſing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the ſovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a-day:
And ſhe, that was not only paſſing fair,
But was withal diſcreet, and debonair,
Reſolv'd the paſſive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had enjoin'd.
Ev'n ſince ſhe was a ſe'nnight old, they ſay,
Was chaſte and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to diſobey.
By this her huſband's heart ſhe did obtain;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his ſide;
If, ſpurning up the ground, he ſprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But, oh! what joy it was to hear him ſing
In ſummer, when the day began to ſpring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
"Solus cum ſola," then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts [ral arts.
Were bred to ſpeak, and ſing, and learn the libe-
It happ'd that, perching on the parlour-beam
Amidſt his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Juſt at the dawn; and ſigh'd, and groan'd ſo faſt,
As every breath he drew would be his laſt.
Dame Partlet, ever neareſt to his ſide,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from Gods and men: and ſore aghaſt
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at laſt.
Dear heart, ſaid ſhe, for love of Heaven, declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, Sir, ever ſince the morning-light,
As ſomething had diſturb'd your noble ſpright.
And madam, well I might, ſaid Chanticleer,
Never was ſhrovetide cock in ſuch a fear,
Ev'n ſtill I run all over in a ſweat,
My princely ſenſes not recover'd yet.
For ſuch a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be ſhent:
It bodes I ſhall have wars and woeful ſtrife,
Or in a loathſome dungeon end my life,
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breaſt,
That in our yard I ſaw a murderous beaſt,
That on my body would have made arreſt,
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black, and much unlike his other hairs:
The reſt, in ſhape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a ſharper ſnout:
Deep in his front were ſunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I ſee him with ſurpriſe.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy ſweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now fy for ſhame, quoth ſhe, by Heaven above,
Thou haſt for ever loſt thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He muſt be bold by day, and free by night:
Our ſex deſires a huſband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wiſe, hardy, ſecret, liberal of his purſe;
A fool is nauſeous, but a coward worſe:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'ſt thou talk of love, and dar'ſt not fight?
How dar'ſt thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd?
Haſt thou no manly heart, and haſt a beard?
If ought from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They ſignify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From riſing fumes of indigeſted food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And ſure, my lord, if I can read aright,
Theſe fooliſh fancies, you have had to-night,
Are certain ſymptoms (in the canting ſtile)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your ſtomach floats,
Engenders all theſe viſionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beaſts, in ſleep we view,
For humours are diſtinguiſh'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And waſps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler aduſt congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toſs us, and black devils tear.
In ſanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppreſs'd we ſink in rivers drown'd.
More I could ſay, but thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wiſe,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preſerve your body ſound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.
I ſhould be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once preſcribe for your diſeaſe,
And ſave long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.
Two ſovereign herbs which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow);
On peril of my ſoul ſhall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy:
You muſt both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the ſun when in a vernal ſign;
For when he mounts exalted in the ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,

Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at leaſt your lot.
Perhaps a fever which the Gods foreſend)
May bring your youth to ſome untimely end:
And therefore, ſir, as you deſire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take juſt three worms, nor under nor above,
Becauſe the Gods unequal numbers love.
Theſe digeſtives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumetery, centaury, and ſpurge,
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat theſe, and be, my lord, of better cheer;
Your father's ſon was never born to fear.
Madam, quoth he, grammercy for your care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may ſpare:
'Tis true, a wiſe and worthy man he ſeems,
And, as you ſay, gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal powers, as wiſe as he,
Maintain, with ſounder ſenſe, that dreams forbode;
For Homer plainly ſays they come from God.
Nor Cato ſaid it: but ſome modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boy's at ſchool.
Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreſhew
Th' events of things, and future weal or woe:
Some truths are not by reaſon to be try'd,
But we have ſure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the beſt,
Relates this tale of dreams among the reſt.
Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On ſome far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd ſo that, when the ſun was down,
They juſt arriv'd by twilight at a town:
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feaſt, and every inn ſo full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground,
And but one ſorrow bed was to be found:
And that ſo little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.
So were they forc'd to part; one ſtay'd behind,
His fellow ſought what lodging he could find:
At laſt he found a ſtall where oxen ſtood,
And that he rather choſe than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his eaſe, well litter'd was the floor.
His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker ſlept:
Supine he ſnor'd; but in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his ſight,
Who, with his ghaſtly look and doleful cry,
Said, Help me, brother, or this night I die:
Ariſe and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's ſtall I ſhall be ſlain.
Rous'd from his reſt, he waken'd in a ſtart,
Shivering with horror, and with aking heart;
At length to cure himſelf by reaſon tries;
'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
So thinking, chang'd his ſide, and cloſ'd his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again:
The murderers come, now help, or I am ſlain:
'Twas but a viſion ſtill, and viſions are but vain.
He dreamt the third: but now his friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'ſt with wounds, with blood beſmear'd:
Thrice warn'd, awake, ſaid he, relief is late,
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
Tardy of aid, unſeal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day ariſe:
Take to the weſtern gate thy ready way,
For by that paſſage they my corpſe convey:
My corpſe is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth and ordure, and inclos'd with dung:
That cart arreſt, and raiſe a common cry;
For ſacred hunger of my gold, I die:
Then ſhew'd his grieſly wound: and laſt he drew
A piteous ſigh, and took a long adieu.
The frighted friend aroſe by break of day,
And found the ſtall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious hoſt inquiring more,
Was anſwer'd that his gueſt was gone before:
Muttering, he went, ſaid he, by morning light,
And much complain'd of his ill reſt by night.
This rais'd ſuſpicion in the pilgrim's mind;
Becauſe all hoſts are of an evil kind;
And oft to ſhare the ſpoils with robbers join'd.
His dream confirm'd his thought: with troubled look
Straight to the weſtern gate his way he took;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carry'd compoſt forth to dung the ground.
This when the pilgrim ſaw, he ſtretch'd his throat,
And cry'd out *murder* with a yelling note.
My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and juſtice on the villain's head.
Ye magiſtrates, who ſacred laws diſpenſe,
On you I call, to puniſh this offence.
The word thus given, within a little ſpace,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place.
All in a trice they caſt the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found;
Though breathleſs, warm, and reeking from the wound.
Good heaven, whoſe darling attribute we find
Is boundleſs grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel; and the deeds of night
By wonderous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may paſs unpuniſh'd for a time,
But tardy juſtice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a ſpeedier pain the guilty feels:
The hue and cry of heaven purſues him at the heels,
Freſh from the fact, as in the preſent caſe,
The criminals are ſeiz'd upon the place:
Carter and hoſt confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they diſtend their tortur'd joints:
So was confeſſion forc'd, th' offence was known,
And public juſtice on th' offenders done.
Here may you ſee that viſions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induc'd in partnerſhip to croſs the main;

Waiting till willing winds their fails supply'd,
Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side,
One evening it befel, that looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come about:
Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the gale
Till morn continued, both resolv'd to sail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man he thought stood frowning at his side:
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And death unhop'd attends the watery way.
The vision said: and vanish'd from his sight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drewsy neighbour, and declar'd
What in his slumber he had seen and heard,
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
Stay, who will stay; for me no fears restrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of coblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truth's receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day;
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.
Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on every sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she went:
Her fellow ships from far her loss descry'd;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.
By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.
Kenelm the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn'd in a dream his murder did foretel
From point to point as after it befel;
All circumstances to his nurse he told
(A wonder from a child of seven years old);
The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
From treason counsel'd him to guard his life;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd:
By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede,
Which at your better leisure you may read.
Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event:
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds, that dreams are often prophesies.
Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wonderous dream repeat.
Nor less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream enslav'd th' Egyptian land,
The years of plenty and of death foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.
Nor must th' exalted butler be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot.
And did not Crœsus the same death foresee,
Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree?
The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he dy'd;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain:
He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.
Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well man sick:
Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good,
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all;
With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bless, as when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye.
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as "in principio,
"Mulier est hominis confusio."
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
For when by night I feel your tender side,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,

Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind;
And ev'n already I forget my dream:
He said, and downward flew from off the beam,
For day-light now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As shew'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found,
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times e'er prime of day:
And took by turns, and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground.
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call,
'Twas now the month in which the world began
(If March beheld the first created man):
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd right;
And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame:
Our dame sits couring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire:
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his master-piece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bless to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wife, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves, that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true I undertake
As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the lake:
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.
A fox full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he could;
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring wood:
And musing long whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
Then sculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy;
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemaign!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower:
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill:
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been:
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blasphemer man
Say worse ev'n of the devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal Power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed.
I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that, foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work, in prospect of the shore;
But would not work at all if not constrain'd before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point's too high for me;

For heaven's unfathom'd power what man can found,
Or put to his Omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the ſoul, and that muſt be,
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to ſin,
I wave, for fear of ſplitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a miſchief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counſel brought us firſt to woe,
And made her man his paradiſe forego,
Where at heart's eaſe he liv'd; and might have been
As free from ſorrow as he was from ſin.
For what the devil, had their ſex to do,
That, born to follow, they preſum'd to know,
And could not ſee the ſerpent in the graſs?
But I myſelf preſume, and let it paſs.
Silence in times of ſuffering is the beſt,
'Tis dangerous to diſturb an hornet's neſt.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they ſay of dames is idle ſtuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The wife of Bath would throw them to the ground;
Theſe are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their ſex divine.
Now to continue what my tale begun;
Lay madam Partlet baſking in the ſun,
Breaſt-high in ſand: her ſiſters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below,
The cock, that of his fleſh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the ſea:
And ſo befel, that as he caſt his eye,
Among the coleworts on a butterfly,
He ſaw falſe Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not ſwear he had no liſt to crow:
But cry'd, cock, cock, and gave a ſudden ſtart,
As ſore diſmay'd and frighted at his heart;
For birds and beaſts, inform'd by nature, know
Kinds oppoſite to theirs, and fly their foe,
So Chanticleer, who never ſaw a fox,
Yet ſhunn'd him as a ſailor ſhuns the rocks.
But the falſe loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering ſkill;
I hope, my lord, ſaid he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beaſt indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you ſo long:
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a falſe alarm,
For on my ſoul I never meant you harm.
I come to ſpy, nor as a traitor preſs,
To learn the ſecrets of your ſoft receſs:
Far be from Reynard ſo profane a thought,
But by the ſweetneſs of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
The ſong as of an angel in the yard;
A ſong that would have charm'd th' infernal Gods,
And baniſh'd horror from the dark abodes;
Had Orpheus ſung it in the nether ſphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the huſband there.
My lord, your ſire familiarly I knew,
A peer deſerving ſuch a ſon as you:
He, with your lady mother, (whom Heaven reſt)
Has often grac'd my houſe, and been my gueſt:
To view his living features, does me good;
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage ſhould be proud to ſee
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
But ſince I ſpeak of ſinging, let me ſay,
As with an upright heart I ſafely may,
That, ſave yourſelf, there breathes not on the ground
One like your father for a ſilver ſound.
So ſweetly would he wake the winter day,
That matrons to the church miſtook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he, to raiſe his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to pleaſe the fair?
On tiptoe ſtood to ſing with greater ſtrength,
And ſtretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he ſtrain'd his voice to pierce the ſkies,
As ſaints in raptures uſe, would ſhut his eyes,
That the ſound ſtriving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in ſong, he never had his peer,
From ſweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muſe, who ſung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a ſwan.
Your anceſtors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to ſovereign Rome ſuch loud alarms,
That ev'n the prieſts were not excus'd from arms.
Beſides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a pariſh-prieſt the ſon and heir,
(When ſons of prieſts were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or ſtruck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was diſgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now ſing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the ſake of ſweet ſaint charity;
Make hills and dales, and earth and heaven rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice.
The cock was pleas'd to hear him ſpeak ſo fair,
And proud beſide, as ſolar people are;
Nor could the treaſon from the truth deſcry,
So was he raviſh'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as, from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himſelf;
Though ſickly, ſlender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes rais'd by poets to the Gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he ſhall be receiv'd with more regard
And liſten'd to, than modeſt truth is heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the ſtory ſings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then ſtretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,
Ambitious, as he ſought th' Olympic prize.
But, while he pain'd himſelf to raiſe his note,
Falſe Reynard ruſh'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And ſought his wonted ſhelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the miſchief done,
Of all unheeded, and purſued by none.
Alas, what ſtay is there in human ſtate,
Or who can ſhun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was paſt,
Ere the foundations of the world were caſt!
In Aries though the ſun exalted ſtood,
His patron planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the ſame degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.
On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Croſs to the worthy native, in his ſcheme!
Ah bliſsful Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
How could'ſt thou ſuffer thy devoted knight,
On thy own day to fall by foe oppreſs'd,
The wight of all the world who ſerv'd thee beſt?
Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride, who could'ſt ſo well in rhyme complain
The death of Richard with an arrow ſlain,
Why had not I thy Muſe, or thou my heart,
To ſing this heavy dirge with equal art!
That I like thee on Friday might complain;
For on that day was Cœur de Lion ſlain.
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were ſent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toſs'd on high his burniſh'd blade,
And offer'd Priam to his father's ſhade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
Fair Partlet firſt, when he was borne from ſight,
With ſovereign ſhrieks, bewail'd her captive knight:
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Aſdrubal her huſband loſt his life,
When ſhe beheld the ſmouldering flames aſcend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires ſhe plung'd her head,
With greater eaſe than others ſeek their bed.
Not more aghaſt the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd th' Imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltleſs lords were doom'd to die.
Now to my ſtory I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of thoſe diſtracted damſels in the yard;
And ſtarting up beheld the heavy ſight,
How Reynard to the foreſt took his flight,
And croſs his back, as in triumphant ſcorn,
The hope and pillar of the houſe was borne.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his houſe ran every neighbour nigh;
The vicar firſt, and after him the crew
With forks and ſtaves, the felon to purſue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her diſtaff in her hand;
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of purſuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful ſqueak,
Poor ſwine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The ſhouts of men, the women in diſmay,
With ſhrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks that heard the proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a perſecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obſcure in ruſhes of the liquid lake.
The geeſe fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in ſwarms.
Jack Straw at London-ſtone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with ſo loud a ſhout;
Not when with Engliſh hate they did purſue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with one and all;
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall:
Earth ſeem'd to ſink beneath, and heaven above to fall.
With might and main they chac'd the murderous fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military ſounds,
Nor wanted horns t' inſpire ſagacious hounds.
But ſee how Fortune can confound the wiſe,
And, when they leaſt expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who ſcarce could draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear ſupply'd him with this happy thought:
Your's is the prize, victorious prince, ſaid he,
The vicar my defeat, and all the village ſee.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mungril curs, and ceaſe their cry,
See, fools, the ſhelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your deſpight ſhall die,
He ſhall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.
'Tis well advis'd, in faith it ſhall be done;
This Reynard ſaid: but, as the word he ſpoke,
The priſoner with a ſpring from priſon broke:
Then ſtretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight;
Whom when the traitor ſafe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the Gods, with ſhame and ſorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly, ſorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet, maſtering both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' aſſault, and his laſt battery tries.
Though I, ſaid he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How juſtly may my lord ſuſpect his friend!
Th' appearance is againſt me, I confeſs,
Who ſeemingly have put you in diſtreſs:
You, if your goodneſs does not plead my cauſe,
May think I broke all hoſpitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble perſon in a fright:

This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, heaven can witness, with no bad intent:
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
Descend; so help me Jove as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.
Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath:
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd; not flattering lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with winking eyes,
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, sir cock, let all contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace.
A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer;
But, with your favour, I will treat it here:
And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence, and fond credulity:
And learn besides of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF:

OR,

THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

Now turning from the wintery ſigns, the ſun
His courſe exalted through the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the ſkies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus and the lightſome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb deſcends in ſhowers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers:
When firſt the tender blades of graſs appear,
And buds, that yet the blaſt of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:
Till gentle heat, and ſoft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call emboldened, out they come,
And ſwell the germs, and burſt the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms diſplay.
Salute the welcome ſun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing ſouls the ſweets repair,
To ſcent the ſkies, and purge th' unwholſome air:
Joy ſpreads the heart, and, with a general ſong,
Spring iſſues out, and leads the jolly months along.
In that ſweet ſeaſon, as in bed I lay,
And ſought in ſleep to paſs the night away,
I turn'd my weary'd ſide, but ſtill in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my reſt,
For love had never enter'd in my breaſt;
I wanted nothing fortune could ſupply,
Nor did ſhe ſlumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools, without the bruſhing air,
To curl the waves: and ſure ſome little care
Should weary nature ſo, to make her want repair.
When Chantieleer the ſecond watch had ſung,
Scorning the ſcorner ſleep, from bed I ſprung;
And, dreſſing, by the moon, in looſe array,
Paſs'd out in open air, preventing day,
And ſought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order ſtood
Of oaks unſhorn a venerable wood;
Freſh was the graſs beneath, and every tree
At diſtance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal ſpace
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace
And the new leaves on every bough were ſeen,
Some ruddy colour'd, ſome of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the ſpring,
Hopping from ſpray to ſpray, were heard to ſing.

Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting muſic, and a charming ſight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole deſire;
And liſten'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to ſing;
And wanted yet an omen to the ſpring.
Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path but ſcarcely printed lay;
In narrow mazes oft it ſeem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly preſs'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for ſtill methought
To ſome ſtrange end ſo ſtrange a path was wrought:
At laſt it led me where an arbour ſtood,
The ſacred receptacle of the wood: [green,
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the
In all my progreſs I had never ſeen:
And, ſeiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the tranſporting ſight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be ſeen,
The thick young graſs aroſe in freſher green:
The mound was newly made, no ſight could paſs
Betwixt the nice partitions of the graſs;
The well-united ſods ſo cloſely lay;
And all around the ſhades defended it from day:
For ſycamores with eglantine were ſpread,
A hedge about the ſides, a covering over head.
And ſo the fragrant brier was wove between,
The ſycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature ſeem'd to vary the delight;
And ſatisfy'd at once the ſmell and ſight.
The maſter workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with ſuch proportion drew,
They roſe by meaſure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work ſo well.
Both roof and ſides were like a parlour made,
A ſoft receſs, and a cool ſummer ſhade;
The hedge was ſet ſo thick, no foreign eye
The perſons plac'd within it could eſpy:
But all that paſs'd without, with eaſe was ſeen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and ſome was plain
With graſs, and ſome was ſow'd with riſing grain.
That (now the dew with ſpangles deck'd the ground)
A ſweeter ſpot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and ſtill with new delight;
Such joy my ſoul, ſuch pleaſures fill'd my ſight:
And the freſh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whoſe odours were of power to raiſe from death.
Nor ſullen diſcontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this ſweet place could only pleaſure know.
Thus as I mus'd, I caſt aſide my eye,
And ſaw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The ſpreading branches made a goodly ſhow,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I ſaw with gawdy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from ſide to ſide,
Still pecking as ſhe paſs'd; and ſtill ſhe drew
The ſweets from every flower, and ſuck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, ſhe warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indiſtinct, and neither ſweet nor clear,
Yet ſuch as ſooth'd my ſoul, and pleas'd my ear.
Her ſhort performance was no ſooner try'd,
When ſhe I ſought, the nightingale, reply'd:
So ſweet, ſo ſhrill, ſo variouſly ſhe ſung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I ſo raviſh'd with her heavenly note,
I ſtood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But, all o'er-power'd with eceſtacy of bliſs,
Was in a pleaſing dream of paradiſe;
At length I wak'd, and, looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any where by chance I might eſpy,
The rural poet of the melody:
For ſtill methought ſhe ſung not far away:
At laſt I found her on a laurel ſpray.
Cloſe by my ſide ſhe ſat, and fair in ſight,
Full in a line againſt her oppoſite;
Where ſtood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
And both their native ſweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I ſat, and liſten'd long
(Sitting was more convenient for the ſong):
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wiſh'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too ſwiftly paſs'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the laſt.
My ſight, and ſmell, and hearing, were employ'd,
And all three ſenſes in full guſt enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the reſt ſurpaſs,
The ſweet poſſeſſion of the fairy place;
Single, and conſcious to myſelf alone
Of pleaſures to th' excluded world unknown:
Pleaſures which no where elſe were to be found,
And all Elyſium in a ſpot of ground.
Thus while I ſat intent to ſee and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All ſuddenly I heard th' approaching ſound
Of vocal muſic, on th' inchanted ground:
An hoſt of ſaints it ſeem'd, ſo full the quire;
As if the bleſs'd above did all conſpire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there iſſued from the grove behind
A fair aſſembly of the female kind:
A train leſs fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the ſons of heaven to rebel.
I paſs their form, and every charming grace,
Leſs than an angel would their worth debaſe:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is freſh within my mind.
In velvet white as ſnow the troop was gown'd,
The ſeams with ſparkling emeralds ſet around:
Their hoods and ſleeves the ſame; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the ſhining ſtore
Of eaſtern pomp: their long deſcending train,
With rubies edg'd, and ſapphires, ſwept the plain:
High on their heads, with jewels richly ſet,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd.

Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of Agnus castus others bore:
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign queen.
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servant's eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command):
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For whereso'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.
Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing courses, and the soldiers cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their courses were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issued in white mantles dress'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd.
And at each trumpet was a banner bound;
Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd,
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:
In golden armour glories to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermin fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that cast a glittering shade;
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind:
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.
And after these came, arm'd with spear and shield,
An host so great, as cover'd all the field,
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:

They met. I ſitting at my eaſe beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their ſpears, ſome tumbled horſe and man,
And round the field the lighten'd courſers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal ſway
They ruſh'd, and won by turns, and loſt the day:
At length the nine (who ſtill together held)
Their fainting foes to ſhameful fight compell'd,
And with reſiſtleſs force o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finiſh'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty ſteeds alight:
Like them diſmounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair aſſembly they advanc'd,
Who near the ſecret arbour ſung and danc'd.
The ladies left their meaſures at the ſight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her choſen knight.
Amid the plain a ſpreading laurel ſtood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleaſing ſhade they ſought, a ſoft retreat
From ſudden April ſhowers, a ſhelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with ſuch extent were ſpread,
So near the clouds was her aſpiring head,
That hoſts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of ſheep beneath the ſhade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintery war;
From Heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and ſhunn'd the ſcorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at eaſe abide;
And every knight a lady by his ſide:
The trunk itſelf ſuch odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to theſe was common breath.
The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeiſance made:
And ſeem'd to venerate the ſacred ſhade.
Theſe rites perform'd, their pleaſures they purſue,
With ſong of love, and mix with pleaſures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his choſen dame.
I caſt my ſight upon the farther field,
And a freſh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the Weſt I heard
New muſic ſound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.
The ladies dreſs'd in rich ſymars were ſeen
Of Florence ſattin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a ſhade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And every damſel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were ſeen,
That gratify'd the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to ſhade their ſhining hair.
Before the merry troop the minſtrels play'd;
All in their maſter's liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their inſtruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and ſome for breathing wind:
The ſawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noiſy band,
And the ſoft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daiſies on a flowery lay
They ſaw, and thitherward they bent their way:
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeiſance to the daiſy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady ſung a virelay:
And ſtill at every cloſe ſhe would repeat
The burden of the ſong, "The daiſy is ſo ſweet."
The daiſy is ſo ſweet, when ſhe begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The concert and the voice ſo charm'd my ear,
And ſooth'd my ſoul, that it was heaven to hear.
But ſoon their pleaſure paſs'd: at noon of day,
The ſun with ſultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius ſhoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poiſonous breath he blaſts the ſky:
Then droop'd the fading flowers (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their ſickly eyes, and hung the head;
And, rivel'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gaſp'd, and ſcarcely could reſpire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were ſcorch'd; and knew not where
To run for ſhelter, for no ſhade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a ſtorm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flaſh'd betwixt: the field and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the ſhowers.
The ladies and the knights, no ſhelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintery ſky,
Were dropping wet, diſconſolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain;
While thoſe in white protected by the tree [free.
Saw paſs in vain th' aſſault, and ſtood from danger
But as compaſſion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the ſtorm, and ſilent were the winds,
Diſpleas'd at what, not ſuffering, they had ſeen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace;
And with behaviour ſweet their foes embrace,
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair ſiſter, I have ſuffer'd in your woe;
Nor ſhall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreſhing bower.
That other anſwer'd with a lowly look,
And ſoon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at eaſe both ſhe and all her train
The ſcorching ſun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courteſy was us'd by all in white, [knight,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a

The laurel champions with their ſwords invade
The neighbouring foreſts, where the juſts were made,
And ſerewood from the rotten hedges took,
And ſeeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A chearful blaze aroſe, and by the fire [attire.
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet
Refreſh'd with heat, the ladies fought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They ſqueez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made, [ſkins they laid:
Which on their ſun-burnt cheeks, and their chap't
Then fought green ſalads, which they bade them eat,
A ſovereign remedy for inward heat.
The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feaſt,
And made the lady of the flower her gueſt:
When lo, a bower aſcended on the plain, [train.
With ſudden ſeats ordain'd, and large for either
This bower was near my pleaſant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and ſee whatever paſs'd:
The ladies ſat with each a knight between,
Diſtinguiſh'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquiſh'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minſtrels play'd on either ſide,
Vain of their art, and for the maſtery vy'd:
The ſweet contention laſted for an hour,
And reach'd my ſecret arbour from the bower.
The ſun was ſet; and Veſper, to ſupply
His abſent beams, had lighted up the ſky:
When Philomel officious all the day
To ſing the ſervice of th' enſuing May,
Fled from her laurel ſhade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping ſat familiar on her hand,
A new muſician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who, to ſhun the ſcalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a ſafer ſeat,
And hid in buſhes 'ſcap'd the bitter ſhower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower;
And either ſongſter holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to ſing by night:
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by ſtar-light and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supply'd with ſteeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I ſaw, inquiſitive to know
The ſecret moral of the myſtic ſhew,
I ſtarted from my ſhade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to ſatisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and ſoftly pac'd along,
Repeating to herſelf the former ſong.
With due reſpect my body I inclin'd,
As to ſome being of ſuperior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wiſhing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
She ſaid; and I, who much deſir'd to know
Of whence ſhe was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to ſpeak:
Madam, might I preſume and not offend,
So may the ſtars and ſhining moon attend
Your nightly ſports, as you vouchſafe to tell
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel, [ſo well.
And what the knights who fought in liſted fields
To this the dame reply'd: Fair daughter, know,
That what you ſaw was all a fairy ſhow:
And all thoſe airy ſhapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mold,
Our ſouls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomſday wander in the ſhades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in ſunſhine may appear:
With ſongs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours uſher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And poſting through the ſkies purſue the moon:
But when the morn ariſes, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and laſhes into night.
All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger ſpace
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And ev'n this grove, unſeen before, is ours.
Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are ſervants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myſelf am one.
Saw you not her ſo graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The ſovereign lady of our land is ſhe,
Diana call'd, the queen of chaſtity:
And, for the ſpotleſs name of maid ſhe bears,
That Agnus caſtus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But thoſe the chief and higheſt in command
Who bear thoſe holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,
Whom death nor danger never could diſmay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.
But thoſe, who wear the woodbine on their brow,
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealouſy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
As true as Triſtram and Iſotta were.
But what are thoſe, ſaid I, th' unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour ſhine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dreſs'd with daiſies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worſhip diſagree,
And ſome adore the flower, and ſome the tree?

Juſt is your ſuit, fair daughter, ſaid the dame:
Thoſe laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Chriſtian knights.
Theſe, as you ſee, ride foremoſt in the field,
As they the foremoſt rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that ſtill renew;
For deathleſs laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain:
For bows the ſtrength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their ſtate;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune, to their ſovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
Theſe of the garter call'd, of faith unſtain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were firſt by Cæſar worn,
And ſtill they Cæſar's ſucceſſors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth than all the world can buy.
One doubt remains, ſaid I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, ſaid ſhe, thoſe nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in ſlothful eaſe and looſe delights;
Who never acts of honour durſt purſue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who, nurs'd in idleneſs, and train'd in courts,
Paſs'd all their precious hours in plays and ſports,
Till death behind came ſtalking on, unſeen,
And wither'd (like the ſtorm) the freſhneſs of their green.
Theſe, and their mates, enjoy their preſent hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the flower.
But knights in knightly deeds ſhould perſevere,
And ſtill continue what at firſt they were;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they ſhould urge their way.
For this with golden ſpurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haſte;
For this with laſting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the ſign of labour crown'd, [ground;
Which bears the bitter blaſt, nor ſhaken falls to
From winter winds it ſuffers no decay,
For ever freſh and fair, and every month is May.
Ev'n when the vital ſap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in ſnow;
The life is in the leaf, and ſtill between
The fits of falling ſnow appears the ſtreaky green.
Not ſo the flower, which laſts for little ſpace,
A ſhort-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble ſtem is driven,
Weak to ſuſtain the ſtorms and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the ſpring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a ſickly beauty, ſoon to ſhed;
In ſummer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleaſure made,
Shoot up with ſwift increaſe, and ſudden are decay'd,
With humble words, the wiſeſt I could frame,
And proffer'd ſervice, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, ſhe gave her maid to know
The ſecret meaning of this moral ſhow.
And ſhe, to prove what profit I had made
Of myſtic truth, in fables firſt convey'd,
Demanded till the next returning May,
Whether the leaf or flower I would obey?
I choſe the leaf; ſhe ſmil'd with ſober cheer,
And wiſh'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and ſigils, for defence
Againſt ill tongues that ſcandal innocence:
But I, ſaid ſhe, my fellows muſt purſue,
Already paſt the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward ſped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late refreſh'd with ſleep, I roſe to write
The viſionary vigils of the night:
Bluſh, as thou may'ſt, my little book, with ſhame,
Nor hope with homely verſe to purchaſe fame;
For ſuch my Maker choſe: and ſo deſign'd
Thy ſimple ſtyle to ſuit thy lowly kind.

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grafs unbidden rofe, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they glance, the filver light
Of Phœbe ferv'd to guide their fteps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full fhe play'd,
Nor longer than fhe fhed her horns they ftay'd,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the reft our Britain held they dear,
More folemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more fpacious rings, and revel'd half the year.
I fpeak of ancient times, for now the fwain
Returning late may pafs the woods in vain,
And never hope to fee the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mint is drefs'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy gueft,
To fkim the bowls, and after pay the feaft.
She fighs, and fhakes her empty fhoes in vain,
No filver penny to reward her pain:
For prieſts, with prayers and other goodly geer,
Have made the merry goblins difappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have fprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the fun,
Reſort to farmers rich, and bleſs their halls,
And exercife the beds, and croſs the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forfake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the pariſh now is ſeen,
The midnight parſon poſting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he ſets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and ſanctity ſo near:
For by ſome haycock, or ſome ſhady thorn,
He bids his beads both even ſong and morn.
It ſo befel in this king Arthur's reign,
A luſty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.

It happen'd, as he rode, a damſel gay
In ruſſet robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he caſt an amorous eye,
So ſtraight ſhe walk'd, and on her paſterns high:
If ſeeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning ſhort, he better likes her face.
He lights in haſte, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accompliſh'd his obſcene deſire:
This done, away he rode, not eſpy'd,
For ſwarming at his back the country cry'd:
And once in view they never loſt the ſight,
But ſeiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaſte as maids in monaſteries liv'd:
The king himſelf, to nuptial ties a ſlave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to pleaſe the prince, debauch'd the ſtage.
Now what ſhould Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,
But ſovereign monarchs are the ſource of right:
Mov'd by the damſel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal raviſher to die.
But fair Geneura roſe in his defence,
And pray'd ſo hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or ſave:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man ſhould die for love;
And with their miſtreſs join'd in cloſe debate
(Covering their kindneſs with diſſembled hate),
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At laſt agreed they call'd him by conſent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair ſpeaker riſing from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the houſe declare.
Sir knight, though I have aſk'd thy life, yet ſtill
Thy deſtiny depends upon my will:
Nor haſt thou other ſurety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race,
But as our kind is of a ſofter mold,
And cannot blood without a ſigh behold,
I grant thee life; reſerving ſtill the power
To take the forfeit when I ſee my hour:
Unleſs thy anſwer to my next demand
Shall ſet thee free from our avenging hand.
The queſtion, whoſe ſolution I require,
Is, What the ſex of women moſt deſire?
In this diſpute thy judges are at ſtrife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (leſt, ſurpris'd, unknowing what to ſay,
Thou damn thyſelf) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'ſt the ſkill.
But, not to hold our proffer turn'd in ſcorn,
Good ſureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time prefix'd thou ſhalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.
Woe was the knight at this ſevere command;
But well he knew 'twas bootleſs to withſtand:
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd anſwer at the day aſſign'd,
The beſt, with heaven's aſſiſtance, he could find.
His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of diſcontent,
Miſdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.
'Twas hard the truth of ſuch a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; ſtill anxious more and more,
Aſk'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Inquir'd of men; but made his chief requeſt
To learn from women what they lov'd the beſt.
They anſwer'd each according to her mind
To pleaſe herſelf, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place:
Crones, old and ugly, wiſh'd a better face.
The widow's wiſh was oftentimes to wed;
The wanton maids were all for ſport a-bed.
Some ſaid the ſex were pleas'd with handſome lies,
And ſome groſs flattery lov'd without diſguiſe:
Truth is, ſays one, he ſeldom fails to win
Who flatters well; for that's our darling ſin;
But long attendance, and a dureous mind,
Will work ev'n with the wiſeſt of the kind.
One thought the ſex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleaſures, hours, and actions, all their own,
And uncontrol'd to give account to none.
Some wiſh a huſband fool; but ſuch are curſt,
For fools perverſe of huſbands are the worſt:
All women would be counted chaſte and wiſe,
Nor ſhould our ſpouſes ſee, but with our eyes;
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find cloſe faults, yet open blots will hit:
Though better for their eaſe to hold their tongue,
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noiſe enſues, and quarrels laſt for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And ſome men ſay that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and ſecrecy:
And conſtant in one purpoſe ſtill to dwell;
And not our huſbands counſels to reveal.
But that's a fable: for our ſex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky ſieves no ſecrets we can hold:
Witneſs the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with aſs's ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs vices muſt not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have them in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:

Nor apt to think from heaven their title ſprings,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew: and durſt communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of ſtate:
One muſt be truſted, and he thought her fit,
As paſſing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this ſagacious confeſſor he went,
And told her what a gift the Gods had ſent:
But told it under matrimonial ſeal,
With ſtrick injunction never to reveal.
The ſecret heard, ſhe plighted him her troth,
(And ſacred ſure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady ſhould reſt unknown,
Both for her huſband's honour and her own;
But ne'ertheleſs ſhe pin'd with diſcontent;
The counſel rumbled till it found a vent,
The thing ſhe knew ſhe was oblig'd to hide;
By intereſt and by oath the wife was ty'd;
But if ſhe told it not, the woman dy'd.
Loth to betray a huſband and a prince,
But ſhe muſt burſt, or blab; and no pretence
Of honour ty'd her tongue from ſelf-defence.
A marſhy ground commodiouſly was near,
Thither ſhe ran, and held her breath for fear,
Leſt if a word ſhe ſpoke of any thing,
That word might be the ſecret of the king.
Thus full of counſel to the fen ſhe went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;
Arriv'd, by pure neceſſity compell'd,
On her majeſtic marrow-bones ſhe kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink ſhe laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, ſhe ſaid, I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal):
Beneath his locks the king my huſband wears
A goodly royal pair of aſs's ears.
Now I have eas'd my boſom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again.
Thus through a woman was the ſecret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale: The knight with heavy cheer,
Wandering in vain, had now conſum'd the year:
One day was only left to ſolve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he firſt ſet out.
But home he muſt, and, as th' award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this deſpairing ſtate he hapt to ride,
As fortune led him, by a foreſt ſide:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror ſtood,
Brown with the ſhade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and ſhot a gleamy light)
He ſaw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing ſeem'd to ſkim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, ſo light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air,
At ſpeed he drove, and came a ſudden gueſt,
In hope where many women were, at leaſt,
Some one by chance might anſwer his requeſt.
But faſter than his horſe the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vaniſh'd out of view.

One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian foreſts are;
Againſt a wither'd oak ſhe lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her truſty ſtaff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an aukward court'ſy to the knight.
Then ſaid, what makes you, Sir, ſo late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for ſome trouble in your mind?
The laſt I gueſs; and if I read aright,
Thoſe of our ſex are bound to ſerve a knight;
Perhaps good counſel may your grief aſſuage,
Then tell your pain; for wiſdom is in age.
To this the knight: Good mother, would you know
The ſecret cauſe and ſpring of all my woe?
My life muſt with to-morrow's light expire,
Unleſs I tell what women moſt deſire.
Now could you help me at this hard eſſay,
Or for your inborn goodneſs, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Aſk what you pleaſe, and I will pay the price:
The proudeſt kerchief of the court ſhall reſt
Well ſatisfy'd of what they love the beſt.
Plight me thy faith, quoth ſhe, that what I aſk,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy taſk,
That thou ſhalt give for hire of thy demand;
Here take thy oath, and ſeal it on my hand;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words ſhall pleaſe both widow, maid, and wife.
More words there needed not to move the knight,
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that ſhe ſpread a mantle on the ground,
And, firſt inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he ſhould arrive e'er break of day;
His horſe ſhould find the way without a guide.
She ſaid: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midſt, the beldam at his ſide.
The horſe, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they ſped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he ſhould anſwer the demand aright.
To court they came; the news was quickly ſpread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female ſenate was aſſembled ſoon
With all the mob of women of the town:
The queen fate lord chief juſtice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and ſilence they proclaim:
Then firſt the culprit anſwer'd to his name:
And, after forms of law, was laſt requir'd
To name the thing that women moſt deſir'd.
Th' offender, taught his leſſon by the way,
And by his counſel order'd what to ſay,
Thus bold began: My lady liege, ſaid he,
What all your ſex deſire is ſovereignty.
The wife affects her huſband to command;
All muſt be her's, both money, houſe, and land.

The maids are miſtreſſes ev'n in their name;
And of their ſervants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I ſay,
A blunt plain truth, the ſex aſpires to ſway,
You to rule all, while we, like ſlaves, obey.
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But ſaid the knight had well deſerv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a bluſh, confeſs'd
The man had found what women love the beſt.
Up ſtarts the beldam, who was there unſeen:
And, reverence made, accoſted thus the queen.
My liege, ſaid ſhe, before the court ariſe,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my juſt requeſt: 'twas I who taught
The knight this anſwer, and inſpir'd his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we moſt affect.
But firſt I ſwore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I ſhould deſire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promiſe is fulfill'd: I ſav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.
The knight was aſk'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wreſt the laws,
Than let a ſiſter-plaintiff loſe the cauſe,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent, to brothers of the bar)
Cry'd one and all, the ſuppliant ſhould have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.
In vain he ſigh'd, and oft with tears deſir'd,
Some reaſonable ſuit might be requir'd.
But ſtill the crone was conſtant to her note:
The more he ſpoke, the more ſhe ſtretch'd her throat,
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to ſave
His body deſtin'd to that living grave.
The liquoriſh hag rejects the pelf with ſcorn;
And nothing but the man would ſerve her turn.
Not all the wealth of Eaſtern kings, ſaid ſhe,
Have power to part my plighted love and me:
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I ſwore;
For mine thou art by promiſe, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.
My love! nay rather my damnation thou,
Said he: nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy ſire hath ſet thee from below,
Elſe how couldſt thou my ſecret ſorrows know?
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race ſo foul a crone ſhall wed.
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd againſt the knight;
So was he marry'd in his own deſpite:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to ſuſtain a ſight ſo foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To paſs the marriage feaſt and nuptial ſong:
Mirth there was none, the man was *à-la-mort*,
And little courage had to make his court.

To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was never ſuch an ill-pair'd couple ty'd:
Reſtleſs he toſs'd, and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wriggled further off for woe.
The good old wife lay ſmiling by his ſide,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cry'd,
When you my raviſh'd predeceſſor ſaw,
You were not then become this man of ſtraw;
Had you been ſuch, you might have 'ſcap'd the law.
Is this the cuſtom of king Arthur's court?
Are all round-table knights of ſuch a ſort?
Remember I am ſhe who ſav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:
Not thus you ſwore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
In time of need, I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I ſince, nor ever will, offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;
What fury has poſſeſs'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding night without pretence—
Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reaſon's rule perſuade;
Name but my fault, amends ſhall ſoon be made.
Amends! nay that's impoſſible, ſaid he;
What change of age or uglineſs can be?
Or, could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art deſcended from ſo mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with ſuch diſgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my ſide,
When, if I turn, I turn to ſuch a bride?
And is this all that troubles you ſo ſore?
And what the devil could'ſt thou wiſh me more?
Ah, Benedecite, reply'd the crone:
Then cauſe of juſt complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were ſoon apply'd,
Would you be like the bridegrom to the bride:
But, for you ſay a long deſcended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much diſparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he whoſe noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The king of heaven was in a manger laid;
And took his earth but from an humble maid;
Then what can birth, or mortal men, beſtow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honour ſtrive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your anceſtors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vaſt eſtates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you elſe but of a baſtard kind?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourſelf their ſon.

No father can infuſe or wit or grace;
A mother comes acroſs, and mars the race.
A grandſire or a grandame taints the blood;
And ſeldom three deſcents continue good.
Were virtue by deſcent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame:
But, as the firſt, the laſt of all the line
Would like the ſun even in deſcending ſhine;
Take fire, and bear it to the darkeſt houſe,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucaſus;
If you depart, the flame ſhall ſtill remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel periſh, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combuſtible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better ſeed
With worſe, begets a baſe degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father ſinks within his ſon, we ſee,
And often riſes in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, even ſuch are we,
Or call it chance, or ſtrong neceſſity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs muſt be: for ſeed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind;
But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation ſtill the ſame.
Its principle is in itſelf; while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers;
Or man or woman, whichſoever fails:
And, oft, the vigour of the worſe prevails.
Æther with ſulphur blended alters hue,
And caſts a duſky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fiſh deſcends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himſelf degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee deſcending down.
If in thy ſmoke it ends, their glories ſhine;
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I ſaid before is plainly ſhow'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our ſtars, and grace of heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius roſe,
Whom for his virtues the firſt Romans choſe:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whoſe noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely anceſtors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In virtue cloth'd, to caſt the rags of ſin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When He, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low eſtate:
Which he who had the world at his diſpoſe,
If poverty were vice, would never chooſe.
Philoſophers have ſaid, and poets ſing,
That a glad poverty's an honeſt thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treaſure find.
But the baſe miſer ſtarves amidſt his ſtore,
Broods on his gold, and, griping ſtill at more,
Sits ſadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to loſe, and ſings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Becauſe its virtues are not underſtood:
Yet many things, impoſſible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the ſoul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For ev'n that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myſelf, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would chooſe,
A fair poſſeſſion, which mankind refuſe.
If we from wealth to poverty deſcend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend,
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love purſue;
Nor jealouſy, the bane of marry'd life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife;
For age and uglineſs, as all agree,
Are the beſt guards of female chaſtity.
Yet ſince I ſee your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my beſt to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my diſpoſe,
Think e'er you ſpeak, I grant you leave to chooſe;
Would you I ſhould be ſtill deform'd and old,
Nauſeous to touch, and loathſome to behold;
Or this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your eaſe,
And not in deed, or word, or thought, diſpleaſe?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your ſhare?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliſs,
And thank yourſelf if aught ſhould fall amiſs.
Sore ſigh'd the knight, who this long ſermon heard;
At length, conſidering all, his heart he cheer'd;
And thus reply'd: My lady and my wife,
To your wiſe conduct I reſign my life:
Chooſe you for me, for well you underſtand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble huſband may requeſt,
Provide, and order all things for the beſt;
Your's be the care to profit, and to pleaſe:
And let your ſubject ſervant take his eaſe.

Then thus in peace, quoth ſhe, concludes the ſtriſe,
Since I am turn'd the huſband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will reſign;
Forgive if I have ſaid or done amiſs,
And ſeal the bargain with a friendly kiſs:
I promis'd you but one content to ſhare,
But now I will become both good and fair,
No nuptial quarrel ſhall diſturb your eaſe;
The buſineſs of my life ſhall be to pleaſe:
And for my beauty, that, as time ſhall try;
But draw the curtain firſt, and caſt your eye.
He look'd, and ſaw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and ſeiz'd her ivory arm;
And like Pygmalion found the ſtatue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A ſtorm of kiſſes pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliſs they lay embrac'd,
And their firſt love continued to the laſt:
One ſunſhine was their life, no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple ſeen.
And ſo may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven ſend the maids young huſbands freſh in bed;
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man;
And ſome devouring plague purſue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH prieſt was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itſelf was in his face.
Rich was his ſoul, though his attire was poor
(As God hath cloth'd his own ambaſſador);
For ſuch, on earth, his bleſs'd Redeemer bore.
Of ſixty years he ſeem'd; and well might laſt
To ſixty more, but that he liv'd too faſt;
Refin'd himſelf to ſoul, to curb the ſenſe;
And made almoſt a ſin of abſtinence.
Yet, had his aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a face as promis'd him ſincere.
Nothing reſerv'd or ſullen was to ſee:
But ſweet regards, and pleaſing ſanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harſh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the ſky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
(A muſic more melodious than the ſpheres:
For David left him, when he went to reſt,
His lyre; and after him he ſung the beſt.
He bore his great commiſſion in his look: [ſpoke.
But ſweetly temper'd awe; and ſoften'd all he
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warn'd the ſinner with becoming zeal;
But, on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the goſpel rather than the law;
And forc'd himſelf to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exales the ſoul ſublime, to ſeek her native ſeat,
To threats the ſtubborn ſinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, againſt the ſtorm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his ſtyle, and diſappear;
The ſtiller ſound ſucceeds, and God is there.
The tithes, his pariſh freely paid, he took;
But never ſued, or curs'd with bell or book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none;
Since every man is free to loſe his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),
The leſs he ſought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a prieſt contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the famiſh'd, and to clothe the bare
For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himſelf he would not ſee.
True, prieſts, he ſaid, and preachers of the word,
Were only ſtewards of their ſovereign Lord;
Nothing was their's; but all the public ſtore;
Intruſted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, ſhould they ſteal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himſelf accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his pariſh; not contracted cloſe
In ſtreets, but here and there a ſtraggling houſe;
Yet ſtill he was at hand, without requeſt,
To ſerve the ſick, to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:

Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempeſtuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor ſpar'd his pains; for curate he had none,
Nor durſt he truſt another with his care;
Nor rode himſelf to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where biſhoprics and ſinecures are ſold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry ſent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living ſermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules ſevere his life he ſquar'd:
That all might ſee the doctrine which they heard:
For prieſts, he ſaid, are patterns for the reſt
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impreſs'd:)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The ſovereign's image is no longer ſeen.
If they be foul on whom the people truſt,
Well may the baſer braſs contract a ruſt.
The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy deſpis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy ſhow:
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
Theſe marks of church and churchmen he deſign'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his ſons, but thoſe of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the ſigns of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's ſucceſſor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the biſhop muſt be plain,
Such was the ſaint; who ſhone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moſes like, his Maker's face.

God ſaw his image lively was expreſs'd;
And his own work, as in creation bleſs'd.
The tempter ſaw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the prieſt withſtood:
Near though he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had Richard unconſtrain'd, reſign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title ſtood entail'd, had Richard had a ſon.

Conqueſt, an odious name, was laid aſide,
Where all ſubmitted, none the battle try'd.
The ſenſeleſs plea of right by providence
Was, by a flattering prieſt, invented ſince;
And laſts no longer than the preſent ſway;
But juſtifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains; let thoſe who dare
Diſpute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, becauſe he knew
Worſe might, and often did, from change enſue.
Much to himſelf he thought; but little ſpoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forſook.

Now, through the land, his cure of ſouls he ſtretch'd:
And like a primitive apoſtle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever conſtant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by moſt, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd.
And gave the charities himſelf receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edify'd the more,
Becauſe he ſhew'd, by proof, 'twas eaſy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to ſee a ſhrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To ſhew you what the reſt in orders were:
This brilliant is ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo bright, [light.
He needs no foil, but ſhines by his own proper

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

While Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till, turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He loſt the luſtre of his former praiſe;
And from the bright meridian where he ſtood,
Deſcending, dipt his hands in lover's blood.
This prince, of Fortune's favour long poſſeſs'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only bleſs'd;
And bleſs'd he might have been with her alone;
But oh! how much more happy had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Moſt in his thought, and ever in his ſight;
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
As envying any elſe ſhould ſhare a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.
At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vaſſals eagerly deſir'd,
With mind averſe, he rather underwent
His people's will, than gave his own conſent.
So was ſhe torn, as from a lover's ſide,
And made almoſt in his deſpite a bride.
Short were her marriage joys; for in her prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time;
And to her father's court in little ſpace
Reſtor'd anew, ſhe held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princeſs freſh and young, and fair and wiſe,
The worſhip'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her ſex in every grace exceed.
And had more wit beſide than women need.
Youth, health, and eaſe, and moſt an amorous mind,
To ſecond nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a ſecret ſting behind.
But, prodigal in every other grant,
Her ſire left unſupply'd her only want;
And ſhe, betwixt her modeſty and pride,
Her wiſhes, which ſhe could not help, would hide.
Reſolv'd at laſt to loſe no longer time,
And yet to pleaſe herſelf without a crime,
See caſt her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy ſubject ſuiting to her mind,
To him in holy nuptials to be ty'd,
A ſeeming widow, and a ſecret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one ſhe found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whoſe niggard fate
Had ſet him far below her high eſtate;
Guiſcard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now ſquire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the ſhining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigiſmonda vow'd.
Yet hitherto ſhe kept her love conceal'd,
And with thoſe graces every day beheld
The graceful youth, and every day increas'd
The raging fires that burn'd within her breaſt;
Some ſecret charm did all her acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, her's could mend;

Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the prison pent, consume the prey;
So long her earnest eyes on his were set,
At length their twisted rays together met;
And he, surpris'd with humble joy, survey'd
One sweet regard, shot by the royal maid:
Not well assur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
A second glance came gliding like the first;
And he, who saw the sharpness of the dart,
Without defence receiv'd it in his heart.
In public, though their passion wanted speech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
Time, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd;
But all those wants ingenious love supply'd.
Th' inventive God, who never fails his part,
Inspires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiscard next was in the circle seen,
Where Sigismonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand she brought,
But in the concave had inclos'd a note;
With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
Toss'd to her love, in presence of the court;
Take it, she said; and when your needs require,
This little brand will serve to light your fire.
He took it little a bow, and soon divin'd
The seeming toy was not for nought design'd:
But when retir'd, so long with curious eyes
He view'd his present, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd
By some false confident, or favourite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But, since a trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of laymen's power at least;
And for their solemn vows prepar'd a priest.
Guiscard (her secret purpose understood)
With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was resolv'd to spare,
But use the means appointed by the fair.
Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
Through this a cave was dug with vast expence:
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing power with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose on a lower floor,
He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door;
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found,
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, chok'd by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whose use, though lost to fame,
Was now th' apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter shown.

Neglected long she let the secret rest,
Till love recall'd it to her labouring breast,
And hinted as the way by heaven design'd
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inspires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealousy of state th' invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way, the tyrant had reserv'd, to fly
Pursuing hate, now serv'd to bring two lovers nigh.
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by desire, explor'd the secret way;
Now try'd the stairs, and, wading through the night,
Search'd all the deep recess, and issued into light.
All this her letter had so well explain'd,
Th' instructed youth might compass what remain'd;
The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the path, disus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copse it lay,
His eye by certain level could survey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And, thus provided, search'd the brake around,
Till the choak'd entry of the cave he found.
Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd
So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
With love to friend, th' impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep descent.
The conscious priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the postern door;
The maids in distant rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but th' invited guest.
He came, and knocking thrice without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the first step he made was in her arms:
The leathern outside, boisterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict embrace;
On either side the kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had breath to speak.
The holy man, amaz'd at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctify the bless by law;
And mutter'd fast the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed sin should get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Because he knew he could not go too soon;
His presence odious, when his task was done.
What thoughts he had beseems me not to say;
Though some surmise he went to fast and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away.
The foe once gone, they took their full delight
'Twas restless rage, and tempest all the night;
For greedy love each moment would employ,
And grudg'd the shortest pauses of their joy.
Thus were their loves auspiciously begun,
And thus with secret care were carried on.
The stealth itself did appetite restore,
And look'd so like a sin, it pleas'd the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:

Love rioted ſecure, and, long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are ſhort, of ill and good,
And tides at higheſt mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleaſure to deſtroy.
Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whoſe delight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily ſight,
Of cuſtom, when his ſtate affairs were done,
Would paſs his pleaſing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of th' officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He try'd to ſleep, as was his uſual way,
The balmy ſlumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own deſpite, to riſe:
Of ſleep forſaken, to relieve his care,
He ſought the converſation of the fair;
But with her train of damſels ſhe was gone,
In ſhady walks the ſcorching heat to ſhun:
He would not violate that ſweet receſs,
And found beſides a welcome heavineſs,
That ſeiz'd his eyes; and ſlumber, which forgot
When call'd before to come, now came unſought.
From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
He for approaching ſleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready for that uſe deſign'd,
So quilted, that he lay at eaſe reclin'd;
The curtains cloſely drawn, the light to ſcreen,
As if he had contriv'd to lie unſeen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office ſoon, and ſeal'd his ſight.
With heaven averſe in this ill-omen'd hour
Was Guiſcard ſummon'd to the ſecret bower,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
From her attending damſels was retir'd:
For, true to love, ſhe meaſur'd time ſo right,
As not to miſs one moment of delight.
The garden, ſeated on the level floor,
She left behind, and, locking every door,
Thought all ſecure; but little did ſhe know,
Blind to her fate, ſhe had incloſ'd her foe.
Attending Guiſcard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock:
Thrice with a doleful ſound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and preſag'd their fate.
The door unlock'd, to known delight they haſte,
And, panting in each other's arms embrac'd,
Ruſh to the conſcious bed, a mutual freight,
And heedleſs preſs it with their wonted weight.
The ſudden bound awak'd the ſleeping fire,
And ſhew'd a ſight no parent can deſire;
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love diſcover'd, and the lover knew:
He would have cry'd; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement ty'd his tongue, and ſtopp'd th' attempt.
Th' enſuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he ſtood collected, and prepar'd,
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So like a lion, that unheeded lay,
Diſſembling ſleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.

The thoughtleſs pair, indulging their deſires:
Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the ſhades of death they play'd,
Full of themſelves, themſelves alone ſurvey'd,
And, too ſecure, were by themſelves betray'd.
Long time diſſolv'd in pleaſure thus they lay,
Till nature could no more ſuffice their play;
Then roſe the youth, and through the cave again
Return'd; the princeſs mingled with her train.
Reſolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer,
The royal ſpy, when now the coaſt was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retir'd unſeen,
To brood in ſecret on his gather'd ſpleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he griev'd;
And, but he ſaw the crime, had ſcarce believ'd.
Th' appointment for th' enſuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yoemen of his truſty guard.
Scarce had unwary Guiſcard ſet his foot
Within the foremoſt entrance of the grot,
When theſe in ſecret ambuſh ready lay;
And ruſhing on the ſudden ſeiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An eaſy prize, they led the priſoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy ſire, too ſenſible of wrong,
To vent his rage in words, reſtrain'd his tongue,
And only ſaid, Thus ſervants are preferr'd,
And, truſted, thus their ſovereigns they reward.
Had I not ſeen, had not theſe eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.
He paus'd, and chok'd the reſt. The youth, who ſaw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge th' accuſer, and th' offence to him
Who had both power and will t' avenge the crime,
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd:
The faults of love by love are juſtify'd:
With unreſiſted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raiſes plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me.
This bold return with ſeeming patience heard,
The priſoner was remitted to the guard.
The ſullen tyrant ſlept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breaſt,
But would not violate his daughter's reſt;
Who long expecting lay, for bliſs prepar'd,
Liſtening for noiſe, and griev'd that none ſhe heard;
Oft roſe, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And paſs'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his uſual hour
Old Tancred viſited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for ſuch his cuſtom was) he kiſs'd,
Then bleſs'd her kneeling, and her maids diſmiſs'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.

O Sigiſmonda, he began to ſay :
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to ſtay,
Till words with often trying found their way :
I thought, O Sigiſmonda, (but how blind
Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find!)
Thy virtue, birth, and breeding, were above
A mean deſire, and vulgar ſenſe of love :
Nor leſs than ſight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and ſo juſt a prince,
Of ſuch an unforeſeen, and unbeliev'd offence.
Then what indignant ſorrow muſt I have,
To ſee thee lie ſubjected to my ſlave!
A man ſo ſmelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him firſt for charity;
And ſince with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only ſuffer'd, where he firſt was plac'd.
A groveling inſect ſtill; and ſo deſign'd
By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind :
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And ſcarcely known enough to be deſpis'd.
To what has heaven reſerv'd my age? Ah! why
Should man, when nature calls, not chooſe to die,
Rather than ſtretch the ſpan of life, to find
Such ills as fate has wiſely caſt behind,
For thoſe to feel, whom fond deſire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give!
Each has his ſhare of good; and when 'tis gone,
The gueſt, though hungry, cannot riſe too ſoon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
If yeſterday could be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy reign;
But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my ſetting ſun.
Had'ſt thou not lov'd, or loving ſav'd the ſhame,
If not the ſin, by ſome illuſtrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
'Twas frailty, not unuſual to thy kind :
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood
Shews downward appetite to mix with mud :
Thus not the leaſt excuſe is left for thee,
Nor the leaſt refuge for unhappy me.
For him I have reſolv'd, whom by ſurpriſe
I took, and ſcarce can call it, in diſguiſe;
For ſuch was his attire, as, with intent
Of nature, ſuited to his mean deſcent :
The harder queſtion yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To puniſh an offence of this degenerate kind.
As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So that indulgence draws me to forgive :
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live :
But, as a public parent of the ſtate,
My juſtice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I chooſe a middle courſe to ſteer;
Nature's too kind, and juſtice too ſevere :
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either ſide the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but ſcanty weight, and leave the reſt to me.
Here ſtopping with a ſigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears, to make his laſt expreſſion good.

She, who had heard him ſpeak, nor ſaw alone
The ſecret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Felt all the pangs of ſorrow in her breaſt:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears had teſtify'd her ſmart,
But inborn worth, that fortune can controul,
New ſtrung and ſtiffer bent her ſofter ſoul;
The heroine aſſum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortify'd her face :
Why ſhould ſhe beg, or what could ſhe pretend,
When her ſtern father had condemn'd her friend?
Her life ſhe might have had; but her deſpair
Of ſaving his, had put it paſt her care;
Reſolv'd on fate, ſhe would not loſe her breath,
But, rather than not die, ſolicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, ſhe, not as women uſe,
Her fault by common frailty would excuſe;
But boldly juſtify'd her innocence,
And while the fact was own'd, deny'd th' offence :
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance mid-way, and thus undaunted ſpoke
Tancred, I neither am diſpos'd to make
Requeſt for life, nor offer'd life to take;
Much leſs deny the deed; but leaſt of all
Beneath pretended juſtice weakly fall.
My words to ſacred truth ſhall be confin'd,
My deeds ſhall ſhew the greatneſs of my mind.
That I have lov'd, I own; that ſtill I love,
I call to witneſs all the powers above;
Yet more I own : to Guiſcard's love I give
The ſmall remaining time I have to live;
And if beyond this life deſire can be,
Not fate itſelf ſhall ſet my paſſion free.
This firſt avow'd; nor folly warp'd my mind,
Nor the frail texture of the female kind
Betray'd my virtue; for, too well I knew
What honour was, and honour had his due :
Before the holy prieſt my vows were ty'd,
So came I not a ſtrumpet, but a bride.
This for my fame, and for the public voice :
Yet more, his merits juſtify'd my choice :
Which had they not, the firſt election thine,
That bond diſſolv'd, the next is freely mine;
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I muſt deny)
Had parents power ev'n ſecond vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights,
Has forc'd me to recourſe of marriage rites,
To fill an empty ſide, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deſerving blame?
State-laws may alter : nature's are the ſame;
Thoſe are uſurp'd on helpleſs woman-kind,
Made without our conſent, and wanting power to bind.
Thou, Tancred, better ſhould'ſt have underſtood,
That as thy father gave the fleſh and blood,
So gav'ſt thou me : not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a ſofter mould, with ſenſe endu'd;
Ev'n ſofter than thy own, of ſuppler kind,
More exquiſite of taſte, and more than man refin'd.
Nor need'ſt thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy ſpritely blood with age be cold,

Thou haſt been young, and canſt remember ſtill,
That when thou hadſt the power, thou hadſt the will;
And from the paſt experience of thy fires,
Canſt tell with what a tide our ſtrong deſires
Come ruſhing on in youth, and what their rage requires.
And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When love no leiſure found for ſofter charms,
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle eaſe and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleaſures unreſtrain'd.
So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
That ſeem'd ev'n warranted by thy conſent;
For, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such feed he ſows, ſuch harveſt ſhall he find.
Blame then thyſelf, as reaſon's law requires,
(Since nature gave, and thou foment'ſt, my fires);
If ſtill thoſe appetites continue ſtrong,
Thou may'ſt conſider I am yet but young:
Conſider too that, having been a wife,
I muſt have taſted of a better life;
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew
By lawful means the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleaſure I procur'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliſs innur'd!
That was my caſe, and this is my defence:
I pleas'd myſelf, I ſhunn'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by ſtrong deſires, indulg'd my ſenſe.
Left to myſelf, I muſt avow, I ſtrove
From public ſhame, to ſcreen my ſecret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavoured what I could not help, to hide;
For which a woman's wit an eaſy way ſupply'd.
How this, ſo well contriv'd, ſo cloſely laid,
Was known to thee, or what by chance betray'd,
Is not my care; to pleaſe thy pride alone,
I could have wiſh'd it had been ſtill unknown.
Nor took I Guiſcard by blind fancy led,
Or haſty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leiſure firſt deſign'd, before I wrought:
On him I reſted, after long debate,
And, not without conſidering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inſpir'd
(For ſo the difference of our birth requir'd);
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had firſt begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we perſevere;
Our paſſions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the leſs ſincere.
At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd
(Thy judgment herding with the common crowd),
Thou tak'ſt unjuſt offence; and, led by them,
Doſt leſs the merit, than the man eſteem.
Too ſharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Haſt thou againſt the laws of kind inveigh'd:
For all th' offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.
This thought alone with fury fires thy breaſt
(For holy marriage juſtifies the reſt),
That I have ſunk the glories of the ſtate,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou ſhoud'ſt overſee
Superior cauſes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates' decree.
Or call it heaven's imperial power alone, [known.
Which moves on ſprings of juſtice, though un-
Yet this we ſee, though order'd for the beſt,
The bad exalted, and the good oppreſs'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawleſs brow,
Th' unworthy rais'd, the worthy caſt below.
But leaving that: ſearch we the ſecret ſprings,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There ſhall we find, that when the world began,
One common maſs compos'd the mould of man;
One paſte of fleſh on all degrees beſtow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moiſtening blood.
The ſame almighty power inſpir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the ſouls the ſame:
The faculties of intellect and will [ſkill,
Diſpens'd with equal hand, diſpos'd with equal
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue firſt began
The difference that diſtinguiſh'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from deſcent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upright flight, and ſoar'd to fame;
The reſt remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though cuſtom now diverts the courſe,
As nature's inſtitute, is yet in force;
Uncancel'd, though diſus'd; and he, whoſe mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celeſtial race;
And he commits the crime who calls him baſe.
Now lay the line; and meaſure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port;
And find whom juſtly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So ſhalt thou ſee his parts and perſon ſhine;
And, thus compar'd, the reſt a baſe degenerate line.
Nor took I, when I firſt ſurvey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues, on report;
But truſted what I ought to truſt alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praiſe, (and thine was then the public voice)
Firſt recommended Guiſcard to my choice;
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man I thought deſerving to be crown'd;
Firſt by my father pointed to my ſight,
Nor leſs conſpicuous by his native light;
His mind, his mien, the features of his face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race; [aright.
Theſe were thy thoughts, and thou could'ſt judge
Till intereſt made a jaundice in thy ſight;
Or ſhould I grant thou didſt not rightly ſee;
Then thou wert firſt deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.
But if thou ſhalt allege through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of baſe condition join'd,
'Tis falſe; for 'tis not baſeneſs to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy juſtice with the ſcant regard
Of worth; whom princes praiſe, they ſhould reward.

Are theſe the kings intruſted by the crowd
With wealth, to be diſpens'd for common good?
The people ſweat not for their king's delight,
T' enrich a pimp, or raiſe a paraſite;
Their's is the toil; and he who well has ſerv'd
His country, has his country's wealth deſerv'd.
Ev'n mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
And kings by birth to loweſt rank return;
All ſubject to the power of giddy chance,
For fortune can depreſs, or can advance:
But true nobility is of the mind,
Not given by chance, and not to chance deſign'd.
For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
What to reſolve, and how diſpoſe of me,
Be warn'd to caſt that uſeleſs care aſide,
Myſelf alone will for myſelf provide.
If, in thy doting and decrepit age,
Thy ſoul, a ſtranger in thy youth to rage,
Begins in cruel deeds to take delight,
Gorge with my blood thy barbarous appetite;
For I ſo little am diſpos'd to pray
For life, I would not caſt a wiſh away.
Such as it is, th' offence is all my own;
And what to Guiſcard is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
That, if not executed firſt by thee,
Shall on my perſon be perform'd by me.
Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd like a man, to die without a tear,
Or ſave, or ſlay us both this preſent hour,
'Tis all that fate has left within thy power.
She ſaid; nor did her father fail to find,
In all ſhe ſpoke, the greatneſs of her mind;
Yet thought ſhe was not obſtinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death ſhe promis'd was ſo nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Reſolv'd to ſpare her life, and ſave her ſhame;
But that deteſted object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a ſecret order ſign'd,
The death of Guiſcard to his guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was choſen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody ſacrifice,
Torn from his breaſt, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Clos'd the ſevere command (for ſlaves to pay);
What kings decree, the ſoldier muſt obey:
Wag'd againſt foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain deſpotic power:
Dangerous to freedom, and deſir'd alone
By kings, who ſeek an arbitrary throne;
Such were theſe guards; as ready to have ſlain
The prince himſelf, allur'd with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.
Now, though the ſullen fire had eas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the preſent he deſign'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he choſe: the hollow part
Inclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:
Then of his truſted miſchiefs one he ſent,
And bade him with theſe words the gift preſent:
Thy father ſends thee this to cheer thy breaſt,
And glad thy ſight with what thou lov'ſt the beſt;
As thou haſt pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the moſt of human kind.
Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
The conſequence of what her ſire had ſaid,
Fix'd on her fate, againſt th' expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her power;
For this, ſhe had diſtill'd with early care
The juice of ſimples friendly to deſpair,
A magazine of death; and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the fatal meſſage heard:
Then ſmil'd ſevere; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand, the funeral preſent took:
Ev'n kept her countenance, when the lid remov'd
Diſclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd;
She needed not be told, within whoſe breaſt
It lodg'd; the meſſage had explain'd the reſt.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her ſurpriſe,
She ſternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
Then thus; Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his beſt; and I,
Who wiſh'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.
At this ſhe curb'd a groan, that elſe had come,
And, pauſing, view'd the preſent in the tomb;
Then, to the heart ador'd devoutly glew'd
Her lips, and, raiſing it, her ſpeech renew'd:
Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care and tenderneſs expreſs'd;
But this laſt act of love excels the reſt:
For this ſo dear a preſent, bear him back
The beſt return that I can live to make.
The meſſenger diſpatch'd, again ſhe view'd
The lov'd remains, and ſighing thus purſu'd:
Source of my life, and lord of my deſires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my ſoul expires,
Poor heart, no more the ſpring of vital heat,
Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy ſeat!
The courſe is finiſh'd which thy fates decreed,
And thou from thy corporeal priſon freed:
Soon has thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes diſpatch'd in little ſpace;
Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a coſtly tomb.
There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And thoſe, indulgent heaven has found the way
That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father ev'n in cruelty is kind,
Or heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uſes than his hate deſign'd;
And made th' inſult, which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And ſave myſelf the pains to weep below,
If ſouls can weep; though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
Yet ſince I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears ſhall ſet thee firſt afloat within thy tomb:

Then (as I know thy ſpirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplor'd, ſecure to ſhare
Thy ſtate; nor hell ſhall puniſhment appear;
And heaven is double heaven, if thou art there.
She ſaid: her brimful eyes, that ready ſtood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Releas'd their watery ſtore, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a ſober ſhower of rain:
Mute ſolemn ſorrow, free from female noiſe,
Such as the majeſty of grief deſtroys;
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears ſhe ſhed
Seem'd by the poſture to diſcharge her head,
O'erfill'd before (and oft her mouth apply'd
To the cold heart); ſhe kiſs'd at once, and cry'd.
Her maids, who ſtood amaz'd, nor knew the cauſe
Of her complaining, nor whoſe heart it was;
Yet all due meaſures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft inquir'd th' occaſion of her grief
(Unanſwer'd but by ſighs), and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her ſtock of tears already ſhed,
She wip'd her eyes, ſhe rais'd her drooping head,
And thus purſu'd: O ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,
The decencies of grief; it reſts behind,
That, as our bodies were, our ſouls be join'd;
To thy whate'er abode, my ſhade convey,
And, as an elder ghoſt, direct the way.
She ſaid; and bade the vial to be brought,
Where ſhe before had brew'd the deadly draught:
Firſt pouring out the med'cinable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, ſhe bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death ſecurely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.
This done, ſhe mounts the genial bed, and there
(Her body firſt compos'd with honeſt care)
Attends the welcome reſt; her hands yet hold
Cloſe to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word ſhe ſpoke, but clos'd her ſight,
And quiet ſought the covert of the night.

The damſels, who the while in ſilence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor ſuſpecting death ſuborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred ſent;
Who, conſcious of th' occaſion, fear'd th' event.
Alarm'd, and with preſaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathſome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts, to mitigate her grief.
She, what ſhe could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly ſeal'd, and ſternly thus replies:
Tancred, reſtrain thy tears, unſought by me,
And ſorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To ſee th' effect of what himſelf deſign'd?
Yet, if thou haſt remaining in thy heart
Some ſenſe of love, ſome unextinguiſh'd part
Of former kindneſs, largely once profeſs'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breaſt,
Not to deny thy daughter's laſt requeſt:
The ſecret love which I ſo long enjoy'd,
And ſtill conceal'd to gratify thy pride,
Thou haſt disjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death;
Where'er his corpſe by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expos'd in open view, and ſide by ſide,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.
The prince's anguiſh hinder'd his reply:
And ſhe, who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold heart, and, heaving to her breaſt,
Here, precious pledge, ſhe ſaid, ſecurely reſt!
Theſe accents were her laſt; the creeping death
Benumb'd her ſenſes firſt, then ſtopp'd her breath.
Thus ſhe for diſobedience juſtly dy'd:
The ſire was juſtly puniſh'd for his pride:
The youth, leaſt guilty, ſuffer'd for th' offence,
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common ſepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal ſtate,
And on their monument inſcrib'd their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and moſt renown'd, Ravenna ſtands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the reſt,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bleſs'd,
The foremoſt place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madneſs lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the faireſt, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became ſo ſoft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal ſhe had none);
The reſt ſhe ſcorn'd; but hated him alone,
His gifts, his conſtant courtſhip, nothing gain'd;
For ſhe, the more he lov'd, the more diſdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could deviſe,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentleſs as a rock, the lofty maid,
Turn'd all to poiſon, that he did or ſaid:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward; and the more he ſtrove
T' advance his ſuit, the farther from her love.
Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft reſolv'd to die.
But pride ſtood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind diſdain'd ſo mean a fate;
That paſs'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the reſt,
The leſs he hop'd, with more deſire poſſeſs'd;
Love ſtood the ſiege, and would not yield his breaſt.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He ſought a fairer, but found none ſo fair.
He would have worn her out by ſlow degrees,
As men by faſting ſtarve th' untam'd diſeaſe:
But preſent love requir'd a preſent eaſe.
Looking he feeds alone his famiſh'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not he dies.
Yet ſtill he choſe the longeſt way to fate,
Waſting at once his life and his eſtate.
His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
For what advice can eaſe a lover's pain!
Abſence, the beſt expedient they could find,
Might ſave the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd;
Yet, after much purſuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give conſent,
But ſtruggling with his own deſires he went,
With large expence, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to viſit France and Spain,
Or for ſome diſtant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him ſhort,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-ſeat:
To Chaſſis' pleaſing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there reſolv'd to ſtay.
The ſpring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supply'd with birds, the choiriſters of love:
Muſic unbought, that miniſter'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he diſcharg'd his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public buſineſs, yet with equal charge;
With houſe and heart ſtill open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:

He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.
It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled,
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevel'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes, and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood imbru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
Mercy, O mercy, heaven! she ran, and cry'd;
When heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone sarbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd,
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd;
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her pride:
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):

As often as my dogs with better ſpeed
Arreſt her flight, is ſhe to death decreed:
Then with this fatal ſword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back or tender ſide,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breaſt,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feaſt.
Nor lies ſhe long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and freſh to ſecond pain,
Is ſav'd to-day, to-morrow to be ſlain.
This vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to purſue,
Stern look'd the fiend, as fruſtrate of his will,
Not half ſuffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the ſoul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathleſs on the ground,
When thus the griſly ſpectre ſpoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I ſuſtain'd her hate,
So many years is ſhe condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every ſeveral place,
Conſcious of her diſdain and my diſgrace,
Muſt witneſs her juſt puniſhment; and be
A ſcene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my laſt farewell,
As on this very ſpot of earth I fell,
As Friday ſaw me die, ſo ſhe my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he ſpoke, the virgin from the ground
Upſtarted freſh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all ſhe felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the ſhore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with fleſh and blood,
Purſue their prey, and ſeek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courſer, mends his pace;
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from the place.
Long ſtood the noble youth oppreſs'd with awe
And ſtupid at the wondrous things he ſaw,
Surpaſſing common faith, tranſgreſſing nature's law.
He would have been aſleep, and wiſh'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impreſſion make,
Though ſtrong at firſt; if viſion, to what end,
But ſuch as muſt his future ſtate portend?
His love the damſel, and himſelf the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Reſolv'd within himſelf to ſhun the ſnare,
Which hell for his deſtruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius ſhould direct,
From an ill cauſe to draw a good effect.
Inſpir'd from heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new deſign with long delay:
But of his train a truſty ſervant ſent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, uſual ſalutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he ſaid:
What you have often counſel'd, to remove
My vain purſuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my ſinking fortune to repair,
Though late yet is at laſt become my care:
My heart ſhall be my own; my vaſt expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cauſe I ſhall diſplay,
On Friday next; for that's th' appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the taſk was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repaſt;
But yet reſolv'd, becauſe it was the laſt.
The day was come, the gueſts invited came,
And, with the reſt, th' inexorable dame:
A feaſt prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much coſt, more care, and moſt magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghoſt purſu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion ſpread,
With flowers below, and tiſſue overhead:
The reſt in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to ſet her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.
The feaſt was ſerv'd, the time ſo well forecaſt,
That juſt when the deſert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow ſound
Sung in the leaves, the foreſt ſhook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments ariſe,
Of one diſtreſs'd, and maſtiffs mingled cries;
And firſt the dame came ruſhing through the wood,
And next the famiſh'd hounds that ſought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft eſſay'd their jaws in blood.
Laſt came the felon, on his fable ſteed,
Arm'd with his naked ſword, and urg'd his dogs to ſpeed.
She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A gueſt unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The ſcene of death, and place ordain'd for puniſhment.
Loud was the noiſe, aghaſt was every gueſt,
The women ſhriek'd, the men forſook the feaſt;
The hounds at nearer diſtance hoarſely bay'd;
The hunter cloſe purſu'd the viſionary maid,
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their faulchions brandiſh'd at the griſly ſprite;
High on his ſtirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he caſt a furious look,
And wither'd all their ſtrength before he ſpoke:
Back on your lives; let be, ſaid he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the deſtin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Againſt th' eternal doom of Providence:

Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faultering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their own.
So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep design; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu;
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?

Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste);
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborn by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

POETA LOQUITUR.

OLD as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
Which once inflam'd my ſoul, and ſtill inſpires my wit.
If love be folly, the ſevere divine
Has felt that folly, though he cenſures mine;
Pollutes the pleaſures of a chaſte embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous exceſs, a prieſtly race.
Suppoſe him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He ſhew'd the way, perverting firſt my ſenſe:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me ſpeak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill ſuits his cloth the praiſe of railing well.
The world will think that what we looſely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with ſome delight;
Becauſe he ſeems to chew the cud again, [plain;
When his broad comment makes the text too
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double-meanings of the ſtage.
What needs he paraphraſe on what we mean?
We were at worſt but wanton; he's obſcene.
I not my fellows nor myſelf excuſe;
But love's the ſubject of the comic Muſe;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry inſtruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the ſleepy vigour of the ſoul,
And bruſhing o'er adds motion to the pool.
Love, ſtudious how to pleaſe, improves our parts
With poliſh'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love firſt invented verſe, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion meaſur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-ſoul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world, when waſte, he peopled with increaſe,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the firſt, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame deſign'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

IN that ſweet iſle where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, reſort;
Where either ſex is form'd of ſofter earth,
And takes the bent of pleaſure from her birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the reſt
Wiſe, wealthy, with a numerous iſſue bleſs'd.
But as no gift of fortune is ſincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir;
His eldeſt born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the reſt in ſhape, and outward ſhew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His ſoul bely'd the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in diſgrace.
A clowniſh mien, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
And ſtupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece deſign'd,
But made for two, and by miſtake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's deſpair;
The more inform'd, the leſs he underſtood,
And deeper ſunk by floundering in the mud.
Now ſcorn'd of all, and grown the public ſhame,
The people from Galeſus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which ſignifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature ſuit.

His father, when he found his labour loſt,
And care employ'd that anſwer'd not the coſt,
Choſe an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to ſee what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well ſuited with a ruſtic mind.
Thus to the wilds the ſturdy Cymon went,
A ſquire among the ſwains, and pleas'd with baniſhment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his ſupreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a ſummer's holiday,
That to the green-wood ſhade he took his way;
For Cymon ſhunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter ſtaff, which he could ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep receſſes of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted graſs a cryſtal flood,
By which an alabaſter fountain ſtood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her ſlaves) a ſleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with ſport,
To reſt by cool Eurotas they reſort:
The dame herſelf the goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her purple veſt,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in ſlumber a ſuperior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body ſhaded with a ſlight cymarr;
Her boſom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were ſcarcely ſpy'd,
For yet their places were but ſignify'd:
The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe;
The fanning wind, and purling ſtreams, continue her repoſe.
The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that teſtify'd ſurpriſe,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his ſight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and leaning on his ſtaff,
His wonder witneſs'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimmering ſenſe
Firſt found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the firſt ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkneſs in the maſs were mix'd:
Till gathered in a globe the beams were fix'd.
Laſt ſhone the ſun, who, radiant in his ſphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reaſon in his brutal ſoul began,
Love made him firſt ſuſpect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian ſound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That ſenſe of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and diſcloſ'd the promiſe of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpoliſh'd heart,
The beſt inſtructer, love, at once inſpir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulneſs are fir'd:
Love taught him ſhame; and ſhame, with love at ſtrife,
Soon taught the ſweet civilities of life;
His groſs material ſoul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a deſire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the firſt impreſſion on his mind,
Above, but juſt above, the brutal kind.
For beaſts can like, but not diſtinguiſh too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t' other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire:
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beaſt, advancing by degrees,
Firſt likes the whole, then ſeparates what he ſees;
On ſeveral parts a ſeveral praiſe beſtows,
The ruby lips, the well proportion'd noſe,
The ſnowy ſkin, and raven-gloſſy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead riſing fair,
And, ev'n in ſleep itſelf, a ſmiling air.
From thence his eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breaſt.
Long on the laſt he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow ſped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to ſee her eyes, in ſlumber hid,
And wiſh'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but reſtrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the firſt good-manners taught.
And awful fear his ardent wiſh withſtood,
Nor durſt diſturb the goddeſs of the wood.
For ſuch ſhe ſeem'd by her celeſtial face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race.
And things divine, by common ſenſe he knew,
Muſt be devoutly ſeen, at diſtant view:
So checking his deſire, with trembling heart
Gazing he ſtood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim, wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not ſtir by night, for fear to ſtray,
But ſtands with awful eyes, to watch the dawn of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While thoſe of all her ſlaves in ſleep were ſeal'd.
The ſlavering cudden, propp'd upon his ſtaff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durſt begin
To ſpeak, but wiſely kept the fool within.
Then ſhe, What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Becauſe deſcended of a noble race,
And for a ſoul ill ſorted with his face.)
But ſtill the ſot ſtood ſilent with ſurpriſe,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,

And in his breaſt receiv'd th' invenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the ſmart.
But, conſcious of her form, with quick diſtruſt
She ſaw his ſparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal luſt:
This to prevent, ſhe wak'd her ſleepy crew,
And, riſing haſty, took a ſhort adieu.

Then Cymon firſt his ruſtic voice eſſay'd,
With proffer'd ſervice to the parting maid
To ſee her ſafe; his hand ſhe long deny'd,
But took at length, aſham'd of ſuch a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But ſought his father's houſe with better mind,
Refuſing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the ſon's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting ſtill
To learn the ſecret cauſes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the firſt requeſt
He made, was like his brothers to be dreſs'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the reſt.

With eaſe his ſuit was granted by his ſire,
Diſtinguiſhing his heir by rich attire,
His body thus adorn'd, he next deſign'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He ſought a tutor of his own accord,
And ſtudy'd leſſons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd ſo faſt,
That in ſhort time his equals he ſurpaſs'd:
His brutal manners from his breaſt exil'd,
His mien he faſhion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In every exerciſe of all admir'd,
He ſeem'd, nor only ſeem'd, but was inſpir'd:
Inſpir'd by love, whoſe buſineſs is to pleaſe;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful eaſe,
More fam'd for ſenſe, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon ſhall we ſay,
But that the fire which chok'd in aſhes lay.
A load too heavy for his ſoul to move,
Was upward blown below, and bruſh'd away by love.
Love made an active progreſs through his mind,
The duſky parts he clear'd, the groſs refin'd,
The drowſy wak'd; and as he went impreſs'd
The Maker's image on the human breaſt.
Thus was the man amended by deſire,
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reaſon ſcann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd the exceſs of paſſion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, ſince his fire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon ſtill:
Galeſus he diſown'd, and choſe to bear
The name of fool confirm'd, and biſhop'd by the fair.

To Cipſeus by his friends his ſuit he mov'd,
Cipſeus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wiſe:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had given her faith to wed a foreign ſpouſe:
Her ſire and ſhe to Rhodian Paſimend,
Though both repenting, were by promiſe bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he ſpoke too late to ſpeed.

The doom was paſt, the ſhip already ſent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herſelf the fair unhappy maid,
While ſtormy Cymon thus in ſecret ſaid:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle ſhe wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her raviſh'd love
In rank ſhall place me with the bleſs'd above.
For mine by love, by force ſhe ſhall be mine,
Or death, if force ſhould fail, ſhall finiſh my deſign.
Reſolv'd he ſaid; and rigg'd with ſpeedy care
A veſſel ſtrong, and well equipp'd for war.
The ſecret ſhip with choſen friends he ſtor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambuſh'd he lay behind the Cyprian ſhore,
Waiting the ſail that all his wiſhes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hoſtile ſhip and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly ſteer'd,
When Cymon ſudden at her back appear'd,
And ſtopp'd her flight; then, ſtanding on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe;
Or ſtrike your ſails at ſummons, or prepare
To prove the laſt extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the veſſels ſide by ſide,
Theſe obſtinate to ſave, and thoſe to ſeize the bride.
But Cymon ſoon his crooked grapples caſt,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with ſword and ſhield, amid the preſs he paſs'd.

Fierce was the fight, but, haſtening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himſelf alone diſpers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak diſdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conqueſt for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confeſs'd, the foes retreat,
And caſt the weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other booty ſought:
Your lives are ſafe; your veſſel I reſign;
Yours be your own, reſtoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Paſimond a lawleſs bargain drove,
The parent could not ſell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love diſdains the laws,
And like a king by conqueſt gains his cauſe:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force ſhall love maintain,
You, what by ſtrength you could not keep, releaſe,
And at an eaſy ranſom by your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd ſide ſoon ſign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was reſtor'd:
While to his arms the bluſhing bride he took;
To ſeeming gadneſs ſhe compos'd her look;
As if by force ſubjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, diſſembling, and a woman ſtill.

And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For your's I am, he said, and has deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Then he to whom your formal father ty'd
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon plows the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run.
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bless'd;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent,
But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment;
Her forfeit faith and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger, as her fears increase:
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in heaven's despite,
Invade, and violate another's right:
The powers incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumtuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she dy'd;
Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.
Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Sex to the last, mean time with sails declin'd
The wondering vessel drove before the wind:
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.

Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted sailors try'd their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land:
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown,
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know; but each with change of cheer;
The vanquish'd side exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners e'er they sight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the last the first impel:
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell,
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height,
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he lost.
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,

Ormiſda call'd, to whom by promiſe ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the deſtin'd bride.
Caſſandra was her name, above the reſt
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bleſs'd.
Lyſimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian ſtate,
Was then by choice their annual magiſtrate:
He lov'd Caſſandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his deſire;
Croſs'd by her friends, by her not diſapprov'd.
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormiſda lov'd;
So ſtood th' affair: ſome little hope remain'd,
That, ſhould his rival chance to loſe, he gain'd.
Mean time young Paſimond his marriage preſs'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feaſt;
And frugally reſolv'd (the charge to ſhun,
Which would be double ſhould he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lyſimachus, oppreſs'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and ſtudy'd quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magiſtrate his public truſt abus'd;
To juſtice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand
By force to ſeize, and then forſake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A ſlave to fame, but, more a ſlave to love:
Reſtraining others, yet himſelf not free,
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
Both ſides he weigh'd: but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magiſtrate.
Love never fails to maſter what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wiſe he blinds.
This youth, propoſing to poſſeſs and 'ſcape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though heaven ſometimes may
An impious act with undeſerv'd ſucceſs; [bleſs
The great it ſeems are privileg'd alone
To puniſh all injuſtice but their own.
But here I ſtop, not daring to proceed,
Yet bluſh to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Reſolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent,
To find the means that might ſecure th' event;
Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he ſought;
Th' example pleas'd: the cauſe and crime the
An injur'd lover, and a raviſh'd dame. [ſame;
How much he durſt he knew by what he dar'd,
The leſs he had to loſe, the leſs he car'd,
To manage loathſome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the priſoner ſent;
In ſecret ſent, the public view to ſhun,
Then with a ſober ſmile he thus begun.
The powers above, who bounteouſly beſtow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit firſt, nor blindly give
To ſuch as are not worthy to receive:
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but firſt they muſt be try'd;
Theſe fruitful ſeeds within your mind they ſow'd;
'Twas your's t' improve the talent they beſtow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the groſſer parts; they gave you care
To pleaſe, and courage to deſerve the fair.
Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found
The grain intruſted in a grateful ground:
But ſtill the great experiment remaind,
They ſuffer'd you to loſe the prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
And when reſtor'd, to them the bleſſing own.
Reſtor'd it ſoon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty ſmooth'd, the danger ſhar'd:
Be but yourſelf, the care to me reſign,
Then Iphigene is your's, Caſſandra mine.
Your rival Paſimond purſues your life,
Impatient to revenge his raviſh'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes, Ormiſda mine,
As much declar'd as Paſimond is thine:
To-morrow muſt their common vows be ty'd:
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both reſolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor haſt thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, muſt juſtify the deed:
Our taſk perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
And let the loſers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will ſail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy reſolves; if now thy courage droop,
Deſpair in priſon, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'ſt in arms thy love regain
(For liberty without thy love were vain);
Then ſecond my deſign to ſeize the prey,
Or lead to ſecond rape, for well thou know'ſt the way.
Said Cymon overjoy'd, do thou propoſe
The means to fight, and only ſhew the foes;
For from the firſt, when love had fir'd my mind,
Reſolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lyſimachus reply'd,
Let heaven be neutre, and the ſword decide;
The ſpouſals are prepar'd, already play
The minſtrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dreſs'd;
All Rhodes is ſummon'd to the nuptial feaſt,
All but myſelf the ſole unbidden gueſt.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the reſt; when day reſigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call, my choſen few
With arms adminiſter'd ſhall aid thy crew.
Then entering unexpected will we ſeize
Our deſtin'd prey, from men diſſolv'd in eaſe;
By wine diſabled, unprepar'd for fight:
And haſtening to the ſeas, ſuborn our flight:
The ſeas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ſhip well-mann'd expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize conteſt,
Death ſhall attend the man who dares reſiſt.

It pleas'd! the priſoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The ſun aroſe; the ſtreets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the poſts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected ſpouſe, and entertains the friends:
They meet, they lead to church, the prieſts invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant ſmoke.
This done, they feaſt, and at the cloſe of night
By kinkled torches vary their delight,
Theſe lead the lively dance, and thoſe the brimming bowls invite.
Now, at th' appointed place and hour aſſign'd
With ſouls reſolv'd the raviſhers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the firſt is ſent before
To favour the retreat, and guar'd the ſhore;
The ſecond at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty ſtairs aſcend the laſt:
A peaceful troop they ſeem with ſhining veſts,
But coats of mail beneath ſecure their breaſts.
Dauntleſs they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feaſt renew'd, the table ſpread:
Sweet voices, mix'd with inſtrumental ſounds,
Aſcend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When like the harpies ruſhing through the hall
The ſudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their ſmoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each raviſher prepares to ſeize his own;
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confuſion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with ſhining ſwords.
But late is all defence, and ſuccour vain;
The rape is made, the raviſhers remain:
Two ſturdy ſlaves were only ſent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in ſafety to the ſhore,
The troop retires, the lovers cloſe the rear,
With forward faces not confeſſing fear: [mend;
Backward they move, but ſcorn their pace to
Then ſeek the ſtairs, and with ſlow haſte deſcend.
Fierce Paſimond, their paſſage to prevent,
Thruſt full on Cymon's back in his deſcent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon ſoon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one deſcending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormiſda ſtood,
He turn'd the point; the ſword inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breaſt, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd purſues,
The raviſhers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the ſprinkled gore
Beſmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Diſpers'd at length the drunken ſquadron flies,
The victors to their veſſel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.
The crew with merry ſhouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and bruſh the buxom ſea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What ſhould the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops diſbanded, and the reſt unpaid.
Rhodes is the ſovereign of the ſea no more;
Their ſhips unrigg'd, and ſpent their naval ſtore;
They neither could defend, nor can purſue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and caſt a helpleſs view:
In vain with darts a diſtant war they try,
Short, and more ſhort, the miſſive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the raviſhers their crimes enjoy,
And flying ſails and ſweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little ſpace are loſt,
Jove's iſle they ſeek; nor Jove denies his coaſt.
In ſafety landed on the Candian ſhore,
With generous wines their ſpirits they reſtore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend reſides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war enſues, the Cretans own their cauſe,
Stiff to defend their hoſpitable laws:
Both parties loſe by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the ſlain forgive the deed,
But a ſhort exile muſt for ſhew precede:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

To the Right Honourable

LORD RADCLIFFE.

My Lord,

These Miscellany Poems * are by many titles yours. The first they claim from your acceptance of my promise to present them to you, before some of them were yet in being. The rest are derived from your own merit, the exactness of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; easy to forgive some trivial faults when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though these are your equitable claims to a dedication from other Poets, yet I must acknowledge a bribe in the case, which is your particular liking to my verses. It is a vanity common to all writers, to over-value their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myself, than the world to do it for me. For what other reason have I spent my life in so unprofitable a study? why am I grown old, in seeking so barren a reward as fame? The same parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raised me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and less honesty than myself. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-servers and blockheads will not be uppermost. The persons are only changed, but the same jugglings in state, the same hypocrisy in religion, the same self-interest, and mismanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be lavished in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old consciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they see not those whom they raise in the same colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own distempered sight. These considerations have given me a kind of contempt for those who have risen by unworthy ways. I am not ashamed

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of Dryden's Miscellany Poems, printed in 1693.

to be little, when I see them so infamously great; neither do I know why the name of poet should be dishonourable to me if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that shall dishonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men: none can pretend ignorance of those ideas which are in-born in mankind: and if I see one thing, and practise the contrary, I must be disingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and base to act against the light of my own conscience. For the reputation of my honesty, no man can question it, who has any of his own: for that of my poetry, it shall either stand by its own merit; or fall for want of it. Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors: for they (as the best poet and the best patron said) when in the full perfection of decay, turn vinegar, and come again in play. Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic: I mean of a critic in the general acceptation of this age: for formerly they were quite another species of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works; to illustrate obscure beauties; to place some passages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in short, to shield him from the ill nature of those fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themselves the venerable name of censors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of critics by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their successors in this age deserve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at best are but wits of the second order, and whose only credit amongst readers is what they obtained by being subservient to the fame of writers, are these become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects; or, to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are they from our seconds become principals against us? does the ivy undermine the oak, which supports its weakness? what labour would it cost them to put in a better line, than the worst of those which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greatest wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himself in his attempt: he performed worse in his Essay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharsalia: and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the possession of three thousand years: has he succeeded in his attempt? he has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind: but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You see the same hypercritic, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet, and living in a barbarous age) yet how short he comes of him, and substitutes such verses of his own as deserve the ferula. What a censure has he made of Lucan, that he rather seems to bark than sing? would any but a dog, have made so snarling a comparison? one would have thought he had learned Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by those outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had somewhat more of good manners than his successors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two sorts of those gentlemen in our nation: some of them proceeding with a seeming moderation and pretence of respect, to the dramatic writers of the last age, only scorn and valify the present poets, to set up their predecessors. But this is only in appearance; for their real design is nothing less than to do honour to any man, besides themselves. Horace took notice of such men in his age: "Non ingeniis favet ille, sepultis; "nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque lividus "odit." It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: their declaration is one thing, and their practice is another. By a seeming veneration to our fathers, they would thrust out as their lawful issue, and govern us themselves, under a specious pretence of reformation. If they could compass their intent, what would wit and learning get by such a change? if we are bad poets, they are worse; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is so great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticisms on our part to decide it. When they describe the writers of this age, they draw such monstrous figures of them, as resemble none of us: our pretended pictures are so unlike, that it is evident we never sate to them; they are all grotesque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, so far from being copied from us, that they resemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another sort of infects, more venomous than the former. Those who manifestly aim at the destruction of our poetical church and state; who allow nothing to their countrymen, either of this or of the former age. These attack the living by raking up the ashes of the dead; well knowing that if they can subvert their original title to the stage, we who claim under them must fall of course. Peace be to the venerable shades of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson: none of the living will presume to have any competition with them: as they were our predecessors, so they were our masters. We trail our plays under them; but (as at the funerals of a Turkish emperor) our ensigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead; so we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards, to shew that we succeed: if less in dignity, yet on the same foot and title, which we think too we can maintain against the insolence of our own janizaries. If I am the man, as I have reason to believe, who am seemingly courted, and secretly undermined; I think I shall be able to defend myself, when I am openly attacked. And to shew besides that the Greek writers only gave us the rudiments of a stage which they never finished; that many of the tragedies in the former

age amongſt us, were without compariſon beyond thoſe of Sophocles and Euripides. But, at preſent, I have neither the leiſure nor the means for ſuch an undertaking. It is ill going to law for an eſtate, with him who is in poſſeſſion of it, and enjoys the preſent profits, to feed his cauſe. But the "quantum mutatus" may be remembered in due time. In the mean while, I leave the world to judge, who gave the provocation.

This, my Lord, is, I confeſs, a long digreſſion from Miſcellany Poems to Modern Tragedies: but I have the ordinary excuſe of an injured man, who will be telling his tale unſeaſonably to his betters; though, at the ſame time, I am certain, you are ſo good a friend, as to take a concern in all things which belong to one who ſo truly honours you. And beſides, being yourſelf a critic of the genuine ſort, who have read the beſt authors in their own languages, who perfectly diſtinguiſh of their ſeveral merits, and in general prefer them to the moderns; yet, I know, you judge for the Engliſh tragedies, againſt the Greek and Latin, as well as againſt the French, Italian, and Spaniſh, of theſe latter ages. Indeed, there is a vaſt difference betwixt arguing like Perault in behalf of the French poets againſt Homer and Virgil, and betwixt giving the Engliſh poets their undoubted due of excelling Æſchylus, Euripides, and Sophocles: for if we, or our greater fathers, have not yet brought the drama to an abſolute perfection; yet, at leaſt, we have carried it much farther than thoſe ancient Greeks; who, beginning from a chorus, could never totally exclude it, as we have done; who find it an unprofitable incumbrance, without any neceſſity of entertaining it amongſt us, and without the poſſibility of eſtabliſhing it here, unleſs it were ſupported by a public charge. Neither can we accept of thoſe lay-biſhops, as ſome call them, who, under pretence of reforming the ſtage, would intrude themſelves upon us as our ſuperiors; being, indeed, incompetent judges of what is manners, what religion, and, leaſt of all, what is poetry and good ſenſe. I can tell them, in behalf of all my fellows, that, when they come to exerciſe a juriſdiction over us, they ſhall have the ſtage to themſelves, as they have the laurel. As little can I grant, that the French dramatic writers excel the Engliſh: our authors as far ſurpaſs them in genius, as our ſoldiers excel theirs in courage: it is true, in conduct they ſurpaſs us either way; yet that proceeds not ſo much from their greater knowledge, as from the difference of taſtes in the two nations. They content themſelves with a thin deſign, without epiſodes, and managed by few perſons. Our audience will not be pleaſed but with variety of accidents, an underplot, and many actors. They follow the ancients too ſervilely, in the mechanic rules; and we aſſume too much licenſe to ourſelves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a diſtance. But if our audience had their taſtes, our poets could more eaſily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the ſublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our deſigns. However it be, I dare eſtabliſh it for a rule of practice on the ſtage, that we are bound to pleaſe thoſe whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good-manners only excepted: and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad, illiterate poetaſters, for the defence of their Scriptions, as they call them. There is a ſort of merit in delighting the ſpectators; which is a name more proper for them than that of auditors; or elſe Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But theſe common-places I mean to treat at greater leiſure; in the mean time ſubmitting that little I have ſaid to your Lordſhip's approbation or your cenſure, and chooſing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppreſs your modeſty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this ſatirical and cenſorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the eaſineſs of your converſation, far from affectation or pride; not denying even to enemies their juſt praiſes: and this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordſhip. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets; but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expreſſing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than gueſſed, by what you are at preſent. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtineſs which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converſe with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king; who, amongſt her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodneſs, and a majeſtic perſon. The Muſes and the Graces are the ornaments of your family: while the Muſe ſings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the ſervants of the Muſes have ſometimes had the happineſs to hear her, and to receive their inſpirations from her.

I will not give myſelf the liberty of going farther; for it is ſo ſweet to wander in a pleaſing way, that I ſhould never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myſelf from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I muſt return to the place where I was ſetting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordſhip my own labours in this Miſcellany; at the ſame time not arrogating to myſelf the privilege of inſcribing to you the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my tranſlations of Ovid; and you both ſeemed not to be diſpleaſed with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngeſt child, I know not; but they appear to me the beſt of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more eaſy to be tranſlated than ſome others whom I have lately attempted; perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader than

any of the Roman wits; though ſome of them are more lofty, ſome more inſtructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the beſt: but as his verſe came eaſily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant, both in his fancy and expreſſions; and, as it has lately been obſerved, not always natural. If wit be pleaſantry, he has it to exceſs; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and above all, Virgil, are his ſuperiors. I have ſaid ſo much of him already, in my preface to his Heroical Epiſtles, that there remains little to be added in this place. For my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this tranſlation, even perhaps farther than I ſhould have done, to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his tranſlation of Homer, profeſſes to have done it ſomewhat paraphraſtically, and that on ſet purpoſe; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be tranſlated in that manner. I remember not the reaſon which he gives for it; but I ſuppoſe it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies. Sure I am, that, if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of thoſe who run into the other extreme of a literal and cloſe tranſlation, where the poet is confined ſo ſtreightly to his author's words, that he wants elbow-room to expreſs his elegancies. He leaves him obſcure; he leaves him proſe, where he found him verſe: and no better than thus has Ovid been ſerved by the ſo much admired Sandys. This is at leaſt the idea which I have remaining of his tranſlation; for I never read him ſince I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praiſes which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again; and ſee (if they underſtand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry, in his verſion; whether it be not all, or the greateſt part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verſe, nor loved it. They were ſcholars, it is true; but they were pedants. And for a juſt reward of their pedantic pains, all their tranſlations want to be tranſlated into Engliſh.

If I flatter not myſelf, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's ſenſe, for the moſt part, truly: for to miſtake ſometimes, is incident to all men: and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy, groſs-witted fellows, fit only to gloſs on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther ſatire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to ſhew how much I love and honour them. I have likewiſe attempted to reſtore Ovid to his native ſweetneſs, eaſineſs, and ſmoothneſs; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verſe, as like the original, as the Engliſh can come up to the Latin. As he ſeldom uſes any Synalephas; ſo I have endeavoured to avoid them as often as I could. I have likewiſe given him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot ſay are inimitable, becauſe I have copied them; and ſo may others, if they uſe the ſame diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the Synalepha, which is cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me, for the benefit of thoſe who underſtand not the Latin Proſodia. It is in the firſt line of the argument to the firſt Iliad.

Apollo's prieſt to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we ſee he makes it not the Argive, but th' Argive, to ſhun the ſhock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but, in his ſecond argument, in the ſame page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the prayer of Chryſes ſings;
The army's plague, the ſtriſe of kings.

In theſe words *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the firſt, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a moſt horrible ill-ſounding gap betwixt thoſe words. I cannot ſay that I have every way obſerved the rule of the Synalepha in my tranſlation; but whereſoever I have not, it is a fault in the ſound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their verſification; therein following the ſevere example of the Latin poet. Our countrymen have not yet reformed their poetry ſo far, but content themſelves with following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they ſometimes uſe Synalephas, yet make no difficulty, very often, to ſound one vowel upon another, as Homer does, in the very firſt line of Alpha. Μῆνιν ἄειδε Θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος. It is true, indeed, that in the ſecond line, in theſe words, μυρί' Ἀχαιοῖς, and ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν. the Synaelpha in revenge is twice obſerved, But it becomes us, for the ſake of Euphony, rather "Muſas colere ſeveriores," with the Romans, than to give into the looſeneſs of the Grecians.

I have tired myſelf, and have been ſummoned by the preſs to ſend away this Dedication, otherwiſe I had expoſed ſome other faults, which are daily committed by our Engliſh poets; which, with care and obſervation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, ſignificant, and majeſtical, and might be reduced into a more harmonious ſound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this iron age, we are ſo far from making any progreſs in the improvement of our tongue, that in a few years we ſhall ſpeak and write as barbarouſly as our neighbours.

Notwithſtanding my haſte, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordſhip, that there are two fragments of Homer tranſlated in this Miſcellany, one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myſelf. Both the ſubjects are pathetical, and I am ſure my friend has added to the

tenderneſs which he found in the original, and, without flattery, ſurpaſſed his author. Yet I muſt needs ſay this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly paſſions than thoſe of grief and pity: To cauſe admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate deſign of an epic poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without preſuming to arraign our maſter, I may venture to affirm, that he is ſomewhat too talkative, and more than ſomewhat too digreſſive. This is ſo manifeſt, that it cannot be denied in that little parcel which I have tranſlated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midſt of her concernment, and fright for Hector, runs off her biaſs, to tell him a ſtory of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her ſeven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as ſhe who told it him; for ſhe had been his bedfellow for many years together; and if he knew it, then it muſt be confeſſed, that Homer, in this long digreſſion, has rather given her his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuſe him, by making the preſent ſorrow of Andromache, to occaſion the remembrance of all the paſt; but others think ſhe had enough to do with that grief which now oppreſſed her, without running for aſſiſtance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted ſuch a work of ſupererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expreſſing much in little, and ſometimes in ſilence; for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in his admirable judgment. He drew the paſſion of Dido for Æneas, in the moſt lively and moſt natural colours imaginable: Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the ſame ſubject of Hector's death: firſt, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpſe, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the ſame perſons again bewailed his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this laſt excite compaſſion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the tranſlator than the poet: for Homer, as I obſerved before, can move rage better than he can pity: he ſtirs up the iraſcible appetite, as our philoſophers call it; he provokes to murder, and the deſtruction of God's images; he forms and equips thoſe ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men who can never enjoy quiet in themſelves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation; and ſuch as it is, the lovers of peace, or at leaſt of more moderate heroiſm, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour betwixt themſelves; I am ſatisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wiſh Mr. Congreve had the leiſure to tranſlate him, and the world the good-nature and juſtice to encourage him in that noble deſign, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two the beſt judges of our age, have aſſured me, that they could never read over the tranſlation of Chapman, without incredible pleaſure and extreme tranſport. This admiration of theirs muſt needs proceed from the author himſelf; for the tranſlator has thrown him down as low, as harſh numbers, improper Engliſh, and a monſtrous length of verſe, could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious verſion of one of the beſt writers, living in a much better age than was the laſt? I mean for verſification, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakſpeare and Ben Jonſon. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the cloſe. This Miſcellany is, without diſpute, one of the beſt of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At leaſt, as Sir Samuel Tuke has ſaid before me, a modeſt man may praiſe what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection: but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deſerves, to your patronage and acceptance; and all the reſt to your forgiveneſs.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt

Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I ſing:
Ye Gods, from whence theſe miracles did ſpring,
Inſpire my numbers with celeſtial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth, to Cæſar's times.
Before the ſeas, and this terreſtrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigeſted maſs:
A lifeleſs lump, unfaſhion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring ſeeds, and juſtly Chaos nam'd.
No ſun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth ſuſpended in the ſky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie
Nor ſeas about the ſhores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unſtable,
And water's dark abyſs unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the reſt.
For hot and cold were in one body fixt,
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To theſe inteſtine diſcords put an end.
Then earth from air, and ſeas from earth were driven,
And groſſer air ſunk from æthereal heaven.
Thus diſembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguouſly embrace;
And foes are ſunder'd by a larger ſpace.
The force of fire aſcended firſt on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted ſky.
Then air ſucceeds, in likeneſs next to fire;
Whoſe atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy ſeeds along.
About her coaſts unruly waters roar,
And, riſing on a ridge, inſult the ſhore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a ſpacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running ſprings, and ſtanding lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample oceans, diſembogued, are loſt.
He ſhades the woods, the vallies he reſtrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' ætherial regions bind,
Five, correſpondent, are to earth aſſign'd:
The ſun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the diſtant poles complain
Of endleſs winter, and perpetual rain.

Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, inclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball;
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The groſſer near the watery ſurface move:
Thick clouds are ſpread, and ſtorms engender there, [fear,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſtering brethren left at large,
On ſeas and ſhores their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt Eurus to the riſing morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And Eaſtern realms, where early Perſians run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the ſun.
Weſtward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring iſſues forth,
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auſter ſeeks the ſouthern ſphere,
And rots, with endleſs rain, th' unwholſome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer ſpace for heaven deſign'd;
Where fields of light and liquid æther flow,
Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtraight
The ſtars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the maſs,
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to ſupply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant ſky:
New herds of beaſts he ſends, the plains to ſhare;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fiſh repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man deſign'd:
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his ſoul inſpire;
Or earth, but now divided from the ſky,
And pliant ſtill, retain'd th' ætherial energy:
Which wiſe Prometheus temper'd into paſte,
And, mixt with living ſtreams, the godlike image caſt.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies.
From ſuch rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was firſt; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reaſon knew;
And, with a native bent, did good purſue.
Unforc'd by puniſhment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were ſimple, and his ſoul ſincere:
Needleſs was written law, where none oppreſt;
The law of man was written in his breaſt:
No ſuppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
Nor court erected yet, nor cauſe was heard,
But all was ſafe, for conſcience was their guard.
The mountain trees in diſtant proſpect pleaſe,
E'er yet the pine deſcended to the ſeas;
E'er ſails were ſpread new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wiſhes to their native ſhore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor mote, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry ſound:
Nor ſwords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The ſoft creation ſlept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltleſs of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful ſtores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on ſtrawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the reſt,
And falling acorns furniſh'd out a feaſt.
The flowers unſown in fields and meadows reign'd;
And weſtern winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn enſu'd
From earth unaſk'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of vallies milk and nectar broke;
And honey ſweating from the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, baniſh'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a ſilver age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
And Spring was but a ſeaſon of the year.
The ſun his annual courſe obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with ſultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and ſnow;
And ſhivering mortals, into houſes driven,
Sought ſhelter from th' inclemency of heaven.
Thoſe houſes, then, were caves, or homely ſheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moſs their beds.
Then ploughs, for ſeed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd firſt beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in courſe the brazen age,
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet———

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard ſteel ſucceeded then;
And ſtubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modeſty, and Shame; the world forſook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then ſails were ſpread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the ſailors, and the depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves ſuſtain:
E'er ſhips in triumph plow'd the watery plain.
Then land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked ſhare;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her ſtore,
Digg'd from her entrails firſt the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent God had laid;
And that alluring ill to ſight diſplay'd;
Thus curſed ſteel, and more accurſed gold,
Gave miſchief birth, and made that miſchief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By ſteel aſſaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandiſh'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken looſe from moral bands;
Nor rights of hoſpitality remain:
The gueſt, by him who harbour'd him, is ſlain:
The ſon-in-law purſues the father's life:
The wife her huſband murders, he the wife.
The ſtep-dame poiſon for the ſon prepares,
The ſon inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;
And Juſtice, here oppreſt, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS WAR.

Now were the Gods themſelves more ſafe above:
Againſt beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the ſky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demoliſh'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monſters mix'd;
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnate earth new ſons beget:
They, like the ſeed from which they ſprung, ac-
Againſt the Gods immortal hatred nurſt: [curſt,
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expreſſing their original from blood.
Which when the king of Gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himſelf had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)
He ſigh'd, nor longer with his pity ſtrove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then call'd a general council of the Gods;
Who, ſummon'd, iſſue from their bleſt abodes,
And fill th' aſſembly with a ſhining train,
A way there is, in heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the ſkies are clear, is ſeen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The ground-work is of ſtars; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The Gods of greater nations dwell around,
And on the right and left the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler ſort,
With winding doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the ſky.
When all were plac'd in ſeats diſtinctly known,
And he their father had aſſum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory ſceptre firſt he leant,
Then ſhook his head, that ſhook the firmament:
Air, earth, and ſeas, obey'd th' almighty nod;
And, with a general fear, confeſs'd the God.
At length with indignation, thus he broke
His awful ſilence, and the powers beſpoke:
I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our univerſal ſtate
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive ſkies were ready to embrace:
For, though the foe was fierce, the ſeeds of all
Rebellion ſprung from one original:
Now whereſoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all muſt be deſtroy'd.
Let me this holy proteſtation make:
By hell and hell's inviolable lake,
I try'd whatever in the Godhead lay,
But gangren'd members muſt be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let them at leaſt enjoy that earth we give.
Can theſe be thought ſecurely lodg'd below,
When I myſelf, who no ſuperior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?
At this a murmur through the ſynod went,
And with one voice they vote his puniſhment.
Thus, when conſpiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæſar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæſar, leſs eſteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd:
Who with his hand, and voice, did firſt reſtrain
Their murmurs, then reſum'd his ſpeech again.
The Gods to ſilence were compos'd, and fate
With reverence due to his ſuperior ſtate.
Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to juſtice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and th' oppreſſor's rage,
Had reach'd the ſtars; I will deſcend, ſaid I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Diſguis'd in human ſhape, I travel'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.
O'er Mænalus I took my ſteepy way,
By caverns infamous for beaſts of prey:

Then crofs'd Cyllene, and the piny fhade,
More infamous by curft Lycaon made:
Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhofpitable door.
Juft at my entrance, I difplay'd the fign
That fomewhat was approaching of divine.
The proftrate people pray, the tyrant grins;
And, adding prophanation to his fins,
I'll try, faid he, and if a God appear,
To prove his deity fhall coft him dear.
'Twas late; the graceleffs wretch my death prepares,
When I fhould foundly fleep, oppreft with cares:
This dire experiment he chofe, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But firft he had refolv'd to taffe my power:
Not long before, but in a luckleffs hour,
Some legates fent from the Moloffian ftate,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of thefe he murders one, he boils the flefh,
And lays the mangled morfels in a difh:
Some part he roafts, and ferves it up fo dreft,
And bids me welcome to this human feaft.
Mov'd with difdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
The tyrant in a fright, for fhelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and fcours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have fpoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forfook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing flaughter, ftill with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famifh'd face he bears;
His arms defcend, his fhoulders fink away,
To multiply his legs for chace of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoarinefs remains,
And the fame rage in other members reigns.
His eyes ftill fparkle in a narrower fpace,
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
This was a fingle ruin, but not one
Deferves fo juft a punifhment alone.
Mankind 's a monfter, and th' ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, or fworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Muft by the fame relentlefs fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods affent,
By clamours urging his fevere intent;
The lefs fill up the cry for punifhment.
Yet ftill with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly fpirits can.
They ask, when thofe were loft of human birth,
What he would do with all his waffe of earth?
If his difpeopled world he would refign
To beafts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars muft no longer fmoke,
If none were left to worfhip and invoke.
To whom the father of the Gods reply'd:
Lay that unneceffary fear afide:
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the firft, and try my fkill again.
Already had he toft'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his fpacious hand;
Preparing to difcharge on feas and land:
But ftopt, for fear thus violently driven,
The fparks fhould catch the axle-tree of heaven.
Remembering, in the Fates, a time when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven afpire,
And all his blazing worlds above fhould burn,
And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus difmifs'd, he bent
His thoughts to fome fecurer punifhment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And, what he durft not burn, refolves to drown.
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-difpelling winds
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are fhaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two ftreams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes diftil in fhowers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mifts are lowering on his brow,
Still as he fwept along, with his clench'd fift,
He fqueez'd the clouds; th' imprifon'd clouds reſiſt:
The fkies, from pole to pole, with peals refound;
And fhowers enlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new fupply,
To feed the clouds impetuous rain defcends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perifh'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
Aid from his brother of the feas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from moffy caves, their moift abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom in brief he thus imparts his will:
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
And this bad world (fo Jove requires) deftroy.
Let looſe the reins to all your watery ſtore:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly fwelling with their new command,
Remove the living ſtones that ſtopp'd their way,
And, guſhing from their ſource, augment the ſea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch ſtruck the ground:
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
And riſing ſtreams a ready paſſage found.
Th' expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain:
Then, ruſhing onwards, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.
Nor ſafe their dwellings were; for, lap'd by floods,
Their houſes fell upon their houſehold Gods.
The ſolid piles, too ſtrongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.
Now ſeas and earth were in confuſion loſt;
A world of waters, and without a coaſt.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he ſow'd his corn.
Others o'er the chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:

Or, downward driven, they bruise the tender vine;
Or, toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they brouze;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Drop down of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And level'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands.
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus in its nature, whose forky rise [skies.
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were humankind.
The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, survive,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears,
Above the waves: a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent; [found,
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his earthly East,
And met the rattling echoes in the West.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best, and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain; a species in a pair:
The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How could'st thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea
That bury'd her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might aboliish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But Heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we th' examples of mankind, remain.
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the Gods with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief:
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiss'd, and thus the saint implor'd.
O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.
Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding, said;
Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it heaven, said she, that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in va
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said, The dark ænigma will allow
A meaning; which if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the God's command
This earth our mighty mother is, the stone
In her capacious body are her bones:

'Theſe we muſt caſt behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new ſolution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both reſolve to try.
Deſcending from the mount, they firſt unbind
Their veſts, and veil'd they caſt the ſtones behind:
The ſtones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it paſs for true)
Did firſt the rigour of their kind expel,
And ſuppled into ſoftneſs as they fell:
Then ſwell'd, and ſwelling by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect ſhapes, in marble ſuch are ſeen,
When the rude chiſſel does the man begin;
While yet the roughneſs of the ſtone remains,
Without the riſing muſcles of the veins.
The ſappy parts, and next reſembling juice,
Were turn'd to moiſture, for the body's uſe:
Supplying humours, blood, and nouriſhment:
The reſt, too ſolid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little ſpace,
What the man threw aſſum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd a female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The reſt of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moiſture, in its cloſe retreat,
Digeſted by the ſun's ætherial heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then ſwell'd, and quicken'd by the vital ſeed.
And ſome in leſs, and ſome in longer ſpace,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a ſeveral face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And ſeeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
And cruſted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
Theſe, when they turn the glebe, the peaſants find:
Some rude, and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeleſs earth.
For heat and moiſture when in bodies join'd,
The temper that reſults from either kind
Conception makes; and, fighting till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly diſcord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the ſurface of the ground with mud
And ſlime beſmear'd (the fæces of the flood)
Receiv'd the rays of heaven; and, ſucking in
The ſeeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of ſeveral ſorts produc'd before;
But of new monſters earth created more,
Unwillingly, but yet ſhe brought to light
Thee, Python too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations, with ſo dire a ſight.
So monſtrous was his bulk, ſo large a ſpace
Did his vaſt body and long train embrace:
Whom Phœbus baſking on a bank eſpy'd,
E'er now the God his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to ſhoot.
Though every ſhaft took place, he ſpent the ſtore
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring ſerpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preſerve the fame of ſuch a deed,
For Python ſlain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for maſterſhip ſhould ſtrive,
To quoit, to run, and ſteeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witneſs of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs born;
But every green alike for Phœbus worn,
Did, with promiſcuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

The firſt and faireſt of his loves was ſhe,
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid, forc'd him to deſire:
Daphne her name; and Peneus was her ſire.
Swell'd with the pride that new ſucceſs attends,
He ſees the ſtripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus inſults him: Thou laſcivious boy,
Are arms like theſe for children to employ?
Know, ſuch atchievements are my proper claim,
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Reſiſtleſs are my ſhafts; and Python late,
In ſuch a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble ſouls of lovers fry.
To whom the ſon of Venus thus reply'd:
Phœbus, thy ſhafts are ſure on all beſide;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame ſhall be
Of all thy conqueſts, when I conquer thee.
He ſaid; and, ſoaring, ſwiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor ſtopt, but on Parnaſſus' airy height.
Two different ſhafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel deſire, and one to cauſe.
One ſhaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whoſe baſe allay
Provokes diſdain, and drives deſire away.
The blunted bolt againſt the nymph he dreſt;
But with the ſharp tranſfix'd Apollo's breaſt.
Th' enamour'd Deity purſues the chace;
The ſcornful damſel ſhuns his loath'd embrace,
In hunting beaſts of prey her youth employs,
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys:
With naked neck ſhe goes, and ſhoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair:
By many ſuitors ſought, ſhe mocks their pains,
And ſtill her vow'd virginity maintains:
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She ſhuns, and hates the joys ſhe never try'd:
On wilds and wood ſhe fixes her deſire,
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inſpire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'ſt, ſays he,
A huſband to thyſelf, a ſon to me.

She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed;
She glows with bluſhes, and ſhe hangs her head:
Then, caſting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandiſhments and filial charms:
Give me, my lord, ſhe ſaid, to lie and die
A ſpotleſs maid, without the marriage tie.
'Tis but a ſmall requeſt: I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old ſire was ſoften'd to conſent;
But ſaid, her wiſh would prove her puniſhment:
For ſo much youth, and ſo much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the ſtate which her deſires deſign'd.
The God of light, aſpiring to her bed,
Hopes what he ſeeks, with flattering fancies fed,
And is by his own oracles miſled.
And as in empty fields the ſtubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their uſeleſs torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the God, conſuming in deſire,
And feeding in his breaſt the fruitleſs fire.
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her ſhoulders her diſhevel'd hair:
Oh, were it comb'd, ſaid he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that ſhone;
He view'd her lips, too ſweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breaſt.
He praiſes all he ſees; and, for the reſt,
Believes the beauties yet unſeen are beſt.
Swift as the wind, the damſel fled away,
Nor did for theſe alluring ſpeeches ſtay.
Stay, nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a foe.
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,
And from purſuing falcons fearful doves.
Thou ſhunn'ſt a God, and ſhunn'ſt a God that loves.
Ah, leſt ſome thorn ſhould pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou ſhould'ſt fall, in flying my purſuit,
To ſharp, uneven ways thy ſteps decline;
Abate thy ſpeed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou doſt ſo raſhly fly:
Nor baſely born, nor ſhepherd's ſwain am I.
Perhaps thou know'ſt not my ſuperior ſtate;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos, obey;
Theſe hands the Patareian ſceptre ſway.
The King of Gods begot me: what ſhall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I ſee.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes and heavenly numbers I inſpire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But, ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
Medicine is mine: what herbs and ſimples grow
In fields and foreſts, all their powers I know;
And am the great phyſician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and foreſts can afford
No remedies to heal their love-ſick lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
And his own phyſic the phyſician fails.

She heard not half, ſo furiouſly ſhe flies;
And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and, as ſhe fled, the wind,
Increaſing, ſpread her flowing hair behind,
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view,
Which made the God more eager to purſue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To loſe his time in empty compliment;
But, led by love, and fir'd by ſuch a ſight,
Impetuouſly purſued his near delight.
As when th' impatient greyhound, ſlipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to courſe the fearful hare,
She in her ſpeed does all her ſafety lay;
And he with double ſpeed purſues the prey,
O'er-runs her at the ſitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'ſcapes, and for the neighbouring covert ſtrives,
And, gaining ſhelter, doubts if yet ſhe lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and ſuch the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did ſwiftly move;
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace;
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And juſt is faſtening on the wiſh'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of ſo long a flight;
And now deſpairing, caſt a mournful look
Upon the ſtreams of her paternal brook:
Oh, help, ſhe cry'd, in this extremeſt need,
If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
Or change my form, whence all my ſorrows come.
Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when her feet ſhe found
Benumb'd with cold, and faſten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves; her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone:
The ſmoothneſs of her ſkin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her ſtill; and, caſting round
Her bole his arms, ſome little warmth he found.
The tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind:
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the God: Becauſe thou canſt not be
My miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathleſs poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou ſhalt the Roman feſtivals adorn;
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou ſhalt returning Cæſar's triumph grace,
When pomps ſhall in a long proceſſion paſs;
Wreath'd on the poſt, before his palace wait,
And be the ſacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid,
And ſhook the ſhady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO AN HEIFER.

An ancient foreſt in Theſſalia grows,
Which Tempe's pleaſant valley does incloſe:
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his courſe,
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Miſts from the river's mighty fall ariſe,
And deadly damps incloſe the cloudy ſkies;
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood,
And ſounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood:
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A manſion, proper for a mourning God.
Here he gives audience; iſſuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent Deities.
On this occaſion, hither they reſort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court;
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, firſt appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years;
Enipeus, turbulent; Amphryſos, tame;
And Æas laſt, with lagging waters, came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loſs, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the watery train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's loſſes, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether ſtray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he ſhed.
He ſought her through the world, but ſought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her ſlain.
Her, juſt returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld, with a deſiring look;
And, oh, fair daughter of the flood, he ſaid,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever ſhall thoſe charms poſſeſs!
The King of Gods (nor is thy lover leſs)
Invites thee to yon cooler ſhades, to ſhun
The ſcorching rays of the meridian ſun.
Nor ſhalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone, without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny power; but he, whoſe high command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the ſeas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh, fly not (for ſhe fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's paſtures): he purſued the chace
Along the ſhades of the Lyrcæan plain:
At length the God who never aſks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then ſuppreſs'd her flight;
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd, that the miſt ſhould over-run
The face of day-light, and obſcure the ſun.
No natural cauſe ſhe found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marſhy lowlands, to produce the fogs:
Then round the ſkies ſhe ſought for Jupiter,
Her faithleſs huſband; but no Jove was there.
Suſpecting now the worſt, Or I, ſhe ſaid,
Am much miſtaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury ſhe precipitates her flight,
Diſpels the ſhadows of diſſembled night,
And to the day reſtores his native light.
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The conſequence, foreſeeing her deſcent,
Transforms his miſtreſs in a trice: and now,
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So ſleek her ſkin, ſo faultleſs was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleaſure take,
To ſee ſo fair a rival of her love;
And what ſhe was, and whence, inquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The God, half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And ſaid, ſhe ſprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What ſhould he do? 'twas equal ſhame to Jove,
Or to relinquiſh, or betray his love:
Yet to refuſe ſo ſlight a gift, would be
But more t' increaſe his conſort's jealouſy.
Thus fear and love by turns his heart aſſail'd;
And ſtronger love had ſure at length prevail'd;
But ſome faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the miſtreſs through the heifer ſeen.
The cautious Goddeſs, of her gift poſſeſt,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breaſt;
As ſhe who knew the falſehood of her Jove,
And juſtly fear'd ſome new relapſe of love;
Which to prevent, and to ſecure her care,
To truſty Argus ſhe commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with ſtars the ſkies)
Was compaſs'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two, by turns, their lids in ſlumber ſteep;
The reſt on duty ſtill their ſtation keep;
Nor could the total conſtellation ſleep.
Thus, ever preſent to his eyes and mind,
His charge was ſtill before him, though behind.
In fields he ſuffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the ſetting ſun to night gave way,
The captive cow he ſummon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the ſtall.
On leaves of trees, and bitter herbs, ſhe fed:
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed:
So hardly lodg'd: and, to digeſt her food,
She drank from troubled ſtreams, defil'd with mud.
Her woeful ſtory fain ſhe would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold:
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd:
She ſtrove to ſpeak: ſhe ſpoke not, but ſhe low'd.
Affrighted with the noiſe, ſhe look'd around,
And ſeem'd t' inquire the author of the ſound.
Once on the banks where often ſhe had play'd
(Her father's banks) ſhe came, and there ſurvey'd
Her alter'd viſage, and her branching head;
And, ſtarting from herſelf, ſhe would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this diſguiſe.
Ev'n Inachus himſelf was ignorant;
And, in his daughter, did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as ſhe
Were ſtill a partner of the company:
They ſtroke her neck: the gentle heifer ſtands,
And her neck offers to their ſtroking hands.

Her father gave her graſs: the graſs ſhe took,
And lick'd his palms, and caſt a piteous look;
And, in the language of her eyes, ſhe ſpoke.
She would have told her name, and aſk'd relief;
But, wanting words, in tears ſhe tells her grief;
Which, with her foot, ſhe makes him underſtand,
And prints the name of Io in the ſand.
Ah, wretched me! her mournful father cry'd:
She, with a ſigh, to *wretched* me reply'd.
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
And wept; and then theſe tender words enſue:
And art thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
The world, and have at length ſo ſadly found?
So found, is worſe than loſt: with mutual words
Thou anſwer'ſt not; no voice thy tongue affords;
But ſighs are deeply drawn from out thy breaſt;
And ſpeech deny'd, by lowing is expreſs'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed,
With empty hopes of happy iſſue fed:
But now the huſband of a herd muſt be
Thy mate, and bellowing ſons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my God-head but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I ſee;
And makes me curſe my immortality.
More had he ſaid; but, fearful of her ſtay,
The ſtarry guardian drove his charge away
To ſome freſh paſture; on a hilly height
He ſate himſelf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her ſufferings bear;
But call'd in haſte his airy meſſenger,
The ſon of Maïa, with ſevere decree
To kill the keeper, and to ſet her free.
With all his harneſs, ſoon the God was ſped;
His flying hat was faſten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung; and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the ſnaky wand:
The liquid air his moving pinions wound;
And, in the moment, ſhoot him on the ground.
Before he came in ſight, the crafty God
His wings diſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his rod:
That ſleep-procuring wand wiſe Hermes took,
But made it ſeem to fight a ſhepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control;
Which by the way he met, and ſlily ſtole.
Clad like a country ſwain, he pip'd and ſung,
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.
With pleaſure Argus the muſician heeds,
But wonders much at thoſe new vocal reeds;
And whoſoe'er thou art, my friend, ſaid he,
Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has brouze for them, and ſhade for thee.
The God, who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
Began diſcourſe, to paſs away the time;
And ſtill betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies;
And watch'd his hour, to cloſe the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake,
Not ſuffering all his eyes repoſe to take
And aſk'd the ſtranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence became ſo rare an inſtrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus: a nymph of late there was,
Whoſe heavenly form her fellows did ſurpaſs:
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by Deities, ador'd by ſwains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft purſu'd;
As oft ſhe did the luſtful Gods delude;
The rural and the wood-land powers diſdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd:
Like Phœbe clad, ev'n Phœbe's ſelf ſhe ſeems,
So tall, ſo ſtraight, ſuch well-proportioned limbs:
The niceſt eye did no diſtinction know,
But that the Goddeſs bore a golden bow:
Diſtinguiſh'd thus, the ſight ſhe cheated too.
Deſcending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchleſs nymph, and burns with new deſires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But, ere he thus began, ſhe took her flight,
So ſwift, ſhe was already out of ſight;
Nor ſtay'd to hear the courtſhip of the God,
But beat her courſe to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river ſtopt, and tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.
Now while the luſtful God, with ſpeedy pace,
Juſt thought to ſtrain her in a ſtrict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new riſing on the place:
And while he ſighs his ill ſucceſs to find,
The tender canes were ſhaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That, much ſurpriſing Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new muſic, Thou, he ſaid,
Who canſt not be the partner of my bed,
At leaſt ſhall be the conſort of my mind,
And often, often, to my lips be join'd.
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are;
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They ſtill retain the name of his ungrateful fair.
While Hermes pip'd, and ſung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowſy ſlumber on the lids to creep;
Till all the watchman was at length aſleep.
Then ſoon the God his voice and ſong ſuppreſt,
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his reſt;
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal ſtroke the keeper flew.
Down from the rock fell the diſſever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death; and, falling, bled;
And mark'd the paſſage with a crimſon trail.
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual night.

These Juno takes, that they no more may fail;
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head,
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madness and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down; and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries;
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she could;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the God.
Last, with an humble prayer, she begg'd repose,
Or death at least, to finish all her woes.
Jove heard her vows; and, with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said,
Dame, rest secure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddess was appeas'd; and at the word
Was Io to her former shape restor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so large; her crooked horns decrease;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease;
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of her skin.
Erected on her feet, she walks again;
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks.
A Goddess now through all th' Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.
Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a God receiv'd:
With sacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton
Like honour claims, and boasts his sire the sun.
His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far, said he,
And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree:
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger and with shame:
But shame repress'd his rage. The daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth.
Mother, said he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me, your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open slander, is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse.
If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He said; and, saying, cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge, if Clymene were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd;
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies:
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight;
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear, that Sun begot thee: if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny;
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world, but only me.
If still you doubt my mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard;
And, eager for the journey, soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey,
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroë's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

Connection to the former Story.

Ovid, having told how Theſeus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was impoſed on them by Minos, king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digreſſion to the ſtory of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the moſt inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoſes: for he only ſays, that Theſeus obtained ſuch honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourſe to him in their neceſſities; and, amongſt others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

From him the Caledonians ſought relief,
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief:
The cauſe, a boar, who ravag'd far and near;
Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging miniſter:
For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty bleſs'd,
In gifts to heaven his gratitude expreſs'd;
Cull'd ſheaves to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd ſheep and kine;
And fat of olives, to Minerva's ſhrine.
Beginning from the rural Gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each Deity, in every kind, was bleſs'd;
Till at Diana's fane th' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods: the queen of night,
Fir'd with diſdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Not unreveng'd that impious act ſhall be.
Swift as the word, ſhe ſped the boar away,
With charge on thoſe devoted fields to prey:
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian paſtures feed,
And none ſo large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire, ſuffus'd with blood;
His neck ſhoots up a thickſet, thorny wood;
His briſtled back a trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands erected, like a field of ſpears:
Froth fills his chaps; he ſends a grunting ſound;
And part he churns, and part beſoams the ground:
For tuſks, with Indian Elephants he ſtrove;
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves: the ſcorching blaſt invades
The tender corn, and ſhrivels up the blades;

Or, ſuffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the ſpikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load;
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad:
In vain the hinds the threſhing-floor prepare,
And exerciſe their flails in empty air.
With olives, ever green, the ground is ſtrew'd;
And grapes, ungather'd, ſhed their generous blood.
Amid the fold he rages, nor the ſheep
Their ſhepherds, nor the grooms their hulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themſelves ſecure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his choſen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praiſe purſue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to ſtars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery ſteed;
Then iſſu'd forth fam'd Jaſon after theſe,
Who mann'd the foremoſt ſhip that ſail'd the ſeas;
Then Theſeus join'd with bold Pirithous came:
A ſingle concord in a double name:
The Theſtian ſons, Idas who ſwiftly ran,
And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acaſtus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' ſon;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippaſus the ſtrong;
With twice old Iolas, and Neſtor then but young.
Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopſus the ſage, who future things foretold;
And t' other ſeer yet by his wife unſold.
A thouſand others of immortal fame;
Among the reſt fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
Her veſt behind, that elſe had flow'd upon the ground,
And ſhew'd her buſkin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a ſimple knot was ty'd above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her ſounding quiver on her ſhoulder ty'd,
One hand a dart, and one a bow ſupply'd.
Such was her face, as in a nymph diſplay'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The bluſhing beauties of a modeſt maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averſe. O happy youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy fates reſerve ſo fair a bride!
He ſigh'd, and had no leiſure more to ſay:
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to purſue the now neglected prey.
There ſtood a foreſt on the mountain's brow,
Which over-look'd the ſhaded plains below,
No ſounding ax preſum'd thoſe trees to bite;
Coeval with the world, a venerable ſight.
The heroes there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
The toils, ſome ſearch the footſteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger fought:
A valley ſtood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moiſt and marſhy ground,
Whoſe edges were with bending oſiers crown'd;
The knotty bulruſh next in order ſtood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.
From hence the boar was rous'd, and ſprung amain,
Like lightning ſudden on the warrior train;
Beats down the trees before him, ſhakes the ground,
The foreſt echoes to the crackling ſound:
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
All ſtood with their protended ſpears prepar'd,
With broad ſteel heads the brandiſh'd weapons glar'd.
The beaſt impetuous with his tuſks aſide
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All ſpend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
Echion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his mark,
And ſtuck his boar-ſpear on a maple's bark.
Then Jaſon; and his javelin ſeem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
Mopſus was next; but ere he threw, addreſs'd
To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy prieſt.
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy preſent aid afford;
That I may reach the beaſt. The God allow'd
His prayer, and, ſmiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the ſavage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.
This chaff'd the boar, his noſtrils flames expire,
And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a ſling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidſt the foes, ſo flies a mighty ſtone,
As flew the beaſt; the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erborn, he ruſhes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In duſt, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.
Oncſimus far'd worſe, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more ſuſtain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headlong on the plain.
Neſtor had fail'd the fall of Troy to ſee,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monſtrous foe was ſtill too near.
Againſt a ſtump his tuſk the monſter grinds,
And in the ſharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, truſting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future ſtars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horſes were;
Conſpicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandiſh'd at the foe:
Nor had they miſs'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming ſpears, not pervious to the ſteed.
But Telamon ruſh'd in, and happ'd to meet
A riſing root, that held his faſten'd feet;

So down he fell, whom, ſprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Meantime the virgin-huntreſs was not ſlow
T' expel the ſhaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the faſten'd arrow ſtood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She bluſh'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applauſe, and the fair archer prais'd.
He was the firſt to ſee, and firſt to ſhow
His friends the marks of the ſucceſsful blow.
Nor ſhall thy valour want the praiſes due,
He ſaid; a virtuous envy feiz'd the crew.
They ſhout; the ſhouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes fruſtrate the deſign.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flouriſhes his double-biting ax:
Then, forward to his fate, he took a ſtride
Before the reſt, and to his fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beaſt defend.
Thus boaſted he; then ſtretch'd, on tiptoe ſtood,
Secure to make his empty promiſe good.
But the more wary beaſt prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Ruſh out, and clotted blood diſtains the ground.
Pirithous, no ſmall portion of the war,
Preſs'd on, and ſhook his lance: to whom from far,
Thus Theſeus cry'd: O ſtay, my better part,
My more than miſtreſs; of my heart, the heart.
The ſtrong may fight aloof: Ancæus try'd
His force too near, and by preſuming dy'd:
He ſaid, and while he ſpake, his javelin threw;
Hiſſing in air th' unerring weapon flew;
But on an arm of oak, that ſtood betwixt
The markſman and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jaſon threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and flew an undeſerving hound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two ſpears from Meleager's hand were ſent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The firſt was fix'd in earth, the ſecond ſtood
On the boar's briſtled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd ſavage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound,
The wound's great author cloſe at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled ſtrokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he ſpins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his ſoul expires.
This act with ſhouts heaven high the friendly band
Applaud, and ſtrain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the ſlain with vaſt ſurpriſe,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, ſcarce ſecure, reach out their ſpears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnerſhip of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impreſs'd
On the ſtrong neck of that deſtructive beaſt;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, ſaid he, fair Nonacrine, my prize,
And, though inferior, ſuffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praiſe, with thine:
At this preſents her with the tuſky head
And chine, with riſing briſtles roughly ſpread.
Glad, ſhe receiv'd the gift; and ſeem'd to take
With double pleaſure, for the giver's ſake.
The reſt were ſeiz'd with ſullen diſcontent,
And a deaf murmur through the ſquadron went:
All envy'd; but the Theſtyan brethren ſhow'd
The leaſt reſpect, and thus they vent their ſpleen aloud:
Lay down thoſe honour'd ſpoils, nor think to ſhare,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Truſt not thy beauty; but reſtore the prize,
Which he, befotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with ſpite,
From her they ſnatch'd the gift, from him the giver's right.
But ſoon th' impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper coſt,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boaſt.
At this advanc'd, and ſudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' boſom plung'd the ſword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement ſlow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he ſtood,
Receiv'd the ſteel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Pleas'd with the firſt, unknown the ſecond news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her ſon's conqueſt; when at length appear
Her griſly brethren ſtretch'd upon the bier:
Pale, at the ſudden ſight, ſhe chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cauſe, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her ſoul; at laſt 'twas rage alone;
Which burning upwards in ſucceſſion dries
The tears that ſtood conſidering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth:
When ſhe was labouring in the throes of birth:
For th' unborn chief the fatal ſiſters came,
And rais'd it up, and toſs'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a ſcanty meaſure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the heel apace;
And turning ſung, To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal deſtiny:
So vaniſh'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung haſty from her bed, and quench'd the flame;

The log in secret lock'd, she kept with care,
And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
This brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and, heav'd, she thrice repress'd:
The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now lowering looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears, she dry'd
With blushing rage, are by new tears supply'd:
And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both opposite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempest, and th' impetuous seas:
So fares Althæa's mind; first she relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Sister and mother long the scales divide,
But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To please her brother's ghosts, her son should bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to rise,
Receive, she said, a sister's sacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging sisters, come and view
A sister paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I punish, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes must be with greater crimes repaid,
And second funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole household in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curse o'ertake us all!
Shall fate to happy Oeneus still allow
One son, while Thestius stands depriv'd of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A costly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whether am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye shades, and let your sister's issue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.
Then shall th' unpunish'd wretch insult the slain,
Triumphant live, not only live, but reign?
While you thin shades, the sport of winds, are tost
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested son;
Perish his sire, and perish I withal;
And let the house's heir, and the hop'd kingdom fall.

Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains which with ten months I strove!
Ah! had'st thou dy'd, my son, in infant years,
Thy little herse had been bedew'd with tears.
Thou liv'st by me; to me thy breath resign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preserv'd from fire:
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee restore.
I would, but cannot: my son's image stands
Before my sight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance these exact,
This pleads compassion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
But, having pay'd their injur'd ghosts their due,
My son requires my death, and mine shall his pursue.
At this for the last time she lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.
Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
And in those absent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains:
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his last adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they stay
At their full height, then languish to decay,
They rise, and sink by fits; at last they soar
In one bright blaze, and then descend no more;
Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.
Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees, unsluice their eyes;
And heaven and earth resound with murmurs, groans, and cries.
Matrons and maidens beat their breasts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their scatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more,
With sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with dust obscene,
And curses age, and loaths a life prolong'd with pain.
By steel her stubborn soul his mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious deed.
Had I an hundred tongues, a wit so large
As could their hundred offices discharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon bestow'd,
In all the streams inspiring all the God;

Thoſe tongues, that wit, thoſe ſtreams, that God, in vain
Would offer to deſcribe his ſiſters' pain:
They beat their breaſts with many a bruiſing blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the ſnow.
The corpſe they cheriſh, while the corpſe remains,
And exerciſe and rub with fruitleſs pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiſs the bed on which the body lay:
And when thoſe funeral flames no longer burn
(The duſt compos'd within a pious urn),
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confeſs,
And hug it in their arms, and to their boſoms preſs.

His tomb is rais'd; then, ſtretch'd along the ground,
Thoſe living monuments his tomb ſurround:
Ev'n to his name, inſcrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kiſſes wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury ſpent,
Not with leſs ruin, than a race, content:
Excepting Gorgé, periſh'd all the ſeed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at laſt, no longer ſhe purſu'd
The weeping ſiſters; but, with wings endu'd,
And horny beaks, and ſent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON:

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, purſuing the deeds of Theſeus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River God, to ſtay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an iſland by Neptune, at his requeſt. Pirithous, being an Atheiſt, derides the legend, and denies the power of the Gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theſeus, to confirm the ſtory of Achelous, relates another metamorphoſis of Baucis and Philemon into trees: of which he was partly an eye-witneſs.

Thus Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's ſon,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none;
He ſhook his impious head, and thus replies,
Theſe legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly ſway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.
The reſt, of better minds, their ſenſe declar'd
Againſt this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex roſe, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with ſober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and ſea,
The manufacture maſs, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompaſs'd round,
Stand on a moderate riſe, with wonder ſhown;
One a hard oak, a ſofter linden one:
I ſaw the place and them, by Pittheus ſent
To Phrygian realms, my grandſire's government,
Not far from thence is ſeen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fiſhing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in diſguiſe
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aſide his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilſome ſteps together trod;
For harbour at a thouſand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thouſand but was lock'd.
At laſt an hoſpitable houſe they found,
A homely ſhed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and ſtraw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their ſtore,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For maſter or for ſervant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now ſtooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome firſt expreſs'd)
A common ſettle drew for either gueſt,
Inviting each his weary limbs to reſt.
But e'er they ſat, officious Baucis lays
Two cuſhions ſtuff'd with ſtraw, the ſeat to raiſe;
Coarſe, but the beſt ſhe had; then takes the load
Of aſhes from the hearth, and ſpreads abroad
The living coals, and leſt they ſhould expire,
With leaves and barks ſhe feeds her infant-fire:
It ſmokes, and then with trembling breath ſhe blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames aroſe.
With bruſh-wood and with chips ſhe ſtrengthens theſe,
And adds at laſt the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, ſhe ſets the kettle on,
(Like burniſh'd gold the little ſeether ſhone)
Next took the coleworts which her huſband got
From his own ground (a ſmall well-water'd ſpot);
She ſtripp'd the ſtalks of all their leaves; the beſt
She cull'd, and then with handy care ſhe dreſs'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon ſeiz'd it with a prong,
And from the ſooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a ſlice, but ſcarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little ſtore,
Which for their ſakes alone he wiſh'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the fleſh, and drain the ſalt away.
The time between, before the fire they ſat,
And ſhorten'd the delay by pleaſing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they ſet
Before their gueſts; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their ſweat:
This done, the hoſt produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the ſted,
Which with no coſtly coverlet they ſpread;
But coarſe old garments, yet ſuch robes as theſe
They laid alone, at feaſts, on holydays.
The good old houſewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables ſet; th' invited Gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thruſt, beneath the limping leg, a ſherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholeſome herb, that breath'd a grateful ſcent.
Pallas began the feaſt, where firſt was ſeen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order ſerv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preſerv'd:
A garden ſallad was the third ſupply,
Of endive, radiſhes, and ſuccory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' buſy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roaſted rare.
All theſe in earthen ware were ſerv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher ſtor'd
With liquor of the beſt the cottage could afford.

This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his ſide
Stood beechen bowls; and theſe were ſhining clean,
Varniſh'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table ſent the ſmoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A ſavory bit, that ſerv'd to reliſh wine:
The wine itſelf was ſuiting to the reſt,
Still working in the muſt, and lately preſs'd.
The ſecond courſe ſucceeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery ſtore,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were ſet
In canniſters, t' inlarge the little treat:
All theſe a milk-white honey-comb ſurround,
Which in the midſt the country banquet crown'd.
But the kind hoſts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might diſcern with eaſe
A willing mind, and a deſire to pleaſe.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and ſtill,
Though often empty'd, were obſerv'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion ſeiz'd the pair, to ſee the feaſt
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd:
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excuſing, as they could, their country fare.
One gooſe they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the Gods for ſacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they purſu'd:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her maſter's compliment;
But perſecuted, to the powers ſhe flies,
And cloſe between the legs of Jove ſhe lies.
He with a gracious ear the ſuppliant heard,
And ſav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the God. The neighbourhood, ſaid he,
Shall juſtly periſh for impiety:
You ſtand alone exempted; but obey
With ſpeed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave theſe accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
Aſcend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haſte; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The truſty ſtaff (their better leg) ſupply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there ſecure, but ſpent with travel, ſtop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Loſt in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery deſert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an iſle, remains:
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours fate, and country now no more,
Their little ſhed ſcarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk to grow,
A ſtately temple ſhoots within the ſkies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns riſe:
The pavement poliſh'd marble they behold,
The gates with ſculpture grac'd, the ſpires and tiles of gold.

Then thus the ſire of Gods, with looks ſerene,
Speak thy deſire, thou only juſt of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with ſuch a man in marriage bound.
A while they whiſper; then, to Jove addreſs'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint requeſt.
We crave to ſerve before your ſacred ſhrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And ſince not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domeſtic ſtrife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither ſhe
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathleſs Baucis to the ſepulchre.
The Godheads ſign their ſuit. They run their race
In the ſame tenor all th' appointed ſpace;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
Theſe paſt adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon ſeen
Sprouting with ſudden leaves of ſprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon ſtood,
And ſaw his lengthen'd arms a ſprouting wood:
New roots their faſten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies ſtiffen in a riſing rind:
Then, e'er the bark above their ſhoulders grew,
They give and take at once their laſt adieu;
At once, farewell, O faithful ſpouſe, they ſaid;
At once th' encroaching rinds their cloſing lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan ſhows
A ſpreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I ſaw myſelf the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering freſher up, with pious prayer,
The good, ſaid I, are God's peculiar care,
And ſuch as honour heaven, ſhall heavenly honour ſhare.

THE FABLE OF

ITHIS AND IANTHE,

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fame of this, perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bade, and her who muſt obey.
Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumbering, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the banks of Nile;
The ſilent God; the ſacred Crocodile;
And, laſt a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the labouring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.

Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With ſecrecy, to ſhun the father's ſight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.
The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a ſon;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either ſex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandſire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit ſhew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceneſs mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of ſettling in the world his only ſon.
Ianthe was his choice; ſo wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They ſoon eſpous'd: for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the ſame, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one ſchool they grew.
Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame deſires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languiſh'd in deſpair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom ſhe thought a man, ſhe thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her deſpair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madneſs does a maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What iſſue of my love remains for me!
How wild a paſſion works within my breaſt!
With what prodigious flames am I poſſeſt!
Could I the care of Providence deſerve,
Heaven muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that's my fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual evil for my puniſhment:
Not this unkindly curſe; to rage and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no proſpect of return.
Nor cows for cows conſume with fruitleſs fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow mares deſire:
The father of the fold ſupplies his ewes;
The ſtag through ſecret woods his hind purſues;
And birds for mates the males of their own ſpecies chooſe.
Her females nature guards from female flame,
And joins two ſexes to preſerve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monſters, wanted of her ſtore,
Till my new love produc'd one monſter more.
The daughter of the ſun a bull deſir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:
Her paſſion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impoſſible ſhe was not bent,
But found the means to compaſs her intent.
To cheat his eyes, ſhe took a different ſhape;
Yet ſtill ſhe gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conſpire,
Should Dædalus aſſiſt my wild deſire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguiſh then thy paſſion, hopeleſs maid,
And recollect thy reaſon for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive theſe golden wiſhes from thy thought.
Thou canſt not hope thy fond deſires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wiſhes are in vain.
And yet no guards againſt our joys conſpire;
No jealous huſband hinders our deſire;
My parents are propitious to my wiſh,
And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the bliſs.
All things concur to proſper our deſign;
All things to proſper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis paſt the power of heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own deſires agree;
But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
Refuſes her aſſiſtance to my love;
She ſets the bar that cauſes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is juſt at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of water I complain of thirſt.
Why com'ſt thou, Juno, to theſe barren rites,
To bleſs a bed defrauded of delights?
And why ſhould Hymen lift his torch on high,
To ſee two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-ſick Iphis her vain paſſion mourns;
With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To ſpeed the work, and haſte the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethuſa fears the day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new delay:
Now feigns a ſickneſs, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding ſight.
But, having done whate'er ſhe could deviſe,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next enſuing day
The fatal ſecret muſt to light betray.
Then Telethuſa had recourſe to prayer,
She and her daughter with diſhevel'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Iſis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
Fair queen, who doſt on fruitful Egypt ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the ſceptre of the Pharian iſle,
And ſeven-fold falls of diſemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our laſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my ſight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light:
I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy ſound.

Thy words I noted; which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
From ſhame, and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears purſu'd her words; and while ſhe ſpoke
The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Iſis caſt a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring ſound.
Some hopes theſe happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a heating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger ſtride:
The whiteneſs of her ſkin forſook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her ſtrength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inſcription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the ſtar of day had ſhewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their preſence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Deſcended to complete their happy love;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into ſtone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, deteſted all women for their ſake, and reſolved never to marry. He falls in love with a ſtatue of his own making; which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his deſcendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha. The daughter inceſtuouſly loves her own father; for which ſhe is changed into a tree, which bears her name. Theſe two ſtories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYGMALION, loathing their laſcivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but moſt a wife:
So ſingle choſe to live, and ſhunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a conſort of his bed:
Yet, fearing idleneſs, the nurſe of ill,
In ſculpture exercis'd his happy ſkill;
And carv'd in ivory ſuch a maid, ſo fair
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were ſhe to work; but, in her own defence,
Muſt take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the thing ador'd deſires.
A very virgin in her face was ſeen,
And, had ſhe mov'd, a living maid had been;
One would have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd; but ſtrove
With modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit;
He knows 'tis madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he ſtrain'd the breaſt,
And on the lips a burning kiſs impreſs'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breaſt reſiſts the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiſs unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe ſhe kiſs'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And ſtraining hard the ſtatue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he ſeeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furniſhes her cloſet firſt; and fills
The crowded ſhelves with rarities of ſhells;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling ſtones of various hue:

And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And finging birds in ſilver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were ſorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, faſhionable robes her perſon deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone ſurrounds her ſlender waſte.
Thus like a queen array'd, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Beauteous ſhe ſhew'd, but naked ſhew'd the beſt.
Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple ſpread:
The ſolemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandiſhments invites her to his ſide,
And as ſhe were with vital ſenſe poſſeſs'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow reſt.
The feaſt of Venus came, a ſolemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, firſt approach'd the ſhrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair ſtatue mine, he would have ſaid,
But chang'd his words for ſhame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeneſs of my ivory maid.
The golden Goddeſs, preſent at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the ſign of granting his deſire;
For thrice in cheerful flames aſcends the fire.
The youth, returning to his miſtreſs, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breaſt, by the dear ſtatue lies.
He kiſſes her white lips, renews the bliſs,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiſs:
He thought them warm'd before; nor longer ſtays,
But next his hand on her hard boſom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It ſeem'd the breaſt beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas fleſh, but fleſh ſo firm, it roſe againſt the dint,
The pleaſing taſk he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more ſoft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former maſs to form, and frame to uſe.
He would believe, but yet is ſtill in pain,
And tries his argument of ſenſe again,
Preſſes the pulſe, and feels the leaping vein,
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his ſtudied thanks and praiſe
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiſs ſincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with ſurprize.
The Goddeſs, preſent at the match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the bed, ſuch fruitfulneſs convey'd,
That e'er ten moons had ſharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliſs, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connection of this ſtory with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the laſt: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far diſtant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither ſhe fled. You will ſee the reaſon of this note, ſoon after the firſt lines of this fable.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his ſire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a ſire.
Daughters and fathers, from my ſong retire:
I ſing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You ſhould not hear, or not believe, my tale.
Yet if the pleaſure of my ſong be ſuch,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive liſten to the laſt event,
And with the ſin believe the puniſhment:
Since nature could behold ſo dire a crime,
I gratulate at leaſt my native clime,
That ſuch a land, which ſuch a monſter bore,
So far is diſtant from our Thracian ſhore.
Let Araby extol her happy coaſt,
Her cinnamon and ſweet Amomum boaſt,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanſe her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime;
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Diſowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee thoſe infernal pains,
And ſhot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy ſire, had merited a curſe:
But ſuch an impious love deſerv'd a worſe.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canſt not chooſe, alone.
She knew it too, the miſerable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her ſecret ſoul ſhe ſaid:
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wiſhes tend?
Ye Gods, ye ſacred laws, my ſoul defend
From ſuch a crime as all mankind deteſt,
And never lodg'd before in human breaſt!
But is it ſin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd ſin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then theſe envious laws began,
Made not for any other beaſt but man!
The father-bull his daughter may beſtride,
The horſe may make his mother-mare a bride;

What piety forbids the luſty ram,
Or more ſalacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed the chick ſhe bore,
And make a huſband, whom ſhe hatch'd before.
All creatures elſe are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleaſure bind,
Nor thoughts of ſin diſturb their peace of mind.
But man a ſlave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himſelf what nature gives:
Too buſy ſenates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have daſh'd a ſpice of envy in the laws,
And, ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the cauſe.
Yet ſome wiſe nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but thoſe which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their ſires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in ſuch a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy ſtray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deſerves to kindle my deſires,
But with the love that daughters bear to ſires.
Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverſeneſs of my fate is ſuch,
That he 's not mine, becauſe he 's mine too much:
Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not ſo nigh.
Eyes and their objects never muſt unite,
Some diſtance is requir'd to help the ſight:
Fain would I travel to ſome foreign ſhore,
Never to ſee my native country more,
So might I to myſelf myſelf reſtore;
So might my mind theſe impious thoughts remove,
And, ceaſing to behold, might ceaſe to love.
But ſtay I muſt, to feed my famiſh'd ſight,
To talk, to kiſs; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canſt thou deſign,
To make a monſtrous mixture in thy line,
And break all ſtatutes human and divine?
Canſt thou be call'd (to ſave thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound ſo many ſacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! ſiſter to thy ſon!
And fear'ſt thou not to ſee th' infernal bands,
Their heads with ſnakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
And ſhake the ſerpents from their hiſſing hair?
But thou in time th' increaſing ill controul,
Nor firſt debauch the body by the ſoul;
Secure the ſacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the ſanctions nature has deſign'd.
Suppoſe I ſhould attempt, th' attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his ſinleſs ſoul profane:
Obſervant of the right; and O, that he
Could cure my madneſs, or be mad like me!
Thus ſhe; but Cinyras, who daily ſees,
A crowd of noble ſuitors at his knees,
Among ſo many, knew not whom to chooſe,
Irreſolute to grant, or to refuſe.
But, having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her beſt, and whom ſhe would prefer?
The bluſhing maid ſtood ſilent with ſurpriſe,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking ſigh'd: and as ſhe ſigh'd began
Round tears to ſhed, and ſcalded as they ran.
The tender fire, who ſaw her bluſh and cry,
Aſcrib'd it all to maiden modeſty;
And dry'd the falling drops, and, yet more kind,
He ſtrok'd her cheeks, and holy kiſſes join'd:
She felt a ſecret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleaſure than a daughter ſhould;
And, aſk'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the beſt; ſhe anſwer'd, One like you.
Miſtaking what ſhe meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her ſo continue ſtill:
The word of pious heard, ſhe bluſh'd with ſhame
Of ſecret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when ſlumbers cloſe
Our eyes, and ſooth our cares with ſoft repoſe;
But no repoſe could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as ſhe roll'd her mind:
Mad with deſire, ſhe ruminates her ſin,
And wiſhes all her wiſhes o'er again.
Now ſhe deſpairs, and now reſolves to try;
Would not, and would again, ſhe knows not why;
Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow;
Fain would begin, but underſtands not how;
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the laſt mortal ſtroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
This way and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either ſide,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irreſolute on which ſhe ſhould rely,
At laſt, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die;
On that ſad thought ſhe reſts; reſolv'd on death,
She riſes, and prepares to choke her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone ſhe ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewel, ſhe ſoftly cries;
For thee I die, and only wiſh to be
Not hated, when thou know'ſt I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cauſe;
This ſaid, about her neck the nooſe ſhe draws;
The nurſe, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not in words, the murmurs overheard,
And ſighs and hollow ſounds: ſurpris'd with fright,
She ſtarts, and leaves her bed, and ſprings a light:
Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath,
The dying ſaw, and inſtruments of death:
She ſhrieks, ſhe cuts the zone with trembling haſte,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for ſhe now had leiſure for her tears)
She weeping aſk'd, in theſe her blooming years,
What unforeſeen misfortune caus'd her care,
To lothe her life, and languiſh in deſpair!
The maid with down-caſt eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfiniſh'd, and ill-tim'd relief,

Stood ſullen to her ſuit: the beldame preſs'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breaſt,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food ſhe drew
From theſe dry founts, her ſecret ill to ſhew.
Sad Myrrha ſigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aſide:
The nurſe ſtill urg'd, and would not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd ſecreſy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, ſhe ſaid, my want of ſtrength ſupplies,
And diligence ſhall give what age denies.
If ſtrong deſires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and medicines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have caſt,
More powerful verſe ſhall free thee from the blaſt:
If heaven offended ſends thee this diſeaſe,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appeaſe.
What then remain, that can theſe cares procure?
Thy houſe is flouriſhing, thy fortune ſure:
Thy careful mother yet in health ſurvives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin ſtarted at her father's name,
And ſigh'd profoundly, conſcious of the ſhame:
Nor yet the nurſe her impious love divin'd:
But yet ſurmis'd, that love diſturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, ſhe purſued her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then ſoftly ſooth'd her thus, I gueſs your grief:
You love, my child; your love ſhall find relief.
My long experienc'd age ſhall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay diſtruſt aſide:
No breath of air ſhall on the ſecret blow,
Nor ſhall (what moſt you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body proſtrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her bluſhes, hid her head:
There ſilent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but ſhe receiv'd not the command;
Remaining ſtill importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or aſk no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or ſtaying ſpare my ſhame;
What thou would'ſt hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And, trembling both with rage and terror, ſtands,
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Sooths her with blandiſhments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or diſcloſe
What part of it ſhe knew, if ſhe no further knows:
And laſt, if conſcious to her counſel made,
Confirms anew the promiſe of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but ſoon, oppreſs'd
With ſhame, reclin'd it on her nurſe's breaſt;
Bath'd it with tears, and ſtrove to have confeſs'd:
Twice ſhe began, and ſtopp'd; again ſhe try'd;
The faltering tongue its office ſtill deny'd:
At laſt her veil before her face ſhe ſpread,
And drew a long preluding ſigh, and ſaid,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!
Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman ſhook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghaſtly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror ſtood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than ſhe would:
Much ſhe reproach'd, and many things ſhe ſaid,
To cure the madneſs of th' unhappy maid:
In vain; for Myrrha ſtood convict of ill;
Her reaſon vanquiſh'd, but exchang'd her will:
Perverſe of mind, unable to reply,
She ſtood reſolv'd or to poſſeſs or die.
At length the fondneſs of a nurſe prevail'd
Againſt her better ſenſe, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, ſince ſuch is thy deſire,
Thy love, ſhe ſaid; ſhe durſt not ſay thy ſire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a ſecond oath her faith confirms.
The ſolemn feaſt of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen ſtoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in proceſſion walk the pious train,
Offering firſt fruits, and ſpikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they ſhun,
And, ſanctifying harveſt, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forſook her lord,
And Ceres' power with ſecret rites ador'd
The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curſt occaſion took, the king ſhe found
Eaſy with wine, and deep in pleaſure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confeſs'd the paſſion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form ſhe prais'd; the monarch aſk'd her years,
And ſhe reply'd, the ſame that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, ſhe hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the taſk was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was inſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the mind,
That in our will a different will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſu'd her luſt;
For guilty pleaſures give a double guſt.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
When Myrrha haſten'd to the crime deſir'd;
The moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd;
The ſtars amaz'd ran backward from the ſight,
And, ſhrunk within their ſockets, loſt their light.
Icarius firſt withdraws his holy flame:
The virgin ſign, in heaven the ſecond name,
Slides down the belt, and from her ſtation flies,
And night with fable clouds involves the ſkies.
Bold Myrrha ſtill purſues her black intent:
She ſtumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;)
Thrice ſhriek'd the funeral owl, yet on ſhe went,
Secure of ſhame, becauſe ſecure of ſight;
Ev'n haſhful ſins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay;

Thus far her courage held, but here forſakes;
Her faint knees knock at every ſtep ſhe makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorſe, and horror of her ſin;
Repents too late her criminal deſire,
And wiſhes, that unknown ſhe could retire.
Her lingering thus, the nurſe (who fear'd delay
The fatal ſecret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And ſaid to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus ſaying, ſhe deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The ſire unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd ſheets;
He found ſhe trembled, but believ'd ſhe ſtrove
With maiden modeſty, againſt her love;
And fought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he ſaid; My daughter, ceaſe thy fears,
(Becauſe the title ſuited with her years;
And, Father, ſhe might whiſper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the ſin.
Full of her ſire, ſhe left th' inceſtuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime ſhe bred:
Another, and another night ſhe came;
For frequent ſin had left no ſenſe of ſhame:
Till Cinyras deſir'd to ſee her face,
Whoſe body he had held in cloſe embrace.
And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to ſight;
Grief, rage, amazement, could no ſpeech afford,
But from the ſheath he drew th' avenging ſword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd firſt the ſin, ſecur'd the flight,
Long wandering through the ſpacious fields, ſhe bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then paſs'd the regions which Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the balmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unſupply'd with ſtrength,
And with the burden of her womb oppreſs'd;
Sabæan fields afford her needful reſt;
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguiſh of her ſpirit, thus ſhe pray'd:
Ye powers, if any ſo propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
Your judgments, I confeſs, are juſtly ſent;
Great ſins deſerve as great a puniſhment:
Yet ſince my life the living will profane,
And ſince my death the happy dead will ſtain,
A middle ſtate your mercy may beſtow,
Betwixt the realms above, and thoſe below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At leaſt, ſhe did her laſt requeſt obtain;
For, while ſhe ſpoke, the ground began to riſe,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots deſcend, and, ſpreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her ſolid bones convert to ſolid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to ſap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender ſkin is harden'd into rind.
And now the riſing tree her womb inveſts,
Now, ſhooting upwards ſtill, invades the breaſts,
And ſhades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She ſunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward ſhape ſhe loſt her ſenſe,
With bitter tears ſhe wept her laſt offence;
And ſtill ſhe weeps, nor ſheds her tears in vain:
For ſtill the precious drops her name retain.
Meantime the miſbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, diſtends with deadly throes
The ſwelling rind, with unavailing ſtrife,
To leave the wooden womb, and puſhes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppreſs'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain:
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole ſends out a hollow ſound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and ſtood
Beſide the ſtruggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to ſpeed the throes,
And ſpoke the powerful ſpells that babes to birth diſcloſe.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And ſafe delivers the convulſive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And waſh him in the tears the parent plant diſtill'd.
They ſwath'd him with their ſcarfs; beneath him ſpread
The ground with herbs; with roſes rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace:
Ev'n envy muſt have prais'd ſo fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they ſhew
Their utmoſt art, on naked Love's beſtow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiſcover'd haſte,
The future but a length behind the paſt:
So ſwift are years: the babe, whom juſt before
His grandſire got, and whom his ſiſter bore;
The drop the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himſelf at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave deſires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the ſon of Luciſer (the morning ſtar), and the king of Trachin in Theſſaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the huſband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he ſucceeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, ſlain by Diana, Ceyx prepared a ſhip to ſail to Claros, there to conſult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid ſeems to intimate) to inquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

These prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with thoſe that happen'd ſince,
He purpoſes to ſeek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unſafe the road.
Yet could not he, from her he lov'd ſo well,
The fatal voyage, he reſolv'd, conceal:
But when ſhe ſaw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran ſhivering to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfiniſh'd on her tongue,
Or vaniſh'd into ſighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, ſhe ſaid, what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindneſs gone?
Can Ceyx then ſuſtain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forſake the ſweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'ſt thou abſence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goeſt by land, though grief poſſeſs
My ſoul ev'n then, my fears will be the leſs.
But ah! be warn'd to ſhun the watery way,
The face is frightful of the ſtormy ſea.
For late I ſaw a-driſt disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let falſe hopes to truſt betray thy mind,
Becauſe my ſire in caves conſtrains the wind,
Can with a breath in clamorous rage appeaſe,
They fear his whiſtle, and forſake the ſeas;
Not ſo, for once, indulg'd, they ſweep the main:
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain;
But bent on miſchief bear the waves before,
And, not content with ſeas, inſult the ſhore:

When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted foreſts fly before their rage:
At once the claſhing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run acroſs the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempeſt they command alone,
And he but ſits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But, if not fears or reaſons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obſtinate to fail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal ſhare,
And preſent ſuffer what I only fear;
Then o'er the bounding billows ſhall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
Theſe reaſons mov'd her ſtarlike huſband's heart,
But ſtill he held his purpoſe to depart:
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the ſeas expoſe his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But fought by arguments to ſooth her pain;
Nor theſe avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which ſo difficult a cauſe he won:
My love, ſo ſhort an abſence ceaſe to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I ſwear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay prevails;
He ſoon equips the ſhip, ſupplies the ſails,
And gives the word to launch; ſhe trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Laſt, with a kiſs, ſhe took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a ſad preſage, and ſwooning fell;
While Ceyx ſeeks delays, the luſty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breaſts, the ſhip with fury flew.
The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her huſband on the poop eſpies
Shaking his hand at diſtance on the main;
She took the ſign; and ſhook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With ſharpen'd ſight, till ſhe no longer knew
The much lov'd face; that comfort loſt ſupplies
With leſs, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley born from view by riſing gales,
She follow'd with her ſight the flying ſails:
When ev'n the flying ſails were ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all ſight, ſhe left the ſhore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And ſought in ſleep her weary'd eyes to cloſe:
Her huſband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he preſs'd, renew'd the former ſmart.
And now a breeze from ſhore began to blow,
The ſailors ſhip their oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their yards a-trip, and all their ſails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the veſſel half her courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the riſing ſun;
Both ſhores were loſt to ſight, when at the cloſe
Of day, a ſtiffer gale at eaſt aroſe:
The ſea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, firſt denounce the watery war.
This ſeen, the maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the top-ſail; let the main-ſheet fly,
And furl your ſails: the winds repel the ſound,
And in the ſpeaker's mouth the ſpeech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their oars, or ſtop the leaky ſides,
Another bolder yet the yard beſtrides,
And folds the ſails; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding ſeas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confuſion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the ſky,
And wage inteſtine wars; the ſuffering ſeas
Are toſs'd, and mingled as their tyrants pleaſe.
The maſter would command, but, in deſpair
Of ſafety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempeſt to ſuch fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his ſkill;
With ſuch a concourſe comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling ſhrowds;
Seas daſh on ſeas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flaſh, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves aſcending ſcale the ſkies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:
When yellow ſands are ſifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden ſhow;
And when the fouler bottom ſpews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted ſeas,
And change their colour, changing their diſeaſe.
Like various fits the Trachin veſſel finds,
And now ſublime ſhe rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty ſummit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether ſky:
Now from the depth of hell they lift their ſight,
And at a diſtance ſee ſuperior light.
The laſhing billows make a loud report,
And beat her ſides, as battering-rams a fort;
Or as a lion, bounding in his way,
With force augmented, bears againſt his prey,
Sidelong to ſeize: or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and ruſhes on the ſpear:
So ſeas impell'd by winds with added power
Aſſault the ſides, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings waſh'd away,
Now yield, and now a yawning breach diſplay:
The roaring waters, with a hoſtile tide,
Ruſh through the ruins of her gaping ſide.
Mean time in ſheets of rain the ſky deſcends;
And ocean, ſwell'd with waters, upwards tends,
One riſing, falling one: the heavens and ſea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The ſails are drunk with ſhowers, and drop with rain;
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No ſtar appears, to lend his friendly light:
Darkneſs and tempeſt make a double night:

But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns;
And, while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite,
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So while th' invading billows come a-breast,
The hero, tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey;
Part, following, enter; part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows' conquering shout,
And mount on others' backs, in hope to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.
An universal cry resounds aloud;
The sailors run in heaps; a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate;
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores;
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse:
The covetous worldling, in his anxious mind,
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs;
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near;
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;
He fought; but, in the dark tempestuous night,
He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and, with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And tost'd on seas: press'd with the ponderous blow,
Down sinks the ship within th' abyss below:
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again:
Some few on scatter'd planks, with fruitless care,
Lay hold, and swim, but, while they swim, despair.
Ev'n he who late a sceptre did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand;
And, while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain:
But yet his consort is his greater care:
Alcyone he names amidst his prayer;
Names, as a charm against the waves and wind;
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last,
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night; his heavenly form obscur'd with tears:
And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with care;
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear;
And for herself employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come.
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Powers implor'd; but far above the rest,
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct;
Then pray'd that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part:
This last petition heard of all her prayer;
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.
But she, the Goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held.
Then Iris thus bespoke: Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of sleep, and bid the God
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm:
This form before Alcyone present,
To make her certain of the sad event.
Indu'd with robes of various hues, she flies;
And, flying, draws an arch (a segment of the skies): [steep
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the
Descends to search the silent house of sleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy God;
Whose gloomy mansion, nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon;
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky:
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day;

Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace;
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose, without an air of breath,
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet, next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps:
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon sted:
Black was the covering too, where lay the God,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.
The virgin entering bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away.
The God, disturb'd with his new glare of light
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And, sinking on his bosom, knock'd his chin;
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame,
(And asking yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the Goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
Sweet, pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day;
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm;
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of sleep;
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.
The God, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture, could supply,
The habit mimic, and the mien belye;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beasts, and dragons, apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall,
The Gods have nam'd, but men Phobeter call.
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams.
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display;
The rest before th' ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch, overwatch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.
Darkling the dæmon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft, that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made;
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's,
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears,
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs:
Then staring on her, with a ghastly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke:
Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The stormy south o'ertook us on the main;
And never shalt thou see thy living lord again.
Bear witness, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow stopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghost to pass the Stygian ford;
But rise, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord.
Thus said the player god; and, adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, and Ceyx shed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd
She sigh'd, she wept, and sleeping beat her breast;
Then stretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare;
Her clasping arms inclose but empty air:
At this not yet awake, she cry'd, Oh stay;
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That, starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.

Her nurſe demands the cauſe. With louder cries
She proſecutes her griefs, and thus replies:
No more Alcyone, ſhe ſuffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx loſt his breath:
No flattery, no falſe comfort, give me none,
My ſhipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I ſaw, I ſaw him manifeſt in view,
His voice, his figure, and his geſtures knew;
His luſtre loſt, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear ſo fair:
I would have ſtrain'd him with a ſtrict embrace;
But through my arms he ſlipt, and vaniſh'd from the place.
There, ev'n juſt there he ſtood: and as ſhe ſpoke,
Where laſt the ſpectre was ſhe caſt her look;
Fain would ſhe hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footſteps might be found.
Then ſigh'd, and ſaid, This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear preſag'd too true.
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and ſuffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to ſtay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours aſſign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death diſjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx ſtill been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had periſh'd there:
Now I die abſent in the vaſt profound;
And me without myſelf the ſeas have drown'd:
The ſtorms were not ſo cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive;
But neither will I ſtrive, nor wretched thee
In death forſake, but keep thee company.
If not one common ſepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our laſt remains;
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone ſhall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For ſighs come ruſhing in betwixt her words,
And ſtopt her tongue; but what her tongue denied, [ply'd.
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints, ſup-
'Twas morning. To the port ſhe takes her way,
And ſtands upon the margin of the ſea:
That place, that very ſpot of ground ſhe ſought,
Or thither by her deſtiny was brought,
Where laſt he ſtood: and while ſhe ſadly ſaid,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiſs; and there his anchors weigh'd:
Thus ſpeaking, while her thoughts paſt actions trace,
And call to mind, admoniſh'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmoſt ken ſhe caſt her eyes,
And ſomewhat floating from afar deſcries:
It ſeem'd a corpſe adrift to diſtant ſight;
But at a diſtance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet; and then ſhe knew,
That what before ſhe but ſurmis'd, was true:
A corpſe it was, but whoſe it was unknown;
Yet mov'd, howe'er, ſhe made the caſe her own,
Took the bad omen of a ſhipwreck'd man,
As for a ſtranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on ſtormy ſeas to loſe thy life;
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this ſhe paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the ſide.
The more ſhe looks, the more her fears increaſe,
At nearer ſight; and ſhe's herſelf the leſs.
Now driven aſhore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom ſhe ſees,
Her huſband's corpſe: at this ſhe loudly ſhrieks;
'Tis he, 'tis he, ſhe cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her veſt; and, ſtooping to the ſands,
About his neck ſhe caſt her trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life;
Thus, thus return'ſt thou to thy longing wife!
She ſaid; and to the neighbouring mole ſhe ſtrode
(Rais'd there to break th' incurſions of the flood);
Headlong from hence to plunge herſelf ſhe ſprings,
But ſhoots along, ſupported on her wings.
A bird new-made, about the banks ſhe plies,
Nor far from ſhore, and ſhort excurſions tries;
Nor ſeeks in air her humble flight to raiſe,
Content to ſkim the ſurface of the ſeas.
Her bill, though ſlender, ſends a creaking noiſe,
And imitates a lamentable voice.
Now lighting where the bloodleſs body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries;
At all her ſtretch her little wings ſhe ſpread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead;
Then flickering to his pallid lips, ſhe ſtrove
To print a kiſs, the laſt eſſay of love.
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiſs, the vulgar doubt alone;
For ſure a preſent miracle was ſhown.
The Gods their ſhapes to winter-birds tranſlate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection ſtill is ty'd;
And ſtill the mournful race is multiply'd:
They bill, they tread: Alcyone compreſs'd
Seven days ſits brooding on her floating neſt:
A wintery queen: her ſire at length is kind,
Calms every ſtorm, and huſhes every wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's eaſe,
And for his hatching nephews ſmoothes the ſeas

ÆSACUS transformed into a CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

These ſome old man ſees wanton in the air,
And praiſes the unhappy conſtant pair;
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant ſhows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
That ſable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With ſlender legs, was once of royal blood;
His anceſtors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede
(Whoſe beauty tempted Jove to ſteal the boy),
And Priam, hapleſs prince! who fell with Troy:
Himſelf was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's ſide of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æſacus by ſtealth in Ida's ſhade.
He fled the noiſy town and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and ſimple rural ſport,
And ſeldom to the city would reſort:
Yet he no ruſtic clowniſhneſs profeſt;
Nor was ſoft love a ſtranger to his breaſt:
The youth had long the nymph Heſperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket or the mead purſu'd:
Her haply on her father's bank he ſpy'd,
While fearleſs ſhe her ſilver treſſes dry'd:
Away ſhe fled: not ſtags with half ſuch ſpeed,
Before the prowling wolf, ſcud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the ſafer flood forſake,
Purſu'd by hawks, ſo ſwift regain the lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot career:
Deſire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A ſnake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs foot:
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices ſhoot.
She fell, and 'ſcap'd by death his fierce purſuit.
Her lifeleſs body, frighted, he embrac'd;
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haſte.
O had my love been leſs, or leſs thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accurſed ſnake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cauſe was given by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging ſide,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave,
The death he ſought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the ſureſt remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curs'd th' unaſk'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond fall ſucceſsleſs tries:
The downy plume a quick deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaſeleſs ſorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meagred his look, and on his ſpirits prey'd.
Still near the ſounding deep he lives: his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the end of the Eleventh Book.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllorus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

Priam, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
A cenotaph his name and title kept;
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers wept.
This pious office Paris did not share;
Absent alone, and author of the war;
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew,
T' avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.
A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea;
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore,
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leafy summit spy'd a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds, unfledg'd: their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view:
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.

This dire oſtent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed; and with a ſmiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we ſhall conquer; Troy is ours;
But long delays ſhall firſt afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend;
The tenth ſhall in the town's deſtruction end.
The ſerpent, who his maw obſcene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But, as in ſpires he ſtood, he turn'd to ſtone:
The ſtony ſnake retain'd the figure ſtill his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their ſails; and Neptune diſobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town ſhould be deſtroy'd,
Whoſe building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not ſo the ſeer; who knew, and known foreſhow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Muſt firſt be reconcil'd: the common cauſe
Prevail'd; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping prieſts, in linen robes array'd:
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power who caus'd their woe,
Relenting, ceas'd her wrath, and ſtopp'd the coming blow.
A miſt before the miniſters ſhe caſt;
And in the virgin's room a hind ſhe plac'd.
The oblation ſlain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The ſtorm was huſh'd, and dimpled ocean ſmil'd:
A favourable gale aroſe from ſhore,
Which to the port deſir'd the Grecian gallies bore.
Full in the midſt of this created ſpace,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and ſkies, there ſtands a place
Confining on all three; with trible bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating ſound.
The palace of loud Fame; her ſeat of power;
Plac'd on the ſummit of a lofty tower:
A thouſand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of freſh reports a flowing tide;
A thouſand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the buſy trade.
'Tis built of braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading ſounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor ſilence is within, nor voice expreſs;
But a deaf noiſe of ſounds that never ceaſe;
Couſus'd and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' inſulted ſhore;
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to diſtance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or iſſuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news; where ſome deviſe
Things never heard, ſome mingle truth with lies;
The troubled air with empty ſounds they beat,
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error ſits brooding there, with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:
Suſpicion, with ſedition join'd, are near;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear.
Fame ſits aloft, and ſees the ſubject ground,
And ſeas about, and ſkies above, enquiring all around.
The Goddeſs gives th' alarm; and ſoon is known
The Grecian fleet, deſcending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not ſlow
To guard their ſhore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Proteſilaus falls, and bites the ſtrand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won.
And prov'd the ſtrength unknown of Priam's ſon;
And to their coſt the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From theſe firſt onſets, the Sigæan ſhore
Was ſtrew'd with carcaſes, and ſtain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had ſlain;
Achilles in his car had ſcour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought,
Cygnus or Hector through the fields he ſought:
Cygnus he found; on him his force eſſay'd;
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-man'd ſteeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage, with a gentle ſtroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe;
And riſing ſhook his lance, in act to throw.
But firſt he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, enobled by Pelides' ſpear.
The lance purſued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miſs the way,
But pierc'd his cuiraſs, with ſuch fury ſent,
And ſign'd his boſom with a purple dint.
At this the ſeed of Neptune: Goddeſs-born,
For ornament, not uſe, theſe arms are worn;
This helm and heavy buckler I can ſpare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis ſomewhat more from Neptune to proceed.
Than from a daughter of the ſea to ſpring:
Thy fire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I ſhould contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impaſſable depart.
He ſaid, and threw: the trembling weapon paſs'd [plac'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other
On his broad ſhield, and ſtuck within the laſt.
Achilles wrench'd it out, and ſent again
The hoſtile gift: the hoſtile gift was vain.
He try'd a third, a tough, well-choſen ſpear:
Th' inviolable body ſtood ſincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But ſcornful offer'd his unſhielded ſide.
Not otherwiſe th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompaſs'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By ſight of ſcarlet, and a ſanguine war,

They quit their ground, his bended horns elude,
In vain purſuing, and in vain purſued.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He ſtood conſidering, and ſurvey'd his lance;
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden ſpear,
Without a point: he look'd; the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance, he ſaid,
By which ſo many thouſand foes are dead:
O whither is their uſual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrneſſian wall,
And Tenedos, confeſs'd it in their fall.
Thy ſtreams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimſon flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing ſteel,
To wound him firſt, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain;
And that my wonted proweſs I retain,
Witneſs theſe heaps of ſlaughter on the plain.
He ſaid, and doubtful of his former deeds,
To ſome new trial of his force proceeds.
He choſe Menætes from among the reſt;
At him he launch'd his ſpear, and pierc'd his breaſt.
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay ſupine; and forth the ſpirit fled.
Then thus the hero: Neither can I blame
The hand or javelin; both are ſtill the ſame.
The ſame I will employ againſt this foe,
And with but with the ſame ſucceſs to throw.
So ſpoke the chief; and while he ſpoke he threw:
The weapon with unerring fury flew,
At his left ſhoulder aim'd; nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with ſwift rebound
Harmleſs return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with falſe joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none: the blood that was in view,
The lance before from ſlain Menætes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty ear,
And in cloſe fight on foot renews the war;
Raging with high diſdain, repeats his blows:
Nor ſhield nor armour can their force oppoſe:
Huge cantlets of his buckler ſtrew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his fleſh no wound or blood is ſeen:
The ſword itſelf is blunted on the ſkin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears,
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the ſon of Neptune, ſtunn'd
With theſe repeated buffets, quits his ground:
A ſickly ſweat ſucceeds, and ſhades of night:
Inverted nature ſwims before his ſight.
Th' inſulting victor preſſes on the more,
And treads the ſteps the vanquiſh'd trod before;
Nor reſt nor reſpite gives. A ſtone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and ſtopp'd his way.
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'erturn'd, and puſh'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under; while he preſs'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breaſt;
Unlac'd his helm; about his chin the twiſt
He try'd, and ſoon the ſtrangled ſoul diſmiſs'd.

With eager haſte he went to ſtrip the dead:
The vanquiſh'd body from his arms was fled.
His ſea-god ſire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce ſucceeds the labours of this day,
And arms ſuſpended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward,
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard.
The feaſt approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd maid
His vows for Cygnus ſlain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the Gods the grateful odour flew.
Heaven had its part in ſacrifice: the reſt
Was broil'd and roaſted for the future feaſt.
The chief invited gueſts were ſet around;
And hunger firſt aſſuag'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ,
And mute was all the warlike ſymphony;
Diſcourſe, the food of ſouls, was their delight,
And pleaſing chat prolong'd the ſummer's night.
The ſubject, deeds of arms, and valour ſhown,
Or on the Trojan ſide, or on their own;
Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd:
They talk'd by turns, the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but theſe could fierce Achilles tell;
Or what could fierce Achilles hear ſo well?
The laſt great act perform'd, of Cygnus ſlain,
Did moſt the martial audience entertain;
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From ſteel, and which could even that ſteel rebate:
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And ſcarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Neſtor thus: What once this age has known
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
Theſe eyes have ſeen in Cæneus long before,
Whoſe body not a thouſand ſwords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage and in ſtrength excell'd,
And ſtill his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did moſt his martial deeds adorn,
(Though ſince he chang'd his ſex) a woman born.
A novelty ſo ſtrange, and full of fate,
His liſtening audience aſk'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common ſuit:
O father, firſt for prudence in repute,
Tell with that eloquence ſo much thy own,
What thou haſt heard, or what of Cæneus known.
What was he, whence his change of ſex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him; and in what fatal ſtrife
The youth, without a wound, could loſe his life?
Neleides then: Though tardy age and time
Have ſhrunk my ſinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my ſtore;
Yet not exhauſted, I remember more.
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace deſign'd,
That action ſtill is freſher in my mind
Than aught beſide. If reverend age can give
To faith a ſanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my ſecond century I ſurvey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princeſs, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy ſire, perhaps had fought her bed,
Among the reſt; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promiſe ty'd;
But ſhe to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.
It was her fortune once to take her way
Along the ſandy margin of the ſea:
The power of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſs'd,
And, lov'd as ſoon as ſeen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treaſure ſeiz'd,
And his new joys the raviſher ſo pleas'd,
That thus, tranſported, to the nymph he cry'd,
Aſk what thou wilt; no prayer ſhall be deny'd.
This alſo fame relates. The haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
This anſwer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence of right belongs.
Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a ſhame,
But change the woman for a better name.
One gift for all. She ſaid: and while ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtern, majeſtic, manly tone ſhe took.
A man ſhe was; and as the Godhead ſwore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without requeſt:
No force of ſteel ſhould violate his breaſt.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes,
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.
Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's ſon,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beaſt,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feaſt.
In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'erſhade.
They ſate; and, ſummon'd by the bridegroom came,
To mix with thoſe, the Lapithæan name.
Nor wanted I. The roofs with joy reſound;
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars ſhone with holy fires. The bride,
Lovely herſelf (and lovely by her ſide
A bevy of bright nymphs, with ſober grace),
Came glittering like a ſtar, and took her place.
Her heavenly form beheld, all wiſh'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wiſhes all employ.
For one, moſt brutal of the brutal blood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride; at once reſolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and faſtening on her hair,
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his beſtial kind
His crime purſued, and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her whom chance preſented took. The feaſt
An image of a taken town expreſs'd.
The cave reſounds with female ſhrieks. We riſe,
Mad with revenge, to make a ſwift repriſe;
And Theſeus firſt: What frenzy has poſſeſs'd,
O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breaſt,
To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To juſtify his threat, he thruſts aſide
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride.
The monſter nought reply'd; for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjuſt maintain;
But anſwers with his hand; and forward preſs'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breaſt.
An ample goblet ſtood, of antique mold,
And rough with figures of the riſing gold;
The hero ſnatch'd it up, and toſs'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul raviſher.
He falls; and falling, vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring and half neighing through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call,
To wreak their brother's death. A medley flight
Of bowls and jars at firſt ſupply the fight;
Once inſtruments of feaſts, but now of fate.
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
Bold Amycus, from the robb'd veſtry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things,
Of precious weight. A ſconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the ſacriſty,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell, and left
His face of feature and of form bereft.
So, when ſome brawny ſacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground:
His noſe diſmantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound.
This Belates, th' avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took;
And hurl'd at Amycus, his chin is bent
Againſt his cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent;
Whom ſputtering bloody teeth, the ſecond blow
Of his drawn ſword diſpatch'd to ſhades below.
Grineus was near; and caſt a furious look
On the ſide altar, cens'd with ſacred ſmoke,
And bright with flaming fires. The Gods, he cry'd,
Have with their holy trade our hands ſupply'd:
Why uſe we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar-ſtone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickeſt throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus flew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her ſphere to draw the labouring moon.
Exadius cry'd, Unpuniſh'd ſhall not go
This fact, if arms are found againſt the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were ſpread
The votive horns of a ſtag's branching head:
At Grineus theſe he throws; ſo juſt they fly,
That the ſharp antler's ſtuck in either eye:

Breathleſs and blind he fell, with blood beſmear'd,
His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then daſh'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the ſight:
The whiſtling peſt came on, and pierc'd the bone
And caught the yellow hair, that ſhrivel'd while it ſhone.
Caught, like dry ſtubble fir'd, or like ſeerwood;
Yet from the wound enſued no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling maſs of frying blood.
His blazing locks ſent forth a crackling ſound,
And hiſs'd, like red hot ir'n within the ſmithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior ſhook his flaming hair,
Then (what a teem of horſe could hardly rear)
He heaves the threſhold-ſtone; but could not throw;
The weight itſelf forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and cruſh'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but ſaid,
So by their fellows may our foes be ſped!
Then with redoubled ſtrokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains;
But drives the batter'd ſkull within the brains.
Thus flaſh'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, purſued:
Firſt, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he ſlew;
Whoſe fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cry'd, What palm is from a beardleſs prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to ſay;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hiſſing in, and chok'd his breath.
At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the ſame ſucceſs advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a ſharpen'd ſtake ſtrong Dryas found;
And in the ſhoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon ſtruck: which roaring out with pain
He drew: nor longer durſt the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread poſſeſs'd
Thaumas and Medon wounded in the breaſt,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from ſight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who bears encountering flew;
And Augur Aſtylos, whoſe art in vain
From fight diſſuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Neſſus on the plain;
But to his fellow cry'd, be ſafely flow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.
Mean time ſtrong Dryas urg'd his chance ſo well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus, fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more diſgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his noſe and front, the blow before.
Amid the noiſe and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide ſecurely ſlept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd:
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And ſleep thy fill, th' inſulting victor cry'd:
Surpriz'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his ſoul,
Repaſs'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
I ſaw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way and that, he wrench'd the fibrous hands,
The trunk was like a ſapling in his hands,
And ſtill obey'd the bent: while thus he ſtood,
Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppreſs'd:
Helops and Dectys added to the reſt
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating ſpear.
This Dictys ſaw; and, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of ſteepy height;
And cruſh'd an aſh beneath, that could not bear his weight.
The ſhatter'd tree receives his fall, and ſtrikes,
Within his full blown paunch, the ſharpen'd ſpikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty ſtone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theſeus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor ſeconded the ſtroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before).
Preſs'd with his knees his ſides; the double man,
His ſpeed with ſpurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero faſten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated ſtrokes.
The club hung round his ears and batter'd brows;
He falls; and laſhing up his heels his rider throws.
The ſame Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippaſus, whoſe heard his breaſt invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland ſhades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to ſtrive;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beaſts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful ſight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to diſengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root ſtuck faſt: the broken trunk he ſent
At Theſeus: Theſeus fruſtrates his intent,
And leaps aſide, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To ſhun (for ſo he ſaid; and we believ'd it ſo)
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was caſt;
Which Crantor's body ſunder'd at the waiſt:
Thy father's ſquire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Delopeian war,
Their king, his preſent ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus ſent.

Thy ſire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, ſhalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he ſaid, and threw
His aſhen ſpear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his ſoul apply'd;
The ſharp point enter'd in the Centaur's ſide:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monſter join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the ſteel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it ſtood: enrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his ſhield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the duſt,
He ſped the Centaur, with one ſingle thruſt.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his ſword had ſlain in cloſer war.
To theſe was added Dorylas: who ſpread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With theſe he puſh'd; in blood already dy'd;
Him, fearleſs, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
Now, monſter, now, by proof it ſhall appear,
Whether thy horns are ſharper, or my ſpear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it paſs'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud ſhouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finiſh'd, with a ſecond wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he cruſh'd:
And to his mother earth with empty belly, ruſh'd.
Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreſhow
Thy fate (if form to monſters men allow);
Juſt bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy ſhoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy ſhapes in every part
So clean, as might inſtruct the ſculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beaſt, the beaſt was equal to the man.
Add but a horſe's head and neck, and he,
O Caſtor, was a courſer worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the ſeat;
So roſe his brawny cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it ſhone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome poſſeſs'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor leſs her blandiſhments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving and confeſſing love.
For him ſhe dreſs'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and ſet in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roſes, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And ſprigs of flowing roſemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegaſæan fount,
And in the ſtreams that from the fountain play,
She waſh'd her face, and bath'd her twice a-day.
The ſcarf of furs, that hung below her ſide,
Was ermin, or the panther's ſpotted pride;
Spoils of no common beaſt: with equal flame
They lov'd: their ſylvan pleaſures were the ſame:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, ſide by ſide, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was ſent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with ſtaggering ſteps, and ſeeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And ſtrove his wandering ſpirits to recal:
And, while her hand the ſtreaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with her's ſhe cloſ'd.
Stifled with kiſſes, a ſweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undiſtinguiſh'd cries:
At leaſt her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my ſtunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal ſound.
In madneſs of her grief, ſhe ſeiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare boſom the ſharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his ſide,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.
Ev'n ſtill, methinks, I ſee Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dreſs.
Six lions hides, with thongs together faſt,
His upper part defended to his waiſt;
And where man ended, the continued veſt
Spread on his back the houſe and trappings of a beaſt.
A ſtump too heavy for a team to draw
(It ſeems a fable, though the fact I ſaw);
He threw at Pholon; the deſcending blow
Divides the ſkull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from noſe and mouth, and either ear,
Came iſſuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the preſs the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while ſtooping down to ſpoil the ſlain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I ſlew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me (behold the ſcar).
Then was my time to ſeek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at leaſt a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I ſtay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointleſs lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Neſſus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopſus not alone divin'd,
Whoſe valour equal'd his foreſeeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had ſlaughter'd five the boldeſt of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and ſtronger Stiphelus:

Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkieſt of the double race,
Whom the ſpoil'd arms of ſlain Haleſus grace,
In years retaining ſtill his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interſpers'd with white.
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either hoſt
Might hear him, while he made this empty boaſt.
And from a ſtrumpet ſhall we ſuffer ſhame?
For Cænis ſtill, not Cæneus, is thy name:
And ſtill the native ſoftneſs of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy ſex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in ſhew: go, card and ſpin;
And leave the buſineſs of the war to men.
While thus the boaſter exercis'd his pride,
The fatal ſpear of Cæneus reach'd his ſide:
Juſt in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beaſt and the upper man.
The monſter mad with rage, and ſtung with ſmart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It ſtrook; but bounded from his harden'd breaſt;
Like hail from tiles, which the ſafe houſe inveſt;
Nor ſeem'd the ſtroke with more effect to come,
Than a ſmall pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in cloſer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thruſt, the blunted point return'd again.
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thruſts are vain.
I'll prove his ſide: in ſtrong embraces held,
He prov'd his ſide; his ſide the ſword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the ſtroke:
Untouch'd his body, as a ſolid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at laſt, the blade in ſhivers broke.
Th' impaſſive knight ſtood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked ſide:
At length, Now, monſter, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the ſtrength of Cæneus: at the word
He thruſt; and in his ſhoulder plung'd the ſword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breaſt, made many wounds in one.
The Centaur ſaw, enrag'd, th' unhop'd ſucceſs;
And ruſhing on, in crowds, together preſs;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they ſtood; till Monychus began,
O ſhame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
Of two the ſtrongeſt creatures, man and horſe:
Nor goddeſs born, nor of Ixion's ſeed,
We ſeem (a lover built for Juno's bed); [throw
Maſter'd by this half-man. Whole mountains
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choke the ſoul within, though not to force it out.
Heap weights, inſtead of wounds: he chane'd to ſee
Where ſouthern ſtorms had rooted up a tree;
This, rais'd from earth, againſt the foe he threw;
Th' example ſhewn, his fellow brutes purſue.
With foreſt-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion ſoon were void of ſhade;
And ſpreading groves were naked mountains made.
Preſs'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his ſhoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it roſe above his mouth and eyes;
Yet ſtill he heaves; and ſtruggling with deſpair,
Shakes all aſide, and gains a gulph of air:
A ſhort relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits, and then reſpires again:
At laſt, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he ſuffocated ſeem'd
To moſt; but otherwiſe our Mopſus deem'd.
Who ſaid, he ſaw a yellow bird ariſe
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid ſkies:
I ſaw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Whom Mopſus viewing, as it ſoar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling ſound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once firſt of men below, now firſt of birds above,
Its author to the ſtory gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Aſham'd to ſee a ſingle man, purſu'd
With odds, to ſink beneath a multitude:
We puſh'd the foe, and forc'd to ſhameful fight;
Part fell; and part eſcap'd by favour of the night.
This tale, by Neſtor told, did much diſpleaſe
Tlepolemus, the ſeed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father ſay,
That he himſelf was preſent at the fray;
And more than ſhar'd the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he ſaid, among the reſt,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the leaſt:
Is he not worth your praiſe? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd e'er he ſpoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have loſt; but you renew the wound:
Better to paſs him o'er, than to relate
The cauſe I have your mighty ſire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the ſky;
(Which, oh, I wiſh, with truth, I could deny)!
We praiſe not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praiſe a foe.
He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Meſſenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylas; that a neighbouring ſtate,
And this my own: both guiltleſs of their fate.
To paſs the reſt, twelve, wanting one, he flew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promiſe, had they liv'd;
By him they periſh'd: I alone ſurviv'd.
The reſt were eaſy conqueſt: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.

To him our common grandſire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd, reſume again.
Vary'd at pleaſure, every ſhape he try'd;
And in all beaſts Alcides ſtill defy'd:
Vanquiſh'd on earth, at length he ſoar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new diſſembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules purſu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, ſafe retir'd, and tour'd in empty ſpace.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe,
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, ſuſpended as he ſtood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the ſinew hung
The point; and his diſabled wing unſtrung.
He wheel'd in air, and ſtretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight ſuſtain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unſupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other ſide.
He fell: the ſhaft, that ſlightly was impreſs'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aſſant; he ſpurns the ground,
And the foul iſſues through the weazon's wound.
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian ſeas,
What praiſe is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my ſlain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.
Thus with a flowing tongue old Neſtor ſpoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with wearineſs and wine oppreſs'd,
They riſe from table, and withdraw to reſt.
The ſire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his ſon, in battle ſlain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the ſmother'd pain he bore
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before):
Then when he ſaw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus beſpoke the God that guides the year.
Immortal offſpring of my brother Jove;
My brighteſt nephew, and whom beſt I love,
Whoſe hands were join'd with mine, to raiſe the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Doſt thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city ſlain?
To paſs the reſt, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himſelf by far
A greater plague, than all the waſteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boaſt
Our town deſtroy'd, our common labour loſt!
O, could I meet him! but I wiſh too late;
To prove my trident, is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the ſuperior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he ſtood,
And ſtain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confeſs'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus addreſs'd:
Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy ſhafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
Their aim, and, with one arrow, end the war.
He ſaid, and ſhew'd from far the blazing ſhield
And ſword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding field.
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' invenom'd ſhaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremoſt of the Grecian name;
And he, the baſe adulterer, boaſts the fame.
A ſpectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And pleaſe old Priam, after Hector ſlain.
If by a female hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his wiſh had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and ſhield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The God that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt,
Of all the mighty man, the ſmall remains
A little urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, ſtill Achilles lives;
And, equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives.
His buckler owns its former lord, and brings
New cauſe of ſtrife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthieſt, after him, his ſword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or ſuſtain his ſhield.
Ev'n Diomede ſat mute, with down-caſt eyes;
Conſcious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus preſum'd theſe arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only roſe: Laertes' ſon,
And the vaſt bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cheriſh'd each with equal love,
And from himſelf all envy would remove,
Leſt both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cauſe.

THE

SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The chiefs were ſet, the ſoldiers crown'd the field:
To theſe the maſter of the ſevenfold ſhield
Upſtarted fierce: and kindled with diſdain,
Eager to ſpeak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The ſhore, and Grecian gallies haul'd a-ground.
Then ſtretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Muſt then our cauſe before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulyſſes for the prize contend,
In ſight of what he durſt not once defend?
But baſely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis ſafer at the noiſy bar
With words to flouriſh, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a ſmooth tongue, and ſoft deceit.
Nor need I ſpeak my deeds, for theſe you ſee;
The ſun and day are witneſſes for me.
Let him who fights unſeen relate his own,
And vouch'd the ſilent ſtars and conſcious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confeſs,
But ſuch an abject rival makes it leſs.
That gift, thoſe honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Loſing he wins, becauſe his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durſt contend with me.
Were mine own valour queſtion'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My ſire was Telamon, whoſe arms, employ'd
With Hercules, theſe Trojan walls deſtroy'd;
And who before, with Jaſon, ſent from Greece,
In the firſt ſhip brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquiſitor of guilty lives
In ſhades below; where Siſyphus, whoſe ſon
This thief is thought, rolls up the reſtleſs heavy ſtone).
Juſt Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor ſhould I ſeek advantage from my line,
Unleſs, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our ſtock, and the Siſyphian ſeed
By fraud and theft aſſerts his father's breed.
Then muſt I loſe theſe arms, becauſe I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor ſhunn'd the cauſe, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd;

Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd diſtraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the ſnare,
(Ill for himſelf) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward veſt,
And he, who ſhunn'd all honours, gain the beſt;
And let me ſtand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinſman's arms, who firſt appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madneſs which he feign'd,
Or ſo believ'd; the leſs had been our ſhame,
The leſs his counſel'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare iſle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with ſolitary groans,
His ſufferings and our baſeneſs he bemoans;
And wiſhes (ſo may heaven his wiſh fulfill)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's deſtruction ſworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and cloathing, muſt employ
Againſt the birds the ſhafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet ſtill he lives, and lives from treaſon free,
Becauſe he left Ulyſſes' company:
Poor Palamede might wiſh, ſo void of aid
Rather to have been left, than ſo to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal ſpite,
Who ſham'd him out of madneſs into fight:
Nor, daring otherwiſe to vent his hate;
Accus'd him firſt of treaſon to the ſtate;
And then for proof produc'd the golden ſtore
Himſelf had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our hoſt,
By exile one, and one by treaſon loſt.
Thus fights Ulyſſes, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatneſs is in words and ſound:
Ev'n faithful Neſtor leſs in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Neſtor on the plain;
Forſook his friend ev'n at his utmoſt need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded ſteed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor ſhame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyſſean lie,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuſe, much leſs defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And ſure enough he heard, but durſt not hear.
The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He juſtly was forſaken, who forſook:
Wanted that ſuccour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow ſuch another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:

I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himſelf by his own laws,
And ſtood condemn'd, I help'd the common cauſe:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the ſhield trembling as he lay below);
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for ſo bad a deed!
If ſtill he will perſiſt, and urge the ſtrife,
Firſt let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting ſhield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confeſs his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cauſe in that eſtate:
And yet, when ſnatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted ſhield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he roſe, with what a bound
He ſprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How freſh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not ſtrength to ſtand, had ſpeed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the feeble and the ſtrong:
Each Greek was an Ulyſſes; ſuch a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the ſound, of Hector bred:
Him, fleſh'd with ſlaughter, and with conqueſt crown'd,
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchleſs as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our hoſt to ſingle fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wiſh'd alone:
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquiſh'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' inſulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the ſtrength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour that ſav'd you from the ſword?
Or was my breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
A thouſand ſwords, a thouſand ſhips to ſave?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a ſav'd fleet, leſs than a ſingle ſhield?
Think it no boaſt, O Grecians, if I deem
Theſe arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour ſhare;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain,
Than a ſpy taken, and a ſleeper ſlain;
A prieſt made priſoner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all theſe actions done by day:
Nor aught of theſe was done and Diomede away.
If on ſuch petty merits you confer
So vaſt a prize, let each his portion ſhare;
Make a juſt dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.

But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance;
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold embost'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not freighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field.
He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd e'er he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer.
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew);
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime where nature made it none;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best: provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.
Then, since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threatening influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast,
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O Goddess born! resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their over throw;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:

That by his daughter's blood we muſt appeaſe
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the ſeas.
Affection, intereſt, fame, his heart aſſail'd;
But ſoon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himſelf he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No ſubject could ſuſtain their ſovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durſt th' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his ſoul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ranſom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cauſe more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge againſt himſelf decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, ſham'd him to conſent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy taſk was I deſign'd:
Reaſons againſt her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our ſlacken'd ſails
Had ſtill at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me.
A fearleſs envoy, fit for a bold embaſſy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hoſtile court,
Glittering with ſteel and crowded with reſort:
There in the midſt of arms, I plead our cauſe,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuſe the foes, as authors of the ſtriſe,
Reproach the raviſher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiſer few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawleſs crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted ſwords: but ſtood
In act to quench their impious thirſt of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to ſhare
With me the rough preludium of the war.
Endleſs it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counſel, ſince the ſiege begun:
The firſt encounters paſt, the foe repell'd,
They ſkulk'd within the town, we kept the field,
War ſeem'd aſleep for nine long years; at length,
Both ſides reſolv'd to puſh, we try'd our ſtrength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the groſs mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambuſh'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with falſe alarms;
Secur'd the ſhips, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chaſtis'd the rebel train,
Provided forage, our ſpent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or ſent abroad, the common cauſe purſu'd.
The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Deſpair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What ſubject durſt arraign the power ſupreme,
Producing Jove to juſtify his dream?
Ajax might wiſh the ſoldiers to retain
From ſhameful flight, but wiſhes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of courſe his thundering tongue affords.
But did this boaſter threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their ſtay?
None, none of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
I ſaw him run, and was aſham'd to ſee;
Who ply'd his feet ſo faſt to get aboard as he?
Then, ſpeeding through the place, I made a ſtand,
And loudly cry'd, O baſe degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand,
After ſo long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual ſhame!
Theſe words, or what I have forgotten ſince,
(For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forſaken camp reſort;
Diſmay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Therſites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I ſeal'd.
Then, riſing, I excite their ſouls to fame,
And kindle ſleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is juſtly mine who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs conſorts with thee?
But Diomede deſires my company,
And ſtill communicates his praiſe with me.
As guided by a God, ſecure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowſhip, amid the foes:
And ſure no little merit I may boaſt,
Whom ſuch a man ſelects from ſuch an hoſt;
Unforc'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the ſame errand ſent, we met the ſpy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to lie;
Him I diſpatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him firſt to tell what treacherous Troy deſign'd:
My taſk perform'd, with praiſe I had retir'd,
But, not content with this, to greater praiſe aſpir'd;
Invaded Rhœſus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own ſtrength, I ſlew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal ſeat:
Refuſe me now his arms, whoſe fiery ſteeds
Were promis'd to the ſpy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling ſtill: the ſun beheld
With ſlaughter'd Lycians when I ſtrew'd the field:
You ſaw and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, Cromius, Ceranos the ſtrong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Cherſidamus; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure deſcent, but courage try'd:
All theſe this hand laid breathleſs on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honeſt, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his breaſt, and ſhow'd his ſcars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his ſhield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:

But this avails me not; our boaſter ſtrove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To ſave the fleet: this I confeſs is true
(Nor will I take from any man his due):
But thus aſſuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your ſhare will fall,
He did the beſt indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he ſeem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preſerv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boaſts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat ſought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He, but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boaſt th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I ſaw Pelides ſink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave ſoul was fled: full of my friend,
I ruſh'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles march'd away:
Thoſe arms, which on theſe ſhoulders then I bore,
'Tis juſt you to theſe ſhoulders ſhould reſtore.
You ſee I want not nerves, who could ſuſtain
The ponderous ruins of ſo great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
Theſe arms thus labour'd for her ſon prepare;
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift ſhould wear?
For that dull ſoul to ſtare with ſtupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the ſculptures of the ſhield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watery field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; leſs and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in ſeas; Orion's angry ſtar;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot underſtand?
Beſide, what wiſe objections he prepares
Againſt my late acceſſion to the wars!
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force againſt Achilles bent?
For if diſſembling be ſo great a crime,
The fault is common, and the fame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away,
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her ſon; and me, my pious wife.
To them the bloſſoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with ſo great a man my guilt I ſhare:
My wit to war the matchleſs hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If Palamede unjuſtly fell by me,
Your honour ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt decree;
I but accus'd, you doom d: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifeſt; the bribe reveal'd.
That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your juſtice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary limbs with reſt repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took th' counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' event declares I counſel'd for the beſt:
Though faith is all, in miniſters of ſtate;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak addreſs, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his perſuaſive ſenſe,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus ſhall run backward; Ida ſtand
A leafleſs mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counſels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.
Hard Philoctetes, exerciſe thy ſpleen
Againſt thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curſe my devoted head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in arms to meet me breaſt to breaſt:
Yet I the dangerous taſk will undertake,
And either die myſelf, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the ſame ſucceſs, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to theſe tents I bore,
Surpris'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and anſwers to diſplay, [lay:
And how to take the town, and where the ſecret
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while ſhe was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promiſes in ſhow,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting champion thought the taſk not light
To paſs the guards, commit himſelf to night:
Not only through a hoſtile town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep aſcent, the ſacred place;
With wandering ſteps to ſearch the citadel,
And from the prieſts their patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monſtrous bulk, his ſevenfold ſhield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be ſaid,
When Troy was liable to conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy ſhare
In all my toil and praiſe; but when thy might
Our ſhips protected, didſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I aſk'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,

And more avail'd than ſtrength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at leaſt Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with ſword and ſpear:
All theſe had been my rivals in the ſhield,
And yet all theſe to my pretenſions yield.
Thy boiſterous hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing head thoſe hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the war:
Thy province is to fight, but when ſhall be
The time to fight, the king conſults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ſhip of ſafety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.
What gain'ſt thou, brutal man, if I confeſs
Thy ſtrength ſuperior, when thy wit is leſs?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole deſert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther taſk remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet ſome deſperate action reſts behind,
That aſks high conduct, and a dauntleſs mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award thoſe arms I aſk, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuſe to me.
He ceas'd: and ceaſing with reſpect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal ſtatue ſhow'd.
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applauſe,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cauſe.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withſtand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaſter'd grief ſuſtain,
But yields to rage, to madneſs, and diſdain;
Then ſnatching out his fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
Art mine; Ulyſſes lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever truſty ſword,
Now do thy laſt kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requeſts thy aid, to ſhow
None but himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
He ſaid, and with ſo good a will to die
Did to his breaſt the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, ſo fixt it ſtood,
Till out it ruſh'd, expell'd by ſtreams of ſpouting blood.
The fruitful blood produc'd a flower, which grew
On a green ſtem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo ſlew:
Inſcrib'd in both, the letters are the ſame,
But thoſe expreſs the grief, and theſe the name.

THE STORY OF

ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATEA.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Acis, the lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents' pleaſure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen ſummers the ſweet youth had ſeen,
And doubtful down began to ſhade his chin;
When Polyphemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Aſk not which paſſion in my ſoul was higher,
My laſt averſion, or my firſt deſire;
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in exceſs.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immenſe thy power, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own.
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in foreſts, are,
Th' inhuman hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts
On mangled members of his butcher'd gueſts,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce deſire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire;
Forgot his caverns and his woolly care,
Aſſum'd the ſoftneſs of a lover's air,
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair:
Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks;
Now in the cryſtal ſtream he looks, to try
His ſimagres, and rowls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt,
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhould thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.
Thus warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps, and, weary, ſought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, ſharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:
On either ſide, below, the water flows.
This airy walk the giant lover choſe.
Here on the midſt he ſate: his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo faſt,
That ſailing ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide;
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth;
Which, when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a holſow cave, I ſat below:
On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd,
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows and riſing lilies are;
More flowery than the meads; as cryſtal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height;
More wanton than a kid; more ſleek thy ſkin
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen;
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing as winter ſuns or ſummer ſhade;
More grateful to the ſight than goodly plains,
And ſofter to the touch than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd, and ſweeter to the taſte
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte;
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray [they.
Through garden plots, but ah! more ſwift than
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke;
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak:
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them, fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy diſdain;
Rough as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent than is the riſing flood,
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud;
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear;
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
And more revengeful than a trodden ſnake;
In ſwiftneſs fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.
Yet, if you knew me well, you would not ſhun
My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run;
Would languiſh in your turn, and court my ſtay,
And much repent of your unwiſe delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a ſpacious, pleaſing ſhade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden, fill'd with fruits, you may behold,
And grapes in cluſters, imitating gold;
Some bluſhing bunches of a purple hue:
And theſe and thoſe are all reſerv'd for you,

Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a hand:
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide;
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy ſide:
Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chefnuts ſhall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood.
The laden boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that woods and winding vallies hide,
And thoſe that folded in the caves abide.
Aſk not the numbers of my growing ſtore:
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my cattle: truſt not me;
But judge yourſelf, and paſs your own decree.
Behold their ſwelling dugs, the ſweepy weight
Of ewes that ſink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie,
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk, in nut-brown bowls, is duly ſerv'd,
For daily drink; the reſt for cheeſe reſerv'd.
Nor are theſe houſhold dainties all my ſtore:
The fields and foreſts will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the ſavage boar.
All ſorts of veniſon, and of birds the beſt;
A pair of turtles taken from the neſt:
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whoſe dam had left them on the naked ground;
So like, that no diſtinction could be ſeen;
So pretty, they were preſents for a queen;
And ſo they ſhall: I took them both away,
And keep to be companions of your play.
Oh raiſe, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor ſcorn my preſents and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glaſs,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering ſtature, and my ſize:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the ſkies,
Bears ſuch a bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My locks (the plenteous harveſt of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face, and dangling down,
As with a ſhady grove, my ſhoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my limbs and body bear
A thick-ſet underwood of briſtling hair,
My ſhape deform'd: what fouler ſight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafleſs tree?
Foul is the ſteed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers and their train.
Wool decks the ſheep; and man receives a grace
From buſhy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a ſingle eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a ſhield:
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant ſun,
Is Nature's eye; and ſhe's content with one.
Add, that my father ſways your ſeas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own:
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:

Jove, with his faded thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the ſtripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, though that's the thing I moſt abhor.
The boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
'Theſe giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels, from his belly torn,
And ſcatter'd limbs, ſhall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate ſhall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love; and thy diſdain
Augments at once my paſſion and my pain.
Tranſlated Ætna flames within my heart;
And thou, inhuman, wilt not eaſe my ſmart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Reſtleſs his feet, diſtracted was his walk,
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk:
Mad as the vanquiſh'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely miſtreſs, and forſake the field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw; when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a ſudden glance,
Acis and I were to his ſight betray'd;
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he caſt:
I ſee, I ſee; but this ſhall be your laſt.
A roar ſo loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the ſound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd,
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he ſent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore.
Though but an angle reach'd him of the ſtone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To cruſh all Acis: 'twas too late to ſave;
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage ſhould return;
And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight iſſued from the ſtone a ſtream of blood,
Which loſt the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd;
The torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The ſtone was cleft; and through the yawning chink
New reeds aroſe, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, diſcloſ'd
A ſound like water in its courſe oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up ſtarts a youth, and navel-high he ſtood:
Horns from his temples riſe; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his ſtature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might paſs;
And Acis chang'd into a ſtream he was:
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occasion, Ovid, following the opinion of some authors, makes Numa the scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philosopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digression to the moral and natural philosophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoses.

A KING is sought, to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had fate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause:
Urg'd by this care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony: and whence he came.
Then thus a senior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows;
He sought himself some hospitable house:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
And here, he said, in Time's revolving race,
A rising town shall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke;
Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He said; and sleep forsook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What should he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to stay:
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God stood threatening o'er his head;
With added curses if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he study'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his person and his wealth away:

Thus while he linger'd, his design was heard;
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence,
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd:
O Power, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws.
A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains;
White stones and black within an urn are cast,
The first absolve, but fate is in the last:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death:
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The stones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosperous gales th' Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temises, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground:
Then saw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of th' Italian town.
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With strength of mind, and tread th' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths, which nature hid from sight:
And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.
The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;
While he discours'd of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God, and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the stedfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above:
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke, and charm'd his audience with his speech.
He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please. [fill,
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tygers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shews, and all she hides,
If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obscene.
Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch, (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had crept the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.

There was at leaſt, ſome ſhadow of offence:
The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear [derer,
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her mur-
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deſerve,
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve?
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy labouring ſteer, who till'd,
And plow'd, with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began!
Nor this alone! but heaven itſelf to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious acts aſcribe:
Firſt recompenſe with death their creature's toil,
Then call the bleſs'd above to ſhare the ſpoil:
The faireſt victim muſt the powers appeaſe:
(So fatal 'tis ſometimes too much to pleaſe!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the prieſt prefers,
But underſtands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples caſt
(The fruit and product of his labours paſt);
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
The broken up alive, his entrails ſees
Torn out, for prieſts t' inſpect th' Gods decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this guſt of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to ſhun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And, when you eat the well-deſerving beaſt,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feaſt!
Now ſince the God inſpires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inſpiring Power, obey'd.
For I will ſing of mighty myſteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the ſkies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the ſphere
Of ſhining ſtars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and ſcale the height
Of Atlas, who ſupports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence ſurvey
Miſtaken mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wiſdom, fearful for the ſtate
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
Thoſe I would teach; and by right reaſon bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkneſs, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems paſs,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the ſoul expires,
By time corrupted, or conſum'd by fires?
Nor dies the ſpirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes ſeats.

Ev'n I, who theſe myſterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's ſate I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former ſhield.
Then death, ſo call'd, is but old matter dreſs'd
In ſome new figure, and a vary'd veſt:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beaſt;
Or hunts without, 'till ready limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd;
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt:
And as the ſoften'd wax new ſeals receives,
This face aſſumes, and that impreſſion leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is ſtill the ſame:
So death, ſo call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal ſoul flies out in empty ſpace;
To ſeek her fortune in ſome other place.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.
And ſince, like Tiphys, parting from the ſhore,
In ample ſeas I ſail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No ſtedfaſt ſtation; but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than ſtreams, is at a ſtay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in ſucceſſive courſe the minutes run,
And urge their predeceſſor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act till then unknown.
Darkneſs we ſee emerges into light,
And ſhining ſuns deſcend to ſable night;
Ev'n heaven itſelf receives another die,
When weary'd animals in ſlumbers lie
Of midnight eaſe; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the ſplendor of the day.
The diſk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the ſame ſuffuſion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he ſhines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of æther flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.

For every day she wanes, her face is less,
But, gathering into globe, she fattens at increase.
Perceiv'st not thou the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flowrets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around,
But no substantial nourishment receives,
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in men, is most repleat
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.
Last, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His scalp if not dishonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was their's before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft, coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
On four feet imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
He rides a stick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his age.
Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
And though 'tis down hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now sapless on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;
And, Milo-like, his shaken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.
So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.
Nor those, which elements we call, abide.
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is said of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then air, because unclog'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.
All things are mixt with these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The subtil dew in air begins to soar:
Spreads as she flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates still, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun,
And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mixt with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new shew employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.
That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to silver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at last.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is solid earth, that once was sea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to vallies turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren sands;

And the parch'd defart floars in ſtreams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes ſtop their ancient courſe, and
Diverted ſtreams to feed a diſtant ſpring. [bring
So Lycus, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Eraſinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myſus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now diſdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forſakes,
And the proud title of Caicus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow ſands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholeſome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since hurt by Hercules, as fame refounds,
The Centaur in his current waſh'd their wounds.
The ſtreams of Hypanis are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe their taſte they had before.
Antiſſa, Pharos, Tyre, in ſeas were pent,
Once iſles, but now increaſe the continent;
While the Leucadian coaſt, main-land before,
By ruſhing ſeas is ſever'd from the ſhore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ſhips at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in diſdain pour'd in the conquering ſea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And boatſmen through the cryſtal water ſhew,
To wondering paſſengers, the walls below.
Near Træzen ſtands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy ſhadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain fought iſſue from the rumbling wind:
Yet ſtill they heav'd for vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the concave, and ſhot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the ſkins
Of goats are blown t' incloſe the hoarded wines:
The mountain ſtill retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbiſh heals the hollow ſpace.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few:
What, are not ſprings with qualities oppos'd
Endued at ſeaſons, and at ſeaſons loſt?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, and at morn and even warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a ſtream, if any try
The taſte, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to ſtones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her ſiſter flood,
That glide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber dye the ſhining hair,
And thither youth reſort; (for who would not be fair?)
But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obſcene,
Whoſe waters into women ſoften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madneſs, or in heavy ſleep conſtrain?
Clytorean ſtreams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abſtemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and ſimples caſt
Into the ſober ſpring, where ſtill their virtues laſt.
Unlike effects Lynceſtis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate uſe,
Reels as with wine, and ſees with double ſight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Laden, once Pheneus, an Arcadian ſtream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholeſome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of theſe virtues, now of thoſe partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When firſt Ortygia floated on the ſea:
Such were Cyanean iſles when Typhis ſteer'd
Betwixt their ſtraits, and their colliſion fear'd;
They ſwam where now they ſit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, reſiſt the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting ſulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for ſulphur will expire
(The veins exhauſted of the liquid ſtore);
Time was ſhe caſt no flames; in time will caſt no more.
For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolneſs to repair,
And what ſhe ſucks remits; ſhe ſtill requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulſive fits ſhe ſhakes,
That motion ſhokes the vent, till other vent ſhe makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And ſubtil ſpirits find that way oppos'd,
They toſs up flints in air; the flints that hide
The ſeeds of fire, thus toſs'd in air, collide,
Kindling the ſulphur, till the fuel ſpent
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether ſulphur, catching fire, feeds on,
Its unctuous parts till all the matter gone
The flames no more aſcend; for earth ſupplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time conſum'd, the fire
Famiſh'd for want of fuel muſt expire.
A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who ſhivering ſuffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked ſides they take.

'Tis ſaid, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themſelves to birds by magic ſkill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.
But this by ſure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a ſlaughter'd ſteer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the field, and bring
Their honey harveſt home, and hope another ſpring.
The warlike ſteed is multiply'd, we find,
To waſps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The reſt in earth, a ſcorpion thence will glide
And ſhoot his ſting, his tail in circles toſs'd
Refers the limbs his backward father loſt.
And worms, that ſtretch on leaves their filthy loom,
Crawl from their bags and butterflies become.
Ev'n ſlime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at firſt, in little ſpace
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and ſwim the lake,
And waves repel; for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
The mother licks them into ſhape, and gives
As much of form as ſhe herſelf receives.
The grubs from their ſexangular abode
Crawl out unfiniſh'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs, till time at leiſure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her ſtarry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The ſtrong pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
And all the feather'd kind, who could ſuppoſe
(But that from ſight, the ſureſt ſenſe, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white aroſe?
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the ſpine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pitch corrupted, will become
A ſnake, and hiſs within the hollow tomb.
All theſe receive their birth from other things;
But from himſelf the phœnix only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by corn or herbs his life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet eſſence Amomum drains;
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His neſt on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and firſt he draws
The plan with his broad hill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and riſes round; then with the ſpoil
Of Caſſia, Cynamon, and ſtems of Nard,
(For ſoftneſs ſtrew'd beneath) his funeral bed is
Funeral and bridal both; and all around [rear'd:
The borders with corruptleſs myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes, the coſtly frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant phœnix from the former ſprings,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent duſt, his method he purſues,
And the ſame leaſe of life on the ſame terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with ſtiff pinions can his flight ſuſtain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal ſepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the ſun's city, and his ſacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
The Hyæna ſhews it, of a double kind,
Varying the ſexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conquering God
For planted vines the ſharp-ey'd lynx beſtow'd,
Whoſe urine, ſhed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, ſoft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing ſpecies ſhould my ſong recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flouriſh and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time ſoftens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a ſoft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withſtood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick ſtreets it ſhews an empty ſpace,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own periſh'd race,
Herſelf becomes the ſepulchre of what ſhe was.
Mycenæ, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of ſubſtance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that juſt begins to riſe,
On Tiber's banks, in time ſhall mate the ſkies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates imperial ſway:
Yet this is change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle ſtrives
To fill her infant horns; an hour ſhall come
When the round world ſhall be contain'd in Rome.
For this old ſaws foretel, and Helenus
Anchiſes' drooping ſon enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a ſinking ſtate,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddeſs-born, with thy hard fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive,
Thy paſſage thou ſhalt free through fire and ſword,
And Troy in foreign lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier fields a riſing town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.

Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Iulus he must draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mold
My soul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall; decreed by loss to gain;
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis time my hard mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in earth, or fills the skies,
All suffer change; and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our fires, or grandsires shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
O spare to make a Thyestean meal,
T' inclose his body, and his soul expel.

Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy steers; that when they lose their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides defend;
But neither springes, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.

Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save;
This only just prerogative we have:
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.

These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, sent by heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a Goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

TRANSLATIONS FROM

OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

The life of Ovid being already written in our language before the tranſlation of his Metamorphoſes, I will not preſume ſo far upon myſelf, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandy's undertaking. The Engliſh reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſhed in the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a ſplendid fortune; that he was deſigned to the ſtudy of the law, and had made conſiderable progreſs in it, before he quitted that profeſſion, for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cauſe of his baniſhment is unknown; becauſe he was himſelf unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by aſcribing it to any other reaſon than what was pretended by Auguſtus, which was, the laſciviouſneſs of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excuſed in the ſeverity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be ſaid in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the paſſion of love with ſo much delicacy of thought and of expreſſion, or ſearched into the nature of it more philoſophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reaſon as another man to puniſh that fault with ſo much ſeverity, if at leaſt he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is aſcribed to him, relating to the firſt civil war betwixt himſelf and Marc Anthony the triumvir, which is more fulſome than any paſſage I have met with in our Poet. To paſs by the naked familiarity of his expreſſions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when ſhe was not only married, but with child by her huſband then living. But deeds, it ſeems, may be juſtified by arbitrary power, when words are queſtioned in a Poet. There is another gueſs of the grammarians, as far from truth as the firſt from reaſon: they will have him baniſhed for ſome favours, which, they ſay, he received from Julia the daughter of Auguſtus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he who will obſerve the verſes, which are made to that miſtreſs, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the higheſt quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why ſhould our Poet make his petition to Iſis, for her ſafe delivery, and afterwards condole her miſcarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own huſband? Or, indeed, how durſt he be ſo bold to make the leaſt diſcovery of ſuch a crime, which was no leſs than capital, eſpecially committed againſt a perſon of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would ſure have been more diſcreet,

than to have publiſhed an accident which muſt have been fatal to them both. But what moſt confirms me againſt this opinion, is, that Ovid himſelf complains, that the true perſon of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verſes to her: which, if it had been Julia, he durſt not have owned; and, beſides, an immediate puniſhment muſt have followed. He ſeems himſelf more truly to have touched at the cauſe of his exile in thoſe obſcure verſes:

"Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?" &c.

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was conſcious to ſomewhat, which had procured him his diſgrace. But neither am I ſatisfied, that this was the inceſt of the emperor with his own daughter; for Auguſtus was of a nature too vindictive to have contented himſelf with ſo ſmall a revenge, or ſo unſafe to himſelf, as that of ſimple baniſhment; but would certainly have ſecured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witneſs to them. Neither have hiſtorians given us any ſight into ſuch action of this emperor; nor would he (the greateſt politician of the time), in all probability, have managed his crimes with ſo little ſecrecy, as not to ſhun the obſervation of any man. It ſeems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of ſome other paſſion, or that he had ſtumbled by ſome inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and ſeen her in a bath: for the words

"Sine veſte Dianam"

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chaſtity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The firſt verſes, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly according to the cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to Corinna: his baniſhment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occaſion it; nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedneſs; and in the ſame paper of verſes alſo, that the cauſe was notoriouſly known at Rome, though it be left ſo obſcure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a ſubject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court, of Auguſtus, and was well received in it, is moſt undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalierement:* add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his baniſhment, are addreſſed to perſons well known to us, even at this diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance leſs with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himſelf, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and thot ſome of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only ſeen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the buſineſs of a Poet, I know no other author, who can juſtly be compared with ours, eſpecially in the deſcription of the paſſions. And, to prove this, I ſhall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for, all paſſions being inborn with us, we are almoſt equally judges, when we are concerned in the repreſentation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the ſame paſſion in himſelf, which the poet deſcribes in his feigned perſons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and reſults of theſe paſſions, are generally ſuch as naturally ariſe from thoſe diſorderly motions of our ſpirits. Yet, not to ſpeak too partially in his behalf, I will confeſs, that the copiouſneſs of his wit was ſuch, that he often writ too pointedly for his ſubject, and made his perſons ſpeak more eloquently than the violence of their paſſion would admit; ſo that he is frequently witty out of reaſon; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the falſe applauſe of fancy. Yet he ſeems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age; for why elſe ſhould he complain, that his Metamorphoſes was left unfiniſhed? Nothing ſure can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the reſt; but many things ought to have been retrenched; which, I ſuppoſe, would have been the buſineſs of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too faſt upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is tranſmitted to us, and it muſt be acknowledged, in ſpite of his Dutch friends the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himſelf, that Seneca's cenſure will ſtand good againſt him:

"Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere;"

He never knew when to give over, when he had done well; but, continually varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his readers inſtead of ſatisfying them; and gives occaſion to his tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the nakedneſs of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is ſufficiently recompenced by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the moſt ſevere cenſor cannot but be pleaſed with the prodigality of his wit, though at the ſame time he could have wiſhed that the maſter of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if ſometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the ſtaidneſs and ſobriety of age be wanting. In the moſt material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried; for if his Elegies be compared with thoſe of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that thoſe poets ſeldom deſigned before they writ; and though the language of

Tibullus be more poliſhed, and the learning of Propertius, eſpecially in his fourth book, more ſet out to oſtentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one ſubject to another, and conclude with ſomewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

" Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
" Aſſuitur pannus,"

as Horace ſays: though the verſes are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; ſome beautiful deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epiſtles, of which ſomewhat, at leaſt in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epiſtolæ Heroidum, The letters of the Heroines. But Heinſius has judged more truly, that the inſcription of our author was barely, Epiſtles; which he concludes from his cited verſes, where Ovid aſſerts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the maſters of their learning) the Romans uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, becauſe it is uſed by Ovid in his Art of Love:

" Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex Heroidas ibat."

But, ſure, he could not be guilty of ſuch an overſight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ ſome anſwers to Ovid's Letters,

" (Quàm celere è toto rediit mens orbe Sabinus)"

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this ſubject; ſave only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epiſtle of Arethuſa to Lycotas, which is written ſo near the ſtyle of Ovid, that it ſeems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epiſtles, I ſhall content myſelf to obſerve theſe few particulars; firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the ſtyle of them is tenderly paſſionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the perſons, which were the heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Oenone and Hero, he has kept cloſe to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them ſpeak, ſometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Auguſtus. There ſeems to be no great variety in the particular ſubjects which he has choſen; moſt of the Epiſtles being written from ladies who were forſaken by their lovers: which is the reaſon that many of the ſame thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care; for his amorous expreſſions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a bluſh.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of poetical tranſlations in general, and give my opinion (with ſubmiſſion to better judgments) which way of verſion ſeems to be the moſt proper.

All tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three heads.

Firſt, that of Metaphraſe, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace's Art of Poetry tranſlated by Ben Jonſon. The ſecond way is that of Paraphraſe, or tranſlation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his words are not ſo ſtrictly followed as his ſenſe; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's tranſlation of Virgil's fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that name) aſſumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion; and, taking only ſome general hints from the original, to run diviſion on the ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into Engliſh.

Concerning the firſt of theſe methods, our maſter Horace has given us this caution:

" Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
" Interpres"——

Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,

as the Earl of Roſcommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from ſuperſtition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expreſſion of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanſhaw, on his verſion of the Paſtor Fido:

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too:
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.

It is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time: for the Latin (a moſt ſevere and compendious language) often expreſſes that in one word, which the barbarity, or the narrowneſs, of modern tongues cannot ſupply in

more. It is frequent alſo that the conceit is couched in ſome expreſſion, which will be loſt in Engliſh.

" Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent."

What poet of our nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this thought literally in Engliſh, and to ſtrike wit, or almoſt ſenſe, out of it?

In ſhort, the verbal copier is incumbered with ſo many difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider, at the ſame time, the thought of his author and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: and, beſides this, he is to confine himſelf to the compaſs of numbers, and the ſlavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can ſhun a fall, by uſing caution; but the gracefulneſs of motion is not to be expected: and when we have ſaid the beſt of it, it is but a fooliſh taſk; for no ſober man would put himſelf into a danger for the applauſe of eſcaping without breaking his neck. We ſee Ben Jonſon could not avoid obſcurity in his literal tranſlation of Horace, attempted in the ſame compaſs of lines: nay Horace himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

" Brevis eſſe labore, obſcurus fio: "

either perſpicuity or gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both theſe rocks in his tranſlation of the three firſt lines of Homer's Odyſſey, which he has contracted into two:

" Dic mihi, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora
" Trojæ,
" Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes."

Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of
Troy,
So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw.
ROSCOMMON.

But then the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, which are a conſiderable part of that ſentence, are omitted:

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The conſideration of theſe difficulties, in a ſervile, literal tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I ſuppoſe they communicated their thoughts on this ſubject to each other; and, therefore, their reaſons for it are little different; though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their ſenſe, to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his words, or to be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not ſay, that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) ſo far as my definition reaches: for, in the Pindaric Odes, the cuſtoms and ceremonies of ancient Greece are ſtill preſerved. But I know not what miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the example of ſuch an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him ſhall imitate ſo bold an undertaking. To add and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his tranſlation of Pindar; becauſe he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refuſed his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion (I mean as to our underſtanding), to ſoar out of ſight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be tranſlated literally: his genius is too ſtrong to bear a chain; and, Samſon-like, he ſhakes it off. A genius ſo elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but neceſſary to make Pindar ſpeak Engliſh; and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular, intelligible authors, be thus uſed, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original; but inſtead of them there is ſomething new produced, which is almoſt the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, ſomewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the firſt deſign; though Virgil muſt be ſtill excepted, when that *perhaps* takes place. Yet he who is inquiſitive to know an author's thoughts, will be diſappointed in his expectation: and it is not always that a man will be contented to have a preſent made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To ſtate it fairly: imitation of an author is the moſt advantagaous way for a tranſlator to ſhew himſelf, but the greateſt wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who adviſed more liberty than he took himſelf) gives his reaſon for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid. " Poetry is of ſo ſub-
" tle a ſpirit, that, in pouring out of one lan-
" guage into another, it will all evaporate; and,
" if a new ſpirit be not added in the transfuſion,
" there will remain nothing but a Caput Mor-
" tuum." I confeſs this argument holds good againſt a literal tranſlation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal verſion are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided; and therefore, when I have propoſed the mean betwixt them, it will be ſeen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of tranſlating poetry, who, beſides a genius to that art, is not a maſter both of his author's language and of his own: nor muſt we underſtand the language only of the

poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expreſſion, which are the characters that diſtinguiſh, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourſelves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the ſame turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dreſs, not to alter or deſtroy the ſubſtance. The like care muſt be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author, that they ſhould be changed: but ſince every language is ſo full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay ſometimes nonſenſe, in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a tranſlator to the narrow compaſs of his author's words. It is enough, if he chooſe out ſome expreſſion which does not vitiate the ſenſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his chain to ſuch a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means, the ſpirit of an author may be tranſfuſed, and yet not loſt: and thus it is plain, that the reaſon alleged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expreſſion; for thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehenſion (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be ſo ill choſen, as to make it appear in an unhandſome dreſs, and rob it of its native luſtre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expreſſion: neither is it neceſſary that words and lines ſhould be confined to the meaſure of their original. The ſenſe of an author, generally ſpeaking, is to be ſacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be ſo; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his ſuperfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a tranſlator has no ſuch right. When a painter copies from the life, I ſuppoſe he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better; perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or noſe were altered; but it is his buſineſs to make it reſemble the original. In two caſes only there may a ſeeming difficulty ariſe; that is, if the thought be notoriouſly trivial or diſhoneſt: but the ſame anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be tranſlated:

" ——— Et quæ
" Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas."

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this ſubject, againſt the authority of two great men; but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praiſe of a tranſlation conſiſts in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompenſe the loſs which it ſuſtains by change of language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it ſeems to me, that the true reaſon, why we have ſo few verſions which are tolerable, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the author's ſenſe; but becauſe there are ſo few who have all the talents which are requiſite for tranſlation, and that there is ſo little praiſe, and ſo ſmall encouragement, for ſo conſiderable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPISTLE XI.

The Argument.

Macareus and Canace, ſon and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other inceſtuouſly. Canace was delivered of a ſon, and committed him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyed away. The infant, crying out, by that means was diſcovered to Æolus; who, enraged at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expoſed to wild beaſts on the mountains; and withal, ſent a ſword to Canace, with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: but before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

If ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain:
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee and urge the death which he commands:
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His people's temper is ſo like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blaſt,
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule: but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?
What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
That hour which join'd us came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than ſiſter's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy kiſſes found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boaſt;
My food grew loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still, ere I ſpoke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow;
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
'Tis love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurpriſe.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
" When, half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent.
" Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat;
" And guilt, that made them anxious, made them
" great."
But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.

What herbs, what plants, did not my nurſe produce,
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What medicines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong child, ſecure in his dark cell,
With Nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empreſs of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſs'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come:
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight; Lucina gave no aid;
And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt, and in thy countenance ſate deſpair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldſt not give,
(Preſt in thy arms, and whiſpering me to live):
For both our ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life;
Live, my dear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my laſt pangs I ſtrove;
Such power have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
The king, with his tempeſtuous council, ſate.
Through this large room our only paſſage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out,
With olive-branches cover'd round about;
And muttering prayers, as holy rites ſhe meant,
Through the divided crowd unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd;
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me; and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain:
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears:
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood;
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own:)
To ſee my bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king: my voice its freedom found,
My breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce he drew his breath,
To ſay, "Your father ſends you"—(with that word,
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword):
"Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
"That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow."
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart.
His preſent ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place:
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed,
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offſpring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not ſave;
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave;
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair;
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt;
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care,
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn,
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou dropp'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPISTLE XVII.

The Argument.

Helen, having received an epiſtle from Paris, returns the following anſwer: wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion, which he had expreſſed for her, though ſhe much ſuſpected his conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

When looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes;
She half conſents, who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth).
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee.
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame;
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame.
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear:
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go:
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends;
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face:
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive;
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would ſhew I valued, if I durſt:
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, or women pleaſant, call,

Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move Goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise:
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine;
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardor press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing fate for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft I have read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this:
For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move:
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin-love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice:
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is master of my fate.
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since, naked to your eyes,
Three Goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour; t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would shew you such a sight:
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praise;
A Goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for, 'tis confest,
The men who flatter highest, please us best:
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful, confcious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise:
For now the rumor spreads among the crowd,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear them say.
To leave off loving were your better way:
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence;
But let not this secure your confidence.
Absent he is; yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long "hands."
My fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty, through great danger, is possess'd.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life;
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good, easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide;
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force employ:
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.

Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid? For both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change;
And, like themſelves, their wandering paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both, by truſting of their gueſts, betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight.
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan court,
To view the Trojan wealth, and Priam's court:
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command.
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help or kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain, honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat;
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land.
To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid:
For they who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue.
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze;
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight:
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy:
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference:
Theſe are your words; but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPISTLE VII.

The Argument.

Æneas, the ſon of Venus and Anchiſes, having, at the deſtruction of Troy, ſaved his Gods, his father, and ſon Aſcanius, from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips; and, having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the ſhore of Libya, where Queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her huſband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt favours. But Mercury admoniſhing Æneas to go in ſearch of Italy, (a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido ſoon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows:

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affection to regain:
But, having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying prayer?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.
Nor can my riſing towers your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek: that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet there new ſceptres and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town and ſubjects you could ſee,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me:
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incenſe bright;
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill.
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore:
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canſt thou Venus' offſpring be:
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.

To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be power in love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Which, were it ſmooth, were every wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
Their winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live, to be the cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heaven forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly,
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threatening looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhould fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'ſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear,
Falſe as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy firſt-deluded wife:
Left to purſuing foes Creüſa ſtay'd,
By thee, baſe man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender heart,
That ſuch requital follow'd ſuch deſert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like theſe,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the ſeas.
Thy ſtarv'd companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thyſelf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour ſtrangers, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the cave which firſt my ruin brought,
Where, from the ſtorm, we common ſhelter fought!
A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought ſo then; but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O chaſtity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead huſband's name!
By death redeem my reputation loſt,
And to his arms reſtore my guilty ghoſt.
Cloſe by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
I'll rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his ſtatue ſtands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Laſt night, methought, he call'd me from the dome;
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful ſummons hears;
But come more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith miſled.
His Goddeſs mother, and his aged ſire
Born on his back, did to my fall conſpire.
Oh! ſuch he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a bluſh I might his love purſue.
But cruel ſtars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted lord was at the altar ſlain,
Whoſe wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a ſuppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city ſtands,
With all the coaſt that ſtretches to the ſea,
Ev'n to the friendly port that ſhelter'd thee;
Then rais'd theſe walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear:
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My ſcarce-eſtabliſh'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I muſt prepare;
An helpleſs woman, and unſkill'd in war.
Yet thouſand rivals to my love pretend,
And for my perſon would my crown defend;
Whoſe jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey,
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away);
Or to my huſband's murderer leave my life,
That to the huſband he may add the wife.
Go then, ſince no complaints can move thy mind;
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not theſe Gods, by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy ſacrilegious worſhip they diſdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires ſuſtain.
Perhaps my greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn muſt periſh by thy hate,
And periſh guiltleſs in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy voyage does command:
Would the ſame God had barr'd thee from my land!
The ſame, I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at ſea ſo many years;
While thy long labours were a price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe Troy would'ſt not repeat.
But Tyber now thou ſeek'ſt, to be at beſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor, precarious gueſt.

Yet it deludes thy ſearch; perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring;
And, without conquering, here thou art a king:
Here thou to Carthage may'ſt transfer thy Troy;
Here young Aſcanius may his arms employ,
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, ſtay,
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future fortune ſtrive;
So may thy youthful ſon old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents againſt Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coaſts their certain ſeaſons know,
When free from tempeſts paſſengers may go;
But now with northern blaſts the billows roar,
And drive the floating ſea-weed to the ſhore.
Leave to my care the time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay.
Thy weary men would be with eaſe content:
Their ſails are tatter'd, and their maſts are ſpent,
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loſs to undergo,
And give me time to ſtruggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My life's too loathſome, and my love too ſtrong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my lap the Trojan ſword I lay.
My tears flow down; the ſharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my ſorrows that muſt drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The ſword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear ſiſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boaſt:
I loſt that title when my fame I loſt.
This ſhort inſcription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cauſe of death, and ſword by which ſhe
" dy'd,
" Æneas gave; the reſt her arm ſupply'd."

TRANSLATIONS FROM

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

In Cupid's ſchool whoe'er would take degree,
Muſt learn his rudiments by reading me.
Seamen with ſailing arts their veſſels move;
Art guides the chariot, art inſtructs to love.
Of ſhips and chariots others know the rule;
But I am maſter in Love's mighty ſchool.
Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God; but yet the God's a child,
Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage.
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire,
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſoothe the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd, and both were goddeſs-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws;
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws;
And ſtubborn Love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Though ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.
I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio, nor her ſiſters, have I ſeen,
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth ſo try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye veſtals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind,
Which all alike, for love or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive with art your lady's mind to gain;
And laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky:
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.
In summer heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the baudy suburb rise:
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest, [breast:
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On sabbaths, rest from every thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
And if the hall itself be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cause of love is often try'd;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
There eloquence is nonpluss'd in the suit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-house is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berrics for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng;
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice:
To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply;
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
But, e'er the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, The Best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.
Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.
She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
The lusty lover made by force a bride; [his side.
And with superior strength, compell'd her to
Then sooth'd her thus:—My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.
Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scenes of love:
Nor shun the chariot's and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding sit:
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Enquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind; [begin;
Like what she likes; from thence your court
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the statutes of the Deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.

Touch any thing of her's; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
Who knows but you may ſee her naked thighs!
Obſerve, who ſits behind her, and beware,
Leſt his incroaching knee ſhould preſs the fair.
Light ſervice takes light minds; for ſome can tell
Of favours won, by laying cuſhions well:
By fanning faces ſome their fortune meet;
And ſome by laying footſtools for their feet.
Theſe overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
For there the ſon of Venus fights his prize;
And deepeſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the ſpectacle is made a part.
Cæſar would repreſent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either ſea the youths and maiden's come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vaſt concourſe, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining eaſt to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman ſoldiers, in your urn;
Your enſigns from the Parthians ſhall return;
And the ſlain Craſſi ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen;
In childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.
Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs,
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments to you your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join,
To give a proſperous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I propheſy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow;
Their ſhot averſe ſent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heaven deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurpriſing fight,
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:
If ſhe inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris, with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caſpian ſhore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably: no matter for the truth.
In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Deſires increaſe at every ſwelling draught;
Briſk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance,
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.
Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholeſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lies,
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden Goddeſs is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.
Thus far the ſportful Muſe with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.
Firſt then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.

The grafshopper fhall firft forbear to fing
In fummer feafon, or the birds in fpring;
Than women can refift your flattering fkill:
Ev'n fhe will yield, who fwears fhe never will.
To fecret pleafure both the fexes move;
But women moft, who moft diffemble love.
'Twere beft for us, if they would firft declare,
Avow their paffion, and fubmit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ftallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his luft than they,
And, more than women, can his paffion fway.
Biblis, we know, did firft her love declare,
And had recourfe to death in her defpair.
Her brother fhe, her father Myrrha fought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree fhe ftills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who fhed them bears.
In Ida's fhady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the fnow, the faireft of the herd;
A beauty-fpot of black there only rofe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wifh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
A fecret fire fhe nourifh'd in her breaft,
And hated every heifer he careffes'd.
A ftory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him graf (fo much can love command);
She ftrok'd, fhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paftures with the herd to roam:
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Ceafe, Queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glafs compofe thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truft thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldft thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horned like them.
If Minos pleafe, no lover feek to find:
If not, at leaft feek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forfakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curfes every beauteous cow fhe fees;
Ah, why doft thou my lord and maffer pleafe!
And think'ft, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friking aukwardly, to gain his heart!
She faid, and ftraight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeferving, to the yoke;
Or feigns fome holy rites of facrifice,
And fees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody prieft has done his part,
Pleas'd in her hand fhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a fcornful taunt can fcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and try to pleafe my love again.
Now fhe would be Europa, fo now
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
Yet fhe at laft her brutal bliffs obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull fuftain'd;
Fill'd with his feed, accompliffi'd her defire;
Till by his form the fon betray'd the fire.

If Atreus' wife to inceft had not run,
(But, ah! how hard it is to love but one!)
His courfers Phœbus had not driven away,
To fhun that fight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nifus, pull'd thy purple hair.
And barking fea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At fea and land Atrides fav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea fought,
When the flain offfpring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phœdra fell.
Thefe crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their luft, and fharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eafy victory:
Scarce of a thoufand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men fhould woo:
She who complains, and fhe who will not do.
Reft then fecure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canft thou mifs, fince womankind
Is frail and vain, and ftill to change inclin'd?
Old hufbands and ftale gallants they defpife;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kind from fwelling udders yield.
Firft gain the maid: by her thou fhalt be fure
A free acceff and eafy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the fecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promifes, and prayers:
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occafion leave to her,
When fhe moft aptly can thy fuit prefer.
The time for maid's to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood:
When all things at her wifh can pleafure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonnefs to luft betray,
And fmooth the paffage to the lover's way.
Troy ftood the fiege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If fome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy fervice to revenge in kind.
Inftruct the damfel while fhe combs her hair,
To raife the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, fighing, make her miftrefs underftand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Than, naming thee, thy humble fuit prefer;
And fwear thou languifheft and dy'ft for her.
Then let her lofe no time, but pufh at all:
For women foon are rais'd, and foon they fall.
Give their firft fury leifure to relent,
They melt like ice, and fuddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy fuit advance!
'Tis a hard queftion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bauds the better for 't;
Another for herfelf would keep the fport.
Thy hufinefs may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counfel, let alone the maid:
Ev'n though fhe fhould confent to do the feat;
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, fafe, and broad.

Yet, if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will adviſe, and mark my words;
For 'tis the beſt advice my ſkill affords:
If needs thou with the damſel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make ſure to win:
For then the ſecret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no tales when once ſhe's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's intereſt to beware,
The bird entangled ſhould not 'ſcape the ſnare.
The fiſh, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And ſpoils the ſport of all the neighhouring brook.
But, if the wench be thine, ſhe makes thy way,
And, for thy ſake, her miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep well the counſel of thy faithful ſpy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.
All things the ſtations of their ſeaſons keep;
And certain times there are to ſow and reap.
Ploughmen and ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the ſea:
So ſhould the lover wait the lucky day.
Then ſtop thy ſuit, it hurts not thy deſign;
But think, another hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the public ſhows of Rome,
Know, all thy viſits then are troubleſome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to ſea,
For that 's a boding and a ſtormy day.
Elſe take thy time, and, when thou canſt, begin:
To break a Jewiſh ſabbath, think no ſin:
Nor ev'n ſuperſtitious days abſtain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia ſlain.
Ill omens in her frowns are underſtood;
When ſhe's in humour, every day is good.
But than her birth-day ſeldom comes a worſe;
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of courſe;
And that's a bloody day, that coſts thy purſe.
Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay.
To chooſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'worth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at ſight;
Now curſe the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend the cheer;
And ſhe'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs the into coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is loſt.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied e'er I told a part.
By letters, not by words, they love begin;
And ford the dangerous paſſage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch;
For ev'n the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that 's the cheapeſt way to give.
Ev'n barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment, leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and ſhe'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herſelf into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the ſenate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to ſimple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtyle your thoughts convey,
And write ſuch things as preſent you would ſay;
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away;
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhould accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly to delude the ſtanders-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If fauntering in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for talk;

And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe's the play-houſe and the play in one.
There thou may'ſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theſeus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care:
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-faſhion'd clothes, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.
Cure your unſavory breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, not wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites.
Who would not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore,
Forſaken now; and Theſeus lov'd no more:
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair;
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood;
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No poſture could that heavenly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt: The traitor's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become—ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding Satyrs ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear,
And held upon the mane (the God was clear);
The drunken ſire purſues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken ſire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the God of wine came driving on,
His chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and ſenſe, forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like leaves of corn when tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar,
And guide on ſeas the doubtful mariner,
He ſaid, and, from his chariot leaping light,
Leſt the grim tigers ſhould the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waiſt he threw
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do):
And ſwiftly bore her thence, th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the nuptial ſong.
Now in full bowls her ſorrows ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit prefer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires).
Whene'er ſhe drinks, the firſt to take the cup;
And, where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy ſervice ev'n her huſband muſt attend
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend).
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendſhip's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame:
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray,
And to themſelves their maſters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot-valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice; and ſhew your parts
In dancing, if indued with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, ev'n affect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;
Clip every word; and if by chance you ſpeak
Too home, or if too broad a jeſt you break,
In your excuſe the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then ſafely may you praiſe her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her huſband thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
But curſe the cuckold in your ſecret mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now ſhe's in the vein, and fit for ſport.
Lay baſhfulneſs, that ruſtic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.

On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed; for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.
Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound:
Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.
Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And, after, feels the torment he profest.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises ev'n the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call every God to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood for his own dear sake.
'Tis for our interest that the Gods should be;
Let us believe them: I believe, they see,
And both reward and punish equally.
Not that they live above, like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.
'Tis said, that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heaven did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring.
The king reply'd: On thee the lot shall fall;
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death should die.
Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
Their practice authorises us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids and seem at least to cry.
Kiss, if you can: resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man! are words of course;
She struggles but to be subdued by force.
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
If once she kiss, her meaning is express;
There wants but little pushing for the rest:
Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
Perhaps, she calls it force; but, if she scape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd ev'n to their own desires.
They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight;
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the noble ravisher.
What Deidamia did in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What! means Æacides to spin and sew?
With spear and sword in field thy valour shew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the Fates for Hector's thread assign?
Brandish thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone thy ponderous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began;
But, to her cost she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when, disclos'd, and hastening to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex; they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame:
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou may'st enjoy; she waits for this;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.

Ev'n Jove himſelf was fore'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſolicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.
How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught!
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale:
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth, and friendſhip, in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt:
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou may'ſt a rival raiſe,
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.

But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow;
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your cares begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe:
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any ſoil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in womankind:
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with every wind:
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape;
A running ſtream, a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpoons, ſome with darts are ſtruck,
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the hook:
So turn thyſelf; and, imitating them,
Try ſeveral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem.
One rule will not for different ages hold,
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the baſhful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning ſpeak:
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſhun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

The Argument.

Chryſes, prieſt of Apollo, brings preſents to the Grecian princes, to ranſom his daughter Chryſeis, who was priſoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady was, refuſes to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and diſmiſſes him with contumely. The prieſt craves vengeance of his God; who ſends a plague among the Greeks: which occaſions Achilles, their great champion, to ſummon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high prieſt and prophet, to tell the reaſon, why the Gods were ſo much incenſed againſt them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuſes the general as the cauſe of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refuſing the preſents offered for her ranſom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, againſt his will, to reſtore Chryſeis, with gifts, that he might appeaſe the wrath of Phœbus; but, at the ſame time, to revenge himſelf on Achilles, ſends to ſeize his ſlave Briſeis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became ſenſible of his injuſtice. At the ſame time, he retires from the camp into his ſhips, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her ſon's petition to Jupiter, who grants her ſuit. Juno ſuſpects her errand, and quarrels with her huſband for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowel of Nectar, and ſends them peaceably to bed.

The wrath of Peleus' ſon, O Muſe, reſound;
Whoſe dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were ſent, in early youth, to ſhades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the ſovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when ſtrife begun,
Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' godlike ſon.
What Power provok'd, and for what cauſe relate,
Sow'd, in their breaſts, the ſeeds of ſtern debate:
Jove's and Latona's ſon his wrath expreſs'd,
In vengeance of his violated prieſt,
Againſt the king of men; who, ſwoln with pride,
Refus'd his preſents, and his prayers deny'd.
For this the God a ſwift contagion ſpread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryſes came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood;
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his ſceptre of command.
His ſuit was common; but above the reſt,
To both the brother princes thus addreſs'd:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the Gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your ſiege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;

So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conqueſt back to your ſweet native home;
As you receive the ranſom which I bring
(Reſpecting Jove and the far-ſhooting king),
And break my daughter's bonds, at my deſire;
And glad with her return her grieving ſire.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to ſet the damſel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, theſe opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my ſight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted ſtrand,
Leſt not that idle ſceptre in thy hand, [ſtand.
Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge with-
Hence, on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will reſign:
Mine ſhe ſhall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and conſum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed ſhe ſhall attend;
And, having firſt adorn'd it, late aſcend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely houſhold-taſk, ſhall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her ſweet native home.
He ſaid: the helpleſs prieſt reply'd no more.
But ſped his ſteps along the hoarſe reſounding ſhore:
Silent he fled; ſecure at length he ſtood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God:
O ſource of ſacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the ſilver bow and golden hair;
Whom Chryſa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whoſe broad eye their happy ſoil ſurveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy ſhrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my juſt revenge propitious aid.
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy ſhafts atteſt
How much thy power is injur'd in thy prieſt.
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample ſhoulders threw; [flew.
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they
Black as a ſtormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compaſs'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and ſumpters ſent:
Th' eſſay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And laſt, in human hearts his arrows fix'd
The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heavens awful ſceptre in her hand,
A council ſummon'd: for the Goddeſs griev'd
Her favour'd hoſt ſhould periſh unreliev'd.
The kings aſſembled, ſoon their chief incloſe;
Then from his ſeat the Goddeſs born aroſe,
And thus undaunted ſpoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, ſeek our ſafety hence,
In flight at leaſt, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompaſs us about,
The plague within the camp, the ſword without.
Conſult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence theſe ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are ſent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incenſe,
To deal his deadly ſhafts? What may remove
His ſettled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils; [ſpoils.
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our
Thus to the king of men the hero ſpoke,
Then Calchas the deſir'd occaſion took:
Calchas the ſacred ſeer, who had in view
Things preſent and the paſt; and things to come foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's deſtruction brought.
Skill'd in the ſecret cauſes of their woes,
The reverend prieſt in graceful act aroſe:
And thus beſpoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Powers above;
Wouldſt thou the feeds deep-ſown of miſchief know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight firſt thy faith, inviolably true,
To ſave me from thoſe ills, that may enſue.
For I ſhall tell ungrateful truths, to thoſe
Whoſe boundleſs powers of life and death diſpoſe.
And ſovereigns, ever jealous of their ſtate,
Forgive not thoſe whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though th' offence they ſeemingly digeſt,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breaſt,
Burſts forth in flames; whoſe unreſiſted power
Will ſeize th' unwary wretch, and ſoon devour.
Such, and no leſs is he, on whom depends
The ſum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreſeen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.
To this the ſtern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To ſpeak what Phœbus has inſpir'd thy ſoul
For common good; and ſpeak without controul.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I ſwear,
That while my noſtrils draw this vital air,
None ſhall preſume to violate thoſe hands;
Or touch thy perſon with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.
At this, reſuming heart, the prophet ſaid:
Nor hetacomb unſlain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares reſiſt,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd prieſt:
He keeps the damſels captive in his chain, [vain.
And preſents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in
For this th' avenging Power employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will he ſtill, relentleſs in his ire,
Till the fair ſlave be render'd to her ſire:
And ranſom-free reſtor'd to his abode,
With ſacrifice to reconcile the God:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may ceaſe
His vengeance juſtly vow'd, and give the peace.

Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the fire:
Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
For not one blest's'd event foretold to me
Pass'd through that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade.
Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befal;
And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause:
Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize;
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every household grace adorn'd, to bless my nuptial bower.
Yet shall she be restor'd; since public good
For private interest ought not to be withstood,
To save th' effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
It rests for you to make th' equivalent.
To this the fierce Thessalian prince reply'd:
O first in power, but passing all in pride,
Griping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
Would'st thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely soul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to resume, were both unjust and base;
Not to be borne but by a servile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore,
And with large interest make th' advantage more.
To this Atrides answer'd: Though thy boast
Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Control'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy hands,
By priestly glossing on the God's commands?
Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despight.
Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us pass.
A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
Proud in her trim: and put on board the fair,
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well chosen, the command shall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I please in thee:
Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' intent
For which my prisoner from my sight is sent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent.
At this Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies:
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whose thoughts are center'd on thyself alone,
Advanc'd to sovereign sway, for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor such enforc'd respect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil and happy reign,
And plough the surges of the stormy main?
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting heaven, on me.
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for still, above the rest
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey;
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who would'st engross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn.
The king, whose brows with shining gold were bound,
Who saw his throne with sceptor'd slaves encompass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, dissensions, uproars, are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;
At least 'tis lent from heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; since I must resign
My black-ey'd maid, to please the Powers divine:

(A well rigg'd veſſel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ſhip ſhall waſt her to her wiſh'd abode, [God.
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-ſhouting
This thus diſpatch'd, I owe myſelf the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy deſpight,
This hand ſhall raviſh thy pretended right.
Briſeis ſhall be mine, and thou ſhalt ſee,
What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy coſt may learn the difference of degree.

At this th' impatient hero ſourly ſmil'd:
His heart impetuous in his boſom boil'd.
And, juſtled by two tides of equal ſway,
Stood, for a while, ſuſpended in his way.
Betwixt his reaſon, and his rage untam'd;
One whiſper'd ſoft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counſel'd to the ſafer ſide;
This to the ſword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpuniſh'd to ſupport th' affront was hard:
Nor eaſy was th' attempt to force the guard.
But ſoon the thirſt of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half ſhone his faulchion, and half ſheath'd it ſtood.

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commiſſion'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Deſcended ſwift (the white arm'd Queen was loath
The fight ſhould follow; for ſhe favour'd both):
Juſt as in act he ſtood, in clouds enſhrin'd,
Her hand ſhe faſten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls ſhe drew;
To him, and him alone, conſeſs'd in view.
Tam'd by ſuperior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghaſt at firſt, and ſtupid with ſurpriſe:
But by her ſparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus beſpoke:

Com'ſt thou, Celeſtial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus rejoin'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reaſon will reſume her ſovereign ſway,
And, ſent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal ſhe loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian Gods their due reſpect;
And ceaſe contention; be thy words ſevere,
Sharp as he merits: but the ſword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront ſhall dearly pay:
When the proud king ſhall ſue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loſs, and conquer thy diſdain.
But thou, ſecure of my unfailing word,
Compoſe thy ſwelling ſoul, and ſheath the ſword.

The youth thus anſwer'd mild; Auſpicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are juſt, and when, ſubduing ſenſe,
We ſerve their Powers, provide the recompence.
He ſaid; with ſurly faith believ'd her word,
And in the ſheath, reluctant, plung'd the ſword.
Her meſſage done, ſhe mounts the bleſs'd abodes,
And mix'd among the ſenate of the Gods.

At her departure his diſdain return'd,
The fire ſhe fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Baſtard, and drunkard, mean and inſolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremoſt, but the lag in fight;
When didſt thou thruſt amid the mingled preaſe,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian ſoul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at eaſe, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
Theſe, traitor, are thy talents; ſafer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldſt thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their ſouls as abject as their ſtate.
But, by this ſceptre, ſolemnly I ſwear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch ſhall bear,
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to thoſe
Who laws diſpenſe, and mighty wrongs oppoſe)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift ſhall bribe it, and no prayer perſuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide to wield
His conquering arms, with corps to ſtrow the field,
Then ſhalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confeſs
My wrong repented, when 'tis paſt redreſs.
He ſaid: and with diſdain, in open view,
Againſt the ground his golden ſceptre threw;
Then ſate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnaſhing grinders churn'd.

But from his ſeat the Pylian prince aroſe,
With reaſoning mild, their madneſs to compoſe:
Words, ſweet as honey, from his mouth diſtili'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage, ſtill in council great.

What worſe, he ſaid, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than theſe diſtemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private intereſt diſunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let theſe youthful paſſions be repreſs'd:
I flouriſh'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than theſe dim eyes ſhall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theſeus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With theſe I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to ſhare.
Nor idle ſtood with unaſſiſting hands, [hands,
When ſalvage beaſts, and men's more ſalvage
Their virtuous toil ſubdu'd: yet thoſe I ſway'd,
With powerful ſpeech: I ſpoke, and they obey'd.
If ſuch as thoſe my counſels could reclaim,
Think not, young warrior, your diminiſh'd name.
Shall loſe of luſtre, by ſubjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, ſtretch not thy ſovereign ſway
Beyond the bounds free ſubjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whoſe throne, ev'n kings their lower'd ſceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchleſs thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou firſt, O king, releaſe the rights of ſway;
Power, ſelf-reſtrain'd, the people beſt obey.

Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be lost.
Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His silence next; but ponder'd e'er he spoke.
Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial sway.
Controling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The Gods have given him strength: but whence the stile
Of lawless power assum'd, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
But she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This sauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.
He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plow the liquid seas, and leave the lessening land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sun-polluted host.
With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of savory stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For shew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way:
And from the Goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in person come,
To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians lay.
Their sovereign seated on his chair, they find;
His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of speech allow.
Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you, authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
Unpity'd perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend.
He said; and soon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind: thence,
Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke:
Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave.
Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part.
Then, sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born address'd:
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recals:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;
The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest,
The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.
Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughters liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one, his sceptre of command.
His suit was common, but above the rest
To both the brother princes was address'd.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.

Not ſo the tyrant, who with ſcorn the prieſt
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words diſmiſs'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held ſo dear;
In an ill hour his piercing ſhafts he ſped;
And heaps on heaps of ſlaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length aroſe
A ſeer who well divin'd; and durſt diſcloſe
The ſource of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd,
The God appeas'd: the ſwelling monarch ſtorm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he ſince perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal prieſt his daughter ſent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And ſeiz'd, by his command, my captive dame.
By common ſuffrage given; but, thou, be won.
If in thy power, t'avenge thy injur'd ſon:
Aſcend the ſkies; and ſupplicating move
Thy juſt complaints, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed haſt wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often haſt thou ſaid
Thy power was once not uſeleſs in his aid,
When he, who high above the higheſt reigns,
Surpris'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the ſeas conſpir'd,
Thou freed'ſt the ſovereign of unworthy bands,
Thou brought'ſt Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terreſtrial name Ægeon know:
Twice ſtronger than his ſire, who ſat above
Aſſeſſor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The Gods, diſmay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durſt their unaccompliſh'd crime purſue.
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footſtool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp encloſe:
Ours beaten to the ſhore, the ſiege forſake;
And what their king deſerves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper coſt,
May learn the value of the man he loſt.

To whom the Mother-goddeſs thus reply'd,
Sigh'd e'er ſhe ſpoke, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:
Ah, wretched me! by Fates averſe, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwiſe ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ſhips thou ſhouldſt remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet ſheds his poiſonous rays
And ſhort, and full of ſorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will aſcend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy ſuit commend.
Till then, ſecure in ſhips, abſtain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy ſpight.
For yeſterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their ſolemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameleſs Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and ſuppliant to the ſire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy deſire.

She ſaid: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with diſdain, reſenting his diſgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Meantime with proſperous gales Ulyſſes brought
The ſlave, and ſhip with ſacrifices fraught,
To Chryſa's port; where, entering with the tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd;
Furl'd every ſail, and drawing down the maſt,
His veſſel moor'd, and made with haulſers faſt.
Deſcending on the plain, aſhore they bring
The hecatomb, to pleaſe the ſhooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulyſſes led, and thus beſpoke her ſire:

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd;
The king of men thy daughter has reſtor'd,
And ſent by me with preſents and with prayer;
He recommennds him to thy pious care,
That Phœbus at thy ſuit his wrath may ceaſe,
And give the penitent offenders peace.

He ſaid, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from ſervile bands.
This done, in order they, with ſober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place;
Then waſh'd, and took the cakes; while Chryſes ſtood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God:

God of the ſilver bow, whoſe eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla, thou whoſe awful ſway
Chryſa the bleſs'd, and Tenedos, obey,

Now hear, as thou before my prayer haſt heard,
Againſt the Grecians and their prince preferr'd:
Once thou haſt honour'd, honour once again
Thy prieſt; nor let his ſecond vows be vain;
But from th' afflicted hoſt, and humbled prince,
Avert thy wrath, and ceaſe thy peſtilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his diſdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece reſpir'd again.

Now when the ſolemn rites of prayer were paſt,
Their ſalted cakes on crackling flames they caſt:
Then turning back, the ſacrifice they ſped,
The fatted oxen ſlew, and flea'd the dead;
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T'involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with ſkewers prick'd
About the ſides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The prieſt with holy hands was ſeen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire; and as it burn'd,
On five ſharp broachers rank'd, the roaſt they turn'd.
Theſe morſels ſtay'd their ſtomachs; then the reſt
They cut in legs and fillets for the feaſt;
Which drawn and ſerv'd, their hunger they appeaſe
With ſavory meat, and ſet their minds at eaſe.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the gob'lets fill'd.

The firſt libations to the Gods they pour;
And then with ſongs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring,
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
At ſun-ſet to their ſhip they make return,
And ſnore ſecure on decks till roſy morn.
The ſkies with dawning day were purpled o'er.
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the ſhore.
The Power appeas'd, with winds ſuffic'd the ſail;
The bellying canvas ſtrutted with the gale:
The waves indignant roar with ſurly pride,
And preſs againſt the ſides, and beaten off, divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held;
Then hauling on the ſtrand, their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked ſhore.
Meantime the Goddeſs-born in ſecret pin'd,
Nor viſited the camp, nor in the council join'd;
But keeping cloſe, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head,
And wiſh'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppreſs'd in fight to hear the dying ſounds.

Now when twelve days complete had run their race,
The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head aſcending from the ſea:
A ſhoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her ſon,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Purſued their track; and waken'd from his reſt,
Before the ſovereign ſtood a morning gueſt.
Him in the circle, but apart, ſhe found:
The reſt at awful diſtance ſtood around.
She bow'd; and ere ſhe durſt her ſuit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin.
Then thus: If I, celeſtial ſire, in ought
Have ſerv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpſe of glory to my iſſue give,
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Diſhonour'd by the king of men he ſtands:
His rightful prize is raviſh'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my ſon's defence,
Aſſume thy power, aſſert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours, and redeem'd his aid.

She ceas'd; but the conſidering God was mute;
Till ſhe, reſolv'd to win, renew'd her ſuit,
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply;
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face,
That I, of all the Gods, am leaſt in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd;
And ſighing firſt, this anſwer he return'd:

Know'ſt thou what clamours will diſturb my reign,
What my ſtunn'd ears from Juno muſt ſuſtain?
In council ſhe gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong:
And now ſhe will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and ſhun her jealous ſight:
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely;
When, nodding to thy ſuit, he bows the ſky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The ſign ordain'd, that what I will ſhall come:
The ſtamp of heaven, and ſeal of fate. He ſaid,
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heaven's ſubſiding hill;
And from his ſhaken curls ambroſial dews diſtil.
The Goddeſs goes exulting from his ſight,
And ſeeks the ſeas profound, and leaves the realms of light.

He moves into his hall: the Powers reſort,
Each from his houſe, to fill the ſovereign's court;
Nor waiting ſummons, nor expecting ſtood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place;
But ſullen diſcontent ſate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at diſtance ſhe had ſeen,
Whiſpering with Jove, the ſilver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her ſilence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone ſhe ſpoke.

Author of ills, and cloſe contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what proſtitute of love,
Has held thy ear ſo long, and begg'd ſo hard,
For ſome old ſervice done, ſome new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your ſpecial care,
The concert never muſt the council ſhare.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage-vow; and Jove's own faith is ſuch.

Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddeſſes are women; and no wife
Has power to regulate her huſband's life:
Counſel ſhe may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge firſt, of what is fit to hear.
What I tranſact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn, nor preſs too near the throne.

To whom the Goddeſs with the charming eyes:
What haſt thou ſaid, O tyrant of the ſkies!
When did I ſearch the ſecrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'ſt, to hide from common ſight
Thy cloſe intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the ſilver-footed dame,
Tripping from ſea, on ſuch an errand came,
To grace her iſſue, at the Grecians' coſt,
And for one peeviſh man deſtroy an hoſt.

To whom the Thunderer made this ſtern reply:
My houſehold curſe, my lawful plague, the ſpy
Of Jove's deſigns, his other ſquinting eye!
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be maſter ſtill, and Juno fail.
Should thy ſuſpicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'ſt more odious to my ſight,
For this attempt: uneaſy life to me,
Still watch'd and importun'd, but worſe for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To liſt a hand againſt Omnipotence.

This heard, th' imperious Queen ſate mute with fear,
Nor further durſt incenſe the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke;
Nor could the Gods, abaſh'd, ſuſtain their ſovereign's look.
The limping Smith obſerv'd the ſudden feaſt,
And hopping here and there, (himſelf a jeſt)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obſequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleaſure will for mortals jar?
Such diſcord but diſturbs our jovial feaſt;
One grain of bad embitters all the beſt.
Mother, though wiſe yourſelf, my counſel weigh;
'Tis much unſafe my ſire to diſobey.
Not only you provoke him to your coſt,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is loſt.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong, from his heavenly tower,
But one ſubmiſſive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.
He ſaid no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand, and thus purſu'd,
This curſed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient ſtill;
Though griev'd, yet ſubject to her huſband's will.
I would not ſee you beaten, yet, afraid
Of Jove's ſuperior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, ſince that hapleſs hour
When I and all the Gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell: my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the ſetting ſun:
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd ſkull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother ſmil'd,
And ſmiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude ſkinker ſtill reſtor'd.
Loud fits of laughter ſeiz'd the gueſts, to ſee
The limping God ſo deft at his new miniſtry.
The feaſt continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muſes ſung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at laſt, and drowſy they depart,
Each to his houſe; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering God
Ev'n withdrew to reſt, and had his load.
His ſwimming head to needful ſleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his ſide.

THE LAST PARTING OF

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE

SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

The Argument.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand in hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

Thus having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession, to Minerva's fane?
The servant's answer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurse went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He pass'd through every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.
His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And, in herself, a greater dower alone:

Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with joy and paſſion wild;
The nurſe came lagging after with the child.
The royal babe upon her breaſt was laid;
Who, like the morning ſtar, his beams diſplay'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Aſtyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a ſilent ſmile:
His tender wife ſtood weeping by the while:
Preſs'd in her own, his warlike hand ſhe took,
Then ſigh'd, and thus prophetically ſpoke:
Thy dauntleſs heart (which I foreſee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor doſt thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpleſs orphan, whom thou leav'ſt behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who muſt in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They ſeek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppreſs thy ſingle might:
Better it were for miſerable me
To die, before the fate which I foreſee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal ſorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By ſtern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father ſlew;
He ſlew Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he ſent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Enclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My ſeven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark manſions took their mournful way;
Slain by the ſame Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.
My mother, who the royal ſceptre ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld; for ſoon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief aſcent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often ſeen,
And the wrong'd huſband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with theſe
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this eaſy riſe they all advance;
Guard well that paſs, ſecure of all beſide.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
That and the reſt are in my daily care;
But ſhould I ſhun the dangers of the war,
With ſcorn the Trojans would reward my pains.
And their proud ladies with their ſweeping trains.
The Grecian ſwords and lances I can bear:
But loſs of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belie his courage, and forſake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And ſtill have been the foremoſt in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with ſure preſage,
That Troy ſhall periſh by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I muſt fall;
And univerſal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itſelf, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whoſe valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not theſe, nor all their fates which I foreſee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I ſee, I ſee thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a ſlave to ſome inſulting ſword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.
This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'erſpread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His ſire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, and ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke:
Parent of Gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſyned of the Powers above;
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown;

That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to ſee,
And who in former times remember'd me.
May ſay, the ſon in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at theſe words his mother may rejoice,
And add her ſuffrage to the public voice.
Thus having ſaid,
He firſt with ſuppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child reſtor'd;
With tears and ſmiles ſhe took her ſon, and preſs'd
Th' illuſtrious infant to her fragrant breaſt.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her ſorrows with this laſt relief.
My wife and miſtreſs, drive thy fears away,
Nor give ſo bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of deſtiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There taſk thy maids, and exerciſe the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and moſt of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids reſtore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

TRANSLATIONS FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE.

PREFACE, CONCERNING MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATIONS.

For this laſt half year I have been troubled with the diſeaſe (as I may call it) of tranſlations: the cold proſe fits of it, which are always the moſt tedious with me, were ſpent in the hiſtory of the League; the hot, which ſucceeded them, in verſe miſcellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myſelf a kind of eaſe in the change of the paroxyſm; never ſuſpecting but the humour would have waſted itſelf in two or three paſtorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at leaſt thinking I found, ſomething that was more pleaſing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myſelf to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil, and immediately fixed upon ſome parts of them which had moſt affected me in the reading. Theſe were my natural impulſes for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; which made me uneaſy, till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the ſpeculation into practice: For many a fair precept in poetry is, like a ſeeming demonſtration in the mathematics, very ſpecious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally obſerved his inſtructions: I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinced both of their truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, is to confeſs no leſs a vanity, than to pretend that I have at leaſt in ſome places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commiſſion; for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcovered ſome beauty yet undiſcovered by thoſe pedants, which none but a poet could have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear ſo ſhining in the Engliſh: and where I have enlarged them, I deſire the falſe critics would not always think, that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine; but that either they are ſecretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at leaſt, if both thoſe conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his; and that, if he were living, and an Engliſhman, they are ſuch as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himſelf. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and

a bad. It is one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilby's have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself, in a dull translation, than his carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient, that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that, if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like: and this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines; and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil; though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it, frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and gross hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness: he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him; for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where

they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but muſt confeſs, to my ſhame, that I have not been able to tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf; for where the original is cloſe, no verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the neareſt, the moſt poetical, and the moſt ſonorous, of any tranſlation of the Æneid; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verſe, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his ſenſe. Taſſo tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line, is impoſſible, becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman poet; and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic.

Beſides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a tranſlator has not; he is confined by the ſenſe of the inventor to thoſe expreſſions which are the neareſt to it: ſo that Virgil, ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring thoſe words into a narrow compaſs, which a tranſlator cannot render without circumlocutions. In ſhort, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might alſo have called him the plague of tranſlators; for he ſeems to have ſtudied not to be tranſlated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Niſus and Euryalus as cloſe as I was able, I have performed that Epiſode too literally; that, giving more ſcope to Mezentius and Lauſus, that verſion, which has more of the majeſty of Virgil, has left of his conciſeneſs; and all that I can promiſe for myſelf, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By conſidering him ſo carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made ſome faint reſemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might poſſibly have ſucceeded better; but never ſo well as to have ſatisfied myſelf.

He who excels all other Poets in his own language, were it poſſible to do him right, muſt appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roſcommon juſtly obſerves, approaches neareſt to the Roman in its majeſty: neareſt indeed, but with a vaſt interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally conſiſts that beauty, which gives ſo inexpreſſible a pleaſure to him who beſt underſtands their force. This diction of his (I muſt once again ſay) is never to be copied; and, ſince it cannot, he will appear but lame in the beſt tranſlation. The turns of his verſe, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the haſtineſs of my performance, would allow. I may ſeem ſometimes to have varied from his ſenſe: but I think the greateſt variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be, I underſtand him better: at leaſt I writ without conſulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lauſus I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's ſenſe; but they are too like the tenderneſs of Ovid, and were printed before I had conſidered them enough to alter them. The firſt of them I have forgotten, and cannot eaſily retrieve, becauſe the copy is at the preſs; the ſecond is this:

"When Lauſus died, I was already ſlain."

This appears pretty enough at firſt ſight; but I am convinced, for many reaſons, that the expreſſion is too bold; that Virgil would not have ſaid it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he pleaſe, for the freeneſs of the confeſſion; and inſtead of that, and the former, admit theſe two lines, which are more according to the author:

"Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign;
"As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine,"

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to conſider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have tranſlated more happily in thoſe parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the beſt age of Roman Poetry, he was at leaſt of that which preceded it; and he himſelf refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an eaſy taſk to Virgil; who as he ſucceeded him in time, ſo he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had choſen a ſubject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical deſcriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you ſee Virgil has imitated with great ſucceſs in thoſe four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneid. The turn of his verſes he has likewiſe followed in theſe places which Lucretius has moſt laboured; and ſome of his very lines he has tranſplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not miſtaken, the diſtinguiſhing character of Lucretius (I mean of his ſoul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and poſitive aſſertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reaſon, and aſſuming an abſolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron

Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmesbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt; of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves before-hand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death, is a burthen insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being, especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to restrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always, when a passion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the Profopopeia of nature, who is brought in speaking to her children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

I have not here design'd to rob the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius of any part of that commendation which he has so justly acquired by the whole author, whose fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our translations are very different. He follows him more closely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he used my method in so long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obscure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemned, I refer myself to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman shall quickly be dispatched, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the

natural expreſſion of them in words ſo becoming a paſtoral. A ſimplicity ſhines through all he writes. He ſhews his art and learning, by diſguiſing both. His ſhepherds never riſe above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the ſame difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is between Taſſo's Aminta and the Paſtor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's ſhepherd's are too well read in the philoſophy of Epicurus and Plato, and Guarini's ſeem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Taſſo have taken their's from cottages and plains. It was ſaid of Taſſo, in relation to his ſimilitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his compariſons were taken from the country. The ſame may be ſaid of our Theocritus. He is ſofter than Ovid: he touches the paſſions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and ſciences for a ſupply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable ſweetneſs in its clowniſhneſs, like a fair ſhepherdeſs in her country ruſſet, talking in a Yorkſhire tone. This was impoſſible for Virgil to imitate, becauſe the ſeverity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spenſer has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it ſucceed in Engliſh: for which reaſon I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who ſpoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my tranſlations to our ladies, who neither underſtand, nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſidered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satyriſt, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for, let his Dutch commentators ſay what they will, his philoſophy is Epicurean; and he made uſe of Gods and Providence only to ſerve a turn in Poetry. But ſince neither his Criticiſms, which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my preſent undertaking, I confine myſelf wholly to his Odes. Theſe are alſo of ſeveral ſorts: ſome of them are panegyrical, others moral, the reſt jovial, or (if I may ſo call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his moſt elevated flights, and in the ſudden changes of his ſubject, with almoſt imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his maſter. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of verſe, or ſtanza, in every Ode. That which will diſtinguiſh his ſtyle from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerouſneſs of his verſe. There is nothing ſo delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to ſpeak Engliſh) in all his expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are choſen with as much exactneſs as Virgil's; but there ſeems to be a greater ſpirit in them. There is a ſecret happineſs attends his choice, which in Petronius is called, "Curioſa Felicitas," and which I ſuppoſe he had from the "Feliciter audere" of Horace himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his character ſeems to me to be his briſkneſs, his jollity, and his good humour: and thoſe I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confeſs, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleaſed me in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindaric verſe; it is that which is inſcribed to the preſent Earl of Rocheſter, to whom I have particular obligations, which this ſmall teſtimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken ſome pains to make it my maſter-piece in Engliſh; for which reaſon I took this kind of verſe, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it has made it ſpread: but it has not been conſidered enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, whom (to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was poſſible in ſo ſhort a time. But if I may be allowed to ſpeak my mind modeſtly, and without injury to his ſacred aſhes, ſomewhat of the purity of the Engliſh, ſomewhat of more equal thoughts, ſomewhat of ſweetneſs in the numbers, in one word, ſomewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verſe, is yet wanting. As for the ſoul of it, which conſiſts in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the maſterly figures, and the copiouſneſs of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itſelf be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it than the eſſential, what rules of morality or reſpect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few poets who deſerve to be models in all they write. Milton's Paradiſe Loſt is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats againſt his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along ſometimes for above an hundred yards together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the ſtrength of his expreſſion, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harſhneſs of their ſound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the Prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to ſay, that, in imitating him, our numbers ſhould, for the moſt part be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majeſty of thought requires it, they may be ſtretched to the Engliſh Heroic of ſix feet, and to the French Alexandrine of ſix. But the ear muſt preſide, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verſe can never be complete: the cadency of one line muſt be a rule to that of the next; and the ſound of the former muſt ſlide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another. It muſt be done

like the ſhadowing of a picture, which falls by degrees into a darker colour. I ſhall be glad, if I have ſo explained myſelf as to be underſtood; but if I have not, "quod nequeo dicere & ſentio "tantum" muſt be my excuſe. There remains much more to be ſaid on this ſubject; but, to avoid envy, I will be ſilent. What I have ſaid is the general opinion of the beſt judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by ſeeing a nobler ſort of Poetry ſo happily reſtored by one man, and ſo groſsly copied by almoſt all the reſt. A muſical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could ariſe in another age, and bring it to perfection. In the mean time.

"—— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
"Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſe-
"candi."

To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily and too looſely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt draught, and uncorrected. This, I grant, is no excuſe; for it may be reaſonably urged, why did he not write with more leiſure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my caſe), why did he attempt to write on ſo nice a ſubject? This objection is unanſwerable; but, in part of recompence, let me aſſure the reader, that, in haſty productions, he is ſure to meet with an author's preſent ſenſe, which cooler thoughts would poſſibly have diſguiſed. There is undoubtedly more of ſpirit, though not of judgment, in theſe incorrect Eſſays, and conſequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleaſure is not the leſs.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS:

OR,

THE THIRD IDYLIUM OF THEOCRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

To Amaryllis Love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conſcious grottos, and the ſhady grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With kiſſes ſuch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I die, and death will finiſh all my pain;
Yet, e'er I die, behold me once again:
And I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy, like your lips, their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fare forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah, nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the ſufferings of your ſlaves your ſport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not aſk to live another day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kiſſes are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parſly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a roſy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unhear'd!
Since I muſt die, why is my fate deferr'd!

I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The withering leaf foreſhew'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers;
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe:
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,
And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids ran friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut-brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his market twice!
My right eye itches, ſome good luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move?
She muſt be flint, if ſhe refuſe my love.

Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his lady, or to loſe his life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haſte ſhe could not chooſe but ſtay:
Renown ſaid, Run; the glittering bribe cry'd, Hold;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lie)
From ſteepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If ſuch another wager ſhould be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and on celeſtial minds;
Venus the ſhepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.
My aking head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my laſteſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me carrion e'er I die.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF

HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE

EIGHTEENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers bespread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be,
And Jove himself was less a God than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed?
Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At sports more harmless till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou hast morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd,
Of rival princes, Cupid sneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen sent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan shore.
Of all our heroes thou canst boast alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee son:
Betwixt two sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelvescore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurota's banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
So, when the night and winter disappear,
The purple morning, rising with the year,
Salutes the spring, as her celestial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the skies:
So beauteous Helen shines among the rest,
Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Thessalian steeds the race adorn;

So rosy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beside.
Like her no nymph can willing osiers bend
In basket-works, which painted streaks commend;
With Pallas in the loom she may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute strings with vocal souls inspire;
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaste Diana bathing in the stream:
None can record their heavenly praise so well.
As Helen, in whose eyes ten thousand Cupids dwell,
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's sun a matron shall behold
Yet ere to-morrow's sun shall shew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all shall weep and wish for thy return,
As bleating lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our noblest maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the passenger shall see
Thy name engrav'd, and worship Helen's tree:
Balm, from a silver box distill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the sacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, son-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bless your love;
Let Venus furnish you with full desires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy store,
Give much to you, and to his grandsons more.
From generous loins a generous race will spring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now sleep, if sleep you can; but while you rest,
Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast:
Rise in the morn; but oh! before you rise,
Forget not to perform your morning sacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in battle won.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE

TWENTY-THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

With inauspicious love, a wretched swain
Pursued the fairest nymph of all the plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about [scout,
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her listening ears to
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown;
Her sallow cheeks her envious mind did shew,
And every feature spoke aloud the cursfulness of a shrew,
Yet could not he his obvious fate escape:
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears so tender as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggar'd was his look;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke:
Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face:

Too well thou ſhew'dſt thy pedigree from ſtone:
Thy grandame's was the firſt by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my love, and ſo my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the laſt that I can give.
This friendly cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathſome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
I go th' extremeſt remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah! what draught ſo deep to quench my fires?
Farewell, ye never opening gates, ye ſtones,
And threſhold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have ſuffer'd here, ye know too well;
What I ſhall do, the Gods and I can tell.
The roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and ſoon decay,
And whiter ſnow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering ſo:
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at leaſt
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt.
When firſt you ope your doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey:
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wiſh (but oh! my wiſh is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place,
And ſpread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead; they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pityleſs than death.
Then for my corpſe a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public ſcorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breaſt,
And hail me thrice to everlaſting reſt:
Laſt, let my tomb this ſad inſcription bear:
A wretch, whom love has kill'd, lies buried here:
O paſſengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
This having ſaid, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty ſtone (the labour of a team),
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a ſliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal nooſe;
Then ſpurning backward, took a ſwing, till death
Crept up, and ſtopt the paſſage of his breath.
The bounce burſt ope the door: the ſcornful fair
Relentleſs look'd, and ſaw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor caſt a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but bruſh'd regardleſs by:
And, as ſhe paſt, her chance or fate was ſuch,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was ſacred to the God of Love;
Whoſe injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedeſtal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell, and falling, cruſh'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her guſhing blood the pavement all beſmear'd:
And this her laſt expiring voice was heard:
Lovers, farewell; revenge has reach'd my ſcorn:
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love re-turn.

TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea, supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dress;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;
And heaven itself with more serene and purer light is blest.
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd;
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year,
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess:
Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea;
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign:
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful or lovesome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire:
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power display;
To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee.
Meantime, on land and sea let barbarous discord cease,
And lull the listening world in universal peace.
To thee mankind their soft repose must owe,
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes,
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try,
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war:
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind;

To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
T' outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span, and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires with more than nature needs!
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears, obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires,
So bounded are our natural desires,
That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are laid;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is dress't.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattrass, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind;
Unless we could suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple or to gold;
Why should not we these pageantries despise,
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wandering errors led;
And just as children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years,
Ev'n in broad day-light, are possess'd with fears,
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain
As those which in the breasts of children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome soul to day.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

"Tum porrò puer, &c."

Thus, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world;
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room,
Too true presages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every savage beast,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blasts they fear;
Nor change their habits with the changing year;
Nor, for their safety, citadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked instruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treasure grants;
And nature's lavish hand supplies their common wants.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Inſcribed to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

So may th' auſpicious queen of love,
And the twin ſtars, the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore,
And ſave the better part of me
From periſhing with him at ſea.
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood,
Who tempted firſt the briny flood,
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore,
Nor Hyades portending rain,
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips, and men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable main,
Th' eternal fences overleap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip, can reſtain
Ambitious man, inur'd to pain:
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from heaven the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue:
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground;
And limping death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay ſcarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the labouring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his commiſſion blow;
Till with a nod he bids them ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of fortune's power;

Nor love, nor love's delights disdain;
Whate'et thou gett'st to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure those golden earthly joys,
That youth unsour'd with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric Verse, and inscribed to the Right Honourable Laurence Earl of Rochester.

Descended of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;
The rosy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare [hair.
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy

II.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care:
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly country seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great:
Make haste and come:
Come, and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome;
And all the busy pageantry
The wise men scorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savory dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high,
The Syrian star,
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry breath infects the sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above us fry.
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state:
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homested into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine,
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away: [sign'd:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly re-
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

x.

What is 't to me,
Who never fail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black;
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,
In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtering roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek:
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

How happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcrivener free!
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court, and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor, brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſhears his overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now declining year,
When bounteous autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſtering grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapos, thy rewards;
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards,
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs, he lies;
O God of ſleep he need invoke:
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the concert of the ſong;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But, when the blaſts of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the truſty boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear;
Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſehold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd body ſound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.
Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That ſit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town:
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Containing his

SELECT POEMS.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I'm none of thoſe who think themſelves inſpir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all ſort of ſelf-denial.
Which way ſoe'er deſire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if expoſing what I take for wit,
To my dear ſelf a pleaſure I beget,
No matter though the cenſuring critics fret.

EPISTLE TO LORD MULGRAVE.

I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurſt, Buckingham,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to name.
Approve my ſenſe: I count their cenſure fame.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

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THE LIFE OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rocheſter, was born at Ditchley, near Woodſtock, in Oxfordſhire, on the 10th of April 1647. His father, Henry Earl of Rocheſter (better known by the title of Lord Wilmot), engaged with great zeal in the ſervice of Charles I. during the civil wars; and was much in favour with Charles II. who intruſted his perſon to him after the battle of Worceſter, and owed his eſcape into France chiefly to his care, application and vigilance. He died in 1660, immediately before the Reſtoration, leaving his ſon his titles, and the merit of his ſervices, as the principal part of his inheritance.

His mother was of the ancient family of the St Johns, in Wiltſhire; and was no leſs celebrated for her beauty, than for her economy, by which ſhe ſupplied the deficiency of fortune, in giving her ſon an education ſuitable to his birth.

He was inſtructed in claſſical learning at the free-ſchool of Burford, where he gave early proofs of the vigour of his underſtanding, and the vivacity of his imagination; and acquired the Latin in ſuch perfection, that he retained a reliſh for the beſt writers in that language during the remainder of his life.

In 1659, when only twelve years old, he was entered a nobleman into Wadham college, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Blandford, afterwards biſhop of Worceſter; and, in 1661, was, with ſome other perſons of high rank, made maſter of arts by Lord Clarendon, then chancellor of the univerſity, in perſon.

He travelled afterwards into France and Italy, under the care of Dr. Balfour, a man of probity and learning; whoſe fine addreſs reclaimed him from the intemperance to which he was very early addicted, and reconciled him to his ſtudies, which he had, through youthful levity, forſaken; and of which he was never afterwards wholly negligent, except in his paroxyſms of ebriety.

He returned from his travels in the eighteenth year of his age, with the advantages of a graceful perſon, and the moſt refined breeding; and devoted himſelf to the court, which then abounded with men of wit and pleaſure, countenanced by a merry king, who reliſhed nothing ſo much as brilliant converſation and licentious gaiety. The elegance of his manners, and the vivacity of his colloquial wit, made his company eagerly coveted by King Charles, who firſt made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, and then comptroller of Woodſtock park.

In 1665, he went to ſea with the earl of Sandwich; and was in the ſhip commanded by Sir Thomas Tiddeman, when the attack was made on the Dutch Eaſt India fleet, in the port of Bergen, in which he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by uncommon intrepidity; and the next ſummer he ſerved on board Sir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the great ſea-fight of that year, having a meſſage of re-

proof to ſend to one of his captains, could find no man ready to carry it, but Rocheſter; who, in an open boat, went and returned amidſt the ſtorm of ſhot.

He appeared at court with great advantage after his naval expeditions. But his reputation for courage was not laſting; for, in many ſtreet quarrels, he diſcovered a timid, puſillanimous ſpirit: and the Earl of Mulgrave has left a ſtory of his refuſal to fight him, when he came to the place appointed; urging, that he was ſo weak with a certain diſtemper, that he found himſelf unfit to fight.

His reputation for wit, however, ſtill kept him from totally ſinking in the opinion of the world; till he unhappily abandoned himſelf to the diſſolute neſs and debauchery which were the ſcandalous characteriſtics of the court; by which his principles were corrupted, and his manners depraved, to ſuch an exceſs of groſs ſenſuality, that, as he confeſſed to Dr. Burnet, he was for five years together continually drunk, or ſo much inflamed by frequent ebriety, as in no interval to be maſter of himſelf.

In this ſtate, he often purſued low amours, in mean diſguiſes; and played many wild pranks and extravagant frolics, with an avowed contempt of decency and order, and a total diſregard to every moral and religious obligation.

He once erected a ſtage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace as a mountebank; and, having made phyſic part of his ſtudy, acted the character which he aſſumed with great exactneſs and dexterity. The ſpeech which he made upon the occaſion ſoon became the ſubject of general converſation; by which his vanity was at once flattered and his turn for invective rendered more keen by the ſucceſs it met with.

Licentious in his ſatire, as in every thing elſe, he ſpared neither friends nor foes, but let it looſe on all without diſcrimination. Even majeſty itſelf was not ſecure from it; for he often amuſed himſelf with writing libels againſt the king, in which he had ſo peculiar a talent of mixing his wit with his malice, that his compoſitions were eaſily known.

Thus he lived worthleſs and uſeleſs, in a courſe of drunken gaiety and groſs ſenſuality, with intervals of ſtudy perhaps yet more criminal, till at the age of thirty-one, he had entirely worn out an excellent conſtitution, and reduced himſelf to a ſtate of weakneſs and decay.

At this time he was viſited by Dr. Burnet, to whom he laid open the tenor of his opinions and the courſe of his life, and from whom he received ſuch conviction of the reaſonableneſs of moral duty, and the truth of Chriſtianity, as produced a total change of his manners and opinions. The account of his converſion and dying moments, is given by Dr. Burnet in a book entitled, "Some "Remarkable Paſſages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rocheſter," "which," Dr. Johnſon ſays, "the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philoſopher for its arguments, and the ſaint "for its piety."

He died July 26. 1680, before he had completed his thirty-fourth year, and was ſo worn away by a long illneſs that life went out without a ſtruggle.

He left behind him a ſon named Charles, who died on the 12th November following, and three daughters: The male line ceaſing, the title was conferred on a younger ſon of Lord Clarendon.

The firſt edition of his poems was publiſhed in the year of his death, profeſſing in the title page to be printed at *Antwerp*. It is not known by whom the original collection was made, or by what authority its genuineneſs was aſcertained. Of ſome of the pieces, however, there is no doubt. The imitation of Horace's ſatire, the verſes on Lord Mulgrave, the ſatire againſt Man, and the verſes upon Nothing, are genuine, and perhaps moſt of thoſe which are received into this collection. Much has probably been imputed to him which he did not write; and the blaze of reputation which his character diffuſed on what he did write, if it be not extinguiſhed, is faſt wearing away; for impartial criticiſm warrants no diſtinction beyond that which genius beſtows.

His ſongs are ſprightly and eaſy; but have little nature and little ſentiment. In his imitation of Horace on Lucilius, the paralleliſm between ancient and modern times is happily preſerved; but the verſification is careleſs; though it is ſometimes vigorous. The poem upon Nothing diſplays an admirable fertility of invention on a barren topic. This little poem, and his tragedy of Valentinian,

altered from Beaumont and Fletcher, and acted in 1685, ſhew that he was not incapable of more ſerious productions. Another of his moſt vigorous pieces is his lampoon on Sir Car Scroop; to which he made in reply an epigram ending with theſe lines:

" Thou canſt hurt no man's fame with thy ill word;
" Thy pen is full as harmleſs as thy ſword."

Of the ſatire againſt Man, a conſiderable part is taken from Boileau; who was his favourite author in French, as Cowley was in Engliſh.

" In all his works," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " there is ſprightlineſs and vigour, and every where may " be found tokens of a mind which ſtudy might have carried to excellence. What more can be " expected from a life ſpent in oſtentatious contempt of regularity, and ended before the abilities of " many other men began to be diſplayed."

SELECT POEMS.

DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpoſe ſhould I ſtay?
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd ſwain, I knew the time
When diſſembling was your crime,
In pity now employ that art,
Which firſt betray'd, to eaſe my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleaſure feign:
Men diſſemble ſtill with pain.
What advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reaſon, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a neſt,
Where ſhe ne'er intends to reſt?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
Which when gain'd, in childiſh play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees;
Baſely flying when moſt priz'd,
Meanly fawning when deſpis'd.
Flattering or inſulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes ſevere extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjuſtly you inveigh;
Love, like us, muſt fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Conſtancy alone is ſtrange.
See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in ſtorms of thunder ſpeak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—ſo 'tis in love.
Flames begin our firſt addreſs,
Like meeting thunder we embrace;
Then, you know, the ſhowers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How ſhould I the ſhowers forget?
'Twas ſo pleaſant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at leaſt what nymph it is,
Robs my breaſt of ſo much bliſs?
If ſhe's fair, I ſhall be eas'd,
Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was ſo fair,
Strephon, ſcarcely, ſo ſincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many charms my heart enthral,
But there's one above them all:
With averſion, ſhe does fly
Tedious, trading, conſtancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel ſhepherd! I ſubmit,
Do what love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not deſign,
Say you would have ſtill been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.
Be, by my example, wiſe;
Faith to pleaſure ſacrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly ſwain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:

Whilſt you vainly thought me true,
I was falſe, in ſcorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's diſguiſe,
I thy love and thee deſpiſe.
Womankind more joy diſcovers,
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE ſighs not on the plain
So loſt a ſwain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with diſdain,
Of killing ſweetneſs I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since firſt my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by ſome cruel powers above,
So nice ſhe is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, muſt love;
Who are not vain, deſpair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no ſooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peeviſh to mankind,
For their own honour's ſake, with care
Make a ſweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since ſhe's inſenſible of love,
By honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Muſt ſenſible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cauſe of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such baſhfulneſs may well be blam'd;
For, ſince to ſerve we're not aſham'd,
Why ſhould ſhe bluſh to reign?

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart deſpiſe
My humble proffer'd one,
The juſt compaſſion ſhe denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
Her's are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;
My heart's conſum'd almoſt:
New fires muſt kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'ſt live when love is loſt?
Be dead before thy paſſion dies;
For if thou ſhould'ſt ſurvive,
What anguiſh would thy heart ſurpriſe,
To ſee her flames begin to riſe,
And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleaſure ſhould I meet
In my triumphant ſcorn,
To ſee my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I ſit
A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle ſhepherd! ceaſe, for ſhame,
Which way can you pretend
To merit ſo divine a flame,
Who to dull life make a mean claim,
When love is at an end?
As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my ſoul doth cling:
When torn by the herd's greedy taſte,
The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd,
They wither in the ſpring.
My rifled love would ſoon retire,
Diſſolving into air,
Should I that nymph ceaſe to admire,
Bleſs'd in whoſe arms I will expire,
Or at her feet deſpair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things ſubmit themſelves to your command,
Fair Cælia, when it does not love withſtand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
All but the god muſt yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, ſuch are the charms you have,
He'd quit his godhead to become your ſlave:
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himſelf for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwiſe diſpos'd of things,
In different bands ſubjected ſlaves and kings:
Fetter'd in forms of royal ſtate are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, reſiſtleſs does ordain
To love, that over Beauty he ſhall reign.
By harmony the univerſe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?
Who would reſiſt an empire ſo divine,
Which univerſal nature does enjoin?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kiſſing the rugged banks on either ſide;
While in their cryſtal ſtreams at once they ſhew,
And with them feed the flowers which they beſtow:
Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace

To the lov'd ſea; for ſtreams have their deſires;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with ſuch paſſion, that if any force,
Stop or moleſt them in their amorous courſe,
They ſwell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
The banks they kiſs'd, and flowers they fed before.
Submit, then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquiſh'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty's no more but the dead ſoil, which Love
Manures, and does by wiſe commerce improve:
Sailing by ſighs, through ſeas of tears, he ſends
Courtſhips from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
Cheriſh the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their uſeleſs toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you're fond of baubles, be, and ſtarve,
Your gewgaw reputation ſtill preſerve:
Live upon modeſty and empty fame,
Foregoing ſenſe for a fantaſtic name.

THE DISCOVERY.

Cælia, that faithful ſervant you diſown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own:
But bright ideas, ſuch as you inſpire,
We can no more conceal, than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breaſt did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell:
Unknown and undiſturb'd it reſted there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Deſpair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The ſacred quiet of thoſe hallow'd ſhades:
His fatal flames ſhine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter ſky.
How can my paſſion merit your offence,
That challenges ſo little recompence?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, ſcarce to deſire.
A thing, whoſe bliſs depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to uſe him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitleſs ſighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since ſo much ſcorn does in your breaſt reſide,
Be more indulgent to its mother Pride:
Kill all you ſtrike, and trample on their graves;
But own the fates of your neglected ſlaves:
When in the crowd yours undiſtinguiſh'd lies,
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find
More mercy than your anger has deſign'd:
But Love has carefully deſign'd for me
The laſt perfection of miſery;
For to my ſtate the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, muſt ceaſe.
My worſt of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I muſt be no more your ſlave.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.

Love bid me hope, and I obey'd:
Phillis continued ſtill unkind:
Then you may e'en deſpair, he ſaid;
In vain I ſtrive to change her mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart;
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And ſhew myſelf a mightier god.

III.

This huffing Honour domineers
In breaſts, where he alone has place:
But if true generous Love appears,
The Hector dares not ſhew his face.

IV.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt inhumanly deny'd:
I have ſome pleaſure in my pain;
She can have none with all her pride.

V.

I fall a ſacrifice to Love:
She lives a wretch for Honour's ſake;
Whoſe tyrant does moſt cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Conſider real Honour then;
You'll find hers cannot be the ſame:
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean miſtruſtful ſhame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

The utmoſt grace the Greeks could ſhew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiſs'd the ſoft wanton god of love;
This clapp'd his wings, that preſs'd his vine;
And their beſt powers united move;
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her aſleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

An age, in her embraces paſt,
Would ſeem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haſte,
Are torn and ſnatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how ſlowly minutes roll,
When abſent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my ſoul;
It languiſhes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a ſoul, but ſhade,
It mournfully does move,
And haunts my breaſt, by abſence made
The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiſer men deſpiſe me not,
Whoſe love-ſick fancy raves
On ſhades of ſouls, and heaven knows what:
Short ages live in graves.

V.

Whene'er thoſe wounding eyes, ſo full
Of ſweetneſs, you did ſee,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor cenſure us, you who perceive
My beſt-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve;
You think we diſagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis ſacred Jealouſy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantaſtic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe;
Taking falſe pleaſure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind, jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when paſt,
Prove our heart's treaſure fix'd and dear,
And make us bleſs'd at laſt.

A SONG.

I.

Absent from thee, I languiſh ſtill;
Then aſk me not, When I return?
The ſtraying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wiſh all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantaſtic mind may prove
The torments it deſerves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe,
To thy ſafe boſom I retire;
Where love, and peace, and truth, does flow:
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Loſt, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on ſome baſe heart unbleſt;
Faithleſs to thee, falſe, unforgiven,
And loſe my everlaſting reſt.

A SONG.

I.

Phillis, be gentler, I adviſe,
Make up for time miſ-ſpent;
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old ſo ſoon;
Your pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe ſtars contrive in ſpight,
The morning of her love ſhould be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You 'll peeviſhly be coy,
Die with the ſcandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

What cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmleſs frown;
When not one charm her face forſakes.
Love cannot loſe his own.

II.

So ſweet a face, ſo ſoft a heart,
Such eyes ſo very kind.
Betray, alas! the ſilly art
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature to maintain
Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The ſcorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
When I plead paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears (but more ſhe loves)
Her vaſſal ſhould undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

All my paſt life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like tranſitory dreams given o'er,
Whoſe images are kept in ſtore
By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The preſent moment's all my lot;
And that, as faſt as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

III.

Then talk not of inconſtancy,
Falſe hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

A SONG.

I.

While on thoſe lovely looks I gaze,
To ſee a wretch purſuing.
In raptures of a bleſs'd amaze,
His pleaſing happy ruin:
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wiſhing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your ſlave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal meaſure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquiſh'd die with pleaſure.

A SONG.

I.

To this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great Love, at firſt ſight of Olinda's bright charms:
Made proud and ſecure by ſuch forces as theſe,
You may now play the tyrant as ſoon as you pleaſe.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conſpire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my deſire;
Why ſhould I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleaſing hope by baſe fear be deſtroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why ſhould it purſue me?
And wit has to pleaſure been ever a friend; [end?
Then what room for deſpair, ſince delight is Love's

IV.

There can be no danger in ſweetneſs and youth,
Where love is ſecur'd by good nature and truth.
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of pleaſure complain;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to ſurpriſe,
But her wit leads in triumph the ſlave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loſs of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever muſt ſerve and adore.

VI.

Too bright is my goddeſs, her temple too weak:
Retire, divine image! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love; I diſſolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of thoſe joys I ſhould meet in her arms.

UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

'Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine:
You, whom ſome kinder power did faſhion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at leaſt of a whole nation?

II.

Let meaner ſpirits of your ſex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex:
And boaſt, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial ſenſe,
Favours, like Nature, you diſpenſe,
With univerſal influence.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

Vulcan, contrive me ſuch a cup
As Neſtor us'd of old;
Shew all thy ſkill to trim it up,
Damaſk it round with gold.

II.

Make it ſo large, that, fill'd with ſack
Up to the ſwelling brim,
Vaſt toaſts on the delicious lake,
Like ſhips at ſea, may ſwim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of thoſe that took Mæſtrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd ſtars, or conſtellations:
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a ſpreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my ſaints are,
May drink and love ſtill reign!
With wine I waſh away my cares,
And then to love again.

A SONG.

I.

As Chloris full of harmleſs thoughts
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful ſhepherd brought,
To paſs the time away.

II.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the amorous ſwain;
But, as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

A ſudden paſſion ſeiz'd her heart,
In ſpite of her diſdain;
She found a pulſe in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah, youth! (ſaid ſhe) what charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurpriſe?
Ah! let me—for, unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

V.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lie.

VI.

Thus ſhe, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to the ſwain.

A SONG.

I.

Give me leave to rail at you,
I aſk nothing but my due;
To call you falſe, and then to ſay
You ſhall not keep my heart a day:
But alas! againſt my will,
I muſt be your captive ſtill.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs charms,
All beſides but weakly move,
Fierceſt anger it diſarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the lover's ſervile chain,
And makes the ſlaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

Nothing adds to your fond fire
More than ſcorn, and cold diſdain:
I, to cheriſh your deſire,
Kindneſs us'd, but 'twas in vain.

II.

You inſiſted on your ſlave,
Humble love you ſoon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which inglorioufly you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrſis, I will e'er
By my love my empire loſe;
You grow conſtant through deſpair,
Love return'd you would abuſe.

IV.

Though you ſtill poſſeſs my heart,
Scorn and rigour I muſt feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You could my heart ſubdue,
To new conqueſts ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I ſhould complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

CONSTANCY,

A SONG.

I.

I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjuſtly ſcorn;
Since the poor ſwain that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
A ſurer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my ſlighted love,
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind ſhall call
The ſighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The tears that vainly fall;

That welcome hour that ends this ſmart,
Will then begin your pain;
For ſuch a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

I.

My dear miſtreſs has a heart
Soft as thoſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When, with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes, ſhe did enſlave me.
But her conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleaſures, wounding bliſſes:
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kiſſes.
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

A SONG.

In imitation of Sir JOHN EATON.

I.

Too late, alas! I muſt confeſs,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you poſſeſs,
'Twere madneſs not to love ye.

II.

Then ſpare a heart you may ſurpriſe,
And give my tongue the glory
To boaſt, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender ſtory.

A LETTER

FROM ARTEMISA IN THE TOWN, TO CLOE IN THE COUNTRY.

Cloe, by your command in verſe I write;
Shortly you'll bid me ride aſtride and fight:
Such talents better with our ſex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At leaſt they paſs'd for ſuch before they writ)
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly deſigning large returns of praiſe;
Who durſt that ſtormy pathleſs world explore,
Where ſoon daſh'd back, and wreck'd on the dull ſhore,
Broke of that little ſtock they had before!
How would a woman's tottering bark be toſt
Where ſtouteſt ſhips (the men of wit) are loſt!
When I reflect on this, I ſtraight grow wiſe,
And my own ſelf I gravely thus adviſe:
Dear Artemiſa! poetry's a ſnare;
Bedlam has many manſions, have a care;
Your Muſe diverts you, makes the reader ſad;
You think yourſelf inſpir'd, he thinks you mad.
Conſider too, 'twill be diſcreetly done,
To make yourſelf the fiddle of the town.
To find th' ill-humour'd pleaſure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and ſcorn'd when you ſucceed.
Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No ſooner well convinc'd writing 's a ſhame,
That whore is ſcarce a more reproachful name
Than Poeteſs——
Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Becauſe 'tis the very worſt thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the ſin,
Methinks I ſtand on thorns till I begin,
Y' expect to hear, at leaſt, what love has paſt
In this lewd town, ſince you and I ſaw laſt;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whether
The old ones laſt, and who and who's together.
But how, my deareſt Cloe, ſhould I ſet
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that loſt thing love, without a tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred cuſtoms here?
Love, the moſt generous paſſion of the mind,
The ſofteſt refuge innocence can find;
The ſafe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wiſhes, and ſecur'd by truth;
That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down;
On which one only bleſſing God might raiſe,
In lands of Atheiſts, ſubſidies of praiſe;
For none did e'er ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
But felt a God, and bleſs'd his power, in love:
This only joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
As many little cheats and tricks as that;
But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own ſex;
Our ſilly ſex, who born, like monarchs, free,
Turn Gipſies for a meaner liberty,
And hate reſtraint, though but from infamy:
That call whatever is not common nice,
And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
Forſake the pleaſure to purſue the vice.
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action Love, the paſſion is forgot.
'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
And ev'n without approving, they deſire:
Their private wiſh obeys the public voice,
'Twixt good and bad whimſy deſides not choice:
Faſhions grow up for taſte, at forms they ſtrike.
They know what they would have, not what they like.

Bovy 's a beauty, if ſome few agree
To call him ſo, the reſt to that degree
Affected are, that with their ears they ſee.
Where I was viſiting the other night,
Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own ſkill,
At his requeſt, though much againſt his will,
To come to London——
As the coach ſtopt, I herd her voice, more loud
Than a great belly'd woman's in a crowd;
Telling the knight, that her affairs require
He for ſome hours, obſequiouſly retire.
I think ſhe was aſham'd he ſhould be ſeen:
Hard fate of huſbands! the gallant had been.
Though a diſeas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.
Diſpatch, ſays ſhe, the buſineſs you pretend,
Your beaſtly viſit to your drunken friend,
A bottle ever makes you look ſo fine:
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of wine.
Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill;
Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.
Pr'ythee, farewell; we'll meet again anon:
The neceſſary thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up ſtairs, and all the haſte does ſhew
That fifty antic poſtures will allow;
And then burſts out—Dear madam, am not I
The ſtrangeſt, alter'd, creature; let me die,
I find myſelf ridiculouſly grown,
Embarraſt with my being out of town:
Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
My country nakedneſs is plainly ſeen.
How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the ſtate;
And pray who are the men moſt worn of late?
When I was marry'd, fools were a-la-mode,
The men of wit were then held incommode:
Slow of belief, and fickle in deſire,
Who, ere they 'll be perſuaded, muſt inquire,
As if they came to ſpy, and not t' admire:
With ſearching wiſdom, fatal to their eaſe,
They ſtill find out why what may ſhould not pleaſe;
Nay, take themſelves for injur'd, when we dare
Make them think better of us than we are;
And if we hide our frailties from their ſights,
Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;
They little gueſs, who at our arts are griev'd,
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
Inquiſitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
Rather than not be knowing, they wit know
What, being known, creates their certain woe.
Women ſhould theſe, of all mankind avoid,
For wonder, by clear knowledge, is deſtroy'd.
Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
Bold in the duſk, before a fool's dull ſight
Muſt fly, when Reaſon brings the glaring light.
But the kind eaſy fool, apt to admire
Himſelf, truſts us; his follies all conſpire
To flatter his, and favour our deſire:
Vain of his proper merit, he with eaſe
Believes we love him beſt, and beſt can pleaſe;
On him our groſs, dull, common flatteries paſs,
Ever moſt happy when moſt made an aſs;
Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
Perceive us falſe, the fop himſelf is blind;
Who, doating on himſelf——
Thinks every one that ſees him of his mind.
Theſe are true women's men—Here, forc'd to ceaſe
Through want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
She to the window runs, where ſhe had ſpy'd
Her much eſteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
With forty ſmiles, as many antic bows,
As if 't had been the lady of the houſe,
The dirty chattering monſter ſhe embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender ſpeech at laſt:
Kiſs me, thou curious miniature of man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
For half an hour, in compliments ſhe ran:
I took this time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt thing into the world ſhe ſent,
So very wiſe, yet ſo impertinent:
One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
Should be an aſs through choice, not want of wit
Whoſe foppery, without the help of ſenſe,
Could ne'er have roſe to ſuch an excellence:
Nature 's as lame in making a true ſop,
As a philoſopher; the very top
And dignity of folly we attain
By ſtudious ſearch and labour of the brain,
By obſervation, counſel, and deep thought:
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
We owe that name to induſtry and arts:
An eminent fool muſt be a fool of parts,
And ſuch a one was ſhe, who had turn'd o'er
As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
Had a diſcerning wit; to her was known
Every one's fault or merit, but her own.
All the good qualities that ever bleſt
A woman ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Except diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt,
But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, ſhe cries, adieu;
And the diſcourſe broke off, does thus renew:
You ſmile to ſee me, who the world perchance
Miſtakes to have ſome wit, ſo far advance
The intereſt of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit in love;
But in our ſex too many proofs there are
Of ſuch whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was ſo obſerv'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meaneſt common ſlut, who long was grown
The jeſt and ſcorn of every pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have ſubdued
Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foſter could make an Iriſh Lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city Cokes.
A woman's ne'er ſo ruin'd, but ſhe can
Be ſtill reveng'd on her undoer, man:
How loſt ſo'er, ſhe'll find ſome lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool than ſhe a whore.
That wretched thing, Corinna, who has run
Through all the ſeveral ways of being undone;
Cozen'd at firſt by love, and living then
By turning the too dear bought cheat on men:

Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When firſt the town her early beauties knew;
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with preſents fed,
Youth in her looks, and pleaſure in her bed;
Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit;
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jeſt, and went away.
Now ſcorn'd of all, forſaken and oppreſt,
She 's a *memento mori* to the reſt:
Diſeas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Muſt mortgage her long ſcarf and mantua gown;
Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
In ſome dark hole muſt all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
That for one month ſhe tawdry may appear.
In Eaſter-term ſhe gets her a new gown;
When my young maſter's worſhip comes to town,
From pedagogue and mother juſt ſet free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with ſtrong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever ſince the Conqueſt have been fools;
And now, with careful proſpect to maintain
This character, leſt croſſing of the ſtrain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A couſin of his own to be his bride:
And thus ſet out——
With an eſtate, no wit, and a young wife,
The ſolid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Dunghill and peaſe forſook, he comes to town,
Turns ſpark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
Nothing ſuits worſe with vice than want of ſenſe,
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own expence.
This o'ergrown ſchool-boy loſt Corinna wins;
At the firſt daſh to make an aſs begins:
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town;
Freſh is the youth, and faithful is his love,
Eager of joys which he does ſeldom prove;
Healthful and ſtrong, he does no pains endure
But what the fair one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the ſex eſteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdneſs of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheiſts, and maintains
'Tis better than good ſenſe, than power or wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never ſeen
A creature look ſo gay, or talk ſo fine,
Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient ſeat,
To buy his miſtreſs a new houſe for life,
To give her plate and jewels, rob his wife;
And when to th' height of fondneſs he is grown,
'Tis time to poiſon him, and all's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her baſtard heir to his eſtate;
And, as the race of ſuch an owl deſerves,
His own dull lawful progeny he ſtarves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each inſect to ſome end ordain)
Wiſely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out.

Thus ſhe ran on two hours, ſome grains of ſenſe
Still mixt with follies of impertinence.
But now 'tis time I ſhould ſome pity ſhew
To Cloe, ſince I cannot chooſe but now,
Readers muſt reap what dulleſt writers ſow.
By the next poſt I will ſuch ſtories tell,
As, join'd to theſe, ſhall to a volume ſwell;
As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
But you are tir'd, and ſo am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

FROM

Lord ROCHESTER to Lord MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does ſo abound
In ſaucy cenſures, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Beſtowing, threw away on the dull age.
But howſoe'er envy their ſpleen may raiſe,
To rob my brows of the deſerved bays)
Their thanks, at leaſt, I merit; ſince through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I'll ſay in my defence,
T' obtain one line of your well worded ſenſe,
I 'll be content t' have it writ the "Britiſh Prince."
I'm none of thoſe who think themſelves inſpir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all ſort of ſelf-denial.
Which way ſoe'er deſire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:
And if expoſing what I take for wit,
To my dear ſelf a pleaſure I beget,
No matter though the cenſuring critics fret.
Theſe whom my Muſe diſpleaſes are at ſtrife,
With equal ſpleen, againſt my courſe of life;
The leaſt delight of which I'll not forego,
For all the flattering praiſe man can beſtow.
If I deſign'd to pleaſe, the way were then
To mend my manners rather than my pen:
The firſt 's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the ſecond I deſpair of it,
Since grace is not ſo hard to get as wit:
Perhaps ill verſes ought to be confin'd,
In mere good breeding, like unſavoury wind.
Were reading forc'd, I ſhould be apt to think,
Men might no more write ſcurvily than ſtink.
I 'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
In all I write, ſhould ſenſe, and wit, and rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet ſomething ſo ſublime
Shall ſtamp my poem, that the world may ſee,
It could have been produc'd by none but me.

And that 's my end; for man can wish no more
Than so to write, as none e'er writ before;
Yet why am I no poet of the times?
I have allusions, similies, and rhymes,
And wit; or else 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole race of mankind, should have none.
Unequally the partial hand of heaven
Has all but this one only blessing given.
The world appears like a great family,
Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,
(That to a few great bounty he may shew)
Is fain to starve the numerous train below.
Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,
And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.
In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
Of which so just a share to each is sent,
That the most avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due division such)
His own too little, or his friend's too much.
Yet most men shew, or find, great want of wit,
Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,
Look on mankind as envious and dull.
Born to myself, I like myself alone,
And must conclude my judgment good, or none;
For could my sense be naught, how should I know
Whether another man's were good or no?
Thus I resolve of my own poetry,
That 'tis the best; and there 's a fame for me.
If then I'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to merit due, or arrogance?
Oh, but the world will take offence hereby!
Why then the world shall suffer for it, not I.
Did e'er the saucy world and I agree,
To let it have its beastly will on me?
Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,
To every rule their musty customs spawn?
But men may censure you; 'tis two to one,
Whene'er they censure, they 'll be in the wrong.
There 's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
So foolish, and so false, as common fame.
It calls the courtier knave, the plain man rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad.
Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,
She 's a sly hypocrite, or public whore.
Then who the devil would give this—to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy?
These things consider'd, make me (in despight
Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A TRIAL OF THE POETS FOR THE BAYS.

IN IMITATION OF A SATIRE IN BOILEAU.

Since the sons of the Muses grew numerous and loud,
For th' appeasing so factious and clamorous a crowd,
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a cause,
T' establish a government, leader, and laws.
The hopes of the bays, at the summoning call,
Had drawn them together, the devil and all;
All thronging and listening, they gap'd for the blessing:
No presbyter sermon had more crowding and pressing:
In the head of the gang, John Dryden appear'd,
That ancient grave wit so long lov'd and fear'd,
But Apollo had heard a story in town,
Of his quitting the Muses, to wear the black gown;
And so gave him leave now his poetry 's done,
To let him turn priest since R—— is turn'd nun.
This reverend author was no sooner set by,
But Apollo had got gentle George * in his eye,
And frankly confess'd, of all men that writ,
There's none had more fancy, sense, judgment, and wit:
But in th' crying sin, idleness, he was so harden'd,
That his long seven years silence was not to be pardon'd.
——W——y † was the next man shew'd his face.
But Apollo e'en thought him too good for the place;
No gentleman writer that office should bear,
But a trader in wit the laurel should wear,
As none but a Cit—e'er makes a Lord Mayor.
Next in the crowd, Tom Shadwell does wallow,
And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,
That 'tis he alone best pleases the age,
Himself and his wife have supported the stage:
Apollo, well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
T' oblige him, he told him, he should be huge glad,
Had he half so much wit, as he fancy'd he had.
Nat Lee stepp'd in next, in hopes of a prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the rubies in's face, he could not deny,
But he had as much wit as wine could supply;
Confess'd that indeed he had a musical note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled in throat;
Yet owning he had sense, t' encourage him for 't,
He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court.
Poor Settle, his trial was the next came about,
He brought him an Ibrahim with the preface torn out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no offence;
D—n him, cries Shadwell, he cannot write sense:
And Bancks, cry'd Newport, I hate that dull rogue;
Apollo, considering he was not in vogue,
Would not trust his dear bays with so modest a fool,
And bid the great boy be sent back to school.
Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;
Anababaluthu put in for a share,
And little Tom Essence's author was there:

* Sir George Etherege.
† Mr. Wycherley.

But Apollo had ſeen his face on the ſtage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage [age.
The ſcum of a play-houſe, for the prop of an
In the numerous crowd that encompaſs'd him round, [found,
Little ſtarch'd Johnny Crown at his elbow he
His cravat ſtring new iron'd, he gently did ſtretch
His lily white hand out, the laurel to reach.
Alleging that he had moſt right to the bays,
For writing romances, and ſh-ting of plays:
Apollo roſe up, and gravely confeſs'd,
Of all men that writ, his talent was beſt;
For ſince pain and diſhonour man's life only damn,
The greateſt felicity mankind can claim, [ſhame;
Is to want ſenſe of ſmart, and be paſt ſenſe of
And to perfect his bliſs in poetical rapture,
He bid him be dull to the end of the chapter.
The poteſs Afra next ſhew'd her ſweet face,
And ſwore by her poetry, and her black ace,
The laurel by a double right was her own,
For the plays ſhe had writ, and the conqueſts ſhe had won.
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet, to deal frankly and ingenuouſly by her,
He told her, were conqueſts and charms her pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen years ſince.
Nor could D'Urfey forbear for the laurel to ſtickle,
Proteſting that he had the honour to tickle
Th' ears of the town, with his dear madam Fickle.
With other pretenders, whoſe names I'd rehearſe,
But that they're too long to ſtand in my verſe:
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious harangue,
At laſt found Tom Betterton's face in the gang,
For, ſince poets without the kind players may hang,
By his one ſacred light he ſolemnly ſwore,
That in ſearch of a laureat he'd look out no more,
A general murmur ran quite through the hall,
To think that the bays to an actor ſhould fall;
Tom told them, to put his deſert to the teſt,
That he had MAID plays as well as the beſt,
And was the great'ſt wonder the age ever bore,
Of all the play ſcribblers that e'er writ before,
His wit had moſt worth, and modeſty in't,
For he had writ plays, yet ne'er came in print.

A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious creatures man,
A ſpirit free, to chooſe for my own ſhare,
What ſort of fleſh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.
The ſenſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A ſixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain inſtinct, will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one does err.
Reaſon, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, ſenſe, behind:
Pathleſs and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilſt the miſguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimſies, heapt in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundleſs ſea, where like to drown
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with bladders of philoſophy;
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake the ſkipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled ſight,
Till, ſpent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him underſtand,
After a ſearch ſo painful and ſo long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reaſoning engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch:
His wiſdom did his happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know the world he ſhould enjoy:
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own expence;
For wits are treated juſt like common whores,
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
The pleaſure paſt, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with ſucceeding pains.
Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleaſure allures; and when the fops eſcape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now, methinks, ſome formal band and beard
Takes me to taſk: come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.
Then, by your favour, any thing that's writ,
Againſt this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Like me abundantly; but you'll take care,
Upon this point, not to be too ſevere;
Perhaps my Muſe were fitter for this part;
For, I profeſs, I can be very ſmart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to laſh it in ſome ſharp eſſay,
But your grand indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reaſon and mankind?
Bleſt glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlaſting ſoul hath freely given;
Whom his great Maker took ſuch care to make,
That from himſelf he did the image take,
And this fair frame in ſhining reaſon dreſt,
To dignify his nature above beaſt:
Reaſon, by whoſe aſpiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material ſenſe,
Dive into myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
The flaming limits of the univerſe,
Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,

From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reaſon I deſpiſe
This ſupernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his ſhort life, void of all reſt,
To the Eternal and the Ever-bleſt:
This buſy puzzling ſtirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep myſteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges and ſchools,
Borne on thoſe wings, each heavy ſot can pierce
The limits of the boundleſs univerſe.
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcaſe through the ſky.
'Tis this exalted power, whoſe buſineſs lies
In nonſenſe and impoſſibilities:
This made a whimſical philoſopher,
Before the ſpacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions' government,
Where action ceaſes, thought's impertinent.
Our ſphere of action is life's happineſs,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an aſs.
Thus whilſt againſt falſe reaſoning I inveigh,
I own right reaſon, which I would obey;
That reaſon, which diſtinguiſhes by ſenſe,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds deſires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your reaſon hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites, yours would deſtroy.
My reaſon is my friend, yours is a cheat:
Hunger calls out, my reaſon bids me eat:
Perverſely yours your appetite does mock:
This aſks for food; that anſwers, what's a clock?
This plain diſtinction, Sir, your doubt ſecures:
'Tis not true reaſon I deſpiſe, but yours.
Thus I think reaſon righted: but for man,
I'll ne'er recant; defend him, if you can.
For all his pride and his philoſophy,
'Tis evident beaſts are, in their degree,
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he.
Thoſe creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds and kills his hare,
Better than Meres ſupplies committee-chair:
Though one's a ſtateſman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler in juſtice will be wiſer found.
You ſee how far man's wiſdom here extends:
Look next if human nature makes amends;
Whoſe principles are moſt generous and juſt;
And to whoſe morals you would ſooner truſt:
Be judge yourſelf; I'll bring it to the teſt,
Which is the baſeſt creature, man or beaſt:
Birds feed on birds, beaſts on each other prey,
But ſavage man alone does man betray.
Preſt by neceſſity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himſelf no good:
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to ſupply their want;
But man, with ſmiles, embraces, friendſhips, praiſe,
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays,
With voluntary pains works his diſtreſs,
Not through neceſſity, but wantonneſs.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear;
Whilſt wretched man is ſtill in arms for fear:
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid;
From fear to fear ſucceſſively betray'd:
Baſe fear, the ſource whence his baſe paſſions came,
His boaſted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
The luſt of power, to which he's ſuch a ſlave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind;
For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrews his actions in a forc'd diſguiſe;
Leads a moſt tedious life, in miſery,
Under laborious, mean hypocriſy.
Look to the bottom of his vaſt deſign,
Wherein man's wiſdom, power, and glory, join:
The good he acts, the ill he does endure;
'Tis all from fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
Merely for ſafety, after fame they thirſt;
For all men would be cowards if they durſt:
And honeſty's againſt all common ſenſe;
Men muſt be knaves; 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's diſhoneſt: if you think it fair,
Amongſt known cheats, to play upon the ſquare,
You'll be undone——
Nor can weak truth your reputation ſave;
The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o'er, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſs a villain than the reſt.
Thus here you ſee what human nature craves,
Moſt men are cowards, all men ſhould be knaves.
The difference lies, as far as I can ſee,
Not in the thing itſelf, but the degree;
And all the ſubject matter of debate,
Is only who's a knave of the firſt rate.

POSTSCRIPT.

All this with indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, ſwoln with ſelfiſh vanity, deviſe
Falſe freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,
Over their fellow-ſlaves to tyrannize.
But if in court ſo juſt a man there be,
(In court a juſt man, yet unknown to me)
Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppreſs and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way ſoever laid,
Is ſtill a tax on that unhappy trade:
If ſo upright a ſtateſman you can find,
Whoſe paſſions bend to his unbias'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raiſe his country, not his family.
Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whoſe life his faith and doctrine juſtifies?
Not one blown up with vain, aſpiring pride,
Who, for reproof of ſins, does man deride;
Whoſe envious heart, with ſaucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of ſenſe;
Who in his talking vents more peeviſh lies,
More bitter railings, ſcandals, calumnies,
Than at a goſſiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.

None of the ſenſual tribe, whoſe talents lie
In avarice, pride, in ſloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives;
Whoſe luſt exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a ſcore of years completed be,
Can from the lofty ſtage of honour ſee
Half a large pariſh their own progeny.
Nor doating —— who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board;
A greater fop, in buſineſs at fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious toys, affected more,
Than the gay, glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noiſe, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.
But a meek, humble man, of modeſt ſenſe,
Who, preaching peace, does practiſe continence;
Whoſe pious life's a proof he does believe
Myſterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell ſuch godlike men,
I'll here recant my paradox to them,
Adore thoſe ſhrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me this at leaſt,
Man differs more from man, than man from beaſt.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

As ſome brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but preſt with courage ſtill,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill;

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wiſe and daring conduct of the fight;
And each bold action to his mind renews
His preſent glory and his paſt delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flaſhes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks away,
Tranſported thinks himſelf amidſt his foes,
And abſent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I'm by wine, and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleaſing billows of debauch,
On the dull ſhore of lazy temperance,

V.

My pains at laſt ſome reſpite ſhall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain,
When fleets of glaſſes fail around the board,
From whoſe broadſides vollies of wit ſhall rain.

VI.

Nor ſhall the ſight of honourable ſcars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-liſted ſoldiers from the wars;
Paſt joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should ſome brave youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly ſhrink,
'Twould pleaſe the ghoſt of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or ſhould ſome cold-complexion'd ſot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's briſk alarms,
I'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was ſtrong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortreſs won;
Windows demoliſh'd, watches overcome,
And handſome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like theſe I will ſuch heat inſpire,
As to important miſchief ſhall incline;
I'll make him long ſome ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdneſs they're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus, ſtateſman-like, I'll ſaucily impoſe,
And, ſafe from danger, valiantly adviſe;
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing elſe, be wiſe.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to ſhade,
That hadſt a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something ſtraight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its ſole original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

IV.

Yet Something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptineſs's hand
Snatch'd men, beaſts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'ſt offspring of thy race,
By Form aſſiſted, flew from thy embrace;
And rebel Light obſcur'd thy reverend duſky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time aſſiſts the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy ſlaves again.

VIII.

Though myſteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy boſom, where the truth in private lies;

IX.

Yet this of thee the wiſe may freely ſay,
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wiſely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wiſe
Inquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe? [phies.
Didſt thou not ſtand to point their dull philoſo-

XI.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or falſe, the ſubject of debate,
That perfect or deſtroy the vaſt deſigns of Fate;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breaſt,
Within thy boſom moſt ſecurely reſt, [beſt.
And, when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe and

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something ſtill permit,
That ſacred monarchs ſhould at council ſit, [fit?
With perſons highly thought at beſt for nothing

XIV.

While weighty Something modeſtly abſtains
From princes' coffers, and from ſtateſmen's brains,
And nothing there like ſtately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'ſt with fools in grave diſguiſe,
For whom they reverend ſhapes and forms deviſe,
Lawn ſleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like
thee look wiſe.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch proweſs, Britiſh policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility, [thee.
Spaniards' diſpatch, Danes' wit, are mainly ſeen in

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his beſt friend.
Kings' promiſes, whores' vows, towards thee they
bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANSLATION OF SOME LINES IN LUCRETIUS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, muſt poſſeſs
An everlaſting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares;
Rich in themſelves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

THE LATTER END OF THE CHORUS OF THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S TROAS, TRANSLATED.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
The utmoſt limits of a gaſp of breath.
Let the ambitious zealot lay aſide
His hope of heaven (whoſe faith is but his pride);
Let ſlaviſh ſouls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this life they ſhall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world;
And to that maſs of matter ſhall be ſwept,
Where things deſtroy'd with things unborn are kept:
Devouring Time ſwallows us whole;
Impartial Death confounds body and ſoul:
For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlaſting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim griſly dog that keeps the door,
Are fenſeleſs ſtories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimſies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

On his RESTORATION in the Year 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant ſhrine! who doſt engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage;
Which in extatic duty ſtrive to come
Out of themſelves, as well as from their home;
Whilſt England grows one camp, and London is
Itſelf the nation, not metropolis;
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men:
Forgive this diſtant homage, which does meet
Your bleſt approach on ſedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In ſteel before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wiſhes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold reſpect were treaſon to
A father's aſhes, greater than to you;
Whoſe one ambition 'tis for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's ſon.

Wadh. Coll. ROCHESTER.

TO HER SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,

On the DEATH of MARY, Princeſs of Orange.

RESPITE, great queen, your juſt and haſty fears:
There's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet ſighs have an untainted guiltleſs breath.
Oh! ſtay a while, and teach your equal ſkill
To underſtand, and to ſupport our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have ſpent,
And ſeem to have out-liv'd ev'n baniſhment;
Whom traiterous miſchief ſought its earlieſt prey,
When to moſt ſacred bloud it made its way,
And did thereby its black deſign impart,
To take his head, that wounded firſt his heart:

You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin ſtood,
When three great nations ſunk beneath the load;
Then a young daughter loſt, yet balſam found
To ſtanch that new and freſhly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and ſteady eyes,
Beheld your noble Glouceſter's obſequies;
And then ſuſtain'd the royal princeſs' fall:
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our ſad complaints, loſt in the empty wind;
Thoſe winds that bid you ſtay, and loudly roar
Deſtruction, and drive back to the firm ſhore;
Shipwreck to ſafety, and the envy fly
Of ſharing in this ſcene of tragedy;
While ſickneſs, from whoſe rage you poſt away,
Relents, and only now contrives your ſtay;
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair princeſs, and forgets to kill:
In vain on fevers curſes we diſpenſe,
And vent our paſſion's angry eloquence;
In vain we blaſt the miniſters of Fate,
And the forlorn phyſicians imprecate:
Say they to death new poiſons add and fire,
Murder ſecurely for reward and hire;
Arts baſiliſks, that kill whome'er they ſee,
And truly write bills of mortality;
Who, leſt the bleeding corpſe ſhould them betray,
Firſt drain thoſe vital ſpeaking ſtreams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with theſe?
Become yourſelf a third and new diſeaſe?
If they have caus'd our loſs, then ſo have you,
Who take yourſelf and the fair princeſs too:
For we, depriv'd, an equal damage have,
When France doth raviſh hence, as when the
- grave:
But that your choice th' unkindneſs doth improve,
And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER, of Wadham College.

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
" That 'tis ſtill better to be pleas'd than not;"
And therefore never their own torment plot:
While the malicious critics ſtill agree
To loath each play they come and pay to ſee.
The firſt know 'tis a meaner part of ſenſe
To find a fault, than taſte an excellence:
Therefore they praiſe, and ſtrive to like; while
Are dully vain of being hard to pleaſe. [theſe
Poets and women have an equal right
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but ſpight.
'Twas impotence did firſt this vice begin:
Fools cenſure wit, as old men rail at ſin;
Who envy pleaſure which they cannot taſte,
And, good for nothing, would be wiſe at laſt.
Since therefore to the women it appears,
That all the enemies of wit are theirs,
Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
To ſtand or fall with beauty on his ſide.

AN ALLUSION

TO THE

Tenth Satire of the Firſt Book of Horace.

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted; I ſaid Dryden's rhymes
Were ſtolen, unequal, nay dull many times:
What fooliſh patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
With learning, juſtly pleas'd the town,
In the ſame paper I as freely own.
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy maſs
That ſtuffs up his looſe volumes, muſt not paſs;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious ſcenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your falſe ſenſe
Hits the falſe judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools aſſembling, a vaſt crowd,
Till the throng'd playhouſe crack'd with the dull
load;
Though ev'n that talent merits, in ſome ſort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:
But within due proportion circumſcribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
The ſtyle may riſe, yet in its riſe forbear
With uſeleſs words t' oppreſs the weary'd ear.
Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.
For elegance' ſake, ſometimes allay the force
Of epithets; 'twill ſoften the diſcourſe.
A jeſt in ſcorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remoteſt ſatire's ſting.
Shakeſpeare and Jonſon did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well;
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himſelf a ſheer original.
Nor that flow drudge in ſwift Pindaric ſtrains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muſe, whipt, with looſe reins.
When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Hannibal a whining, amorous ſlave,
I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd ſuſtian fool
In Buſby's hands, to be well laſh'd at ſchool.
Of all our modern wits, none ſeem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;
With juſt, bold ſtrokes he daſhes here and there,
Shewing great maſtery with little care,
Scorning to varniſh his good touches o'er,
To make the fools and women praiſe them more.
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains;
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains:
He frequently excels, and, at the leaſt,
Makes fewer faults than any of the reſt.
Waller, by Nature for the Bays deſign'd,
With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
In panegyric does excel mankind.
He beſt can turn, enforce, and ſoften things.
To praiſe great conquerors, and flatter kings.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.
For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;
Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
That can with a resistless power impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob;
And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His excellencies more than faults abound:
Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull?
Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's style
Stiff and affected? To his own the while
Allowing all the justice that his pride
So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To search and censure Dryden's works, and try
If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit
Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?
Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
Spirit and grace to his loose slattern Muse?
Five hundred verses every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit:
Such scribbling authors have been seen before;
Mustapha, the Island Princess, forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
To write what may securely stand the test
Of being well read over thrice at least;
Compare each phrase, examine every line,
Weigh every word, and every thought refine;
Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,
And be content to please those few who know.
Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,
To wish thy works might make a play-house ring
With the unthinking laughter and poor praise
Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom
From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.
I've no ambition on that idle score,
But say with Betty Morice heretofore,
When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's * whore;
I please one man of wit, am proud on 't too,
Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.
Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight,
Who squints more in his judgment than his sight,
Picks silly faults, and censures what I write?
Or when the poor fed poets of the town
For scabs and coach-room cry my verses down?

I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham,
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense: I count their censure fame.

Sir Car Scrope, who thought himself reflected on at the latter end of the preceding Poem, published a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occasioned the following Reply.

TO SIR CAR SCROPE.

To rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,
In thee was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy person we more clearly see
That Satire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To shew there were some men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for mere sport, who differ but in shapes:
In thee are all these contradictions join'd,
That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.
A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
Begot in Love's despight and Nature's scorn;
And art grown up the most ungrateful wight,
Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight;
Yet Love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.
Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd
Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress,
And all those awkward follies that express
Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.
Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
Spit at, and shunn'd by every girl in town;
Where dreadfully Love's scare-crow thou art plac'd,
To fright the tender flock that long to taste:
While every coming maid, when you appear,
Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste for fear;
For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,
Where you made love, t' endure to be below'd.
'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise;
But thy half wit will ne'er let thee be wise,
Half witty, and half mad, and scarce half brave,
Half honest (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass
For any thing entirely, but an ass.

EPILOGUE.

As charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;
For songs and scenes a double audience bring,
And doggrel takes, which smiths in satin sing.

* The same probably who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurst (or Dorset) in his Poems. See Gent. Mag. 1780. p. 218.

Now to machines and a dull maſk you run;
We find that wit 's the monſter you would ſhun,
And by my troth 'tis moſt diſcreetly done.
For ſince with vice and folly wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis moſt of you are not dead.
Players turn puppets now at your deſire,
In their mouth's nonſenſe, in their tail's a wire,
They fly through crowds of clouts and ſhowers of fire.
A kind of loſing Loadum is their game,
Where the worſt writer has the greateſt fame.
To get vile plays like theirs ſhall be our care;
But of ſuch aukward actors we deſpair.
Falſe taught at firſt———
Like bowls ill biaſs'd, ſtill the more they run,
They're further off than when they firſt begun;
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There's one is ſuch a dear familiar ſpark,
He yawns as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free ſpeaking does miſtake;
Falſe accent, and neglectful action too:
They have both ſo nigh good, yet neither true,
That both together, like an ape's mock face,
By near reſembling man, do man diſgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half players, like half-wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet theſe are they, who durſt expoſe the age
Of the great * wonder of the Engliſh ſtage;
Whom Nature ſeem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him ſpeak, as ſhe bid Shakeſpeare write.
Thoſe blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his ſpeaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they———
Rage like Cethegus, or like Caſſius die,
They ne'er had ſent to Paris for ſuch fancies,
As monſters' heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not periſh'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dreſs'd your miſtreſs Wit before;
Theſe draw you on with an old painted whore,
And ſell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids twice o'er.
Yet they may ſcorn our houſe and actors too,
Since they have ſwell'd ſo high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' theſe Covent-garden men;
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for thoſe thundering blades
Should have an audience of ſubſtantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.
O how the merry citizen's in love
With———
Pſyche, the goddeſs of each field and grove.
He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd ſtuff!
So to their houſe the graver fops repair;
While men of wit find one another here.

* Major Mohun.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE

COURT AT WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING CHARLES II.

By the Lady Elizabeth Howard.

Wit has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the beſt, ſevere;
And poets ſhare the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to pleaſe you all.
'Tis hard your ſcorn ſhould againſt ſuch prevail,
Whoſe ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jeſt,
Should we laugh at you when you do your beſt.
Then rail not here, though you ſee reaſon for't;
If wit can find itſelf no better ſport,
Wit is a very fooliſh thing at court.
Wit's buſineſs is to pleaſe, and not to fright;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
You'll find it none, who dare be ſo to-night.
Few ſo ill-bred will venture to a play,
To ſpy out faults in what we women ſay.
For us, no matter what we ſpeak, but how:
How kindly can we ſay—I hate you now!
And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do;
They mind themſelves ſo much, they'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I deſcend to loſe a prayer
On thoſe ſmall ſaints in wit? the god ſits there!

To the KING.

To you (Great SIR) my meſſage hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
See my credentials written in my face;
They challenge your protection in this place;
And hither come with ſuch a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your proſperous arms.
Millions of Cupid's hovering in the rear,
Like eagles following fatal troops, appear:
All waiting for the ſlaughter which draws nigh,
Of thoſe bold gazers who this night muſt die.
Nor can you 'ſcape our ſoft captivity,
From which old age alone muſt ſet you free.
Then tremble at the fatal conſequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great Prince,
'Gainſt us you ſtill have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wiſe, and take our part;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;
Elſe you may find, too late, that we are things
Born to kill vaſſals, and to conquer kings.
But oh to what vain conqueſt I pretend!
While Love is our commander, and your friend.
Our victory your empire more aſſures;
For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

ELEGY ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

By Mrs. Wharton.

Deep waters silent roll; so grief like mine
Tears never can relieve, nor words define.
Stop then, stop your vain source, weak springs of grief;
Let tears flow from their eyes whom tears relieve.
They from their heads shew the light trouble there;
Could my heart weep, its sorrows 'twould declare:
When drops of blood, my heart, thou'st lost; thy pride,
The cause of all thy hopes and fears, thy guide!
He would have led thee right in Wisdom's way;
And 'twas thy fault whene'er thou went'st astray:
And since thou stray'd'st when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be surely lost, now left alone.
It is thy Elegy I write, not his:
He lives immortal and in highest bliss;
But thou art dead, alas! my heart, thou'rt dead:
He lives, that lovely soul for ever fled;
But thou 'mongst crowds on earth art buried.
Great was thy loss, which thou can'st ne'er express;
Nor was th' insensible dull nation's less:
He civiliz'd the rude, and taught the young,
Made fools grow wise; such artful magic hung
Upon his useful, kind, instructing tongue.
His lively wit was of himself a part;
Not, as in other men, the work of art:
For, though his learning like his wit was great,
Yet sure all learning came below his wit;
As God's immediate gifts are better far
Than those we borrow from our likeness here,
He was—but I want words, and ne'er can tell;
Yet this I know, he did mankind excel.
He was what no man ever was before,
Nor can indulgent Nature give us more,
For, to make him, she exhausted all her store.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WENTWORTH EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Containing his

MISCELLANIES, PROLOGUES, ‖ TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes' empire is reſtor'd agen
In Charles's reign, and by Roſcommon's pen.
Roſcommon! firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own.

DRYDEN.

Nor muſt Roſcommon paſs neglected by,
That makes even rules a noble poetry;
Rules whoſe deep ſenſe and heavenly numbers ſhew
The beſt of critics, and of poets too.

ADDISON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF ROSCOMMON.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roſcommon, was born in Ireland in 1633, during the lieutenantcy of the Earl of Strafford, who, being both his uncle and his godfather, gave him his own ſurname. His father, James Dillon, the third Earl of Roſcommon, had been converted by Archbiſhop Uſher to the Proteſtant religion; and when the Popiſh rebellion broke out, Strafford, thinking he would be expoſed to great danger, and unable to protect his family, ſent for his godſon, and placed him at his own ſeat in Yorkſhire, where he was inſtructed in Latin, which he learned to write with claſſical elegance and propriety, though he was never able to retain the common rules of grammar. When Lord Strafford was proſecuted by the parliament, he was ſent, by the advice of Uſher, to proſecute his ſtudies at the Proteſtant univerſity of Caen, in Normandy, under the famous Bochart.

At Caen he is ſaid by Aubrey to have had ſome preternatural intelligence of his father's death; but the name of Aubrey cannot recommend any account of that kind to credit in the preſent age.

Upon his leaving Caen, he travelled into Italy, and took up his reſidence at Rome; where he grew familiar with the moſt valuable remains of claſſical antiquity, applying himſelf particularly to the ſtudy of medals, in which he acquired uncommon ſkill.

He returned to England, with the other friends of monarchy, at the Reſtoration, and was made Captain of the Band of Penſioners; an employment, which, in the gaieties of that age, tempted him to ſome extravagancies; particularly a violent paſſion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune.

This was the fate of many other men, whoſe genius was of no other advantage to them, than that it recommended them to employments, by which the temptations to vice were multiplied, and their parts became of no other uſe than that of enabling them to ſucceed in debauchery.

After ſome time, a diſpute about part of his eſtate obliging him to return to Ireland, he reſigned his employment; and, upon his arrival at Dublin, was made Captain of the Guards by the Duke of Ormond.

Fenton relates a ſtory of his prevailing upon the Duke, that he might reſign his commiſſion to a poor diſbanded officer, who had accidentally reſcued him from three ruffians, who were employed to aſſaſſinate him; which, for about three years, the gentleman enjoyed; and upon his death, the Duke returned to his generous benefactor.

Having finiſhed his buſineſs in Ireland, he returned to London, was made Maſter of the Horſe to the Ducheſs of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldeſt daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and widow of Colonel Courtenay. He married, as his ſecond wife, Iſabella, daughter of Matthew Boynton, Eſq. of Yorkſhire.

About this time, in imitation of thoſe learned and polite aſſemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, he began to form a ſociety for refining and fixing the ſtandard of the Engliſh language. In this deſign he is ſaid to have been aſſiſted by his friend Dryden. But all hopes of new literary inſtitutions were fruſtrated by the contentious turbulence of King James's reign.

The ſame excellent deſign was revived by Swift, under the miniſtry of the Earl of Oxford, and was again defeated by a conflict of parties, and the neceſſity of attending only to political diſquiſitions, for defending the conduct of the adminiſtration, and forming parties in the parliament.

" That our language," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " is in perpetual danger of corruption, cannot be denied; but what prevention can be found? The preſent manners of the nation would deride authority; and therefore nothing is left, but that every writer ſhould criticiſe himſelf."

Under an apprehenſion, that ſome violent concuſſion of the ſtate was at hand, he reſolved to retire to Rome; but his departure was delayed by the gout, of which he was ſo impatient, that he admitted of an application from a French empiric, which repelled the diſeaſe into his bowels.

At the moment in which he expired, he repeated, with the moſt fervent devotion, two lines of his own verſion of the Hymn on the Day of Judgment:

" My God! my Father, and my Friend!
Do not forſake me at my end."

He died in 1684, and was buried, with great pomp, in Weſtminſter-Abbey. His poems were publiſhed, together with thoſe of Duke, in an octavo volume, in 1717, and afterwards in a volume of the Minor Poets.

His poetical character is given by Fenton, in his notes upon Waller.

" In his writings," ſays Fenton, " we view the image of a mind which was naturally ſerious and ſolid, richly furniſhed and adorned with all the ornaments of art and ſcience; and theſe ornaments unaffectedly diſpoſed in the moſt regular and elegant order. His imagination might have probably been fruitful and ſprightly, if his judgment had been leſs clear; but that ſeverity (delivered in a maſculine, clear, and ſuccinct ſtyle) contributed to make him ſo eminent in the didactical manner, that no man can, with juſtice, affirm he was ever equalled by any of our nation, without confeſſing at the ſame time, that he was inferior to none. In ſome other kinds of writing, his genius ſeems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection; but who can attain it?"

This character is too general to be critically juſt; but thus it is that characters are commonly given. Though the grand requiſites of a poet, elevation, fire, and invention, were not given him, yet he is perhaps the only correct writer in verſe before Addiſon. Nor is this his higheſt praiſe; for Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer in Charles's reign.

" ——— in all Charles' days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted lays."

His great work is his Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, which, though generally excellent, is not without a great number of cold unſpirited lines.

Pope, in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, alluding to this performance, which it was the faſhion to commend, ranks him with the moſt eminent reſtorers of critical learning.

" Such was Roſcommon, not more learned than good,
Of manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own."

His next work is the Tranſlation of Horace's Art of Poetry, which of all his pieces, is the moſt frigid and unpoetical.

Among his ſmaller pieces, the Eclogue of Virgil, the Hymn on the Day of Judgment, and the Scene from Guarini's Paſtor Fido, are well tranſlated. His Tranſlations of the two Odes of Horace are made with great liberty; but with little elegance or vigour. The Ghoſt of the old Houſe of Commons to the new one, and Roſs's Ghoſt, are not inferior to the political verſes that were popular at that time.

" Of Roſcommon's works, " ſays Dr. Johnſon, " the judgment of the public ſeems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquiſite beauties, and he ſeldom falls into groſs faults. His verſification is ſmooth, but rarely vigorous; and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taſte, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors of Engliſh literature."

POEMS.

AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct † essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way;
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age,
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just:
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To search the treasures of the Roman store,
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires
And Nature seconds all his soft desires:
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' hearse,
Who does not weep, that reads the moving verse?
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses through these happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo reigns! [broils!

When France had breath'd, after intestine
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand) [land;
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have known,
Her excellent translators made her own;

† John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.

And Europe still considerably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
And in translated verse do more than they.
Serene and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be exprest in prose:
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:
I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my master as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares;
The fault is more their language's than theirs:
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords:
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive English energy?
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.
I speak my private, but impartial sense,
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence;
For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part;
But good translation is no easy art:
For though materials have long since been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but judgment more.
The soil intended for Pierian seeds
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Earaliptons makes:
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The firſt great work (a taſk perform'd by few)
Is, that yourſelf may to yourſelf be true:
No maſk, no tricks, no favour, no reſerve;
Diſſect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his ſtrength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in ſpite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all ſucceeding times,
With pompous nonſenſe and a bellowing ſound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground:
And (if my Muſe can through paſt ages ſee)
That noiſy, nauſeous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when, with univerſal ſcorn,
The mountains labour'd, and a mouſe was born.
Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wreſtler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wiſe!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber which he ſtrove to rend.
Each poet with a different talent writes;
One praiſes, one inſtructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aſpire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro ſtoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling paſſion of your mind;
Then ſeek a poet who your way does bend,
And chooſe an author as you chooſe a friend.
United by this ſympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond:
Your thoughts, your words, your ſtyles, your ſouls agree;
No longer his interpreter, but he.
With how much eaſe is a young Muſe betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaſte inſtruction of her tender years.
The firſt impreſſion in her infant breaſt
Will be the deepeſt, and ſhould be the beſt.
Let not auſterity breed ſervile fear;
No wanton ſound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from fooliſh pride's affected ſtare,
And ſpecious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect muſt anſwer for her faults.
Immodeſt words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.
What moderate fop would rake the park or ſtews,
Who among troops of faultleſs nymphs may chooſe?
Variety of ſuch is to be found:
Take then a ſubject proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of ſenſe deſpiſe a trivial choice:
And ſuch applauſe it muſt expect to meet,
As would ſome painter buſy in a ſtreet,
To copy bulls and bears, and every ſign
That calls the ſtaring ſots to naſty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a ſubject good:
It muſt delight us when 'tis underſtood.
He that brings fulſome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauſeous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of ſquills.
Inſtruct the liſtening world how Maro ſings
Of uſeful ſubjects and of lofty things.
Theſe will ſuch true, ſuch bright ideas raiſe,
As merit gratitude, as well as praiſe:
But foul deſcriptions are offenſive ſtill,
Either for being like, or being ill:
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded Gods,
Makes ſome ſuſpect he ſnores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My bluſhing Muſe with conſcious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.
On ſure foundations let your fabric riſe,
And with attractive majeſty ſurpriſe;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But ſtrict harmonious ſymmetry of parts;
Which through the whole inſenſibly muſt paſs,
With vital heat to animate the maſs:
A pure, an active, an auſpicious flame;
And bright as heaven, from whence the bleſſing came:
But few, oh few ſouls, preordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No Rebel-Titan's facrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How juſtly then will impious mortals fall,
Whoſe pride would ſoar to heaven without a call!
Pride (of all others the moſt dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of ſenſe, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digeſt things moſt,
Will be much apter to deſpond than boaſt:
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill coſt you dear before he's underſtood.
How many ages ſince has Virgil writ!
How few are they who underſtand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear:
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven ſhakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets ſhould before their Mantuan God.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that ſacred name
Kindle my breaſt with thy celeſtial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuſe;
The Muſe inſtruct my voice, and thou inſpire the Muſe!
What I have inſtanc'd only in the beſt,
Is, in proportion, true of all the reſt.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There ſweat, there ſtrain; tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find;
Some here, ſome there, may hit the poet's mind:
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng:
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Conſult your author, with himſelf compar'd.
Who knows what bleſſing Phœbus may beſtow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such ſecrets are not eaſily found out;
But, once diſcover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth ſtamps conviction in your raviſh'd breaſt;
And peace and joy attend the glorious gueſt.
Truth ſtill is one; truth is divinely bright;
No cloudy doubts obſcure her native light;

While in your thoughts you find the leaſt debate,
You may confound, but never can tranſlate.
Your ſtyle will this through all diſguiſes ſhew;
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he underſtands a text,
Whoſe expoſition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names inſiſt,
Rather create than diſſipate the miſt;
And grow unjuſt by being over nice,
(For ſuperſtitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Craſſius's * ghoſt and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been ſo jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæſes' name.
Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And ſome that Rome admir'd in Cæſar's time,
May neither ſuit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine ſenſe, intelligibly told,
Shews a tranſlator both diſcreet and bold.
Excurſions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much ſafer to leave out than add.
Abſtruſe and myſtic thought you muſt expreſs
With painful care, but ſeeming eaſineſs;
For truth ſhines brighteſt through the plaineſt dreſs.
Th' Æneas Muſe, when ſhe appears in ſtate,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verſes wait.
Yet writes ſometimes as ſoft and moving things
As Venus ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings.
Your author always will the beſt adviſe,
Fall when he falls, and when he riſes, riſe.
Affected noiſe is the moſt wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty ſcribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even ſyllables (and ſtill the laſt)
Though groſs innumerable faults abound,
In ſpite of nonſenſe, never fail of ſound.
But this is meant of even verſe alone,
As being moſt harmonious and moſt known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd ſyllables muſt lie.
Whatever ſiſter of the learned Nine
Does to your ſuit a willing ear incline,
Urge your ſucceſs, deſerve a laſting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a conſtant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You loſe the fruit of all your former care,
For the ſad proſpect of a juſt deſpair.
A quack (too ſcandalouſly mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his ſurer aid.
Well-ſeaſon'd bowls the goſſip's ſpirits raiſe,
Who, while ſhe guzzles, chats the doctor's praiſe;
And largely, what ſhe wants in words, ſupplies,
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtleſs animal is man!
(How very active in his own trapan!)
For, greedy of phyſicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praiſe he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
From ſaving women falls to killing men.

* Hor. 3 Od. vi.

Another ſuch had left the nation thin,
In ſpite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
His name ſtruck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For ſmarting ſoundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine ſtar'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no huſband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poiſon'd too:
In this ſad caſe, what could our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts and paſt all hope of bail,
Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with baſket-alms, ſcarce kept alive,
Shews how miſtaken talents ought to thrive.
I pity, from my ſoul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to proſtitute their pen;
Who muſt, like lawyers, either ſtarve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your ſwords and cares,
Let no vain hope your eaſy mind ſeduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuſe,
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with the Muſe,
The profit's ſmall, and you have much to loſe;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any paſſion can excite,
But what they feel tranſport them when they write,
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rolling eyes:
And panting, Lo! the God, the God, ſhe cries;
With words not her's, and more than human ſound
She makes th' obedient ghoſts peep trembling through the ground.
But, though we muſt obey when heaven commands.
And man in vain the ſacred call withſtands,
Beware what ſpirit rages in your breaſt;
For ten inſpir'd, ten thouſand are poſſeſt.
Thus make the proper uſe of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely paſs,
And ſparkling wine ſmiles in the tempting glaſs,
Your pulſe adviſes, and begins to beat
Through every ſwelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muſe propitiouſly invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another ſummons wait.
Before the radiant ſun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate meaſures to the ſterling ſtamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with thoſe whoſe inſpiration ſhines:
Theſe nervous, bold; thoſe languid and remiſs;
There cold ſalutes; but here a lover's kiſs.
Thus have I ſeen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the paſſive Soane divide;
Whoſe lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too juſt a name,
Belongs to none but an eſtabliſh'd fame,
Which ſcorns to take it ——
Abſurd expreſſions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Baſe fugitives to that aſylum fly,
And ſacred laws with inſolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deſerv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I miſtake, or far the greateſt part
Of what ſome call neglect, was ſtudy'd art.
When Virgil ſeems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the ſign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your ſight;
To reach the noble height of ſome unuſual flight.
I loſe my patience, when with ſaucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverſe of nature! ſhall ſuch copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic ſchools
Blaſpheme the ſacred founder of our rules!
The delicacy of the niceſt ear
Finds nothing harſh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intenſe,
The ſound is ſtill a comment to the ſenſe.
A ſkilful ear in numbers ſhould preſide,
And all diſputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before miſtaken ſtops dehauch'd the ſound.
When, by impulſe from heaven, Tyrtæus ſung,
In drooping ſoldiers a new courage ſprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals loſt a poet gain'd.
By ſecret influence of indulgent ſkies,
Empire and poeſy together riſe.
True poets are the guardians of a ſtate,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conqueſt did inſpire,
Was not the Veſtal, but the Muſes' fire;
Heaven joins the bleſſings: No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.
Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cauſe;
Too ſtrict to rhyme, we ſlight more uſeful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at laſt obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.
I grant that from ſome moſſy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden ſpoke;
And by ſucceſſion of unlearned times,
As Bards began, ſo Monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the ſacred Nine,
With all their beams on our bleſt iſland ſhine,
Why ſhould not we their ancient rites reſtore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

" † Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous
" profe
" Led our exalted ſouls through heavenly camps,
" And mark'd the ground where proud apoſtate
" thrones
" Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt hoſt and hoſt,
" (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
" Portentous fight! before the cloudy van
" Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
" Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
" There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
" Diſpers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
" By thouſands, angels on archangels roll'd;
" Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
" Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, wa-
" ters, woods)
" From their firm ſeats torn by the ſhaggy tops
" They bore like ſhields before them through the
" air,
" Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes
" All was confuſion, heaven's foundation ſhook,
" Threatening no leſs than univerſal wreck,
" For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
" And overpreſt whole legions weak with ſin:
" Yet they blaſphem'd and ſtruggled as they lay,
" Till the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd,
" And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
" (Effulgence of paternal Deity) [Son
" Graſping ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
" Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
" And ſent them flaming to the vaſt abyſs."

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And ſing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant ſtate the Britiſh Muſe,
True to herſelf, ſhall barbarous aid refuſe,
And in the Roman majeſty appear,
Which none know better, and none come ſo near.

† An Eſſay on Blank Verſe, out of Paradiſe Loſt, B. VI.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

ON HIS

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

By Dr. CHETWOOD, 1684.

As when by labouring ſtars new kingdoms riſe,
The mighty maſs in rude confuſion lies,
A court unform'd, diſorder at the bar,
And ev'n in peace the rugged mien of war,
Till ſome wiſe ſtateſman into method draws
The parts, and animates the frame with laws;
Such was the caſe when Chaucer's early toil
Founded the Muſes' empire in our ſoil.
Spenſer improv'd it with his painful hand,
But loſt a noble Muſe in Fairy-land,
Shakſpeare ſaid all that Nature could impart,
And Johnſon added induſtry and Art.
Cowley and Denham gain'd immortal praiſe;
And ſome, who merit as they wear the bays,
Search'd all the treaſuries of Greece and Rome,
And brought the precious ſpoils in triumph home.
But ſtill our language had ſome ancient ruſt;
Our flights were often high, but ſeldom juſt.
There wanted one, who licenſe could reſtrain,
Make civil laws o'er barbarous uſage reign:

One worthy in Apollo's chair to ſit,
To hold the ſcales, and give the ſtamp of wit;
In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet,
And force poetic rage to be diſcreet;
Who grows not nauſeous while he ſtrives to pleaſe,
But marks the ſhelves in the poetic ſeas.
Who knows, and teaches what our clime can bear,
And makes the barren ground obey the labourer's care.
Few could conceive, none the great work could do.
'Tis a freſh province, and reſerv'd for you.
Thoſe talents all are your's, of which but one
Were a fair fortune for a Muſe's ſon.
Wit, reading, judgment, converſation, art,
A head well-balanc'd, and a generous heart.
While inſect rhymes cloud the polluted ſky,
Created to moleſt the world, and die.
Your file does poliſh, and your fancy caſt;
Works are long forming which muſt always laſt.
Rough iron ſenſe, and ſtubborn to the mold,
Touch'd by your chemic hand, is turn'd to gold,
A ſecret grace faſhions the flowing lines,
And inſpiration through the labour ſhines,
Writers, in ſpite of all their paint and art,
Betray the darling paſſion of the heart.
No fame you wound, give no chaſte ears offence,
Still true to friendſhip, modeſty, and ſenſe.
So Saints, from Heaven for our example ſent,
Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.
Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
Would give no laws, but only your's tranſlate.
Hoiſt ſail, bold writers, ſearch, diſcover far,
You have a compaſs for a Polar-ſtar.
Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhymes
Soften the ſavage humour of the times.
Tell all thoſe untouch'd wonders which appear'd
When Fate itſelf for our great Monarch fear'd:
Securely through the dangerous foreſt led
By guards of Angels, when his own were fled.
Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,
To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.
Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,
The ſecond hope and genius of the throne.
Heaven in compaſſion brought him on our ſtage,
To tame the fury of a monſtrous age.
But what bleſt voice ſhall your Maria ſing?
Or a fit offering to her altars bring?
In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be great.
True Roman majeſty adorns her face;
And every geſture 's form'd by every Grace.
Her beauties are too heavenly and refin'd
For the groſs ſenſes of a vulgar mind.
It is your part (you Poets can divine)
To propheſy how ſhe by Heaven's deſign
Shall give an heir to the great Britiſh line,
Who over all the Weſtern iſles ſhall reign,
Both awe the continent, and rule the main.
It is your place to wait upon her name
Through the vaſt regions of eternal fame.
True Poets ſouls to Princes are ally'd,
And the world's Empire with the Kings divide.
Heaven truſts the preſent time to Monarch's care.
Eternity is the good Writer's ſhare.

TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON,

Occaſioned by his Lordſhip's

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

FROM THE

LATIN OF MR. CHARLES DRYDEN.

By Mr. NEEDLER.

THAT happy Britain boaſts her tuneful race,
And laurel wreaths her peaceful temples grace,
The honour and the praiſe is juſtly due
To you alone, illuſtrous Earl! to you.
For ſoon as Horace, with his artful page,
By thee explain'd, had taught the liſtening age:
Of brighteſt Bards aroſe a ſkilful train,
Who ſweetly ſung in their immortal ſtrain.
No more content great Maro's ſteps to trace,
New paths we ſearch, and trade unbeaten ways.
Ye Briton's, then, triumphantly rejoice;
And with loud peals, and one conſenting voice,
Applaud the man who does unrival'd ſit,
"The ſovereign judge and arbiter of wit!"
For, led by thee, an endleſs train ſhall riſe
Of Poets, who ſhall climb ſuperior ſkies;
Heroes and Gods in worthy verſe ſhall ſing,
And tune to Homer's lay the lofty ſtring.
Thy works too, ſovereign Bard *! if right I ſee
They ſhall tranſlate with equal majeſty;
While with new joy and happy ſhade ſhall rove
Through the bleſt mazes of th' Elyſian grove,
And, wondering, in Britannia's rougher tongue
To find thy heroes and thy ſhepherds ſung.
Shall break forth in theſe words: "Thy favour'd name,
Great heir and guardian of the Mantuan fame!
How ſhall my willing gratitude purſue
With praiſes large as to thy worth are due?
Though taſteleſs Bards, by Nature never taught,
In wretched rhymes diſguiſe my genuine thought,
Though Homer now the wars of godlike Kings
In Ovid's ſoft enervate numbers ſings:
Tuneful Silenus, and the matchleſs verſe
That does the birth of infant worlds rehearſe,
Atones for all, by that my reſcued fame
Shall vie in age with Nature's deathleſs frame;
By thee the learned ſong ſhall nobly live,
And praiſe from every Britiſh tongue receive.
Give to thy daring genius then the reio,
And freely launch into a bolder ſtrain;
Nor with theſe words my happy ſpirit grieve:
"The laſt good office of thy friend receive †."
On the firm baſe of thy immortal lays,
A noble pile to thy lov'd Maro raiſe;
My glory by thy ſkill ſhall brighter ſhine.
With native charms and energy divine!
Britain with juſt applauſe the work ſhall read;
And crown with fadeleſs bays thy ſacred head.

* Virgil.
† "Cape dona extrema tuorum;" The motto to Lord Roſcommon's eſſay.

Nor ſhall thy Muſe the graver's pencil need,
To draw the hero on his prancing ſteed;
Thy living verſe ſhall paint th' embattled hoſt
In bolder figures than his art can boaſt.
While the low tribe of vulgar writers ſtrive,
By mean falſe arts to make their verſions live;
Forſake the text, and blend each ſterling line
With comments foreign to my true deſign;
My latent ſenſe thy happier thought explores,
And injur'd Maro to himſelf reſtores."

A PARAPHRASE
ON
PSALM CXLVIII.

O AZURE vaults! O cryſtal ſky!
The world's tranſparent canopy,
Break your long ſilence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd ſquadrons of the God of war,
Who conquer whoſoe'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make his praiſes known
On earth his footſtool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whoſe glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praiſe his name, without whoſe purer light
Thou hadſt been hid in an abyſs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who diſpenſe,
By God's command, your influence;
Reſign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Faireſt, as well as firſt, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty ſprings;
O praiſe th' almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who uſeth thee for his empyrean robe.

Praiſe him ye loud harmonious ſpheres,
Whoſe ſacred ſtamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whoſe command is th' univerſal law:

Ye watery mountains of the ſky,
And you ſo far above our eye,
Vaſt ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whoſe contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hiſſing into joyful ſong,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praiſe him, ye monſters of the deep,
That in the ſeas vaſt boſoms ſleep;
At whoſe command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.
Ye miſts and vapours, hail, and ſnow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift executers of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempeſts praiſe th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem leſs than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when firſt Jehovah ſpoke,
All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in ſmoke.

Praiſe him ſweet offspring of the ground,
With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praiſe,
That in his temple ſacred altars raiſe.

Idle muſicians of the ſpring,
Whoſe only care 's to love and ſing,
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt note.

Praiſe him each ſavage furious beaſt,
That on his ſtores do daily feaſt:
And you tame ſlaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majeſtic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whoſe power hath here no periods,
May all attempts againſt your crowns be vain!
But ſtill remember by whoſe power you reign.

Let the wide world his praiſes ſing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates ſpring,
And from the Danube's froſty banks, to thoſe
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that diſpoſe of all our lives,
Praiſe him from whom your power derives;
Be true and juſt like him, and fear his word,
As much as maleſactors do your ſword.

Praiſe him, old monuments of time;
O praiſe him in your youthful prime;
Praiſe him, fair idols of your greedy ſenſe;
Exalt his name, ſweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name ſhall only laſt,
When heaven, and earth, and all is paſt:
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's ſacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the ſtars your empire raiſe,
And with his glory recompenſe your praiſe.

A PROLOGUE,
SPOKEN TO
His Royal Highneſs the DUKE OF YORK,
At Edinburgh.

FOLLY and vice are eaſy to deſcribe,
The common ſubjects of our ſcribbling tribe;

But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, ſhine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe ſpeak,
Let France acknowledge that her ſhaken throne
Was once ſupported, Sir, by you alone;
Baniſh'd from thence for an uſurper's ſake,
Yet truſted then with her laſt deſperate ſtake:
When wealthy neighbours ſtrove with us for power,
Let the ſea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name ſtruck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he ſaw, he ſeiz'd the ſtruggling prey,
And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean blood,
Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.
O happy iſlands, if you knew your bliſs!
Strong by the ſea's protection, ſafe by his!
Expreſs your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vaſt to pay:
Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd ſo well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, ſo ſubmiſſively reſign'd,
Proclaim that ſuch a hero never ſprings
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

SONG.

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SUNG FINELY, AND WAS AFRAID OF A COLD.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempeſts ſwell the ſea.
In vain let ſinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing froſt, and laſting ſnow,
Through woods and fields deſtruction ſow!

Yet we unmov'd will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer ills create,
Theſe we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, bleſt Genius of our iſle,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the liſtening Gods rejoice.

May that celeſtial ſound each day
With extaſy tranſport our ſouls,
Whilſt all our paſſions it controuls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold deſtroy,
All taſte we have of heavenly joy!

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

SILENUS.

The Argument.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurian philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing tranſformations which have happened in Nature ſince her birth. This Eclogue was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST of Romans ſtoop'd to rural ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among Sicilian ſwains,
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuſe,
And with this whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe:
A ſhepherd, Tityrus, his flocks ſhould feed,
And chooſe a ſubject ſuited to his reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus, and thy wars)
My paſtoral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once preſum'd, I only now obey.
But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and ſuch a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad ſwains ſhall ſing,
And every grove and every echo ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unſecure of fame.
Proceed my Muſe.
Young Chromis and Mnaſylus chanc'd to ſtray
Where (ſleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whoſe conſtant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His truſty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and uſe;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haſte they ſeiz'd him, and in haſte they bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitleſs hope of his inſtructive ſong:
But while with conſcious fear they doubtful ſtood,
Ægle, the faireſt Nais of the flood,
With a vermilion dye his temples ſtain'd.
Waking, he ſmil'd, and muſt I then be chain'd?
Looſe me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd verſe no longer I'll delay
(She ſhall be ſatisfy'd another way).
With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their liſtening branches bow'd,
And ſavage beaſts and Sylvan Gods did crowd;
For lo! he ſung the world's ſtupendous birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of ſea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through univerſal night
And empty ſpace, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive order ſprings.
By what degrees this earth's compacted ſphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;

How ſinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born ſun ſurpris'd the dazzled ſight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obſcure the ſky,
And clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty ground ſupply;
How the firſt foreſt rais'd its ſhady head,
Till when, few wandering beaſts on unknown mountains fed.

Then Pyrrha's ſtony race roſe from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whoſe untam'd deſire
Rival'd the ſun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endleſs prey,
Severely pays for animating clay. [tell?)
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could
Into whoſe arms the lovely Hylas fell;
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.

He with compaſſion told Paſiphaës fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The maids of Argos, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill the ſkies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnatural heat. [ſtray,
Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains
He on ſoft flowers his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſecks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, ſhe cries, ſurround the grove;
Perhaps ſome footſteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I roam,
My happier rivals have entic'd him home.

He ſung how Atalanta was betray'd
By thoſe Heſperian baits her lover laid,
And the ſad ſiſters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th'ambitious brother burn'd.
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their eyes, [riſe.
And as he rais'd his verſe, the poplars ſeem'd to

He taught which Muſe did by Apollo's will
Guide wandering Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the God for ſolemn meetings choſe)
With deep reſpect the learned ſenate roſe,
And Linus thus (deputed by the reſt)
The hero's welcome, and their thanks, expreſs'd:
This harp of old to Heſiod did belong,
To this, the Muſes' gift, join thy harmonious ſong:
Charm'd by theſe ſtrings, trees ſtarting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful ſound.
Thus conſecrated, thy Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why ſhould I ſpeak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monſters arm'd,
The wandering Greeks (ah frighted men!) alarm'd;
Whoſe only hope on ſhatter'd ſhips depends,
While fierce ſea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to thoſe woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While, loath to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her own?

Whatever near Eurota's happy ſtream
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And ſend his myſtic numbers through the ſky;
Till night began to ſpread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted ſheep from every dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd, [reſign'd.
And to prevailing ſhades the murmuring world

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

Hail, ſacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempeſtuous ſea,
And with wiſe pride deſpiſe
All thoſe ſenſeleſs vanities:
With pity mov'd for others, caſt away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I ſee them toſs'd
On rocks of folly, and of vice, I ſee them loſt:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men or adverſe Fate,
Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted ſtate.
But more, far more, a numberleſs prodigious train,
Whilſt Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondeſt call, blind to her greateſt charms,
And, ſunk in pleaſures and in brutiſh eaſe, [pleaſe.
They in their ſhipwreck'd ſtate themſelves obdurate

II.

Hail, ſacred Solitude! ſoul of my ſoul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou doſt a better life and nobler vigour give;
Doſt each unruly appetite control:
Thy conſtant quiet fills my peaceful breaſt,
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted reſt.
Preſuming love does ne'er invade
This private ſolitary ſhade:
And, with fantaſtic wounds by beauty made,
The joy has no allay of jealouſy, hope, and fear,
The ſolid comforts of this happy ſphere:
Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendſhip, abhorring ſordid gain,
And purify'd from Luſt's diſhoneſt ſtain:
Nor is it for my ſolitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendſhip does two ſouls in one compriſe.

III.

Here in a full and conſtant tide doth flow
All bleſſings man can hope to know;
Here in a deep receſs of thought we find
Pleaſures which entertain, and which exalt the mind;
Pleaſures which do from friendſhip and from knowledge riſe,
Which make us happy, as they make us wiſe:
Here may I always on this downy graſs,
Unknown, unſeen, my eaſy minutes paſs:

Till with a gentle force victorious death
My ſolitude invade,
And, ſtopping for a while my breath,
With eaſe convey me to a better ſhade.

THE TWENTY-SECOND ODE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt guard is innocence:
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poiſon'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan ſands and Scythian ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes' wealthy ſide
Pays tribute to the Perſian pride.
For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in Sabine woods I ſtray'd,
A griſly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet tremhling fled.
No beaſt of more portentous ſize
In the Hercinian foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.
Set me in the remoteſt place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
Where angry Jove did never ſpare
One breath of kind and temperate air.
Set me where on ſome pathleſs plain
The ſwarthy Africans complain,
To ſee the chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching country run.
The burning zone, the frozen iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of Cælia's ſmiles:
All cold but in her breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poiſon'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honeſt mind ſafely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepeſt Scythian ſnows,
Or where the ſam'd Hydaſpes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a reſiſtleſs fire,
Our great * Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

* Mrs. Kathrine Phillips.

IV.

Set me in the remoteſt place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo bleſt.

V.

Leave me upon ſome Libyan plain,
So ſhe my fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty monſters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceneſs tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in verſe.

Part of the Fifth Scene of the Second Act in

GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AH happy grove! dark and ſecure retreat
Of ſacred ſilence, reſt's eternal ſeat;
How well your cool and unfrequented ſhade
Suits with the chaſte retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind heaven had been ſo much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I would hear confine,
And only this Elyſium ſhould be mine:
Fond men, by paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe idols which their fancy made;
Purchaſing riches with our time and care,
We loſe our freedom in a gilded ſnare;
And, having all, all to ourſelves refuſe,
Oppreſt with bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant good,
Vain are the boaſted titles of our blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our youth our ſhort-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increaſe our ſtore,
If our abundance makes us wiſh for more;
How happy is the harmleſs country maid,
Who, rich by nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous aid!
Whoſe modeſt cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
But like her ſoul preſerves the native white;
Whoſe little ſtore her well taught mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton eaſe,
Who, free from ſtorms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all;
No care but love can diſcompoſe her breaſt,
Love, of all cares, the ſweeteſt and the beſt:
While on ſweet graſs her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or men impoſe,
But one whom love has for this lover choſe,
Under ſome favourite myrtle's ſhady boughs,
They ſpeak their paſſions in repeated vows,
And whilſt a bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful heart makes as ſincere returns;

Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE DREAM.

To the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns ſo many thouſand helpleſs ſlaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle ſleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his ſlaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his ſoft charms had eas'd my weary ſight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, diveſted of the ſcorn
Which the unequal'd maid ſo long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God eſſay'd
To tame the ſtubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, ſpite of all that pride that ſwells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A riſing bluſh increas'd the native ſtore
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more preſent the viſion to my view,
The ſweet illuſion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely ſhe, how raviſh'd I!
Shew me, bleſt God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE GHOST OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

TO THE NEW ONE, APPOINTED TO MEET AT OXFORD.

From deepeſt dungeons of eternal night,
The ſeats of horror, ſorrow, pains, and ſpite,
I have been ſent to tell you, tender youth,
A ſeaſonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no diſeaſe
Is like a ſurfeit of luxurious eaſe:
And of all others, the moſt tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was ſuperlatively ill,
But by degrees, with induſtry and ſkill:
And ſome whoſe meaning hath at firſt been fair,
Grow knaves by uſe, and rebels by deſpair.
My time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep the firſt bloſſoms from the blaſt of ſin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preſerve yourſelves, and bring ſerener days.
The buſy, ſubtle ſerpents of the law,
Did firſt my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king preſcribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew ſeditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;
The robe was ſummon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none ſo deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he ſtood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney tongue;
Priſoners and witneſſes were waiting by,
Theſe had been taught to ſwear, and thoſe to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, ſome for good eſtates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
I ſeem'd (and did but ſeem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-monarchic Heretics of ſtate,
Immortal Atheiſts, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villainy had try'd:
None knew ſo well the old pernicious way,
To ruin ſubjects, and make kings obey;
And my ſmall Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
This the king knew, and was reſolv'd to bear,
But I miſtook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy iſland could afford,
Was ſacrific'd to my voluptuous board,
In his whole paradiſe, one only tree
He had excepted by a ſtrict decree;
A ſacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conſpir'd to tear;
Beware, my child! divinity is there.
This ſo undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more;
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
Was ſnatch'd away by the ſwift hand of death;
And I, with all my ſins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkneſs of the lower world:
A dreadful place! which you too ſoon will ſee,
If you believe ſeducers more than me.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

Thou, happy creature, art ſecure
From all the torments we endure;
Deſpair, ambition, jealouſy,
Loſt friends, nor love, diſquiet thee;
A ſullen prudence drew thee hence
From noiſe, fraud, and impertinence.
Though life eſſay'd the ſureſt wile,
Gilding itſelf with Laura's ſmile;
How didſt thou ſcorn life's meaner charms,
Thou who could'ſt break from Laura's arms!
Poor Cynic! ſtill methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthleſs crowd away.
How fondly human paſſions turn!
What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

EPILOGUE
TO
ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
When acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

You've seen to-night the glory of the East,
The man, who all the then known world possest,
That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
And kingdoms, thought divine, by treason fall.
Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport;
And when his conduct wanted her support,
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.
Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
Secur'd by higher powers, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands:
Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And stopt our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a mist before this radiant day.
So when in heaven the mighty rebels rose,
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd;
God kept the conquest for his best belov'd:
At sight of such omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did ascend the throne,
Labour'd to draw three restive nations on.
He boldly drives them forward without pain:
They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
Such terror speaks him destin'd to command;
We worship Jove with thunder in his hand:
But when his mercy without power appears,
We slight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
How weak in arms did civil discord shew!
Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born:
Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I.
The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sybils say.

II.
What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

III.
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.
Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.
Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.
The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known;
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.
O then! what interest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.
Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.
Forget not what my ransom cost;
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.
Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.
Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.

XII.
Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my tears.

XIII.
Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.
Reject not my unworthy prayer;
Preserve me from that dangerous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.
Give my exalted soul a place
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI.
From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

XVII.
Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.
Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death:
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find:

PROLOGUE

TO

POMPEY, A TRAGEDY,

Tranſlated by Mrs Cath. Philips,

From the French of Monſieur CORNEILLE,

And acted at the Theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whoſe deſtructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Cæſar from none but you will have his doom:
He hates th' obſequious flatteries of Rome:
He ſcorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd;
And he hath rul'd in all the world beſide.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had ſtain'd with blood, Peace flouriſh'd in this iſle;
And you alone may boaſt you never ſaw
Cæſar till now, and now can give him law.
Great Pompey too comes as a ſuppliant here,
But ſays he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal juſtice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on Cæſar's ſide;
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cauſe admit,
Since here ſo many Cato's judging ſit.
But you, bright nymphs, give Cæſar leave to woo,
The greateſt wonder of the world, but you:
And hear a Muſe, who has that hero taught
To ſpeak as generouſly as e'er he fought;
Whoſe eloquence from ſuch a theme deters
All tongues but Engliſh, and all pens but hers.
By the juſt Fates your ſex is doubly bleſt:
You conquer'd Cæſar, and you praiſe him beſt.
And you (§ illuſtrious Sir) receive as due,
A preſent deſtiny preſerv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then; and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave ſo many crowns, beſtow one now.

ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, diſturber of my tomb,
Baſe as thy mother's proſtituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's ſlave.
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I riſe, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.

§ To the Lord Lieutenant.

I ſtrove in vain th' infected blood to cure:
Streams will run muddy, where the ſpring's impure.
In all your meritorious life, we ſee
Old Taaf's invincible ſobriety.
Places of Maſter of the Horſe, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once ſupply.
From Sydney's blood your loyalty did ſpring:
You ſhew us all your parents, but the king;
From whoſe too tender and too bounteous arms
(Unhappy he who ſuch a viper warms!
As dutiful a ſubject as a ſon!)
To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apoſtate fell:
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell.
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The firſt and faireſt of the ſons of light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

THE SIXTH ODE

OF THE

THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your anceſtors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling temples which the Gods provoke,
And ſtatues ſully'd yet with ſacrilegious ſmoke.

Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your neglect;
All empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Craſſus' ghoſt and Labienus tell
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell;
And, with inſulting pride,
Shining in Roman ſpoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Ægyptian ſcum
Had almoſt ruin'd Rome;
While our ſeditions took their part,
Fill each Ægyptian ſail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.

Firſt, thoſe flagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conſpire to violate the nuptial bed;
From which polluted head
Infectious ſtreams of crowding ſins began, [ran.
And through the ſpurious breed and guilty nation

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artſ, at a mighty price,
Inſtruct her in the myſteries of vice;

What nets to ſpread, where ſubtle baits to lay;
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of adulterous loves;
And ſcorns the common, mean deſign,
To take advantage of her huſband's wine;
Or ſnatch, in ſome dark place,
A haſty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd huſband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the ſtraits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the fleſh of heirs;
Convenient brutes, whoſe tributary flame
Pays the full price of luſt, and gilds the ſlighted ſhame.

'Twas not the ſpawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd ſeas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern Æacides;
Made the proud Aſian monarch feel
How weak his gold was againſt Europe's ſteel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield,
And won the long-diſputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But ſoldiers of a ruſtic mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the ſtubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty ſtrokes did found:
And after the declining ſun
Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their taſk was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time ſenſibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours; next age will ſee
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have ſkill enough to be.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

FOLLOWING VERSE FROM LUCAN.

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni.

The Gods were pleas'd to chooſe the conquering ſide;
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY §.

"Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium & fons."

I have ſeldom known a trick ſucceed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly, that I think it could never be more ſeaſonable than now to lay down ſuch rules, as, if they be obſerved, will make men write more correctly, and judge more diſcreetly: but Horace muſt be read ſeriouſly, or not at all; for elſe the reader won't be the better for him, and I ſhall have loſt my labour. I have kept as cloſe as I could, both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often aſked myſelf that queſtion. I know this is a ſield,

"Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus."

But with all the reſpect due to the name of Ben Jonſon, to which no man pays more veneration than I, it cannot be denied, that the conſtraint of rhyme, and a literal tranſlation (to which Horace in this book declares himſelf an enemy), has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly; and where the Latin was obſcure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics: but, if I durſt, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius; that Fundanius and Pollio are ſtill valued by what Horace ſays of them; and that, in their golden age, there was a good underſtanding among the ingenious, and thoſe who were the moſt eſteemed were the beſt natured.

If in a picture (Piſo) you ſhould ſee
A handſome woman with a fiſh's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horſe's neck,
Or limbs of beaſts of the moſt different kinds
Cover'd with feathers of all ſorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad!
Truſt me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent ſtyle (like ſick men's dreams)
Varies all ſhapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common laws of ſenſe,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
Or make a ſnake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

§ Printed from Dr. Rawlinſon's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roſcommon's own hand.

Some, that at firſt have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themſelves, when a few florid lines
Shine through th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt.
Here they deſcribe a temple, or a wood,
Or ſtreams that through delightful meadows run;
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine:
But they miſplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to ſeek in other things,
As he that only can deſign a tree,
Would be to draw a ſhipwreck or a ſtorm.
When you begin with ſo much pomp and ſhow,
Why is the end ſo little and ſo low?
Be what you will, ſo you be ſtill the ſame.
Moſt poets fall into the groſſeſt faults,
Deluded by a ſeeming excellence:
By ſtriving to be ſhort, they grow obſcure;
And when they would write ſmoothly, they want ſtrength,
Their ſpirits ſink; while others, that affect
A lofty ſtyle, ſwell to a tympany.
Some timorous wretches ſtart at every blaſt,
And, fearing tempeſts, dare not leave the ſhore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood:
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of ſkill,
Is a moſt certain way of erring ſtill.
The meaneſt workman in th' Æmilian ſquare,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finiſh what he hath begun:
What can be more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the reſt are ſcandalouſly ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
Let poets match their ſubject to their ſtrength,
And often try what weight they can ſupport,
And what their ſhoulders are too weak to bear.
After a ſerious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.
As well the force as ornament of verſe
Conſiſts in chooſing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muſe may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when ſhe ſhould be curb'd.
Words muſt be choſen, and be plac'd with ſkill:
You gain your point, when, by the noble art
Of good connexion, an unuſual word
Is made at firſt familiar to our ear:
But if you write of things abſtruſe or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be ſeldom and diſcreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Muſt ſo derive them from the Grecian ſpring,
As they may ſeem to flow without conſtraint.
Can an impartial reader diſcommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why ſhould I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious ſtyle
Have ſo enrich'd and ſo adorn'd our tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well ſuited to the age.
Words are like leaves; ſome wither every year;
And every year a younger race ſucceeds.
Death is a tribute all things owe to fate.
The Lucrine mole (Cæſar's ſtupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (ſince Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
See how the Tiber (whoſe licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
Now runs a ſmooth and inoffenſive courſe,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's command.
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot.
Why then ſhould words challenge eternity,
When greateſt men and greateſt actions die?
Uſe may revive the obſoleteſt words,
And baniſh thoſe that now are moſt in vogue:
Uſe is the judge, the law, and rule of ſpeech.
Homer firſt taught the world in epic verſe
To write of great commanders and of kings.
Elegies were at firſt deſign'd for grief,
Though now we uſe them to expreſs our joy;
But to whoſe Muſe we owe that ſort of Verſe,
Is undecided by the men of ſkill.
Rage with Iambics arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the Dramatic Muſe.
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whoſe commanding ſound
Awes the tumultuous noiſes of the pit,
And whoſe peculiar province is the ſtage.
Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper ſubjects for the Lyric ſong.
Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
Who neither knows nor would obſerve a rule;
And chooſes to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
Let every thing have its due place and time.
A comic ſubject loves an humble verſe:
Thyeſtes ſcorns a low and comic ſtyle:
Yet Comedy ſometimes may raiſe her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their ſtate to grieve;
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words.
He that would have ſpectators ſhare his grief,
Muſt write not only well, but movingly,
And raiſe men's paſſions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we ſee others do:
He only makes me ſad who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miſeries my own:
But if you act them ill, I ſleep or laugh:
Your looks muſt alter, as your ſubject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſevere;
For nature forms, and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleaſure inchants, impetuous rage tranſports,
And grief dejects and wrings the tortur'd ſoul;
And theſe are all interpreted by ſpeech:
But he whoſe words and fortunes diſagree,
Abjur'd, unpity'd, grows a public jeſt.
Obſerve the characters of thoſe that ſpeak,
Whether an honeſt ſervant, or a cheat,
Or one whoſe blood boils in his youthful veins;
Or a grave matron, or a buſy nurſe,
Extorting merchants, careful huſbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Aſians or Greeks.
Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Deſcribe Achilles, as Achilles was,

Impatient, raſh, inexòrable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea muſt be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io muſt wander, and Oreſtes mourn.
If your bold Muſe dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the ſtage,
Be ſure you keep them up to their firſt height.
New ſubjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chooſe a well-known theme
Than truſt to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be ſo well diſguis'd, and ſo improv'd,
That with ſome juſtice it may paſs for yours;
But then you muſt not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,
Nor (as ſome ſervile imitators do)
Preſcribe at firſt ſuch ſtrict uneaſy rules,
As you muſt ever ſlaviſhly obſerve,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.
Begin not as th' old poetaſter did,
" Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I ſing."
In what will all this oſtentation end? [mouſe:
The labouring mountain ſcarce brings forth a
How far is this from the Mæonian ſtile? [Troy,
" Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of
" So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw."
One with a flaſh begins, and ends in ſmoke,
The other out of ſmoke brings glorious light.
And (without raiſing expectation high)
Surpriſes us with daring miracles,
The bloody Leſtrygons, Charybdis' gulph,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætna ſhore,
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Inſenſibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooſes only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are ſo aptly mix'd
That all ſeems uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what every auditor expects;
If you intend that he ſhould ſtay to hear
The epilogue, and ſee the curtain fall;
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to ſpeak and go,
Loves childiſh plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A youth that firſt caſts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horſes, hounds, and ſports, and exerciſe,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant, and profuſe.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us ſlaves to intereſt and power.
Old men are only walking hoſpitals,
Where all defects and all diſeaſes crowd
With reſtleſs pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, moroſe, full of delays and hopes,
Oppreſs'd with riches which they dare not uſe;
Illnatur'd cenſors of the preſent age,
And fond of all the follies of the paſt.
Thus all the treaſure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves leſs than what we ſee;
Spectators only have their eyes to truſt,
But auditors muſt truſt their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a ſcene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea muſt not draw her murdering knife,
And ſpill her children's blood upon the ſtage,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feaſt prepare.
Cadmus and Progné's metamorphoſis,
(She to a ſwallow turn'd, he to a ſnake)
And whatſoever contradicts my ſenſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.
Five acts are the juſt meaſure of a play.
Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a God;
And in one ſcene no more than three ſhould ſpeak.
A chorus ſhould ſupply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honeſty,
And ſtrict obſervance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, ſecurity, and peace, [wheel,
And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's
To raiſe the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing muſt be ſung between the acts,
But what ſome way conduces to the plot.
Firſt the ſhrill ſound of a ſmall rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant ſtage,
And pleas'd the thin and baſhful audience
Of our well meaning, frugal anceſtors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by proſperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and eaſe,
The verſe, the muſic, and the ſcene 's improv'd;
For how ſhould ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of ſenſe applaud the jeſt of fools?
Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
Then inſtruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us uſeful and ſententious truths,
As thoſe deliver'd by the Delphic God.
The firſt tragedians found that ſerious ſtyle
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And ſo brought wild and naked ſatyrs in,
Whoſe motion, words, and ſhape, were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Becauſe the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confuſion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd ſuch variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
Deſcend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid ſuch meanneſs) ſoaring high
With empty ſound and airy notions fly;
For tragedy ſhould bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls:
You muſt not think that a ſatiric ſtyle
Allows of ſcandalous and brutiſh words,
Or the confounding of your characters.

Begin with Truth, then give Invention ſcope,
And if your ſtyle be natural and ſmooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good method and connexion may
Improve the common and the plaineſt things.
A ſatyr that comes ſtaring from the woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an orator:
But, though his language ſhould not be refin'd,
It muſt not be obſcene and impudent;
The better ſort abhors ſcurrility,
And often cenſures what the rabble likes.
Unpoliſh'd verſes paſs with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then to write at a looſe rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is ſuch a raſh ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praiſe.
Be perfect in the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience (not to call it worſe):
His harſh, unequal verſe was muſic then,
And rudeneſs had the privilege of wit.
When Theſpis firſt expos'd the Tragic Muſe,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the ſcene,
Where ghaſtly faces ſtain'd with lees of wine
Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
This Æſchylus (with indignation) ſaw,
And built a ſtage, found out a decent dreſs,
Brought vizards in (a civiler diſguiſe),
And taught men how to ſpeak and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applauſe,
Till her licentious and abuſive tongue
Waken'd the magiſtrates coercive power,
And forc'd it to ſuppreſs her inſolence.
Our writers have attempted every way;
And they deſerve our praiſe, whoſe daring Muſe
Diſdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit ſubjects for her verſe at home.
Nor ſhould we be leſs famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and poliſh well,
Fright poets from that neceſſary toil.
Democritus was ſo in love with wit,
And ſome men's natural impulſe to write,
That he deſpis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crackt;
And this hath ſo intoxicated ſome,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanlineſs and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Paſs current for Apollo's livery.
O my unhappy ſtars! if in the Spring
Some phyſic had not cur'd me of the ſpleen,
None would have writ with more ſucceſs than I;
But I muſt reſt contented as I am,
And only ſerve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly reſign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philoſophy directs your choice
To proper ſubjects rightly underſtood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
How judges and how ſenators ſhould act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Thoſe are the likeſt copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.
Sometimes in rough and undigeſted plays
We meet with ſuch a lucky character,
As, being humour'd right, and well purſued,
Succeeds much better than the ſhallow verſe
And chiming trifles of more ſtudious pens.
Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is diligently taught
The deep myſterious art of growing rich,
And the firſt words that children learn to ſpeak
Are of the value of the names of coin;
Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
Hath ſuck'd the baſeſt dregs of uſury,
Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts?
Can ruſt and avarice write laſtings lines?
But you, brave youth, wiſe Numa's worthy heir,
Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not paſs'd all judges and all teſts.
A poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both:
Let all your precepts be ſuccinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them ſoon,
And faithful memories retain them long;
All ſuperfluities are ſoon forgot.
Never be ſo conceited of your parts,
To think you may perſuade us what you pleaſe,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That cannibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring youths;
But he that joins inſtruction with delight,
Profit with pleaſure, carries all the votes:
Theſe are the volumes that enrich the ſhops,
Theſe paſs with admiration through the world,
And bring their author to eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly cenſorious,
A ſtring may jar in the beſt maſter's hand,
And the moſt ſkilful archer miſs his aim;
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I would not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And ſtill perſiſts, is as impertinent
As a muſician that will alway play,
And yet is always out at the ſame note:
When ſuch a poſitive abandon'd fop
(Among his numerous abſurdities)
Stumbles upon ſome tolerable line,
I fret to ſee them in ſuch company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works ſleep will ſometimes ſurpriſe;
Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
Some please for once, some will for ever please.
But, Piso, (though your knowledge of the world,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
Remember this as an important truth:
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Messala's powerful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cascellius;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poesy.
As an ill concert, and a coarse perfume,
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
So poesy, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
In other things men have some reason left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Despairing of success, forbears to try;
But all (without consideration) write;
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they please.
But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly with your genius to contend;
Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
Mine and your father's, and not see the light
Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.
Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human power,
Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
But men as lawless and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood.
Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute:
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native use;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And some to public, some to private ends:
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful laws were made:
So great was the divinity of verse,
And such observance to a poet paid.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muse
Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
And our best precepts of morality:
Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
(Who, with the Muses, ease their weary'd minds)
Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
What Gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by art;
Others maintain that Nature makes them so:
I neither see what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do;
But mutually they crave each other's aid.
He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize,
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold;
Take leave of wine and the soft joys of love;
And no musician dares pretend to skill,
Without a great expence of time and pains:
But every little busy scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience, than poor tradesmen do
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor;
For he'll commend and feign an extasy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please.
True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
Wise were the kings who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.
Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy;
But if he found you fond and obstinate
(And after to defend than mend your faults),
With silence leave you to admire yourself,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
And with a strict inquiry mark your faults;
Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love.
Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of a most serious consequence,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A poetaster, in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense:
They make a lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
Or from a man whom, for a just revenge,
Fanatic phrenzy sent by heaven pursues.
If (in the raving of a frantic Muse)
And minding more his verses than his way,
Any of these should drop into a well,
Though he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.
Give poets leave to make themselves away;
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will?
Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,

He would be at his frolic once again,
And his pretenſions to divinity.
'Tis hard to ſay, whether for ſacrilege,
Or inceſt, or ſome more unheard-of crime,
The rhyming fiend is ſent into theſe men:
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſt,
And, like a baited bear when he breaks looſe,
Without diſtinction ſeize on all they meet:
None ever 'ſcap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like leeches, till they burſt with blood;
Without remorſe inſatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

ON MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

Be gone, you ſlaves, you idle vermin go;
Fly from the ſcourges, and your maſter know,
Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn
Myſterious ſecrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing ſenſe,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill:
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Muſt be an angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his impoſing ſeat,
Our ſects a more tyrannic pow'r aſſume,
And would for ſcorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics caſt the pearls of heav'n to ſwine:
What then have thinking, honeſt men to do,
But chooſe a mean between th' uſurping two?
Nor can th' Ægyptian patriarch blame thy Muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe:
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface ſure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll ſay.
'Tis true: but ſo ſhe will th' Apocrypha:
And ſuch as can believe them, freely may.
But did that God (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king;
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt inſects are?
O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs millions muſt be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And ſo do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning Indian ſtray,
Shall the great gulf be ſhew'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels' room will be but ill ſupply'd.
That Chriſt, who at the great deciding day
(For he declares what he reſolves to ſay)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the ſheep for actions, not for thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity, profuſely ſhown
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own.
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS OTWAY.

Containing his

MISCELLANIES,
PROLOGUES,

TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

But wherefore need I wander wide
By old Iliſſus' verdant ſide,
Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And echo, 'midſt thy native plains,
Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.
There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was ſhewn,
And, while he ſung, the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

COLLIN'S ODE TO PITY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF OTWAY.

THOMAS OTWAY, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed names in the Engliſh drama, was the ſon of Mr. Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolbeding, in Suſſex; and was born at Trottin in that county, March 3. 1651.

He received his education at Weſtminſter ſchool, and was entered a commoner in Chriſt-Church college, Oxford, in 1669; but left the univerſity without a degree.

It ſeems likely that he was eager to mingle with the world, and deſirous of being conſpicuous; for he went to London, and commenced player; but found himſelf unable to gain any reputation on the ſtage.

The part which he attempted to perform, and failed in, was the character of the King, in Mrs. Behn's *Forced Marriage*; or, *The Jealous Bridegroom*, which was exhibited 1672.

It is not to be ſuppoſed, that Otway was deficient in judgment; but a poet may be ſuppoſed to want the flexibility of countenance and variety of expreſſion which belong to a good player; and which were actually wanting in Shakſpeare and Jonſon, his great predeceſſors in dramatic excellence.

Though Otway could not gain much notice as an actor, the ſprightlineſs of his converſation, and the acuteneſs of his wit, gained him the favour of the Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural ſons of Charles II., who procured him a cornet's commiſſion in the troops which then ſerved in Flanders.

All who have written of Otway obſerve, that he ſoon returned to London, in extreme indigence, but give no account how that reverſe of fortune happened.

He was probably averſe to the military profeſſion; and it is therefore not extraordinary, all things conſidered, that he left his commiſſion behind him; and exchanged the chance of reaping laurels in the field of victory, for the equally uncertain and more barren laurels of poetry.

As he felt in himſelf ſuch powers as might qualify for a dramatic author, he had recourſe to writing for the ſtage; and now it was that he found out the only employment that nature ſeems to have fitted him for.

In 1675, his twenty-fifth year, he produced *Alcibiades*, a Tragedy, his firſt performance; and the year following, *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, a Tragedy, written in heroic verſe; which met with very great applauſe. It is aſſerted to have been played thirty nights together; but this report it is reaſonable to doubt, as ſo long a continuance of one play upon the ſtage is a wide deviation from the practice of that time. Rocheſter, in his *Seſſion of the Poets*, has maliciouſly recorded the ſucceſs of this play, and the deplorable circumſtances of Otway.

> " Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
> And ſwears, for heroics, he writes beſt of any:
> Don Carlos his pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
> That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;

But Apollo had ſeen his face on the ſtage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The ſcum of a playhouſe, for the prop of an age."

In 1677, he produced *Titus and Berenice*, tranſlated from Racine; with the *Cheats of Scapin*, from Moliere; and, in 1678, *Friendſhip in Faſhion*, a Comedy, which met with ſucceſs; but, upon its revival in 1740, was hiſſed off the ſtage for immorality and obſcenity.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680, and has ever ſince kept poſſeſſion of the ſtage, through all the viciſſitudes of dramatic faſhion. It is not without blemiſhes, but its power upon the affections is irreſiſtible; and where the heart is intereſted, comprehenſion of thought or elegance of expreſſion may be wanting, yet not be miſſed.

The ſame year, he produced *The Hiſtory and Fall of Caius Marius*, in which the characters of young Marius and Lavinia are borrowed from the Romeo and Juliet of Shakſpeare.

In 1681, was exhibited, *The Soldier's Fortune*, a Comedy, which may have been popular when it was written, for licentiouſneſs then polluted the court, the nation, and the ſtage, but is now entirely laid aſide; and, in 1682, his great dramatic work, *Venice Preſerved*, a Tragedy, which ſtill continues to be one of the favourites of the public, though there is not a virtuous character in it but that of Belvidera, and the action is abſurdly diverſified by ſcenes of low comedy. So amazing, however, is the force of his ſkill in drawing the characters originally from nature, and in blending public and private calamities, that the diſtreſs of Belvidera melts every heart, and the ruffian on the wheel is as much an object of pity as if he had been brought to that unhappy fate by ſome honourable action. By comparing it with his *Orphan*, it will appear that the images are ſtronger, the characters more forcibly drawn, and the language more energetic; but equally deformed with coarſe and indelicate alluſions.

In 1684 was exhibited, *The Atheiſt*; or, *The Second Part of the Soldier's Fortune*, a Comedy, which was his laſt dramatic performance, and is now deſervedly neglected, like the other, for its licentiouſneſs.

Otway is ſaid to have been a favourite companion of many of the diſſolute wits who frequented the debauched court of Charles II.; but their fondneſs appears to have been without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendſhip; for he received no favour from them, but to ſhare their riots and debauchery, from which he was diſmiſſed to his own narrow circumſtances.

Thus he languiſhed in poverty; and having been compelled by his neceſſities to contract debts, he retired to a public houſe on Tower-hill, to avoid the preſſure of his creditors, where he died on the 14th April 1685, in the 34th year of his age. Some have ſaid that downright hunger compelling him to fall too eagerly upon a piece of bread, of which he had been ſome time in want, and which charity ſupplied, the firſt mouthful choked him, and put a period to his days. Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates in Spence's Memorials, that he died of a fever, caught by violent purſuit of a thief, who had robbed one of his friends.

Whatever may have been the immediate cauſe of his death, it is certain, that indigence, and its concomitants, ſorrow and deſpondency, preſſed hard upon him, and ſunk him to the grave.

His melancholy fate has been wept by many ſucceeding poets, with the genuine tears of ſenſibility; and lately by Mr. Preſton, in *An Epiſtle to a Young Gentleman*, diſſuading him from the ſtudy of poetry, by a pathetic enumeration of the martyrs of the lyre.

"The ſtings of want when famiſh'd Otway bore,
Oh, think what pangs the gentle ſpirit tore!
Awake to mourn, and exquiſite to feel,
How ſorrow rives him with her hand of ſteel!
Thou brighteſt fancy, ſofteſt, kindeſt ſoul,
There ſway'd the tragic Muſe with high controul;
And Venus kiſs'd thy lips, and bath'd thy ſtrain
In pureſt nectar; but ſhe bath'd in vain.

Child of the graces, nurſling of the loves,
In houſeleſs beggary poor Otway roves.
Lo, ſome kind hand the tardy boon ſupplies,
A ſickly luſtre fills his hollow eyes;
With trembling haſte he graſps the precious meal,
The damps of death his weary eye-lids ſeal!"

No one, indeed, can reflect on the fate of Otway, without regretting, that he, who could make the boſom bleed with ſalutary ſorrow, ſhould be ſo wretched, as to excite the ſame compaſſion for himſelf which he raiſed for imaginary heroes.

From his example, ſucceeding poets ſhould learn to be attentive to decency, and zealous for virtue, to hold flattery, even to kings, a ſhame, to ſtruggle nobly for independence, by the means of induſtry, and to place no confidence in the patronage of the Great, who exact homage from men of genius, yet ſuffer them to live miſerably, and die neglected.

Beſides his Plays, he publiſhed *The Hiſtory of the Triumvirate*, a tranſlation from the French; and the Poems in the preſent Collection; which, like the ſmaller pieces of Shakſpeare and Rowe, add nothing to his reputation. His power upon the paſſions was limited to dramatic dialogue; for his verſes have neither warmth nor tenderneſs. He had not much cultivated verſification, nor much repleniſhed his mind with general knowledge. Of the Poems, the longeſt is, *The Poet's Complaint of his Muſe*, written with the metrical licence and metaphyſical obſcurity of the Pindaric Ode. The language is often groſs, and the verſification inharmonious. In his *Windſor Caſtle*, his loyalty is pretty conſpicuous; but the poetry is ſeldom commendable. The *Epiſtle to Duke* has ſome ſprightlineſs, but little elegance. His other Pieces merit no particular notice.

His Tragedies are the foundation of his fame; on which it is unneceſſary to enlarge, as the pathetic paſſages are in every mouth, and every repreſentation draws tears from the faireſt eyes in the nation.

POEMS.

WINDSOR CASTLE,

IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN KING CHARLES II.

OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

" Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
" Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
" Semper Honos, Noménque tuum, Laudéſque manebunt.
" Si canimus ſylvas, ſylvæ ſint Conſule dignæ."

VIRG.

To the immortal fame of our late dread Sovereign King Charles II. of ever bleſſed Memory; and to the ſacred Majeſty of the moſt auguſt and mighty Prince James II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following Poem is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
And Troy does ſtill in Homer's numbers live:
How dare I touch thy praiſe, thou glorious frame,
Which muſt be deathleſs as thy raiſer's name:
But that I wanting fame am ſure of thine,
To eternize this humble ſong of mine?
At leaſt the memory of that more than man,
From whoſe vaſt mind thy glories firſt began,
Shall ev'n my mean and worthleſs verſe commend,
For wonders always did his name attend.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.

Great were the toils attending the command
Of an ungrateful and ſtiff-necked land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cauſe 'twas over-bleſt,
Would never give its nurſing father reſt;
But, having ſpoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
But that his gracious hand the ſceptre held,
In all the arts of mildly guiding ſkill'd;
Who ſaw thoſe engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,
Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haſte we did to ruin make;

Yet when upon its brink we ſeem'd to ſtand,
Lent to our ſuccour a forgiving hand.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels
thence ariſe.
Mercy 's indeed the attribute of heaven,
For Gods have power to keep the balance even,
Which if kings looſe, how can they govern well?
Mercy ſhould pardon, but the ſword compel:
Compaſſion's elſe a kingdom's greateſt harm,
Its warmth engenders rebels till they ſwarm;
And round the throne themſelves in tumults ſpread,
To heave the crown from a long ſufferer's head.
By example this that godlike king once knew,
And after, by experience, found too true.
Under Philiſtian lords we long had mourn'd,
When he, our great Deliverer, return'd;
But thence the deluge of our tears did ceaſe,
The royal dove ſhew'd us ſuch marks of peace:
And when this land in blood he might have laid,
Brought balſam for the wounds ourſelves had
made.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from
it riſe.
Then matrons bleſs'd him as he paſs'd along,
And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd
throng:
On his each hand his royal brothers ſhone,
Like two ſupporters of Great Britain's throne:
The firſt, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
Of nature generous, and of ſtedfaſt mind,
To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
Reſerv'd in pleaſures, but in dangers bold,
Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
True to his friend, and watchful o'er his foes,
And a juſt value upon each beſtows;
Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's
friend.
Now juſtly ſeated on th' imperial throne,
In which high ſphere no brighter ſtar e'er ſhone:
Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
Long may he live to bruiſe that ſerpent's head,
Till all his foes their juſt confuſion meet,
And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!
The ſecond, for debates in council fit,
Of ſteady judgment and deep piercing wit:
To all the nobleſt heights of learning bred,
Both men and books with curious ſearch had
read:
Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious piece,
Learnt thence what ſprings beſt move and guide
a ſtate,
And could with eaſe direct the heavy weight.
But our then angry fate great Glo'ſter ſeiz'd,
And never ſince ſeem'd perfectly appeas'd:
For, oh! what pity, people bleſs'd as we
With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
Should ſo much of our old diſeaſe retain,
To make us forfeit into ſlaves again!
Slaves to thoſe tyrant lords whoſe yoke we bore,
And ſerv'd ſo baſe a bondage to before;
Yet 'twas our curſe, that bleſſings flow'd too faſt,
Or we had appetites too courſe to taſte.
Fond Iſraelites, our manna to refuſe, [chooſe,
And Egypt's loathſome fleſh-pots murmuring
Great Charles ſaw this, yet huſh'd his riſing
breaſt,
Though much the lion in his boſom preſt:
But he for ſway ſeem'd ſo by nature made,
That his own paſſions knew him, and obey'd:
Maſter of them, he ſoften'd his command,
The ſword of rule ſcarce threaten'd in his hand:
Stern majeſty upon his brow might ſit,
But ſmiles, ſtill playing round it, made it ſweet:
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford.
One leaſt perfection more each had been ador'd.
Merciful, juſt, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
Witty, and pleaſure's friend, yet not her ſlave:
The paths of life by nobleſt methods trod;
Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from
it riſe.
In this great mind long he his cares revolv'd,
And long it was ere the great mind reſolv'd:
Till wearineſs at laſt his thoughts compos'd;
Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
But oh!
Through all this iſle, where it ſeems moſt deſign'd,
Nothing ſo hard as wiſh'd-for peace to find.
The elements due order here maintain,
And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:
Cool ſhades and ſtreams, rich fertile lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the ſeaſons round.
But we, a wretched race of men, thus bleſt,
Of ſo much happineſs (if known, poſſeſt)
Miſtaking every nobleſt uſe of life,
Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
For the unwholſome, brawling harlot, Strife.
The man in power, by wild ambition led,
Envy'd all honours on another's head;
And, to ſupplant ſome rival, by his pride
Embroil'd that ſtate his wiſdom ought to guide.
The prieſts, who humble temperance ſhould poſſeſs,
Sought ſilken robes and fat voluptuous eaſe;
So, with ſmall labours in the vineyard ſhewn,
Forſook God's harveſt to improve their own.
That dark enigma (yet unriddled) Law,
Inſtead of doing right and giving awe,
Kept open liſts, and at the noiſy bar,
Four times a-year proclaim'd a civil war,
Where daily kinſman, father, ſon, and brother,
Might damn their ſouls to ruin one another.
Hence cavils roſe 'gainſt Heaven's and Cæſar's
cauſe,
From falſe religions and corrupted laws;
Till ſo at laſt rebellion's baſe was laid,
And God or King no longer were obey'd.
But that good angel whoſe ſurmounting power
Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
Againſt whoſe care hell vainly did decree,
Nor faſter could deſign than that foreſee,
Guarding the crown upon his ſacred brow
From all its blackeſt arts, was with him now,
Aſſur'd him peace muſt be for him deſign'd,
For he was born to give it all mankind,

By patience, mercies large, and many toils,
In his own realms to calm inteſtine broils,
Thence every root of diſcord to remove,
And plant us new with unity and love.
Then ſtretch his healing hands to neighbouring ſtores,
Where ſlaughter rages, and wild repine roars;
To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
Who, ſo their madneſs and their rage might ceaſe,
Grow all (embracing what ſuch friendſhip brings)
Like us the people, and like him their kings.
But now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
For this aſſurance pious thanks he paid;
Then in his mind the beauteous model laid
Of that majeſtic pile, where oft, his care
A-while forgot, he might for eaſe repair:
A ſeat for ſweet retirement, health, and love,
Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
He pleas'd could ſit, and his regards beſtow
On the vain, buſy, ſwarming world below.
E'en I, the meaneſt of thoſe humble ſwains,
Who ſang his praiſes through the fertile plains,
Once in a happy hour was thither led,
Curious to ſee what fame ſo far had ſpread.
There tell, my Muſe, what wonders thou didſt find,
Worthy thy ſong, and his celeſtial mind.
'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
On which that man of miracles was born,
At whoſe great birth appear'd a noon-day ſtar,
Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
Did ſtrange eſcapes from dreadful fate declare,
Nor ſhin'd, but for one greater king before.
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
The voice of triumph on the hills was heard;
Redoubled ſhoutings wak'd the echo's round,
And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd
But, above all, within thoſe lofty towers,
Where glorious Charles then ſpent his happy hours,
Joy wore a ſolemn, though a ſmiling face;
'Twas gay, but yet majeſtic, as the place;
Tell then, my Muſe, what wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.
Within a gate of ſtrength, whoſe ancient frame
His outworn Time, and the records of Fame,
A reverend * dome there ſtands, where twice each day
Aſſembling prophets their devotions pay,
In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal King,
The cornet, flute, and ſhawme, aſſiſting as they ſing.
Here Iſrael's myſtic ſtatutes they recount,
From the firſt tables of the holy mount,
To the bleſt goſpel of that glorious Lord,
Whoſe precious death ſalvation has reſtor'd.
Here ſpeak, my Muſe, what wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.
Within this dome a ſhining † chapel 's rais'd,
Too noble to be well deſcrib'd or prais'd.
Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
I ſtood, and gaz'd with pleaſing wonder round,
When one approach'd, who bore much ſober grace
Order and ceremony in his face;
A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys;
His left a maſſy bunch of keys did ſway,
Ready to open all to all that pay.
This courteous ſquire, obſerving how amaz'd
My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
Thus gently ſpoke: "Thoſe banners † rais'd on high
"Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
"Which here their heroes with religion make,
"When they the enſigns of this order take."
Then in due method made me underſtand
What honour fam'd St. George had done our land;
What toils he vanquiſh'd, with what monſters ſtrove;
Whoſe champions ſince for virtue, truth, and love,
Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
Keep wrong ſuppreſt, and innocence from harms.
At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but ſhew;
That oft bold villainy had beſt ſucceſs,
As if its uſe were more, nor merit leſs.
But here I ſaw how it rewarded ſhin'd.
Tell on, my Muſe, what wonders thou didſt find.
Worthy thy ſong, and Charles's mighty mind.
I turn'd around my eyes and, lo, a § cell,
Where melancholy ruin ſeem'd to dwell;
The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found ſmall regard.
Like ſome old den, ſcarce viſited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey.
Here, in a heap of confus'd waſte, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;
The ſpoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait.
The hero, level'd in his humble grave,
With other men, was now nor great nor brave;
While here his trophies, like their maſter, lay,
To darkneſs, worms, and rottenneſs, a prey.
Urg'd by ſuch thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet,
Fell in his prince's and his country's cauſe;
But what his recompence? A ſhort applauſe,
Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,
Till, ſoon forgot, another takes his place.
And happy that man's chance who falls in time,
Ere yet his virtue be become his crime,
Ere his abus'd deſert be call'd his pride,
Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.
But truly bleſt is he, whoſe ſoul can bear
The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care;
Whoſe mind no diſappointment here can ſhake;
Who a true eſtimate of life does make,
Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
So to that proſpect ſtill his thoughts does bend;
Who, though his right a ſtronger power invade,
Though fate oppreſs, and no man give him aid,

* St. George's Church. † St. George's Chapel.

† Of the Knights of the Garter.

§ An old iſle in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried, when another ſucceeds him.

Cheer'd with th' aſſurance that he there ſhall find
Reſt from all toils, and no remorſe of mind,
Can Fortune's ſmiles deſpiſe, her frowns out-brave,
For who's a prince or beggar in the grave?
But if immortal any thing remain,
Rejoice, my Muſe, and ſtrive that end to gain.
Thou kind diſſolver of encroaching care,
And eaſe of every bitter weight I bear,
Keep from my ſoul repining, while I ſing
The praiſe and honour of this glorious king;
And farther tell what wonders thou didſt find
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind.
Beyond the dome a * lofty tower appears,
Beauteous in ſtrength, the work of long-paſt years,
Old as his noble ſtem, who there bears ſway,
And, like his loyalty, without decay.
This goodly ancient frame looks as it ſtood
The mother pile, and all the reſt her brood;
So careful watch ſeems piouſly to keep,
While under neath her wings the mighty ſleep;
And they may reſt, ſince † Norfolk there commands,
Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.
But now appears the ¶ beauteous ſeat of Peace,
Large of extent, and fit for goodly eaſe;
Where noble order ſtrikes the greedy ſight
With wonder, as it fills it with delight:
The maſſy walls ſeem as the womb of earth,
Shrunk when ſuch mighty quarries thence had birth;
Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd,
And in his powerful numbers ſhould be prais'd:
Such ſtrength without does every where abound,
Within ſuch glory and ſuch ſplendor's found,
As man's united ſkill had there combin'd
T' expreſs what one great genius had deſign'd.
Thus, when the happy world Auguſtus ſway'd,
Knowledge was cheriſh'd, and improvement made;
Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;
But, at his call, from fartheſt nations came,
While the immortal Muſes gave him fame.
Though when her far-ſtretch'd empire flouriſh'd moſt,
Rome never yet a work like this could boaſt:
No Cæſar e'er like Charles his pomp expreſs'd,
Nor ever were his nations half ſo bleſt;
Though now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Here, as all Nature's wealth to court him preſt,
Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Reſt.
Through all the lofty roofs § deſcrib'd we find
The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
A theme that might the nobleſt fancy warm,
And only fit for || his who did perform.
The walls adorn'd with richeſt woven gold,
Equal to what in temples ſhin'd of old,
Grac'd well the luſtre of his royal eaſe, [ſeas;
Whoſe empire reach'd throughout the wealthy Eaſe which he wiſely choſe, when raging arms
Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms;
For when wars troubled her ſoft fountains there,
She ſwell'd her ſtreams, and flow'd in faſter here:
With her came Plenty, till our iſle ſeem'd bleſs'd
As Canaan's ſhore, where Iſrael's ſons found reſt.
Therefore, when cruel ſpoilers, who have hurl'd
Waſte and confuſion through the wretched world,
To after-times leave a great hated name,
The praiſe of Peace ſhall wait on Charles's fame;
His country's father, through whoſe tender care,
Like a lull'd babe ſhe ſlept, and knew no fear;
Who, when ſh' offended oft would hide his eyes,
Nor ſee, becauſe it griev'd him to chaſtiſe.
But if ſubmiſſion brought her to his feet,
With what true joy the penitent he'd meet!
How would his love ſtill with his juſtice ſtrive!
How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive!
But now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.
Since after all thoſe toils through which he
By every art of moſt endearing love, [ſtrove
For his reward he had his Britain found,
The awe and envy of the nations round.
Muſe, then ſpeak more what wonders thou didſt
Worthy thy ſong and his celeſtial mind; [find
Tell now what emulation may inſpire,
And warm each Britiſh heart with warlike fire;
Call all thy ſiſters of the ſacred hill,
And by the painter's pencil guide my quill;
Deſcribe that lofty monumental § hall,
Where England's triumphs grace the ſhining wall, [Gaul.
When ſhe led captive kings from conquer'd
Here when the ſons of Fame their leader meet,
And at their feaſts in pompous order ſit,
When the glad ſparkling bowl inſpires the board,
And high-rais'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
Here as a leſſon may their eyes behold
What their victorious fathers did of old,
When their proud neighbours of the Gallic ſhore
Trembled to hear the Engliſh lion roar.
Here may they ſee how good old ¶ Edward ſat,
And did his §§ glorious ſon's arrival wait,
When from the fields of vanquiſh'd France he came,
Follow'd by ſpoils, and uſher'd in by Fame.
In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
Oh, for ſuch laurels on another head!
Unfoil'd with ſloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace,
We had not then learn'd the looſe arts of eaſe.
In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
And with no foreign education curs'd.
Their northern metal was preſerv'd with care,
Nor ſent for ſoftening into hotter air.
Nor did they as now from fruitleſs travels come
With follies, vices, and diſeaſes home;
But in full purity of health and mind
Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
Had not falſe ſenates to thoſe ills diſpos'd
Which long had England's happineſs oppos'd

* The caſtle.
† The Duke of Norfolk, Conſtable of Windſor caſtle.
¶ The houſe.
§ The paintings done by || The Sieur Verrio, his Majeſty's chief painter.
§ Where St. George's feaſt is kept.
¶ Edward III.
§§ The Black Prince.

With ſtubborn faction and rebellious pride,
All means to ſuch a noble end deny'd,
To Britain Charles this glory had reſtor'd,
And thoſe revolted nations own'd their lord.
But now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.

And now ſurvey what's open to our view,
Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due;
The ¶ temple by this hero built behold,
Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold;
Whoſe radiant roof ſuch glory does diſplay,
We think we ſee the heaven to which we pray;
So well the artiſt's hand has there delin'd
The merciful redemption of mankind;
The bright aſcenſion of the Son of God, [rode,
When back through yielding ſkies to heaven he
With lightning round his head, and thunder where he trod.

Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given
Wiſdom, the greateſt gift of bounteous heaven:
A houſe like his he built, and temple rais'd,
Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd:
With riches too and honours was he crown'd;
Nor, whilſt he liv'd, was there one like him found.
Therefore what once to Iſrael's lord was ſaid,
When Sheba's queen his glorious court ſurvey'd,
To Charles's fame for ever ſhall remain,
Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly reign.

" Happy were they who could before him ſtand,
" And ſaw the wiſdom of his dread command;"
For heaven reſolv'd, that much above the reſt
Of other nations Britain ſhould be bleſt;
Found him when baniſh'd from his ſacred right,
Try'd his great ſoul, and in it took delight;
Then to his throne in triumph him did bring,
Where never rul'd a wiſer, juſter king.
But now (alas!) in the ſad grave he lies,
Yet ſhall his praiſe for ever live, and laurels from it riſe.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muſe,
Now let her lead, nor will he ſure refuſe.
Two kindred arts they are; ſo near ally'd,
They oft have by each other been ſupply'd.
Therefore, great man! when next thy thoughts incline
The works of Fame, let this be the deſign:
As thou couldſt beſt great Charles's glory ſhew,
Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large ſcene, may give beholders awe,
The meeting of a numerous ſenate draw!
Over their heads a black diſtemper'd ſky,
And through the air let grinning Furies fly,
Charg'd with commiſſions of infernal date,
To raiſe fell Diſcord and inteſtine Hate;
From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
The ugliеſt ſnakes, and beſt-lov'd favourites there;
Then whirl them (ſpouting venom as they fall)
'Mongſt the aſſembled numbers of the hall;
There into murmuring boſoms let them go,
Till their infection to confuſion grow;
Till ſuch bold tumults and diſorders riſe,
As when the impious ſons of earth aſſail'd the threaten'd ſkies.

But then let mighty Charles at diſtance ſtand,
His crown upon his head, and ſceptre in his hand;
To ſend abroad his word, or with a frown
Repel, and daſh th' aſpiring rebels down:
Unable to behold his dreaded ray,
Let them grow blind; diſperſe, and reel away;
Let the dark fiends the troubled air forſake,
And all new peaceful order ſeem to take.

But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
An hour like this, and mingled in the throng,
Rous'd with thoſe furies from her ſeat below,
T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow:
When cruel cares, by faithleſs ſubjects bred,
Too cloſely preſs'd his ſacred peaceful head:
With them t' have pointed her deſtroying dart,
And through the brain found paſſage to the heart.
Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven beſtow
On thoſe curs'd heads to whom this loſs we owe!
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
And ſent him to the ſorrows of the grave!

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
The ſaddeſt ſcenes that weeping eyes e'er ſaw;
How on his royal bed that woeful day
The much-lamented mighty monarch lay;
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king,
No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
Through many ſteady and well-manag'd years
He'd arm'd his mind 'gainſt all thoſe little fears
Which common mortals want the power to hide,
When their mean ſouls and valued clay divide.
He'd ſtudy'd well the worth of life, and knew
Its troubles many, and its bleſſings few;
Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches ſee,
And grew familiar with his deſtiny;
Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate,
Who, as it knew him, ſeem'd content to wait,
Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldſt thou expreſs the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning people left behind!
But that I fear will ev'n thy ſkill deceive;
None but a ſoul like his ſuch goodneſs could conceive:
For though a ſtubborn race deſerving ill,
Yet would he ſhew himſelf a father ſtill.
Therefore he choſe for that peculiar care,
His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir,
Great James, who to his throne does now ſucceed,
And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run aſtray,
And keep the foxes and the wolves away.

Here, painter, if thou canſt, thy art improve,
And ſhew the wonders of fraternal love;
How mourning James by fading Charles did ſtand,
The dying graſping the ſurviving hand;
How round each other's necks their arms they caſt, [brac'd;
Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and em-
And of their parting pangs ſuch marks did give,
'Twas hard to gueſs which yet could longeſt live.

¶ The chapel at the end of the hall.

Both their ſad tongues quite loſt the power to ſpeak,
And their kind hearts ſeem'd both prepar'd to break.
Here let thy curious pencil next diſplay,
How round his bed a beauteous offſpring lay,
With their great father's bleſſing to be crown'd,
Like young fierce lions ſtretch'd upon the ground,
And in majeſtic ſilent ſorrow drown'd.
This done, ſuppoſe the ghaſtly minute nigh,
And paint the griefs of the ſad ſtanders-by;
Th' unweary'd reverend father's pious care,
Offering (as oft as tears could ſtop) a prayer.
Of kindred nobles draw a ſorrowing train,
Whoſe looks may ſpeak how much they ſhar'd his pain;
How from each groan of his, deriving ſmart,
Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
Mingled with theſe, his faithful ſervants place,
With different lines of woe in every face;
With downcaſt heads, ſwoln breaſts, and ſtreaming eyes,
And ſighs that mount in vain the unrelenting ſkies.
But yet there ſtill remains a taſk behind,
In which thy readieſt art may labour find.
At diſtance let the mourning queen appear,
(But where ſad news too ſoon may reach her ear);
Deſcribe her proſtrate to the throne above,
Pleading with prayer the tender cauſe of love:
Shew troops of angels hovering from the ſky,
(For they, whene'er ſhe call'd, were always nigh);
Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
With looks of beauteous ſadneſs like her own,
Becauſe they know her lord's great doom is ſeal'd,
And cannot (though ſhe aſks it) be repeal'd.
By this time think the work of Fate is done;
So any farther ſad deſcription ſhun.
Shew him not pale and breathleſs on his bed;
'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead;
And thou thyſelf ro ſuch a ſcene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own ſtatue grow.
Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a proſpect now of clearer air.
Paint in an eaſtern ſky new dawning day;
And there the embryos of time diſplay;
The forms of many ſmiling years to come,
Juſt ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb;
Each ſtruggling which ſhall elderſhip obtain,
To be firſt grac'd with mighty James's reign.
Let the dread monarch on his throne appear;
Place too the charming partner of it there.
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph ſpread.
And ſoft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint ſmiling, yet majeſtic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
Then from the different corners of the earth
Deſcribe applauding nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auſpicious omens from his reign.
Set at long diſtance his contracted foes,
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppoſe;
Draw ſhame or mean deſpair in all their eyes,
And terror, leſt th' avenging hand ſhould riſe.
But where his ſmiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's cheerful toils, the rich man's eaſe;
Here ſhepherds piping to their feeding ſheep,
Or ſtretch'd at length in their warm huts aſleep;
There jolly hinds ſpread through the ſultry fields,
Reaping ſuch harveſts as their tillage yields,
Or ſhelter'd from the ſcorchings of the ſun,
Their labours ended, and repaſt begun,
Rang'd on green banks, which they themſelves did raiſe,
Singing their own content, and ruler's praiſe.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
Where Contemplation beſt may paſs her hours:
Fill'd with chaſte lovers plighting conſtant hearts,
Rejoicing Muſes, and encourag'd Arts.
Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Beſt ſuiting with thy theme, great James's fame.
Known for the man who from his youthful years,
By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears;
Whoſe conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,
When an ungrateful people's cauſe he fought,
When for their rights he his brave ſword employ'd,
Who in return would have his rights deſtroy'd:
But heaven ſuch injur'd merit did regard
(As heaven in time true virtue will reward):
So to a throne by Providence he roſe; [foes.
And all who e'er were his, were Providence's

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half hour;
Then to reſiſt I had no will,
And now I have no power.

II.

To ſigh, and wiſh, is all my eaſe;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldeſt ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O! would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breaſt,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly ſteal the reſt.

THE

POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:

OR,

A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

" Si quid habent veri vatum præſagia, vivam."

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY,

BARON OF MOOR PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

My Lord,

Though never any man had more need of excuſe for a preſumption of this nature than I have now; yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your Lordſhip's goodneſs muſt be my beſt refuge; and therefore I humbly caſt this at your feet for protection, and myſelf for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the beſt of my heart I have here publiſhed in ſome meaſure the truth, and I would have it thought honeſtly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now): yet truth and honour are things which your Lordſhip muſt needs be kind to, becauſe they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a ſecond preſumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your Lordſhip; for it would require more art to do your virtue juſtice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the preſent ſufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your Lordſhip I hope to add a ſecond part, and do all thoſe great and good men juſtice, that have in his calamities ſtuck faſt to ſo gallant a friend and ſo good a maſter. To write and finiſh which great ſubject faithfully, and to be honoured with your Lordſhips patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at leaſt pardon, in what I have done, will be the greateſt pride of,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble admirer and ſervant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

ODE.

To a high hill, where never yet ſtood tree,
Where only heath, coarſe fern, and furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing air)
The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
Led by uncouth thoughts and care,
Which did too much his penſive mind amaze,
A wandering bard, whoſe Muſe was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauſeous follies of the buzzing town,
Came, look'd about him, ſigh'd, and laid him down.
'Twas far from any path, but where the earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
When by the word it firſt was made,
Ere God had ſaid,
Let graſs, and herbs, and every green thing grow,
With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was ſo.
The whiſtling winds blew fiercely round his head,
Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he caſt,
Where we are told Peace only 's found at laſt:
And as he did its hopeleſs diſtance ſee,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
The diſtance of his future joy
Had been enough to give him pain alone;
But who can undergo [woe?
Deſpair of eaſe to come, with weight of preſent
Down his afflicted face
The trickling tears had ſtream'd ſo faſt apace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his breaſt with ſighs, his well-
Proportion'd limbs as uſeleſs fell,
Whilſt the poor trunk (unable to ſuſtain
Itſelf) lay rackt, and ſhaking with its pain.
I heard his groans as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aſide, to ſee
What the ſad cauſe could be [high.
Had preſs'd his ſtate ſo low, and rais'd his plaints ſo
On me he fix'd his eyes. I crav'd,
Why ſo forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did commend:
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
My much lov'd friend, ſo down I ſat,
And begg'd that I might ſhare his fate:
I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale
Of ſighs he eas'd his breaſt, and thus began his tale:

III.

I am a wretch of honeſt race:
My parents not obſcure, nor high in titles were:
They left me heir to no diſgrace.
My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave, my mother chaſte and fair:
The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd, fondled boy:
They gave me generous education; high
They ſtrove to raiſe my mind; and with it grew their joy.
The ſages that inſtructed me in arts
And knowledge oft would praiſe my parts,
And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a diſpute,
My fellow-pupils oft ſtood mute:
Yet never Envy did diſjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride diſtemper mine.
Thus my firſt years in happineſs I paſt,
Nor any bitter cup did taſte:
But, oh! a deadly portion came at laſt.
As I lay looſely on my bed,
A thouſand pleaſant thoughts triumphing in my head,
And as my ſenſe on the rich banquet fed,
A voice (it ſeem'd no more, ſo buſy I
Was with myſelf, I ſaw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my ears; Ariſe, thy good Senander's dead.
It ſhook my brain, and from their ſeaſt my frighted ſenſes fled.

IV

From thence ſad diſcontent, uneaſy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with ſucceeding years.
The world was wide, but whither ſhould I go?
I, whoſe blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who 'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
To Britain's great metropolis I ſtray'd,
Where Fortune's general game is play'd;
Where honeſty and wit are often prais'd,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
My forward ſpirit prompted me to find
A converſe equal to my mind:
But by raw judgment eaſily miſled,
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)
I miſs'd the brave and wiſe, and in their ſtead
On every ſort of vanity I fed. [fools,
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating
Bullies of o'ergrown bulks and little ſouls,

Gameſters, half-wits, and ſpendthrifts (ſuch as think
Miſchievous midnight frolics, bred by drink
Are gallantry and wit,
Becauſe to their lewd underſtandings fit)
Where thoſe wherewith two years at leaſt I ſpent,
To all their fulſome follies moſt incorrigibly bent;
Till at the laſt, myſelf more to abuſe,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muſe.

v.

No fair deceiver ever us'd ſuch charms,
T' enſnare a tender youth, and win his heart;
Or, when ſhe had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
No beauty with my Muſe's might compare.
Lofty ſhe ſeem'd, and on her front ſat a majeſtic air,
Awful, yet kind; ſevere, yet fair.
Upon her head a crown ſhe bore.
Of laurel, which ſhe told me ſhould be mine:
And round her ivory neck ſhe wore
A rope of largeſt pearl. Each part of her did ſhine
With jewels and with gold,
Numberleſs to be told;
Which in imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd and wonder'd more and more,
Said ſhe, theſe riches all, my darling, ſhall be thine,
Riches which never poet had before.
She promis'd me to raiſe my fortune and my name,
By royal favour, and by endleſs fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the arts of this moſt ſly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching bondage brought.
Eternal conſtancy we ſwore,
A thouſand times our vows were doubled o'er:
And as we did in our entrancements lie,
I thought no pleaſure e'er was wrought ſo high,
No pair ſo happy as my Muſe and I.

vi.

Ne'er was young lover half ſo fond
When firſt his puſilage he loſt,
Or could of half my pleaſure boaſt.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still tranſported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, cloſets, fields, and groves,
Bore witneſs of our daily loves;
And on the bark of every tree
You might the marks of our endearments ſee.
Diſtichs, poſies, and the pointed bits
Of ſatire (written when a poet meets
His Muſe's caterwauling fits)
You might on every rhind behold, and ſwear
I and my Clio had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muſe too, I was bleſt
With offſprings of the choiceſt kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the nobleſt minds,
And been approv'd by judgments of the beſt.
But in this moſt tranſporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laught at fate,
All of a ſudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd, and found myſelf alone;
My faithleſs Muſe, my faithleſs Muſe, was gone;

I try'd if I a verſe could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my Clio's name.
The more I ſtrove, the more I fail'd,
I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curſt my dull ſkull,
and rail'd,
Reſolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the laſt prevail'd.
A line came forth, but ſuch a one,
No travelling matron in her child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a ſon,
Was more aſtoniſh'd at th' unlook'd-for ſhape
Of ſome deform'd baboon, or ape,
Than I was at the hideous iſſue of my brains.
I tore my paper, ſtabb'd my pen,
And ſwore I 'd never write again,
Reſolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
But when my reckoning I began to make,
I found too long I 'd ſlept, and was too late awake;
I found m' ungrateful Muſe, for whoſe falſe [ſake
I did myſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt ſtore,
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too;
And left me helpleſs, friendleſs, very proud, and poor.

vii.

Reaſon, which in baſe bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
I ſtraight to council call'd; [
Like ſome old faithful friend, whom long ago
I had caſhier'd, to pleaſe my flattering fair.
To me with readineſs he did repair,
Expreſs'd much tender cheerfulneſs, to find
Experience had reſtor'd him to my mind;
And loyally did to me ſhew,
How much himſelf he did abuſe,
Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treacherous Muſe.
I aſk'd the cauſes why. He ſaid,
'Twas never known a Muſe e'er ſtaid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd
To all the Nine that on Parnaſſus dwell,
Where thoſe ſo fam'd delightful fountains ſwell
Of poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where wit's luſty, ſhining god
Keeps his choice ſeraglio.
So whilſt our fortune ſmiles, our thoughts aſpire,
Pleaſure and fame's our buſineſs, and deſire,
Then, too, if we find
A promptneſs in the mind,
The Muſe is always ready, always kind.
But if th' old harlot, Fortune, once denies
Her favour, all our pleaſure and rich fancy dies.
And then th' young, ſlippery jilt, the Muſe too from us flies.

viii.

To the whole tale I gave attention due;
And as right ſearch into myſelf I made,
I found all he had ſaid
Was very honeſt, very true.
O how I hugg'd my welcome friend?
And much my Muſe I could not diſcommend!
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchſaf'd to let me ſee her face.
Then, to confirm me more,

He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes:
See here, my ſon, (ſaid he) the valued prize:
Thy fulſome Muſe behold, be happy, and be
wiſe.
I look'd, and ſaw the rampant, tawdry quean,
With a more horrid train
Than ever yet to ſatire lent a tale,
Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank verſe
In which he wrote his Sodom Farce;
A wretch whom old diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ bawdry ſure in ſpite,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.
Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their art, and ſhew'd it in their naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundering ſot,
Who a late Seſſion of the Poets wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
By 's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
The other birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the night,
And only in the dark he ſtrays;
Still wretch enough to live; with worſe fools
ſpends his days,
And for old ſhoes and ſcraps repeats dull
plays.
The next there followed, to make up the
throng,
Lord Lampoon and Monſieur Song,
Who fought her love, and promis'd for't,
To make her famous at the court.
The city poet too was there,
In a black ſattin cap and his own hair,
And begg'd that he might have the ho-
nour
To beget a pageant on her
For the city's next lord mayor.
Her favours ſhe to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aſide.
Till at the laſt up in the rear there came
The Poets' ſcandal, and the Muſes' ſhame,
A beaſt of monſtrous guiſe, and Libel was
his name.
But let me pauſe, for 'twill aſk time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and
where he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
Down in an obſcure vale,
'Midſt fogs and fens, where miſts and vapours
riſe,
Where never ſun was ſeen by eyes,
Under a deſert wood,
Which no man own, but all wild beaſts were
bred,
And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
An ill pil'd cottage ſtood,
Built of men's bones ſlaughter'd in civil war,
By magic art brought thither from afar,
There liv'd a widow'd witch,
That us'd to mumble curſes eve and morn,
Like one whom wants and care had worn;
Meagre her looks, and ſunk her eyes,
Yet miſchiefs ſtudy'd, diſcords did deviſe.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride:
Slow in her ſpeech, in ſemblance ſanctify'd.
Still when ſhe ſpoke ſhe meant another way;
And when ſhe curs'd, ſhe ſeem'd to pra y
Her helliſh charms had all a holy dreſs,
And bore the name of godlineſs,
All her familiars ſeem'd the ſons of Peace.
Honeſt habits they all wore,
In outward ſhew moſt lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all vices they had ſtore,
Greedy as wolves, and ſenſual too as ſwine.
Like her, the ſacred ſcriptures they had all by
heart,
Moſt eaſily could quote, and turn to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Becauſe, beſides herſelf, no idol ſhe 'd endure.
Though not to paint, ſhe 'd arts to change
the face,
And alter it in heavenly faſhion.
Lewd whining ſhe defin'd a mark of grace,
And making ugly faces was mortification.
Her late dead pander was of well known fame,
Old Preſbyter Rebellion was his name:
She a ſworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) the
good old cauſe.

X.

A time there was (a ſad one too)
When all things wore the face of woe,
When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
And a deſtroying angel was ſent down,
To ſcourge the pride of this rebellious town.
He came, and o'er all Britain ſtretch'd his con-
quering hand:
Till in th' untrodden ſtreets unwholſome graſs
Grew of great ſtalk, its colour groſs,
And melancholic poiſonous green;
Like thoſe coarſe ſickly weeds on an old dunghill
ſeen,
Where ſome murrain-murder'd hog,
Poiſon'd cat, or ſtrangled dog,
In rottenneſs had long unbury'd laid,
And the cold ſoil productive made.
Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
And by their cries bade us for graves prepare;
And, as our deſtiny they ſeem'd t' unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
That dire commiſſion ended, down there came
Another angel with a ſword of flame:
Deſolation ſoon he made,
And our new Sodom low in aſhes laid.
Diſtractions and diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
When, in her pious old diſguiſe,
This witch, with all her miſchief-making train
Began to ſhew herſelf again.
The ſons of Old Rebellion ſtraight ſhe ſummon'd all;
Straight they were ready at her call:
Once more th' old bait before their eyes ſhe
caſt,
That and her love they long'd to taſte;
And to her luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)
Was led aſtray, and had pollutions with his fa-
ther's whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In ſafety from obſerving eyes,

Th' old ſtrumpet did herſelf diſguiſe
In comely weeds, and to the city went,
Affected truth, much modeſty and grace,
And (like a worn out ſuburb trull) paſt there for a new face.
Thither all her lovers flock'd,
And there for her ſupport ſhe found
A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does ſound,
With all ingredients for his buſineſs ſtock'd,
Not unlike him whoſe ſtory has a place
In th' annals of Sir Hudibras.
Of all her buſineſs he took care,
And every knave or ſoul that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.
By his contrivance to her did reſort
All who had been diſguſted at the court.
Thoſe whoſe ambition had been croſt,
Or by ill manners had preferments loſt,
Were thoſe on whom ſhe practis'd moſt her charms,
Lay neareſt to her heart, and ofteneſt in her arms.
Intereſt in every faction, every ſect, ſhe ſought;
And to her lure, flattering their hopes, ſhe brought
All thoſe who uſe religion for a faſhion.
All ſuch as practiſe forms, and take great pains
To make their godlineſs their gains,
And thrive by the diſtractions of a nation,
She by her art inſnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.
Through her the Atheiſt hop'd to purchaſe toleration,
The rebel power the beggar'd ſpendthrift lands,
Out of the king's or biſhop's hands.
Nay, to her ſide at laſt ſhe drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong multitude:
Promis'd ſtrange liberties, and ſure redreſs
Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
With May-day routs, November ſquibs, and burning paſteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common luſt did mingle all the crew,
Till at the laſt ſhe pregnant grew,
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
This monſtrous, and deteſted birth.
Of children born with teeth we've heard,
And ſome like comets with a beard;
Which ſeem'd to be forerunners of dire change:
But never hitherto was ſeen,
Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,
A form like this, ſo hideous and ſo ſtrange.
To help whoſe mother in her pains, there came
Many a well-known dame.
The bawd Hypocriſy was there,
And madam Impudence the fair:
Dame Scandal with her ſquinting eyes,
That loves to ſet good neighbours at debate,
And raiſe commotions in a jealous ſtate,
Was there, and Malice, queen of far ſpread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.
But midwife Mutiny, that buſy drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was ſhe that firſt took up the babe,
And of the office moſt was proud.
Behold its head of horrid form appears:
To ſpite the pillory, it had no ears.
When ſtraight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas ſurely
To the bleſt family of Pryn. [kin
But Scandal offer'd to depoſe her word,
Or oath, the father was a lord.
The noſe was ugly, long, and big,
Broad, and ſnouty, like a pig; [dig;
Which ſhew'd he would in dunghills love to
Lov'd to caſt ſtinking ſatires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,
And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful youth to make him.
To nurſe he ſtraight was ſent
To a ſiſter-witch, though of another ſort,
One who profeſt no good, nor any meant:
All day ſhe practis'd charms, by night ſhe hardly ſlept,
Yet in the outcaſts of a northern factious town,
A little ſmoaky manſion of her own,
Where her familiars to her did reſort,
A cell ſhe kept.
Hell ſhe ador'd, and Satan was her god;
And many an ugly loathſome toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her roof all diſmal, black, and ſmok'd,
Harbour'd beetles, and unwholſome bats,
Sprawling neſts of little cats;
All which were imps ſhe cheriſh'd with her blood,
To make her ſpells ſucceed and good.
Still at her ſhrivel'd beaſts they hung, whene'er
mankind ſhe curſt, [nurſt.
And with theſe foſter-brethren was our monſter
In little time the hell-bred brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his leading ſtrings could walk,
And (as the ſorcereſs taught him) talk.
At ſeven years old he went to ſchool,
Where firſt he grew a foe to rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But ſtill new ways affected, and new methods
Not that he wanted parts [ſought.
T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;
But, as negligent as fly,
Of all perverſeneſs brutiſhly was full,
(By nature idle) lov'd to ſhift and lie,
And was obſtinately dull.
Till, ſpite of Nature, through great pains, the ſot
(And th' influence of th' ill genius of our land)
At laſt in part began to underſtand.
Some inſight in the Latin tongue he got;
Could ſmatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
For which his guardians all think fit,
In compliment to his moſt hopeful wit,
He ſhould be ſent to learn the laws,
And out of the good old to raiſe a damn'd new cauſe.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,
As by Nature he was bent [find,
To ſearch in hidden paths, and things long bury'd
A wretch's converſe much he did frequent;

One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and ev'n of necessaries bare,
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife:
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no God)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggars scraps he bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water got,
Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept:
And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept;
Old worn out statutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the acts, resolves, and orders, made
By the old long Rump-parliament,
Through all the changes of its government:
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning matters of the state,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

XV.

His friendship much our monster sought
By instinct, and by inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he taught.
He learn'd of him all goodness to detest;
To be asham'd of no disgrace;
In all things but obedience to be beast;
To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.
He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog:
T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,
But to profess them all for a pretence.
Fraught with these morals, he began
To complete him more for man:
Distinguish'd to him in an hour
'Twixt legislative and judicial power;
How to frame a commonwealth,
And democracy, by stealth;
To palliate it at first, and cry,
'Twas but a well mixt monarchy,
And treason *salus populi*;
Into rebellion to divide the nation,
By fair committees of association;
How by a lawful means to bring
In arms against himself the king,
With a distinguishing old trick,
'Twixt persons natural and politic;
How to make faithful servants traitors,
Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
And at last troopers adjutators.
Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
Of such like wordy, canting stuff,
Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
A leader in a factious crew.
Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every word he spoke,
By which becoming saucy grace,
He gain'd authority and place:
By many for preferments was thought fit,
For talking treason without fear or wit;
For opening failings in the state;
For loving noisy and unsound debate,
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his Lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew,
But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
And th' hero to his distaff drew,
His foes that found him saw he was but man:
So when my faithless Clio by her snare
Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd him there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began;
To see how foolishly she 'd dress,
And for diversion trick'd the beast.
He was poetry all o'er,
On every side, behind, before:
About him nothing could I see
But party-colour'd poetry.
Painter's advices, litanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious excess
Of ills that malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
Hung round about him like a spell:
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern wit,
The country's late appeal.
But from such ills when will our wretched state
Be freed? and who shall crush this serpent's head?
'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
Of a huge dragon sent by fate
To lay a sinful kingdom waste:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
And each day with a virgin broke his fast:
Till wretched matrons curst their womb,
So hardly was their loss endur'd:
The lovers all despair'd, and fought their tombs
In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were cur'd.
Till, like our monster too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the metropolis he came:
His cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a maid was slain.
The curse through every family had past,
When to the sacrifice at last
Th' unhappy monarch's only child must bow:
A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal brother now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will prey;
On him has cast
His foulid venom, and profan'd
With spurious verse his spotless fame,
Which shall for ever stand
Unblemish'd, and to ages last,
When all his foes lie buried in their shame.

Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)
Heaven took such care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.
Why do all good men bless him as he goes?
Why at his presence shrink his foes?
Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
Why through the world is he distinguish'd most
By titles, which but few can boast,
A most just master, and a faithful friend?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of him what orphan can complain?
Of him what widow make her moan?
But such as wish him here again,
And miss his goodness now he's gone.
If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true;
Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the world's esteem,
Not one man's foe? and then why are not all
men friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
For his ungrateful country's sake,
What dangers or what labours did they ever shun?
Or what wonders has not done?
Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
(Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's
shore)
Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
Then did the English lion roar,
Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,
Of Britain's honour, and his own,
To them he like a threatening comet shin'd,
Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind;
But constant as the stars that never move,
Or as women would have love.
The trembling genius of their state
Look'd out, and straight shrunk back his
head,
To see our daring banners spread:
Whilst in their harbours they
Like batten'd monsters weltering lay;
The winds, when our's th' ad kiss'd scorn'd with
their flags to play;
But drooping like their captains' hearts,
Each pendant, every streamer hung:
The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts:
Their ships at anchor now, of which w' had heard
them boast,
With ill furl'd sails and rattling loose, by every
billow toss't,
Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung;
Till at the last, provok'd with shame,
Forth from their dens the baited foxes came;
Foxes in council, and in fight too grave;
Seldom true, and now not brave:
They blusser'd out the day with shew of fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought,
And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he
brought,
With spoils of victory and glory fraught.
To him then every heart was open, down
From the great man to the clown:
In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd;
And as his health round the glad board did pass,
Each honest fellow cry'd, Fill full my glass;
And shew'd the fulness of his mind.
No discontented vermin of ill times
Durst then affront him but in shew;
Nor Libel dash him with his dirty rhymes;
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whose heart would not wish so too,
That had but seen
When his tumultuous misled foes
Against him rose.
With what heroic grace
He chose the weight of wrong to undergo!
No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
True witness of the innocence within.
But, when the messengers did mandates bring
For his retreat to foreign land,
Since sent from the relenting hand
Of the most loving brother, kindest king;
If in his heart regret did rise,
It never scap'd his tongue or eyes;
With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
Sad as the business, sullen too
As proud men, when in vain they woo,
Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
The Court, where pleasures us'd to flow,
Became the scene of mourning and of woe:
Desolate was every room,
Where men for news and business us'd to come:
With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd
In corners, and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
When he must part: his last short time was spent
In leaving blessings on his children dear:
To them with eager haste and love he went;
The eldest first embrac'd,
As new-born day in beauty bright,
But sad in mind as deepest night: [past,
What tendrest hearts could say, betwixt them
Till grief too close upon them crept;
So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
Much of the father in his breast did rise,
When on the next he fix'd his eyes,
A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty charms:
And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
Th' appointed time was almost past,
Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid
him haste
To seek a foreign home;
The summons he resolv'd t'obey,
Disdaining of his sufferings to complain,
Though every step seem'd trod with pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way

By a ſad lamenting throng,
That bleſt him, and about him hung.
A weight his generous heart could hardly bear;
But for the comfort that was near,
His beauteous Mate, the fountain of his joys,
That fed his ſoul with love;
The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
To which all worldly bleſſings elſe are toys.
I ſaw them ready for departure ſtand;
Juſt when approach'd the Monarch of our land,
And took the charming Mourner by the hand:
T' expreſs all nobleſt offices he ſtrove,
Of royal goodneſs, and a brother's love.
Then down to the ſhore ſide,
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
With ſolemn pace they paſs'd,
And there ſo tenderly embrac'd.
All griev'd by ſympathy to ſee them part,
And their kind pains touch'd each by-ſtander's heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
Turn'd round to face their fate;
She ev'n amidſt afflictions fair,
He, though oppreſt, ſtill great.
Into th' expecting boat with haſte they went,
Where, as the troubled Fair-one to the ſhore ſome wiſhes ſent
For that dear pledge ſh'ad left behind,
And as her paſſion grew too mighty for her mind,
She of ſome tears her eyes beguil'd,
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kiſs'd away,
And, as ſhe wept, bluſh'd with diſdain, and ſmil'd.
Strait forth they launch into the high-ſwoln Thames;
The well-ſtruck oars lave up the yielding ſtreams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wiſhing ſtood,
Till they were got into the wider flood;
Till leſſen'd out of ſight, and ſeen no more,
Then ſigh'd, and turn'd into the hated ſhore.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

The Argument.

Theſeus, the ſon of Ægeus, having ſlain the Minotaur, promiſed to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Paſiphae, for the aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; ſo together with her ſiſter Phædra they went on board and ſailed to Chios, where being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her ſiſter Phædra, who afterwards, in Theſeus her huſband's abſence, fell in love with Hippolytus her ſon-in-law, who had vow'd celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe, ſhe choſe by this epiſtle to give him an account of her paſſion.

If thou'rt unkind I ne'er ſhall health enjoy,
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my lovely boy:
Read this, and reading how my ſoul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus ſecrets ſafe to fartheſt ſhores may move;
By letters foes converſe, and learn to love.
Thrice my ſad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my faultering tongue abortive dy'd;
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſh'd to ſpeak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to reſiſt the power of Love,
The gods obey him, and he's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breaſt of thine
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll loſe no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But Love long breeding to worſt pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young bull or courſer yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridled firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd;
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No reſt, th' unwonted weight ſo toils my mind:
When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,
But in our riper years with rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone. [roſe,
Who would not pluck the new-blown bluſhing
Or the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
Eſteem for ſpotleſs, ſhall it now be ſtain'd?
Oh, in thy love I ſhall no hazard run;
'Tis not a ſin, but when 'tis coarſely done.
And now ſhould Juno leave her Jove to me,
I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
Believe me too, with ſtrange deſires I change,
Amongſt wild beaſts I long with thee to range.
To thy delights and Delia I incline,
Make her my goddeſs too, becauſe ſhe's thine:
I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
Shaking my dart; then, the chaſe ended, lie [by?
Stretch'd on the graſs; and would'ſt not thou be
Oft in light chariots I with pleaſure ride,
And love myſelf the furious ſteeds to guide.
Now like a Bacchanal more wild I ſtray,
Or old Cybele's prieſts, as mad as they
When under Ida's hills they offerings pay:
Ev'n mad as thoſe the deities of night
And water, Fauns and Dryads, do affright.
But ſtill each little interval I gain,
Eaſily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
And Venus will have tribute of us all
Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame:
She, like my mother, languiſh'd to obtain,
And fill'd her womb with ſhame as well as pain.
The faithleſs Theſeus by my ſiſter's aid
The monſter ſlew, and a ſafe conqueſt made:
Now, in that family my right to ſave,
I am at laſt on the ſame terms a ſlave;

'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
She lov'd thy father but my choice was thee.
Let monuments of triumph then be shown
For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid;
'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain,
Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in every vein:
White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread:
That face, which may be terrible in arms,
But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms:
I love the man whose fashion's least his care,
And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart,
I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art:
To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
And all thou dost is lovely in my sight:
But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine.
Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none?
That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow,
Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
Who wisely left old age for youth like thine.
Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy;
Atalanta's love too Meleager sought,
And to her tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair;
Where love's a stranger, woods but deserts are.
With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
Where on each side the beating billows rise,
There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
More blest and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
As we could wish, old Theseus is away
At Thessaly, where always let him stay
With his Perithoüs, whom well I see
Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
Nor has he only thus express his hate;
We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight:
My brother first he cruelly did slay,
Then from my sister falsly ran away,
And left expos'd to every beast a prey:
A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
A mother worthy of a son so brave,
From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him kind.
Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,
To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right:
And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault:
Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains,
I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.
How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,
From which himself so abjectly is fled?
The thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and son are notions, very names
Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men;
But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
And with his sister did himself begin.
Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove,
When we express it in the closest love.
Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd;
'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
A mother's kindness to a grateful son.
No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love, this way!
No busy spies our pleasures to betray.
But in one house, as heretofore, we'll live;
In public, kisses take; in public, give:
Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause:
Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd;
So may my tyrant Love to thee be kind,
For this I am a humble suppliant grown;
Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone?
I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right;
Now on my own I crawl to clasp thy knees;
What's decent no true lover cares or sees:
Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
Forgive this fond confession which I make,
And then some pity on my sufferings take.
What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies;
Though my great grandsire thunder from the skies;
What though my father's sire in beams drest gay
Drives round the burning chariot of the day;
Their honour all in me to Love's a slave,
Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
And there shall my Hippolytus be king:
For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
So may'st thou never love a scornful fair;
In fields so may Diana grace thee still,
And every wood afford thee game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and Satyrs all
Be kind, so may the boar before thee fall;
So may the Water-nymphs in heat of day,
Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay.
Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine,
Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from mine.

EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE *.

My much lov'd friend, when thou art from my eyes,
How do I loathe the day, and light despise!
Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;

* See the Answer, in "Duke's Poems."

Or if e'er ſlumbers and my eyes agree, [thee.
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleaſing dreams of
Laſt night methought (heaven make the next as kind!
Free as firſt innocence, and unconfin'd
As our firſt parents in their Eden were,
Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
We two together wander'd through a grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all ſhade above,
Mild as our friendſhip, ſpringing as our love;
Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,
And ſung their joyful ſongs of liberty;
While through the gladſome choir well pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our preſent valued ſtate thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this ſweet retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who'd labour to be great?
Who for preferments at a court would wait,
Where every gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
What fiſh of ſenſe would on that ſhallow lie,
Amongſt the little ſtarving wriggling fry,
That throng and crowd each other for a taſte
Of the deceitful, painted, poiſon'd paſte;
When the wide river he behind him ſees,
Where he may launch to liberty and eaſe?
No cares or buſineſs here diſturb our hours,
While, underneath theſe ſhady peaceful bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we ſtray,
And midſt a thouſand pleaſures waſte the day;
Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
Where ſkimming ſwallows o'er the ſurface fly,
Juſt as the ſun, declining with his beams,
Kiſſes and gently warms the gliding ſtreams;
Amidſt whoſe current riſing fiſhes play,
And roll in wanton liberty away.
Perhaps hard by there grows a little buſh,
On which the linnet, nightingale, and thruſh,
Nightly their ſolemn orgies meeting keep,
And ſing their veſpers e'er they go to ſleep:
There we two lie, between us may be's ſpread
Some books, few underſtand, though many read.
Sometimes we Virgil's ſacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wondering, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
Then how he had revenge upon her ſex
In Dido's ſtate, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And ſcorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
Next Niſus and Euryalus we admire,
Their gentle friendſhip, and their martial fire;
We praiſe their valour, 'cauſe yet match'd by none,
And love their friendſhip, ſo much like our own.
But when to give our minds a feaſt indeed,
Horace, beſt known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our tranſports, or our longings tell,
To taſte of pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?
With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd,
Two things in ſweet retirement much deſir'd:
A generous bottle and a loveſome ſhe,
Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that only can) to add delight,
When to our little cottage we repair,
We find a friend or two, we'd wiſh for there,
Dear Beverly, kind as parting lovers tears,
Adderly, honeſt as the ſword he wears,
Wilſon, profeſſing friendſhip yet a friend,
Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,
Finch, full of kindneſs, generous as his blood,
Watchful to do, to modeſt merit, good;
Who have forſook the vile tumultuous town,
And for a taſte of life to us come down;
With eager arms, how cloſely we embrace!
What joys in every heart, and every face!
The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
With choiceſt meats at leaſt, though not with ſtore:
Of bottles next ſucceeds a goodly train,
Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
Each waited on by a bright virgin glaſs,
Clean, ſound, and ſhining like its drinker's laſs.
Then down we ſit, while every genius tries
T' improve, till he deſerves his ſacrifice:
No ſaucy hour preſumes to ſtint delight, [night.
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll part,
Each takes th' obedient treaſure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his ſilent bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
But every ſenſe with perfect pleaſure's fed;
Till in full joy diſſolv'd, each falls aſleep
With twining limbs, that ſtill love's poſture keep;
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet craving Love, till the next night:
Then we the drowſy cells of ſleep forſake,
And to our books our earlieſt viſit make;
Or elſe our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there, methinks, Fancy ſits queen of all;
While the poor under-faculties reſort,
And to her fickle majeſty make court;
The underſtanding firſt comes plainly clad,
But uſefully; no entrance to be had.
Next comes the will, that bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
He meets reception from the antic queen,
Who thinks her majeſty's moſt honour'd, when
Attended by thoſe fine-dreſt gentlemen.
Reaſon, the honeſt counſellor, this knows,
And into court with reſolute virtue goes;
Lets Fancy ſee her looſe irregular ſway,
Then how the flattering follies ſneak away!
This image, when it came, too fiercely ſhook
My brain, which its ſoft quiet ſtraight forſook;
When waking as I caſt my eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd vanities I found;
No grove, no freedom, and, what's worſe to me,
No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care
Were ſeiz'd; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer:
Gods! life's your gift, then ſeaſon't with ſuch fate,
That what ye meant a bleſſing prove no weight.
Let me to the remoteſt part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haſte, the world;
But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
By day what's needful, and at night ſoft eaſe;
The friend I truſt in, and the ſhe I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wiſh remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in power, the woefull'ſt ſtate of man;

To be by fools misled, to knaves a prey,
But make life what I ask, or tak't away.

TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS

TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

Sir, when your book the first time came abroad,
I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake
The power of English verse to undertake.
This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
T' outdo the expectations of mankind;
Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,
Envy's appeas'd, and prejudice disarm'd:
For when the rich original we peruse,
And by it try the metal you produce,
Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose,
And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
And bear full stretch upon him all the race;
But when in rugged way we find him rein
His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain;
There the advantage he receives is found,
By you taught temper, and to choose his ground.
Next, his philosophy you've so expreſt
In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly dreſt,
Those murderers that now mingle it all day
In schools, may learn from you the easy way
To let us know what they would mean and say:
If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
To wave for once that statute in their case.
Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,
And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should fail,
Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale:
So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.
You're only able to retrieve his doom,
And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome:
For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood;
Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame;
Since to their memory it is so true,
And shews their poetry so much in you.
Go on in pity to this wretched isle,
Which ignorant poetasters do defile
With lousy madrigals for lyric verse;
Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
Would Plautus, Terence e'er, have been so lewd
T' have dreſt Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd?
Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
To shew a whining fool in love betray'd
By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
Then, e'er he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
In a dull speech, and that fine language call?
No, since we live in such a ful some age, [stage;
When nonsense loads the pr ss, and chokes the
When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spight,
And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
Exert yourself, defend the M use's cause,
Proclaim their right, and to maintain their laws
Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue;
That so each chattering daw, who aims at song,
In his own mother tongue may humbly read
What engines yet are wanting in his head
To make him equal to the mighty dead,
For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
And senseleſsly, as squirrels jangle bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore you
Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true!
May your defects be by your powers supply'd,
Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride;
Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
The majesty of poetry return!

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

His Royal Highness the DUKE OF YORK,

Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

When too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
Had surfeited this isle to a disease;
When noisome blains did its best parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire infection shed;
Our great Physician, who the nature knew
Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
He cast his searching eyes o'er all the frame,
And finding whence before one sickness came,
How once before our mischiefs foster'd were,
Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
You burst appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.
Whom, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
New-form'd rebellion durst rear up its head,
Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?
See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
Think on the blood was shed for you before,
And curse the parricides that thirst for more.
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there.
Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
He wears a sword will justify your love.
With blood still ready for your good t' expend,
And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
His duteous loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurmuring to obey.
Think what he has borne, your quiet to restore;
Repent your madness, and rebel no more.
No more let Boutefeus hope to lead petitions,
Scriveners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;
Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for't.

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They're mal-contents that every where go arm'd:
And when the horned herd's together got,
Nothing portends a commonwealth like that.
Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood:
Renounce your priests of Baal with amen faces,
Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.
Nail all your medals on the gallows post,
In recompence th' original was lost:
At these, illustrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay:
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord:
He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
A people's folly, and rouz'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home:
Send all your wishes with him, let the air
With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair:
Let the illustrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
With kind assurance she shall part no more.
Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledge to stand
Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

SPOKEN TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

ON HER

RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1682.

All you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore,
May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see,
From the vain fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon!
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:
From whom our present peace we expect encreas'd,
And all our future generations blest.
Time, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:
And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong;
Bless him with days of strength, and make them long;
Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand,
Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
His father's conquering sword within his hand:
Then th' English lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring music to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France.

PROLOGUE

TO

MRS. BEHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 168x.

How vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
In striving to reclaim a vicious age!
Poets may write, the mischief to impeach;
You care as little what the poets teach,
As you regard at church what parsons preach.
But where such follies and such vices reign,
What honest pen has patience to refrain?
At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
With equal zeal ye honour either place,
And run so very evenly your race,
Y' improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
It must be so; some dæmon has possest
Our land, and we have never since been blest.
Y' have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore,
'Twould play the apostolic function o'er:
But heaven have mercy on us when it swore!
Whence'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
Out of his mouth at random halters flew
Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown,
Though still the cunning devil sav'd its own:
For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
From silken doctor, home-spun Ananias:
Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
And fills the heads of fools with politics.
This dæmon lately drew in many a guest,
To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.
Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
Would lay sweet money out in sham thanksgivings?
Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who e'er paid for a sham treat before?
Had you not better sent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrators' Hall?
I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
I could have entertain'd you worth your money.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

In ſtorms when clouds the moon do hide,
And no kind ſtars the pilot guide,
Shew me at ſea the holdeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for quiet here.
For quiet, friend, the ſoldier fights,
Bears weary marches, ſleepleſs nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
Since wealth and power too weak we find,
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Or from the monarch's roofs of ſtate
Drive thence the cares that round him wait:
Happy the man with little bleſt,
Of what his father left poſſeſt;
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.
What then in life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail,
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
If then thy ſoul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd:
No perfect good is to be found.
One mortal feels Fate's ſudden blow,
Another's lingering death comes ſlow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The gods may give to puniſh me.
Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horſes and chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.
For me, a little cell I chooſe,
Fit for my mind, fit for my Muſe,
Which ſoft content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I ſcorn.

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.

I love, I doat, I rave with pain,
No quiet's in my mind,
Though ne'er could be a happier ſwain,
Were Sylvia leſs unkind.
For when, as long her chains I've worn,
I aſk relief from ſmart,
She only gives me looks of ſcorn;
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly ſtore,
May offer heaps of gold,
But ſurely I a heaven adore,
Too precious to be ſold;
Can Sylvia ſuch a coxcomb prize,
For wealth, and not deſert;
And my poor ſighs and tears deſpiſe?
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

When, like ſome panting, hovering dove,
I for my bleſs contend,
And plead the cauſe of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.
Alas! Sylvia! thus vain you ſtrive
To act a healer's part,
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
Alas! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, penſive bed
I lay me down to reſt,
In hope to calm my raging head,
And cool my burning breaſt,
Her cruelty all eaſe denies:
With ſome ſad dream I ſtart,
All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
And breaking feel my heart.

Then riſing, through the path I rove,
That leads me where ſhe dwells,
Where to the ſenſeleſs waves my love
Its mournful ſtory tells:
With ſighs I dew and kiſs the door,
Till morning bids depart;
Then vent ten thouſand ſighs and more:
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

But, Sylvia, when this conqueſt's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For every lovely generous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And curſe thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

PROLOGUE

TO

N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

What think ye meant wiſe Providence, when firſt
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durſt,
That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
That when its ſpirit o'er the waters ſtirr'd,
When it ſaw all, and ſaid that all was good,
The creature poet was not underſtood:
For, were it worth the pains of ſix long days,
To mould retailers of dull third day plays,
That ſtarve out threeſcore years in hopes of bays?
'Tis plain they ne'er were of the firſt creation,
But came by mere equivocal generation?
Like rats in ſhips, without coition bred,
As hated too as they are, and unfed.

Nature their ſpecies ſure muſt needs diſown,
Scarce knowing poets, leſs by poets known.
Yet this poor thing, ſo ſcorn'd and ſet at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Diſabled waſting whore-maſters are not
Prouder to own the brats they never got,
Than fumbling, itching rhymers of the town
T' adopt ſome baſe-born ſong that's not their own.
Spite of his ſtate, my Lord ſometimes deſcends,
To pleaſe the importunity of friends.
The dulleſt he, thought moſt for buſineſs fit,
Will venture his bought place to aim at wit;
And though he ſinks with his employs of ſtate,
Till common ſenſe forſake him, he'll tranſlate.
The Poet and the Whore alike complains,
Of trading quality, that ſpoil their gains;
The lords will write, and ladies will have twains!
Therefore all you who have male-iſſue born
Under the ſtarving ſign of Capricorn,
Prevent the malice of their ſtars in time,
And warn them early from the ſin of rhyme:
Tell them how Spenſer ſtarv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and ſervice was return'd;
And if ſuch warning they refuſe to take,
This laſt experiment, O parents make!
With hands behind them ſee th' offender ty'd,
The pariſh whip and beadle by his ſide;
Then lead him to ſome ſtall that does expoſe
The authors he loves moſt; there rub his noſe,
Till, like a ſpaniel laſh'd to know command,
He by the due correction underſtand,
To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land;
Till he againſt his nature learn to ſtrive,
And get the knack of dulneſs how to thrive.

THE BEGINNING OF A PASTORAL ON THE *DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.*

What horror's this that dwells upon the plain,
And thus diſturbs the ſhepherd's peaceful reign?
A diſmal ſound breaks through the yielding air,
Forewarning us ſome dreadful ſtorm is near.
The bleating flocks in wild confuſion ſtray,
The early larks forſake their wandering way,
And ceaſe to welcome in the new-born day.
Each nymph poſſeſt with a diſtracted fear,
Diſorder'd hangs her looſe diſhevel'd hair.
Diſeaſes with her ſtrong convulſions reign,
And deities, not known before to pain,
Are now with apoplectic ſeizures ſlain.
Hence flow our ſorrows, hence increaſe our fears
Each humble plant does drop her ſilver tears.
Ye tender lambs, ſtray not ſo faſt away,
To weep and mourn let us together ſtay;
O'er all the univerſe let it be ſpread,
That now the ſhepherd of the flock is dead.
The royal Pan, that ſhepherd of the ſheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal ſleep!
Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly
Aloft where the ſoft milky way does lie;
Mopſus, who Daphnis to the ſtars did ſing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our king.
Play gently on your reeds a mournful ſtrain,
And tell in notes, through all th' Arcadian plain,
The royal Pan, the ſhepherd of the ſheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal ſleep!

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN POMFRET.

Containing his

CHOICE,	LAST EPIPHANY,
PROSPECT OF DEATH,	DIVINE ATTRIBUTES,
REASON,	CRUELTY AND LUST.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er aſſiſtance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, or my ſword.—
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty live.—
And when committed to the duſt, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave:
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live and die like me.

THE CHOICE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET was the ſon of the Reverend Mr. Pomfret, Rector of Luton, in Bedfordſhire, where he was born in 1677.

He was inſtructed in grammatical learning at an eminent ſchool in the country; from whence he was ſent to Queen's College, Cambridge; where, as appears by the univerſity regiſter, he took his Bachelor's degree in 1684, and his Maſter's degree in 1698.

On his leaving the univerſity, he entered into orders, and was preferred to the living of Malden, in Bedfordſhire.

About this time, he appears to have been reproached with fanaticiſm; an aſperſion from which he is fully cleared by a nameleſs friend, in a narrative prefixed to his poems, in 1724.

About 1703, he applied to Dr. Compton, Biſhop of London, for inſtitution to a living of conſiderable value, to which he had been preſented; but was retarded for ſome time by a malicious interpretation of a paſſage in his *Choice*.

> And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
> Some kind relation (for I 'd have no wife)
> Should take upon him all my worldly care,
> While I did for a better ſtate prepare."

Though theſe verſes imply no more than his preference of a ſingle life to marriage, it was inferred from the parentheſis, that he conſidered happineſs as more likely to be found in the company of a miſtreſs than of a wife.

The reproach was eaſily obliterated; for he was then married: but the malice of his enemies had a very fatal conſequence; for the delay occaſioned by the obſtruction he met with, conſtrained his attendance in London; where he caught the ſmall-pox, and died in 1703, in the the thirty-ſixth year of his age.

This is all that is known of Pomfret; a man not deſtitute either of erudition or genius, and who ſeems to have ſpent his life in innocence, eaſe, and tranquillity; but his ſituation being obſcure, and his life ſhort and inactive, there are few incidents recorded concerning him.

The firſt edition of his poems was printed in 1699; to which he prefixed a very modeſt and ſenſible preface. His *Remains*, conſiſting of *Reaſon, a Satire*, and *Dies Noviſſima, a Pindaric Ode*, were inſerted in the edition 1724; the firſt from a copy printed in 1700, and the other from a manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of a friend. The ſubſequent editions have been numerous.

The poems of Pomfret have always been held in very great eſteem by the common readers of poetry; by whom the merit of every poetical production muſt ultimately be decided.

When tried by a ſtandard that reconciles criticiſm with common ſenſe, Pomfret has ſomething to fear; but the deciſion, however unfavourable it may be, will not diminiſh his reputation; for, though he has little vigour of thought, or energy of expreſſion, the ſubjects he writes upon are eminently popular, and his verſification ſufficiently ſmooth and muſical for that numerous claſs of readers, who, without vanity or criticiſm, ſeek only their own amuſement.

There is perhaps no compoſition in our language that has been oftener peruſed than his *Choice*, as it exhibits a ſyſtem of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; ſuch a ſtate as affords plenty and tranquillity, without excluſion of intellectual pleaſures.

" In his other poems," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " there is an eaſy volubility; the pleaſure of ſmooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppreſſed with ponderous, or entangled with intricate ſentiment. He pleaſes many; and he who pleaſes many muſt have ſome ſpecies of merit."

PREFACE.

It will be to little purpoſe, the Author preſumes, to offer any reaſons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is ſo courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable cuſtom of prefaces, that it was through the irreſiſtible importunity of friends, or ſome excuſe of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the preſs; but he thought it much better to leave every man to gueſs for himſelf, and then he would be ſure to ſatisfy himſelf; for, let what will be pretended, people are grown ſo very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unleſs it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a ſham and hypocriſy.

In ſhort, that which wants an excuſe for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the enſuing poems deſerve to ſtand in that claſs, the world muſt have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good humour will eaſily pardon; but thoſe which the peeviſhneſs and ill-nature of the Critic may diſcover, muſt expect to be unmercifully uſed: Though, methinks, it is a very preſterous pleaſure, to ſcratch other perſons till the blood comes, and then laugh at, and ridicule them.

Some perſons, perhaps, may wonder how things of this nature dare come into the world without the protection of ſome great name, as they call it, and a fulſome Epiſtle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if a Poem ſtruts out under my Lord's patronage, the Author imagines it is no leſs than *ſcandalum magnatum* to diſlike it; eſpecially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this ſame Lord is a perſon of wonderful wit and underſtanding, a notable judge of poetry, and a very conſiderable poet himſelf. But if a poem have no intrinſic excellencies, and real beauties, the greateſt name in the world will never induce a man of ſenſe to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of ſnuff into the poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas; for, indeed, there lies the ſtrength of a great name, and the greateſt protection an author can receive from it.

To pleaſe every one, would be a new thing; and to write ſo as to pleaſe nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not ſo fond of fame, to deſire it from the injudicious Many; nor of ſo mortified a temper, not to wiſh it from the diſcerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauſes, but the good ſenſe of the applauders, which eſtabliſhes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve ſay it is well, he will not be at all ſolicitous how great the majority be to the contrary.

London, 1699.

POEMS.

THE CHOICE.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chooſe my method how to live;
And all thoſe hours propitious Fate ſhould lend,
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend;
Near ſome fair town I'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a riſing ground it ſtood;
On this ſide fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It ſhould within no other things contain,
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis naufeous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes, or ſycamores, ſhould grow.
At th' end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whoſe mighty lines
Immortal wit, and ſolid learning, ſhines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's ſoft paſſion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which ſtrong art with ſtronger nature joins,
Muſt grant his fancy does the beſt excel;
His thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well:
With all thoſe moderns, men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my morning exerciſe:
For ſure no minutes bring us more content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful ſtudies ſpent.
I'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately ſpend;
A little more, ſometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor ſhould the ſons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could ſpare;
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty ſhould my table ſpread;
With healthy, not luxurious, diſhes ſpread;
Enough to ſatisfy, and ſomething more,
To feed the ſtranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diſeaſes, and inflames the blood.
But what's ſufficient to make nature ſtrong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bleſs.
I'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleaſant flavour to diſcourſe:
By making all our ſpirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the ſediment of care.
But as the greateſt bleſſing heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreſhing juice
Does many miſchievous effects produce.
My houſe ſhould no ſuch rude diſorders know,
As from high drinking conſequently flow;
Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly given,
To the diſhonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he ſhould be free,
Us'd with reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reaſon gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, ſincere, and great;
I'd chooſe two friends, whoſe company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and men as well as books have known:

Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging right:
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their truſt;
In reaſoning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Briſk in gay talking, and in ſober, grave:
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid reaſon, and let that decide:
Not prone to luſt, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor buſy medlers with intrigues of ſtate:
Strangers to ſlander, and ſworn foes to ſpite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæſar; true
As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their ſociety I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial bliſs.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd chooſe
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe,
As witty nymphs, in converſation, give)
Near ſome obliging modeſt fair to live:
For there's that ſweetneſs in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the ſpring of life, and does impart
Freſh vital heat to the tranſported heart.
I'd have her reaſon all her paſſion ſway:
Eaſy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.
A ſoul ſhe ſhould have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wiſdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or baſe;
Quick to adviſe, by an emergence preſt,
To give good counſel, or to take the beſt.
I'd have th' expreſſion of her thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much:
That ſhews a want of judgment, and of ſenſe;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to ſtrangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averſe to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No cenſure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of womankind aſtray.
To this fair creature I'd ſometimes retire;
Her converſation would new joys inſpire;
Give life an edge ſo keen, no ſurly care
Would venture to aſſault my ſoul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one ſecret ſnare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a repaſt
I'd ſeldom, and with moderation, taſte:
For higheſt cordials all their virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a uſe;
And what would cheer the ſpirits in diſtreſs,
Ruins our health, when taken to exceſs.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er aſſiſtance I had power to bring,
T' oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, or my ſword.
Law ſuits I'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge ſo dear a rate:
For what do we by all our buſtle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilſt I did for a better ſtate prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a ſilent and a peaceful death,
Without a ſigh, reſign my aged breath.
And when committed to the duſt, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live and die like me.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

Though gloomy thoughts diſturb'd my anxious breaſt
All the long night, and drove away my reſt;
Juſt as the dawning day began to riſe,
A grateful ſlumber cloſ'd my waking eyes;
But active fancy to ſtrange regions flew,
And brought ſurpriſing objects to my view.
Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,
The ſoft retreat of gods, when gods make love.
Each beauteous object my charm'd ſoul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;
Nor knew which moſt delighted: all was fine:
The noble product of ſome Power Divine.
But as I travers'd the obliging ſhade,
Which myrtle, jeſſamine, and roſes, made,
I ſaw a perſon whoſe celeſtial face
At firſt declar'd her goddeſs of the place:
But I diſcover'd, when approaching near,
An aſpect full of beauty, but ſevere.
Bold and majeſtic; every awful look
Into my ſoul a ſecret horror ſtruck.
Advancing farther on, ſhe made a ſtand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiſs'd her hand:
Then thus began—Bright Deity! (for ſo
You are, no mortals ſuch perfections know)
I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this ſtrange place, or by what powerful aid,
I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Inſtruct me then, that I no longer may
In darkneſs ſerve the goddeſs I obey.
Youth! ſhe reply'd, this place belongs to one,
By whom you'll be, and thouſands are undone.
Theſe pleaſant walks, and all theſe ſhady bowers,
Are in the government of dangerous powers.

Love's the capricious maſter of this coaſt;
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are loſt.
I dwell not here amidſt theſe gaudy things,
Whoſe ſhort enjoyment no true pleaſure brings;
But have an empire of a nobler kind:
My regal ſeat's in the celeſtial mind;
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
I rule, and make thoſe happy I command.
For, while I govern, all within's at reſt;
No ſtormy paſſion revels in my breaſt:
But when my power is deſpicable grown,
And rebel appetites uſurp the throne,
The ſoul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
But all is tumult, and eternal noiſe.
Know, youth! I'm Reaſon, which you've oft deſpis'd;
I am that Reaſon, which you never priz'd:
And though my argument ſucceſsleſs prove,
(For Reaſon ſeems impertinence in love)
Yet I'll not ſee my charge (for all mankind
Are to my guardianſhip by Heaven aſſign'd)
Into the graſp of any ruin run,
That I can warn them of, and they may ſhun.
Fly, youth, theſe guilty ſhades; retreat in time,
Ere your miſtake's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the error and the fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that ſhines,
In theſe retirements freely to poſſeſs
True joy, and ſtrong ſubſtantial happineſs:
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
In crowds, her tributary Fops appear;
Who, blindly laviſh of their golden days,
Conſume them all in her fallacious ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint commiſſion, rules
In this capacious realm of idle fools;
Who, by falſe hearts, and popular deceits,
The careleſs, fond, unthinking, mortal cheats.
'Tis eaſy to deſcend into the ſnare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
But ſafely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
Though you, who have not taſted that delight,
Which only at a diſtance charms your ſight,
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:
Which loſt is ſubject to eternal ſmart.
Bright Delia's beauty, I muſt needs confeſs,
Is truly great; nor would I make it leſs:
That were to wrong her, where ſhe merits moſt;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coaſt.
And who would run, that's moderately wiſe,
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?
If you miſcarry, you are loſt ſo far
(For there's no erring twice in love and war)
You'll ne'er recover, but muſt always wear
Thoſe chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
Delia has charms, I own; ſuch charms would move
Old age, and frozen impotence to love:
But do not venture, where ſuch danger lies;
Avoid the ſight of thoſe victorious eyes,
Whoſe poiſonous rays do to the ſoul impart
Delicious ruin, and a pleaſing ſmart.
You draw, inſenſibly, deſtruction near;
And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
If the light pains you labour under now,
Deſtroy your eaſe, and make your ſpirits bow;
You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
When heavier made by an imperious ſcorn:
Nor can you hope, ſhe will your paſſion hear
With ſofter notions, or a kinder ear,
Than thoſe of other ſwains; who always found,
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
But grant, ſhe ſhould indulge your flame, and give
Whate'er you'd aſk, nay, all you can receive;
The ſhort-liv'd pleaſure would ſo quickly cloy,
Bring ſuch a weak, and ſuch a feeble joy,
You'd have but ſmall encouragement to boaſt
The tinſel rapture worth the pains it coſt.
Conſider, Strephon, ſoberly of things,
What ſtrange inquietudes Love always brings!
The fooliſh fears, vain hopes, and jealouſies,
Which ſtill attend upon this fond diſeaſe:
How you muſt cringe and bow, ſubmit and whine;
Call every feature, every look, divine:
Command each ſentence with an humble ſmile;
Though nonſenſe, ſwear it is a heavenly ſtyle:
Servilely rail at all ſhe diſapproves;
And as ignobly flatter all ſhe loves:
Renounce your very ſenſe, and ſilent ſit,
While ſhe puts off impertinence for wit:
Like ſetting-dog, now whipp'd for ſpringing game,
You muſt be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauſeous rule
Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
You know the danger, your own methods uſe;
The good or evil's in your power to chooſe:
But who'd expect a ſhort and dubious bliſs
On the declining of a precipice;
Where if he ſlips, not Fate itſelf can ſave
The falling wretch from an untimely grave?
Thou great directreſs of our minds, ſaid I,
We ſafely on your dictates may rely;
And that which you have now ſo kindly preſt,
Is true, and, without contradiction, beſt:
But with a ſteady ſentence to control
The heat and vigour of a youthful ſoul,
While gay temptations hover in our ſight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with ſurpriſing beauty ſmile,
Is difficult; but is a noble toil.
The beſt may ſlip, and the moſt cautious fall;
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
And though fair Delia has my ſoul poſſeſt,
I'll chace her bright idea from my breaſt:
At leaſt, I'll make one eſſay. If I fail,
And Delia's charms o'er Reaſon do prevail,
I may be, ſure, from rigid cenſures free,
Love was my foe; and Love's a deity.
Then ſhe rejoin'd; may you ſucceſsful prove,
In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
Then will proud paſſion on her rightful lord,
You to yourſelf, I to my throne reſtor'd:
But to confirm your courage, and inſpire
Your reſolution with a bolder fire,
Follow me, youth! I'll ſhew you that ſhall move
Your ſoul to curſe the tyranny of Love.
Then ſhe convey'd me to a diſmal ſhade,
Which melancholy yew and cypreſs made;

Where I beheld an antiquated pile
Of rugged building in a narrow isle;
The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
Like vapours steeming from a sulphurous cell.
The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,
O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stood;
As did the roof, ungrateful to the view:
'Twas both an hospital, and bedlam too.
Before the entrance, mouldering bones were spread,
Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;
A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er
Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.
No funeral rites to any here were paid,
But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
Through various turnings to a spacious vault,
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,
Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;
Which made the prospect more amazing sad.
Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad:
Some swearing loud, and others laughing: Some
Were always talking; others always dumb.
Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
And quenches with his blood his amorous fires:
There hangs a second; and, not far remov'd,
A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
All sorts of madness, every kind of death,
By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,
The sad effects of female treacheries;
Others I saw, who were not quite bereft
Of sense, though very small remains were left,
Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
These on the left.——Upon the right a view
Of equal horror, equal misery too;
Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thought,
And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
Of pale, lean mortals; some lay stretch'd along
On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;
Others extended naked on the floor;
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
And know no end of misery till they die,
But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days,
Too soon, in time of misery delays.
These dreadful spectacles had so much power,
I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more:
For sure that flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.
Then we descended, by some few degrees,
From this stupendous scene of miseries;
Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.
Here, youth, she cry'd, in the acutest pain,
Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain,
Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to please
Ambitious, proud, revengful mistresses;
Who, after all their services, preferr'd
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
Before those wretches; who, despairing, dwell
In agonies no human tongue can tell.
Darkness prevents the too amazing sight;
And you may bless the happy want of light.
But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
So very sad I could endure no more;
Methought I felt the miseries they bore.
Then to my guide, said I, For pity now
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.
Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue:
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.
Then we return'd to the delightful grove;
Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.
You see, she cry'd, what misery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;
And let not that unweildy passion sway
Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
The proud usurper of my sacred throne;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the false god, or sacrifice, or praise.
The Syren's music charms the sailor's ear;
But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear:
And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with Aconite may have
A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave:
For though the latent poison may be still
A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
But who'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in misery?
Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a single thread *?
Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the fated appetite is tir'd,
E'en loathe the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms
Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms:
And sure I may your resolution trust;
You'll never want temptation, but be just.
Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;
You're always bound, though 'tis a gentle yoke.
Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,
Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few:
For nothing can oppose his tyranny,
With such a prospect of success as I.
Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
Who knows his arts, and stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
To make himself the deity of fools:
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,
Some while they're sots, and others while they starve;
For those who under his wild conduct go,
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:
In vain philosophy would set the mind
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit:

* The feast of Democles.

Well-weigh'd reſults and wiſe concluſions ſeem
But empty chat, impertinence to him:
His opiates ſeize ſo ſtrongly on the brain,
They make all prudent application vain:
If, therefore, you reſolve to live at eaſe,
To taſte the ſweetneſs of internal peace;
Would not for ſafety to a battle fly,
Or chooſe a ſhipwreck, if afraid to die;
Far from theſe pleaſurable ſhades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This ſaid, ſhe vaniſh'd, and methought I found
Myſelf tranſported to a riſing gronnd;
From whence I did a pleaſant vale ſurvey,
Large was the proſpect, beautiful, and gay,
There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
Whoſe curious forms oblig'd the wondering ſight;
Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
With lofty walls and cooling ſtreams embrac'd:
Others, in ſhady groves, retir'd from noiſe,
The ſeat of private and exalted joys.
At a great diſtance I perceiv'd there ſtood
A ſtately building in a ſpacious wood,
Whoſe gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
Where vulgar lovers ſpend their happy days,
In ruſtic dancing, and delightful plays.
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
I heard from far celeſtial muſic ſound:
So ſoft, ſo moving, ſo harmonious, all
The artful charming notes did riſe and fall;
My ſoul, tranſported with the graceful airs,
Shook off the preſſures of its former fears:
I felt afreſh the little god begin
To ſtir himſelf, and gentle move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd no more
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
Why am I now condemn'd to baniſhment,
And made an exile, by my own conſent?
I ſighing cry'd, why ſhould I live in pain
Thoſe fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do?
Inhuman to himſelf, and falſe to you!
'Tis true, I've promis'd Reaſon to remove
From theſe retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
But is not Reaſon partially unkind?
Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
Muſt none, that under her dominion live,
To Love and Beauty veneration give?
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
With a majeſtic mien, and charming face?
Why did ſhe give her that ſurpriſing air;
Make her ſo gay, ſo witty, and ſo fair;
Miſtreſs of all that can affection move,
If Reaſon will not ſuffer us to love?
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll haſte away;
'Tis fatal to return, and death to ſtay.
From you, bleſt ſhades! (if I may call you ſo
Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
I may find ſafety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I ſaw a beauteous boy,
Such as of old were meſſengers of joy:
Who art thou, or from whence? if lent, ſaid I,
To me, my haſte requires a quick reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon celeſtial grove,
Where ſtands the temple of the God of Love;
With whoſe important favour you are grac'd,
And juſtly in his high protection plac'd:
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
Whoſe ſceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod;
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
The bold, the braveſt, nay, the beſt, have bow'd;
That god, whom all the leſſer gods adore,
Firſt in exiſtence, and the firſt in power.
From him I come, on embaſſy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare puſh your fortune, if you dare
But be reſolved, and preſs the yielding fair,
Succeſs and glory will your labours crown;
For Fate does rarely on the vaſiant frown.
But, were you ſure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and ſcornfully refus'd,
He greater glory and more fame obtains,
Who loſes Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
But to prevent all fears that may ariſe,
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wiſe)
In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
Where all things paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Are writ, I ſaw theſe words——"It is decreed,
"That Strephon's love to Delia ſhall ſucceed."
What would you more? While youth and vigour laſt,
Love, and be happy; they decline too faſt.
In youth alone you're capable to prove
The mighty tranſports of a generous love:
For dull old age, with fumbling labour, cloys
Before the bliſs, or gives but wither'd joys.
Youth's the beſt time for action mortals have;
That paſt, they touch the confines of the grave.
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
To die in raptures, or diſſolve in charms,
Quick to the bliſsful, happy manſion fly,
Where all is one continu'd eeſtaſy.
Delia impatiently expects you there:
And ſure you will not diſappoint the fair.
None but the impotent or old would ſtay,
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh! you convey, ſaid I, dear charming boy,
Into my ſoul a ſtrange diſorder'd joy.
I would, but dare not, your advice purſue;
I've promis'd Reaſon, and I muſt be true;
Reaſon's the rightful empreſs of the ſoul,
Does all exorbitant deſires control,
Checks every wild excurſion of the mind,
By her wiſe dictates happily confin'd;
And he that will not her commands obey,
Leaves a ſafe convoy in a dangerous ſea.
True, I love Delia to a vaſt exceſs,
But I muſt try to make my paſſion leſs:
Try; if I can; if poſſible, I will;
For I have vow'd, and muſt that vow fulfil.
Oh! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
Could I purſue the quarries of delight!
How could I preſs fair Delia in theſe arms,
Till I diſſolv'd in love, and ſhe in charms!

But now no more muſt I her beauties view;
Yet tremble at her thoughts to leave her too.
What would I give, I might my flame allow!
But 'tis forbid by Reaſon, and a vow:
Two mighty obſtacles: though Love of old
Has broke through greater, ſtronger powers control'd.
Should I offend, by high example taught,
'T would not be an inexpiable fault:
The crimes of malice have found grace above;
And ſure kind Heaven will ſpare the crimes of Love.
Could'ſt thou, my angel, but inſtruct me how
I might be happy, and not break my vow;
Or, by ſome ſubtle art, diſſolve the chain;
You'd ſoon revive my dying hopes again.
Reaſon and Love, I know, could ne'er agree;
Both would command, and both ſuperior be.
Reaſon's ſupported by the ſinewy force
Of ſolid argument, and wiſe diſcourſe:
But Love pretends to uſe no other arms,
Than ſoft impreſſions, and perſuaſive charms.
One muſt be diſobey'd; and ſhall I prove
A rebel to my Reaſon, or to Love?
But then, ſuppoſe I ſhould my flame purſue,
Delia may be unkind, and faithleſs too,
Reject my paſſion with a proud diſdain,
And ſcorn the love of ſuch an humble ſwain:
Then ſhould I labour under mighty grief,
Beyond all hopes or proſpect of relief.
So that, methinks, 'tis ſafer to obey
Right Reaſon, though ſhe bears a rugged ſway,
Than Love's ſoft rule, whoſe ſubjects undergo,
Early or late, too ſad a ſhare of woe.
Can I ſo ſoon forget that wretched crew,
Reaſon juſt now expos'd before my view?
If Delia ſhould be cruel, I muſt be
A ſad partaker of their miſery.
But your encouragements ſo ſtrongly move,
I'm almoſt tempted to purſue my love:
For ſure no treacherous deſigns ſhould dwell
In one that argues and perſuades ſo well:
For what could Love by my deſtruction gain?
Love's an immortal god, and I a ſwain;
And ſure I may without ſuſpicion truſt
A god, for gods can never be unjuſt.
Right you conclude, reply'd the ſmiling boy:
Love ruins none; 'tis men themſelves deſtroy:
And thoſe vile wretches which you lately ſaw,
Tranſgreſs'd his rules, as well as Reaſon's law.
They're not Love's ſubjects, but the ſlaves of Luſt;
Nor is their puniſhment ſo great as juſt:
For Love and Luſt eſſentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
One darkneſs hides, t' other does always ſhine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reaſon no generous paſſion does oppoſe:
'Tis Luſt (not Love) and Reaſon that are foes.
She bids you ſcorn a baſe inglorious flame,
Black as the gloomy ſhade from whence it came:
In this her precepts ſhould obedience find;
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.
You err in thinking ſhe would diſapprove
The brave purſuit of honourable love;
And therefore judge what's harmleſs an offence,
Invert her meaning, and miſtake her ſenſe.
She could not ſuch inſipid counſel give,
As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes.
Could you contented ſee th' angelic maid
In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
Or rough-hewn Tityrus poſſeſs thoſe charms,
Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms?
Conſider, youth, what tranſport you forego,
The moſt entire felicity below;
Which is by Fate alone reſerv'd for you:
Monarchs have been deny'd; for monarchs ſue.
I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize;
Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes:
But there is one ſoft minute, when the mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
Which the wiſe lover underſtanding right,
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
You urge your vow; but can thoſe vows prevail,
Whoſe firſt foundation and whoſe reaſon fail?
You vow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
Your paſſion was a crime, your flame a fault.
But ſince your judgment err'd, it has no force
To bind at all, but is diſſolv'd of courſe;
And therefore heſitate no longer here,
But baniſh all the dull remains of fear.
Dare you be happy, youth? but dare, and be:
I'll be your convoy to the charming ſhe.
What! ſtill irreſolute? debating ſtill?
View her, and then forſake her if you will.
I'll go, ſaid I; once more I'll venture all:
'Tis brave to periſh by a noble fall.
Beauty no mortal can reſiſt; and Jove
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.
Reaſon, if I do err, my crime forgive:
Angels alone without offending live.
I go aſtray but as the wiſe have done,
And act a folly which they did not ſhun.
Then we, deſcending to a ſpacious plain,
Were ſoon ſaluted by a numerous train
Of happy lovers, who conſum'd their hours,
With conſtant jollity, in ſhady bowers.
There I beheld the bleſt variety
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free:
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.
None err'd, or miſs'd the happineſs he fought:
Love to one centre every twining brought.
We paſs'd through numerous pleaſant fields and glades,
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful ſhades;
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,
Where mighty Love's immortal temple ſtood:
Round the celeſtial fane, in goodly rows
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows;
Beneath whoſe ſhade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent Fate:
Each had his guardian Cupid, whoſe chief care,
By ſecret motions, was to warm the fair,
To kindle eager longings for the joy,
To move the ſlow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering sight,
Of vaſt extent, and of prodigious height:
The caſe was marble, but the poliſh'd ſtone
With ſuch an admirable luſtre ſhone,
As if ſome architect divine had ſtrove
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
The ponderous gates of maſſy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty ſize inlaid;
Here ſtood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With ſhining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling ſtrings;
The grateful youth is come, to ſacrifice
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes:
With harmony divine his ſoul inſpire,
That he may boldly touch the ſacred fire;
And ye that wait upon the bluſhing fair,
Celeſtial incenſe and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting boſom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.
Entering the ſpacious dome, my raviſh'd eyes
A wondrous ſcene of glory did ſurpriſe:
The riches, ſymmetry, and brightneſs, all
Did equally for admiration call!
But the deſcription is a labour fit
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.
Amidſt the temple was an altar made
Of ſolid gold, where adoration's paid;
Here I perform'd the uſual rites with fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
Till from the god a ſmiling Cupid came,
And bid me touch the conſecrated flame;
Which done, my guide my eager ſteps convey'd
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
On pedeſtals of poliſh'd marble plac'd:
By it her guardian Cupid always ſtands,
Who troops of miſſionary Loves commands:
To him with ſoft addreſſes all repair:
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair:
Though ſtill in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give encouragement to none but me.
There ſtands the youth, he cry'd, muſt take a bliſs;
The lovely Delia can be none but his:
Fate has ſelected him; and mighty Love
Confirms below what that decrees above.
Then preſs no more; there's not another ſwain
On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
Your vows; ſwear you'll eternally be true.
But if you dare be falſe, dare perjur'd prove,
You'll find, in ſure revenge, affronted Love
As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.
Hear me, ye gods, ſaid I, now hear me ſwear,
By all that's ſacred, and by all that's fair!
If I prove falſe to Delia, let me fall
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!
Let me the utmoſt of your vengeance try;
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!
Then he expos'd the lovely ſleeping maid,
Upon a couch of new-blown roſes laid.
The bluſhing colour in her cheeks expreſs'd
What tender thoughts inſpir'd her heaving breaſt.
Sometimes a ſigh half-ſmother'd ſtole away;
Then ſhe would Strephon, charming Strephon, ſay:
Sometimes ſhe, ſmiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true;
But will you always, and be faithful too?
Ten thouſand graces play'd about her face;
Ten thouſand charms attending every grace:
Each admirable feature did impart
A ſecret rapture to my throbbing heart.
The nymph * impriſon'd in the brazen tower,
When Jove deſcended in a golden ſhower,
Leſs beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes
Brought down that god from the neglected ſkies.
So moving, ſo tranſporting was the ſight,
So much a goddeſs Delia ſeem'd, ſo bright,
My raviſh'd ſoul, with ſecret wonder fraught,
Lay all diſſolv'd in ecſtaſy of thought.
Long time I gaz'd; but as I trembling drew
Nearer, to make a more obliging view,
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noiſe
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

As Strephon, in a wither'd cypreſs ſhade,
For anxious thought and ſighing lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched ſtate,
And the hard uſage of too partial Fate,
Thus the ſad youth complain'd: Once happy ſwain,
Now the moſt abject ſhepherd of the plain!
Where's that harmonious concert of delights,
Thoſe peaceful days and pleaſurable nights,
That generous mirth and noble jollity,
Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee?
Diſpers'd and baniſh'd from my troubled breaſt;
Nor leave me one ſhort interval of reſt.
Why do I proſecute a hopeleſs flame,
And play in torment ſuch a looſing game?
All things conſpire to make my ruin ſure?
When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
But Heaven ſometimes does a miraculous thing,
When our laſt hope is juſt upon the wing;
And in a moment drives thoſe clouds away,
Whoſe ſullen darkneſs hid a glorious day.
Why was I born, or why do I ſurvive;
To be made wretched only, kept alive?
Fate is too cruel in the harſh decree,
That I muſt live, yet live in miſery.
Are all its pleaſing happy moments gone?
Muſt Strephon be unfortunate alone?
On other ſwains it laviſhly beſtows;
On them each nymph neglected favour throws:
They meet compliance ſtill in every face,
And lodge their paſſions in a kind embrace;
Obtaining from the ſoft incurious maid
True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
Succeſs on Mævius always does attend;
Inconſtant fortune is his conſtant friend:

* Danae.

He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;
And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
But let him conquer ere one blow be ſtruck:
I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius's luck.
Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
For all the trophies purring Mævius gains;
But rather ſtill live Delia's ſlave. than be
Like Mævius ſilly, and like Mævius free.
But he is happy, loves the common road;
And, pack-horſe like, jogs on beneath his load.
If Phyllis peeviſh or unkind does prove,
It ne'er diſturbs his grave mechanic love.
A little joy his languid flame contents,
And makes him eaſy under all events.
But when a paſſion's noble and ſublime,
And higher ſtill would every moment climb;
If 'tis accepted with a juſt return,
The fire's immortal, will for ever burn,
And with ſuch raptures fills the lover's breaſt,
That ſaints in paradiſe are ſcarce more bleſt.
But I lament my miſeries in vain;
For Delia hears me, pitileſs, complain.
Suppoſe ſhe pities, and believes me true,
What ſatisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unleſs her pity makes her love me too?
Perhaps ſhe loves ('tis but perhaps, I fear,
For that's a bleſſing can't be bought too dear)
If ſhe has ſcruples that oppoſe her will,
I muſt, alas! be miſerable ſtill.
Though, if ſhe loves, thoſe ſcruples ſoon will fly
Before the reaſoning of the Deity:
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And ſuffer no copartner in his throne;
And thoſe falſe arguments that would repel
His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.
What method can poor Strephon then propound,
To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
If ſhe, who guided the vexatious dart,
Reſolves to cheriſh and increaſe the ſmart?
Go, youth, from theſe unhappy plains remove,
Leave the purſuit of unſucceſsful love:
Go, and to foreign ſwains thy griefs relate;
Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind;
Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
And when few years thou haſt in ſorrow ſpent
(For ſure they cannot be of large extent),
In prayers for her thou lov'ſt, reſign thy breath,
And bleſs the minute gives thee eaſe and death.
Here paus'd the ſwain—when Delia driving by
Her bleating flock to ſome freſh paſture nigh,
By Love directed, did her ſteps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in ſilent ſorrow, lay:
As ſoon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He roſe to meet her, and thus, trembling, ſaid:
When humble ſuppliants would the gods appeaſe,
And in ſevere afflictions beg for eaſe,
With conſtant importunity they ſue,
And their petitions every day renew;
Grow ſtill more earneſt as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heaven thoſe bleſſings they enjoy'd before
Not only does return, but gives them more.
O, do not blame me, Delia! if I preſs
So much, and with impatience, for redreſs.
My ponderous griefs no eaſe my ſoul allow;
For they are next t' intolerable now:
How ſhall I then ſupport them, when they grow
To an exceſs, to a diſtracting woe?
Since you're endow'd with a celeſtial mind.
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind,
Did you perceive the torments I endure,
Which you firſt caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your virgin ſoul to pity move,
And pity may at laſt be chang'd to love.
Some ſwains, I own, impoſe upon the fair,
And lead the incautious maid into a ſnare;
But let them ſuffer for their perjury,
And do not puniſh others crimes with me.
If there's ſo many of our ſex untrue,
Yours ſhould more kindly uſe the faithful few;
Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itſelf ſometimes too late.
Your nature is to tenderneſs inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?
A common love, by other perſons ſhewn,
Meets with a full return; but mine has none:
Nay, ſcarce believ'd, though ſome deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A paſſion feign'd, at no repulſe is griev'd,
And values little if it be n't receiv'd:
But love ſincere reſents the ſmalleſt ſcorn,
And the unkindneſs does in ſecret mourn.
Sometimes I pleaſe myſelf, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by deſpair:
That tenderneſs, which in your ſoul is plac'd,
Will move you to compaſſion ſure at laſt.
But when I come to take a ſecond view
Of my own merits, I deſpond of you:
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, ſee,
To raiſe in her the leaſt eſteem for me:
I've nought that can encourage my addreſs;
My fortune's little, and my worth is leſs:
But if a love of the ſublimeſt kind
Can make impreſſion on a generous mind,
If all has real value that's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.
Perhaps you pity me; I know you muſt;
And my affections can no more diſtruſt:
But what, alas! will helpleſs pity do?
You pity, but you may deſpiſe me too.
Still I am wretched, if no more you give:
The ſtarving orphan can't on pity live:
He muſt receive the food for which he cries,
Or he conſumes, and, though much pity'd, dies.
My torments ſtill do with my paſſion grow:
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But ſuffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the preſſure of ſo vaſt a pain.
My wound requires ſome ſpeedy remedy:
Delays are fatal, when deſpair is nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves ſo well.
When will the end of all my ſorrows be?
Can you not love? I'm ſure you pity me.
But if I muſt new miſeries ſuſtain,
And be condemn'd to more and ſtronger pain,

I'll not accuſe you, ſince my fate is ſuch;
I pleaſe too little, and I love too much.
Strephon, no more, the bluſhing Delia ſaid,
Excuſe the conduct of a timorous maid;
Now I'm convinc'd your love's ſublime and true,
Such as I always wiſh'd to find in you.
Each kind expreſſion, every tender thought,
A mighty tranſport in my boſom wrought:
And though in ſecret I your flame approv'd,
I ſigh'd and griev'd, but durſt not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon! be ſo kind to gueſs
What ſhame will not allow me to confeſs.
The youth, encompaſs'd with a joy ſo bright,
Had hardly ſtrength to bear the vaſt delight.
By too ſublime an ecſtaſy poſſeſt,
He trembled, gaz'd, and claſp'd her to his breaſt;
Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endleſs truth and everlaſting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

In an Epiſtle to Celadon.

All men have follies, which they blindly trace
Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze:
But happy thoſe, who, by a prudent care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious ſnare.
The eldeſt ſons of Wiſdom were not free
From the ſame failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and, by that glorious paſſion led,
Forgot what Plato and themſelves had ſaid.
Love triumph'd o'er thoſe dull, pedantic rules,
They had collected from the wrangling ſchools;
And made them to his noble ſway ſubmit,
In ſpite of all their learning, art, and wit.
Their grave, ſtarch'd morals then unuſeful prov'd;
Theſe duſty characters he ſoon remov'd;
For, when his ſhining ſquadrons came in view,
Their boaſted reaſon murmur'd, and withdrew;
Unable to oppoſe their mighty force
With phlegmatic reſolves, and dry diſcourſe.
If, as the wiſeſt of the wiſe have err'd,
I go aſtray, and am condemn'd unheard,
My faults you too ſeverely reprehend,
More like a rigid cenſor than a friend.
Love is the monarch paſſion of the mind,
Knows no ſuperior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs ſtill, impatient of controul,
O'er all the proud endowments of the ſoul.
You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were;
Your praiſe did then her early charms confeſs,
Yet you'd perſuade me to adore her leſs.
You but the nou-age of her beauty ſaw,
But might from thence ſublime ideas draw,
And what ſhe is, by what ſhe was, conclude;
For now ſhe governs thoſe ſhe then ſubdu'd.
Her aſpect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, diſtinctly writ,
The lines of goodneſs, and the marks of wit:
Each feature, emulous of pleaſing moſt,
Does juſtly ſome peculiar ſweetneſs boaſt:
And her compoſure's of ſo fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.
When the immortal Beauties of the ſkies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' ſhare,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aſpect, and Minerva's mind.
View both thoſe nymphs whom other ſwains adore,
You'll value charming Delia ſtill the more.
Dorinda's mien 's majeſtic, but her mind
Is to revenge and peeviſhneſs inclin'd:
Myrtilla 's fair; and yet Myrtilla's proud:
Chloe has wit; but noiſy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the ſilliſt things;
And yet Melania like an angel ſings.
But in my Delia all endowments meet,
All that is juſt, agreeable, or ſweet;
All that can praiſe and admiration move,
All that the wiſeſt and the braveſt love.
In all diſcourſes ſhe 's appoſite and gay,
And ne'er wants ſomething pertinent to ſay;
For, if the ſubject 's of a ſerious kind,
Her thoughts are manly, and her ſenſe refin'd;
But if divertive, her expreſſion 's fit,
Good language, join'd with inoffenſive wit;
So cautious always, that ſhe ne'er affords
An idle thought the charity of words.
The vices common to her ſex can find
No room, ev'n in the ſuburbs of her mind;
Concluding wiſely ſhe 's in danger ſtill,
From the mere neighbourhood of induſtrious ill.
Therefore at diſtance keeps the ſubtle foe,
Whoſe near approach would formidable grow;
While the unwary virgin is undone,
And meets the miſery which ſhe ought to ſhun.
Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay;
But let true judgment and right reaſon ſway;
Modeſtly bold, and quick to apprehend;
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.
Her darts are keen, but level'd with ſuch care,
They ne'er fall ſhort, and ſeldom fly too far:
For when ſhe rallies, 'tis with ſo much art,
We bluſh with pleaſure, and with rapture ſmart.
O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk of love.
That tender paſſion to her fancy brings
The prettieſt notions, and the ſofteſt things;
Which are by her ſo movingly expreſt,
They fill with ecſtaſy my throbbing breaſt.
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what ſhe ſays I meaſure things above,
And gueſs the language of ſeraphic love.
To the cool boſom of a peaceful ſhade,
By ſome wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we ſecretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful paſtures feed,
Some well-deſign'd, inſtructive poem read;

Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind:
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wise remarks upon the poet's thought;
So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
The empty sound of words from solid sense.
The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass
For standard gold, when 'tis but gilded brass.
Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
She smiling ask'd me, Whether I 'd prefer
An humble cottage on the plains with her,
Before the pompous building of the great;
And find content in that inferior state?
Said I, The question you propose to me,
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
Were the degrees of my affection less
Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
In you I 've all I can desire below,
That earth can give me, or the gods bestow;
And, blest with you, I know not where to find
A second, choice, you take up all my mind.
I 'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
Where Charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,
For all the splendor that a court can give,
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
(Too fatally related to a throne)
Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,
For dangerous greatness and tumultuous courts;
Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain;
For what is power to such an humble swain?
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
Though half the globe should be assign'd my share.
And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
Become the basest and the worst of men?
O, do not urge me, Celadon, forbear;
I cannot leave her, she's too charming fair!
Should I your counsel in this case pursue,
You might suspect me for a villain too:
For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Just to his friend, who 's faithless to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

As those who hope hereafter heaven to share,
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear;
And, with collected spirits, undergo
The sad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intense reflections, antedate
The mighty raptures of a future state;
While the bright prospect of approaching joy
Creates a bless no trouble can destroy:
So, though I'm tost'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming shore:
Though from my Delia banish'd; all that's dear,
That's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
That the dark treasury of times contains
A glorious day, will finish all my pains:
And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb,
Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
(When truth 's conspicuous, we need not swear;
Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
I 'd scorn whate'er the busy world could give;
'Twould be the worst of miseries to live:
For all my wishes and desires pursue,
All I admire, and covet here, is you.
Were I possess'd of your surprising charms,
And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
Could angels envy, they would envy me.
Oft, as I wander in a silent shade,
When bold vexations would my soul invade,
I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
But what inclines my willing mind to you.
The soft reflections on your sacred love,
Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
Composing every faculty to rest,
They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.
Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
I think o'er all the stories of our love.
What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,
When, in a masculine embrace, I prest
The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!
Then I remember, and with vast delight,
The kind expressions of the parting night:
Methought the sun too quick return'd again,
And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
Strong and contracted was our eager bliss,
An age of pleasure in each generous kiss:
Years of delight in moments we compriz'd;
And heaven itself was there epitomiz'd.
But, when the glories of the eastern light
O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
Farewell, my Delia, O farewell! said I,
The utmost period of my time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
But, though I must my native plains forego,
Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too;
No change of fortune shall for ever move
The settled base of my immortal love.
And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!
The only valu'd, and the best belov'd!
Though other swains to me themselves address'd,
Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest:
Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;
Little themselves, their passions less esteem'd:
For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
Though I'm deprive'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;
Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
However, flatter me, and say you will.
For, should you entertain a rival love;
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove;

No mortal e'er could half ſo wretched be:
For ſure no mortal ever lov'd like me.
Your beauty, nymph, ſaid I, my faith ſecures;
Thoſe you once conquer, muſt be always your's:
For, hearts ſubdued by your victorious eyes,
No force can ſtorm, no ſtratagem ſurpriſe;
Nor can I of captivity complain,
While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
Might fear, at leaſt, he would deſpiſe her charms;
But I can never ſuch a monſter prove,
To ſlight the bleſſings of my Delia's love.
Would thoſe who at celeſtial tables ſit,
Bleſt with immortal wine, immortal wit;
Chooſe to deſcend to ſome inferior board,
Which nought but ſcum and nonſenſe can afford?
Nor can I e'er thoſe gay nymphs addreſs,
Whoſe pride is greater, and whoſe charms are leſs;
Their tinſel beauty may, perhaps, ſubdue
A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulſome beau;
But ſeem at beſt indifferent to me,
Who none but you with admiration ſee.
Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
I'd make the ſun a ſecond time ſtand ſtill,
And to the lower world their light repay,
When conquering Joſhua robb'd them of a day:
Though our two ſouls would different paſſions prove;
His was a thirſt of glory, mine of love;
It will not be; the ſun makes haſte to riſe,
And take poſſeſſion of the eaſtern ſkies;
Yet one more kiſs, though millions are too few;
And, Delia, ſince we muſt, muſt part, adieu.
As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harſh impreſſions of a ruder air;
With mighty ſorrow, and with weeping eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loſs of paradiſe:
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left paradiſe in leaving you.
If, as I walk, a pleaſant ſhade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:
Such was the happy place, I, ſighing, ſay,
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
When firſt I did my tender thoughts impart,
And made a grateful preſent of my heart.
Or, if my friend, in his apartment, ſhews
Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,
In which the artiſt has, with wond'rous care,
Deſcrib'd the face of one exceeding fair;
Though, at firſt ſight, it may my paſſion raiſe,
And every feature I admire and praiſe;
Yet ſtill, methinks, upon a ſecond view,
'Tis not ſo beautiful, ſo fair as you.
If I converſe with thoſe whom moſt admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, wit;
They want ſome amiable, moving grace,
Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:
For ten good thoughts amongſt the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thouſand are impertinent.
Let other ſhepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change:
They from variety leſs joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy thoſe ill-judging ſwains
(What they enjoy's the refuſe of the plains)
If, for my ſhare of happineſs below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would beſtow;
Whatever bleſſings it can give beſide,
Let all mankind among themſelves divide.

A PASTORAL ESSAY

ON THE

DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

Anno 1694.

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd, [ſtray'd,
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had
Beneath a mournful cypreſs ſhade he found
Coſmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haſte he ran to know
The fatal cauſe of her intemperate woe;
And, claſping her to his impatient breaſt,
In theſe ſoft words his tender care expreſt:

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Coſmelia? Why appears
My life, my ſoul, diſſolv'd in briny tears?
Has ſome fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer ſlain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has ſome greedy wolf devour'd thy ſheep?
What ſad misfortune makes Coſmelia weep?
Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increaſe,
Partake thy ſorrows, or reſtore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?
'Tis for——I cannot the ſad tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting ſpirits fled;
'Tis for Cæleſtia—Strephon, Oh—She's dead!
The brighteſt nymph, the princeſs of the plain,
By an untimely dart, untimely ſlain.

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impoſſible! She cannot die:
She's too divine, too much a deity:
'Tis a falſe rumour ſome ill ſwains have ſpread,
Who wiſh, perhaps, the good Cæleſtia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! no; the truth in every face appears;
For every face you meet 's o'erflown with tears.
Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,
From flock to flock, and aſk'd of every ſwain,
But each ſcarce lifting his dejected head,
Cry'd Oh, Coſmelia! Oh, Celeſtia's dead!

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-brooding croak
Of the prophetic raven from the oak,
Which ſtrait by lightning was in ſhivers broke.
But we our miſchief feel, before we ſee;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with miſery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to beſtow,
No pompous things to make a glorious ſhew
(For all the tribute a poor ſwain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and ſing)

Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse
Cælestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Cælestia dead! then 'tis in vain to live;
What 's all the comfort that the plains can give;
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread,
As gave new life to every swain, is dead.

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread,
With early flowers and cheerful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to summer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store
Of nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then, to all that's gay:
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Cælestia's dead.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise:
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much she was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.
And since we do of such a princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raise then thy tuneful voice; and be the song
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
And left Cælestia here to rule alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace!
Justice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples spread a glorious light;
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,
She hardly gave them leisure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging sword of necessary law:
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
She met her hero with a full desire;
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:
Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
His could not seem the greater, her's the less;
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princess! Oh, thrice happy swains!
Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
To mingle with the kindred of the skies.
Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;
The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd:
There too did piety and greatness wait;
Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state:
Humble amidst the splendors of a throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
She with some pains submitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:
To whose mysterious rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a flame;
The duties of religion seem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least allay,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft, but absolute controul,
That, as she knew what best great Pan would please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, power)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord,
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
Till it ascended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey:
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

COSMELIA.

Mature for heaven, the fatal mandate came,
With a chariot of ethereal flame;
In which, Elijah-like, she pass'd the spheres;
Brought joy to heaven, but left the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright!
While the immortal minds around her gaze
On the excessive splendor of her rays;

And ſcarce believe a human ſoul could be
Endow'd with ſuch ſtupendous majeſty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful Cæleſtia's urn!
So great a loſs as this deſerves exceſs
Of ſorrows; all's too little that is leſs.
But, to ſupply the univerſal woe,
Tears from all eyes, without ceſſation, flow:
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing breaſts, Cæleſtia's fate bemoan;
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
And echo back theſe cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and ſpring with yew!
Ye thirſty, barren mountains, weep with dew!
Let every flower on this extended plain
Not droop, but ſhrink into its womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!
Let every thing that's grateful leave the earth!
Let mournful cypreſs, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place ſucceed!
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haſte ſwiftly to the ſea for more relief:
Then tiding back, each to his ſacred head,
Tell your aſtoniſh'd ſprings, Cæleſtia's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have ye ſung, in an exalted ſtrain,
The faireſt nymph e'er grac'd the Britiſh plain.
Who knows but ſome officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That ſhe may ſmile upon us from above,
And bleſs our mournful pains with peace and love.

STREPHON.

But ſee, our flocks do to their folds repair;
For night with ſable clouds obſcures the air:
Cold damps deſcend from the unwholeſome ſky,
And ſafety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our ſorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll ſing and mourn,
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

None lives in this tumultuous ſtate of things,
Where every morning ſoon new troubles brings,
But bold inquietudes will break his reſt,
And gloomy thoughts diſturb his anxious breaſt.
Angelic forms, and happy ſpirits, are
Above the malice of perplexing care:
But that's a bleſſing too ſublime, too high,
For thoſe who bend beneath mortality.
If in the body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and ſenſible of ſmart,
And but one paſſion could torment the mind;
That part, that paſſion, buſy fate would find:
But, ſince infirmities in both abound,
Since ſorrow both ſo many ways can wound:
'Tis not ſo great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happieſt man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of eſtate and birth,
Had yet ſome anxious care, to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that diſquiet, free,
Is not conſiſtent with humanity.
Youth, wit, and beauty, are ſuch charming things,
O'er which, if affluence ſpreads her gaudy wings,
We think the perſon who enjoys ſo much;
No care can move, and no affliction touch;
Yet could we but ſome ſecret method find
To view the dark receſſes of the mind,
We there might ſee the hidden ſeed of ſtrife,
And woes in embryo ripening into life:
How ſome fierce luſt, or boiſterous paſſion, fills
The labouring ſpirit with prolific ills;
Pride, envy, or revenge, diſtract the ſoul,
And all right reaſon's godlike power controul;
But if ſhe muſt not be allow'd to ſway
Though all without appears ſerene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poiſons all the comforts of his days.
External pomp and viſible ſucceſs
Sometimes contribute to our happineſs;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conſcience and a ſoul reſign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction's ſent,
To try our virtues, or for puniſhment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And ſtill adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wiſe;
And he that can acquire ſuch virtues, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.
Too ſoft careſſes of a proſperous fate
The pious fervours of the ſoul abate;
Tempts to luxurious eaſe our careleſs days,
And gloomy vapour round the ſpirits raiſe.
Thus lull'd into a ſleep we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in ſecurity;
Unleſs ſome ſorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchanment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our ſight,
In blackeſt days, ſome glimmerings of light;
So, in the moſt dejected hours we may
The ſecret pleaſure have to weep and pray:
And thoſe requeſts the ſpeedieſt paſſage find
To heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:
And while to him we open our diſtreſs,
Our pains grow lighter, and our ſorrows leſs.
The fineſt muſic of the grove we owe
The mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief 's in charming notes expreſs'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breaſt;
In warbling melody ſhe ſpends the night,
And moves at once compaſſion and delight
No choice had e'er ſo happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and ſo ſhort's our ſight,
We cannot level our own wiſhes right:
And if ſometimes we make a wiſe advance,
T' ourſelves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for ſecret ends,
Corroding cares, or ſharp affliction, ſends

We muſt conclude it beſt it ſhould be ſo,
And not deſponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundleſs wiſdom and eternal love,
To place it on himſelf, or human aid,
Will meet thoſe woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keeneſt agonies of grief,
Content's a cordial that ſtill gives relief:
Heaven is not always angry when he ſtrikes,
But moſt chaſtiſes thoſe whom moſt he likes;
And, if with humble ſpirits they complain,
Relieves the anguiſh, or rewards the pain.

TO

ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the firſt man by diſobedience fell
An eaſy conqueſt to the powers of hell,
There's none in every ſtage of life can be
From the inſults of bold affliction free.
If a ſhort reſpite gives us ſome relief,
And interrupts the ſeries of our grief,
So quick the pangs of miſery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.
Reaſon refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wiſe philoſophy, and ſerious thought,
Support the ſoul beneath the ponderous weight
Of angry ſtars, and unpropitious fate;
Then is the time ſhe ſhould exert her power,
And make us practice what ſhe taught before.
For why are ſuch voluminous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By ſage reſults, and well digeſted ſenſe;
That, when the ſtorm of miſery appears,
With all its real or fantaſtic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or ſtem the tide before it ſwells too high.
But though the theory of wiſdom's known
With eaſe, what ſhould, and what ſhould not be done;
Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wiſe;
The ſacred truth of ſound philoſophy
We ſtudy early, but we late apply.
When ſtubborn anguiſh ſeizes on my ſoul,
Right reaſon would its haughty rage controul;
But, if it mayn't be ſuffer'd to endure,
The pain is juſt, when we reject the cure.
For many men, cloſe obſervation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the ſight of daring woes,
And ſtoop ignobly to the vileſt foes;
As if they underſtood not how to be
Or wiſe, or brave, but in felicity;
And by ſome action, ſervile or unjuſt,
Lay all their former glories in the duſt.
For wiſdom firſt the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies:
So that, when moſt his prudence ſhould be ſhewn,
The moſt imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind's ſurrounded with diſtreſs,
Fear or inconſtancy the judgment preſs.
And render it incapable to make
Wiſe reſolutions, or good counſels take.
Yet there's a ſteadineſs of ſoul and thought,
By reaſon bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidſt the ſtormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all afflictions braves.
In ſharp misfortunes, ſome will ſearch too deep
What heaven prohibits, and would ſecret keep:
But thoſe events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, ſerve only to increaſe our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to purſue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earlieſt parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preſerv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not ſwerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their deſires were ſuch)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er ſince my folly moſt to wiſdom riſe;
And few are, but by ſad experience, wiſe.
Conſider, Friend! who all your bleſſings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:
Conſider too, how many thouſands are
Under the worſt of miſeries, deſpair;
And don't repine at what you now endure;
Cuſtom will give you eaſe, or time will cure:
Once more conſider, that the preſent ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater ſtill;
And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.
But ſince it is impoſſible to be
Human, and not expos'd to miſery,
Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not leſs than man!
Afflictions paſt can no exiſtence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind;
And why ſhould we for thoſe misfortunes mourn,
Which have been ſuffer'd, and can ne'er return?
Thoſe that can weather a tempeſtuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unleſs their reaſon they diſown,
Still make thoſe dangers preſent that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can ſee;
It may be joy: ſuppoſe it miſery:
'Tis future ſtill; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the preſent ill alone we ought
To view, in reaſon, with a troubled thought;
But, if we may the ſacred pages truſt,
He's always happy, that is always juſt.

TO

HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I WOULD not have you, Strephon, chooſe a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a ſtate;
For in both theſe we may expect to find
A creeping ſpirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, ſhares
The leaſt diſquiets, and the ſmalleſt cares.

Let her extraction with true luſtre ſhine;
If ſomething brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior nor above her ſtate.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, or pedantry:
For the effect of wowan's wit is ſuch,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour cloſe with thine;
Unleſs where your's does to a fault incline;
The leaſt diſparity in this deſtroys,
Like ſulphurous blaſts, the very buds of joys.
Her perſon amiable, ſtraight, and free
From natural, or chance deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women paſt their vigour, ſoon decline:
Her fortune competent; and, if thy ſight
Can reach ſo far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine's enough, then her's may be the leſs:
Do not aſpire to riches in exceſs.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel ſufficiency and love.

TO A

PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

Painter, the utmoſt of thy judgment ſhew;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the livelineſs of thought expreſs
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canſt not flatter, where ſuch beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art excels.
Others leſs fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which ſparing Nature never gave:
But in Dorinda's aſpect thou wilt ſee
Such as will poſe thy famous art, and thee;
So great, ſo many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and ſo wonderous bright.
No human ſkill can e'er expreſs them all,
But muſt do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone that pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel ſits.
Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And juſtly may perhaps, when ſhe withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deſerve applauſe:
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what's by Nature done.
Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the perſon drew:
He took the beſt that nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he ſeen that bright, ſurpriſing grace,
Which ſpreads itſelf o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the eſſays of his ſkill:
She muſt have been confeſt the faireſt ſtill.
Heaven in a landſcape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can ſhine;
But ſtill the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, ſurpaſs.

TO THE

PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

Painter, thou haſt perform'd what man can do;
Only Dorinda's ſelf more charms can ſhew.
Bold are thy ſtrokes, and delicate each touch;
But ſtill the beauties of her face are ſuch,
As cannot juſtly be deſcrib'd; though all
Confeſs 't is like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmoſt Nature, or that Art, can do;
Each is a maſter-piece, deſign'd ſo well,
That future times will ſtrive to parallel;
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN

*EPISTOLARY ESSAY**.

Where can the wretched'ſt of all creatures fly,
To tell the ſtory of her miſery?
Where, but to faithful Cælia, in whoſe mind
A manly bravery's with ſoft pity join'd,
I fear, theſe lines will ſcarce be underſtood,
Blurr'd with inceſſant tears, and writ in blood;
But if you can the mournful pages read,
The ſad relation ſhews you ſuch a deed,
As all the annals of th' infernal reign
Shall ſtrive to equal, or exceed in vain.
Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
Whoſe cruelty has caus'd a ſea of tears;
Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral ſighs,
Deploring widows ſhrieks, and orphans cries.
At every health the horrid monſter quaff'd,
Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd, he laugh'd:
Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
Drunk with exceſs of blood and wine, to bed.
Oh, curſed place!—I can no more command
My pen: ſhame and confuſion ſhake my hand:
But I muſt on, and let my Cælia know
How barbarous are my wrongs, how vaſt my woe.
Among the crowds of Weſtern youths who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man †,
My huſband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtleſs of th' event.
But when the battle was by treachery won,
The chief, and all but his falſe friend, undone;
Though, in the tumult of that deſperate night,
He 'ſcap'd the dreadful ſlaughter of the fight;
Yet the ſagacious bloodhounds, ſkill'd too well
In all the murdering qualities of hell,
Each ſecret place ſo regularly beat,
They ſoon diſcover'd his unſafe retreat.

* This Piece was occaſioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Weſtern Rebellion, in 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promiſe to ſave her huſband's life, but hanged him next morning.

† The Duke of Monmouth.

As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
To ſure deſtruction hurry them away;
So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's ſon
With Charion to the common butchery run;
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet ſtood,
To glut himſelf with freſh ſupplies of blood.
Our friends, by powerful interceſſion, gain'd
A ſhort reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compaſſion move
The ſavage general; but in vain they ſtrove.
When I perceiv'd that all addreſſes fail'd,
And nothing o'er his ſtubborn ſoul prevail'd;
Diſtracted almoſt, to his tent I flew,
To make the laſt effort, what tears could do.
Low on my knees I fell; then thus began:
Great genius of ſucceſs, thou more than man!
Whoſe arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
And carry'd conqueſt round the trembling world!
Still may the brighteſt glories Fame can lend,
Your ſword, your conduct, and your cauſe, attend.
Here now the arbiter of fate you ſit,
While ſuppliant ſlaves their rebel heads ſubmit.
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!
And take the little all that we poſſeſs.
I'll bear the meagre anguiſh of diſtreſs
Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread:
Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.
The fall of ſuch a youth no luſtre brings
To him whoſe ſword performs ſuch wondrous things
As ſaving kingdoms, and ſupporting kings.
That triumph only with true grandeur ſhines,
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.
Cæſar, the eldeſt favourite of war,
Took not more pleaſure to ſubmit, than ſpare:
And ſince in battle you can greater be,
That over, ben't leſs merciful than he.
Ignoble ſpirits by revenge are known,
And cruel actions ſpoil the conqueror's crown;
In future hiſtories fill each mournful page
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:
And, while his annals are with horror read,
Men curſe him living, and deteſt him dead.
Oh! do not fully with a ſanguine dye
(The fouleſt ſtain) ſo fair a memory!
Then, as you'll live the glory of our iſle,
And Fate on all your expeditions ſmile:
So when a noble courſe you've bravely ran,
Die the beſt ſoldier, and the happieſt man.
None can the turns of Providence foreſee,
Or what their own cataſtrophe may be;
Therefore, to perſons labouring under woe,
That mercy they may want, ſhould always ſhew:
For in the chance of war the ſlighteſt thing
May loſe the battle, or the victory bring.
And how would you that general's honour prize,
Should in cool blood his captive ſacrifice?
He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
To juſtice forfeits his opprobrious head:
But 'tis unhappy Charion's firſt offence,
Seduc'd by ſome too plauſible preſence,
To take the injuring ſide by error brought;
He had no malice, though he has the fault.
Let the old tempters find a ſhameful grave,
But, the half innocent, the tempted, ſave;
Vengeance divine, though for the greateſt crime,
But rarely ſtrikes the firſt or ſecond time:
And he beſt follows th' Almighty's will,
Who ſpares the guilty he has power to kill.
When proud rebellions would unhinge a ſtate,
And wild diſorders in a land create,
'Tis requiſite the firſt promoters ſhould
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood:
But ſure 'tis a degree of murder all
That draw their ſwords ſhould undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
And ſince a mercy muſt to ſome be ſhewn,
Let Charion 'mongſt the happy few be one:
For as none guilty has leſs guilt than he,
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.
When David's general had won the field,
And Abſalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd,
The trumpets ſounding made all ſlaughter ceaſe,
And miſled Iſraelites return'd in peace.
The action paſt, where ſo much blood was ſpilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt;
But all concludes with the deſir'd event,
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.
As great example your great courage warms,
And to illuſtrious deeds excites your arms;
So when you inſtances of mercy view,
They ſhould inſpire you with compaſſion too:
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and ſhould always ſave.
Here, interrupting, ſtern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with ſucceſs, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can ſpare or kill.
I'll think of what you've ſaid: this night return
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cauſe to mourn.
Go, ſee your huſband, bid him not deſpair;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.
When anxious miſeries the ſoul amaze,
And dire confuſion in the ſpirits raiſe,
Upon the leaſt appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;
Impatience makes our wiſhes earneſt grow,
Which through falſe optics our deliverance ſhew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Moſt at a diſtance, it is oft too near,
And many times, ſecure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuſcade of woes.
Pleas'd with the falſe Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my ſorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard haſten'd, where the prey,
Of this blood-thirſty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion ſaw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerneſs he rais'd his drooping head:
Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in ſome diſtant clime thy virtue hide!
Here nothing but the fouleſt dæmons dwell,
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
The air they breathe is every atom curſt:
There's no degree of ills, for all are worſt.
In rapes and murders they alone delight,
And villanies of leſs importance ſlight:
Act them indeed, but ſcorn they ſhould be nam'd,
For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.

Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,
And seems to merit that high station too:
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
By Asmodai and Maloc both possest,
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my soul into an agony;
Not that I would not for my freedom give
What's requisite, or do not wish to live;
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short years with long disgrace;
Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
With ignominy to preserve my breath,
Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
But if I can't my life with honour save,
With honour I'll descend into the grave.
For though revenge and malice both combine
(As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.
But what is death we so unwisely fear?
An end of all our busy tumults here:
The equal lot of poverty and state,
Which all partake of by a certain fate.
Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
At divers ages, and by divers ways,
Will find them from this noisy scene retire:
Some the first minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;
But die, before they good or evil know.
Here one to puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the dust again:
Another there maintains a longer strife
With all the powerful enemies of life;
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
He drops into the dark, and disappears.
I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late posterity,
'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But since substantial grief so soon destroys
The gust of all imaginary joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for life, than it can merit, give!
Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
The boundless realms of vast eternity;
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell;
But who their government or laws can tell?
What's their employment till the final doom
And time's eternal period shall come?
Thus much the sacred oracles declare,
That all are blest'd or miserable there;
Though, if there's such variety of fate,
None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.
For my own part, with resignation, still
I can submit to my Creator's will;
Let him recal the breath from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
The way of dying is my least concern:
That will give no disturbance to my urn.
If to the seats of happiness I go,
There end all possible returns of woe:
And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
With pity I'll behold those that survive.
Once more I beg, you'd from these tents retreat,
And leave me to my innocence and fate.
Charion, said I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
I'll see the event of this important night:
Some strange presages in my soul forebode,
The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.
Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom;
A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.
If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:
For, when you are to endless raptures gone,
If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.
Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
From sly injustice, or oppressive might?
Protect her person, or her cause defend?
She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:
I've no distrust of Providence; but still
'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill:
And those can have no reason to repent,
Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a world of everlasting bliss
Why would you go, and leave me here in this!
'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall view,
I'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you:
That my behaviour to the last may prove
Your courage is not greater than my love.
The hour approach'd; as to Neronior's tent,
With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,
By sad ideas and strong fears possest:
Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would shew
Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.
Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood;
And at his feet, just through the body run,
Struggling for life, was laid his only son;
By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
Dividing still, with pious care, his bread:
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
The sole support of his decrepid years,
The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes.
There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sate.
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;
Beneath, the children round the mother clung:
They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief:
For all they had to live upon, was grief.
A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
No creature, merely human, long could bear.
First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
And, with a groan, cast to her husband look:
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the world! and dy'd.
From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd;
Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,
Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept:
Each every hour did the black message dread,
Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,
A comely youth and of no common birth,
To execution led; who hardly bare
The wounds in battle he receiv'd before:

And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.
At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
They did me to the general convey:
Who thus began——
Madam! by fresh intelligence, I find,
That Charion's treason's of the blackest kind;
And my commission is express to spare
None that so deeply in rebellion are:
New measures therefore 'tis vain to try;
No pardon can be granted: he must die.
Must, or I hazard all: which yet I'd do
To be oblig'd in one request by you:
And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success
By supple flattery, and by soft address;
The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,
Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies hearts.
But I can no such whining methods use:
Consent, he lives; he dies, if you refuse.
Amaz'd at this demand; said I, The brave,
Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save:
They let their captives still with honour live,
No more require, than what themselves would give;
For, generous victors, as they scorn to do
Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.
Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
'Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.
Great men their actions of a piece should have;
Heroic all, and each entirely brave;
From the nice rules of honour none should swerve;
Done, because good, without a mean reserve.
The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth,
May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
Suppose the accusation justly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;
Yet mercies next to infinite abate
Offences next to infinitely great:
And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,
In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.
Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,
This act will more illustrious appear;
Though his excuse can never be withstood,
Who disobeys, but only to be good.
Perhaps the hazard's more than you express;
The glory would be, were the danger less.
For he that, to his prejudice, will do
A noble action, and a generous too,
Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown
Than he that has a thousand battles won.
Do not invert divine compassion so,
As to be cruel, and no mercy show!
Of what renown can such an action be,
Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?
Though, if you finally resolve to stand
Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
He must submit: if 'tis my fate to mourn
His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.
Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
Some of my *lambs shall be your guard to-night;
By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd:
Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.
Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
The night must pass delightfully along:
And in the morning, since you will not give
What I require, to let your husband live,
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
And gently swing into the arms of death.
His fate he merits, as to rebels due:
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.
Oh Cælia, think! so far as thought can shew,
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast!
By all things sad and terrible possest.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my prayers were to a tiger made:
A tiger! worse; for, 'tis beyond dispute,
No fiend's so cruel as a reasoning brute.
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,
Ruin——it was not possible to shun:
What could I do? Oh! what would you have done?
The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate grief,
Beyond expression, and above belief.
Madam, the monster cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the fair that's kind;
Step to the door, I'll shew you such a sight,
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
Become the gibbet, and adorn the string?
You need not now an injur'd husband dread;
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife.
And, madam, you'll excuse the zeal I shew,
To keep that secret none alive should know.
Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
And wasteless their eternal hunger feed;
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
The burning earnest of a hotter hell;
May that vile lump of execrable lust
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;
And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,
In thine own person all united bear!
Oh Cælia! oh my friend! what age can shew
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Because it can't be everlasting here:
But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase:
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his lambs.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A—— WITH THE COUNTESS OF S——.

Triumphant beauty never looks so gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves:
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat:
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong:
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:
Now she is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then something is forgot:
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from every thought arise;
What loves persuades, I know not what denies.
Achetes' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame:
Bold, without rudeness; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light:
By just degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.
But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he's banish'd into heaven:
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love,
Are next, if only next, to those above.
Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage:
For first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.
What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien:
For, in her aspect all the graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet:
There every charm in lofty triumph sits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits:
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.
So newly finish'd by the hand Divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve in one great point she does excel:
Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell.
From her temptation, in despair withdrew;
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.
Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and every moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.
Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides:
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only, and the wavering lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.
Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For each expression, every teeming thought,
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
Which wisely separates the finest gold,
And casts the image in a beauteous mould.
No trifling words debase her eloquence,
But all's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
With which the female conversation cloys.
So well she knows, what's understood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to express them too;
That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
The fair idea of delightful wit.
Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
By great example to wise actions led:
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.
But, if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, though none but he:
Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;
He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.
Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives:
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives.
Each is to other the divinest bliss;
He is her heaven, and she is more than his.
O may the kindest influence above
Protect their persons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION
FOR THE
MONUMENT OF DIANA,
COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

Diana, Oxonii & Elgini Comitissa;
QUÆ
Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:
Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;
Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.
Vitam ineuntem innocentia;
Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors:
Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;

(Volente Numine)
Ut nuſpiam deceſſet aut virtus aut felicitas,
Duobus conjuncta maritis
Utrique chariſſima:
Primum
(Quem ad annum habuit)
Impenſe dilexit:
Secundum
(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)
Tanta pietate & amore coluit;
Ut qui, vivens,
Obſequium, tanquam patri præſtitit;
Moriens,
Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.
Noverca cum eſſet,
Maternam pietatem facile ſuperavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam geſſit,
Ut non tam domina familiæ præeſſe,
Quam anima corpori ineſſe videretur.
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, ſancto animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum conſecraſſet integerrimum,
Terris anima major, ad ſimiles evolavit ſuperos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN;

WHO from a race of noble heroes came,
And added luſtre to its ancient fame:
Round her the virtues of the Cecils ſhone,
But with inferior brightneſs to her own:
Which ſhe refin'd to that ſublime degree,
The greateſt mortal could not greater be.
Each ſtage of life peculiar ſplendor had;
Her tender years with innocence were clad:
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good.
In the retinue of her virtues ſtood;
And at the final period of her breath,
She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
That no occaſion might be wanting here
To make her virtues fam'd, or joys ſincere.
Two noble lords her genial bed poſſeſt;
A wife to both, the deareſt and the beſt.
Oxford ſubmitted in one year to fate;
For whom her paſſion was exceeding great.
To Elgin full ſix Luſtra were aſſign'd:
And him ſhe lov'd with ſo intenſe a mind,
That, living like a father, ſhe obey'd;
Dying, as to a ſon, left all ſhe had.
When a ſtep-mother, ſhe ſoon ſoar'd above
The common height even of maternal love.
She did her numerous family command
With ſuch a tender care, ſo wiſe a hand,
She ſeem'd no otherwiſe a miſtreſs there,
Than godlike ſouls in human bodies are.
But when to all ſhe had example ſhew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaſte and good,
Her ſoul, for earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its peers, the princes of the ſky.

UPON THE

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Ἑῖς ἐστιν Θεὸς
Ὃς οὐρανὸν τέτυχε καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν.
SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE ſprang this glorious frame? or when began
Things to exiſt? They could not always be;
To what ſtupendous energy
Shall we aſcribe the origin of man?
That Cauſe, from whence all beings elſe aroſe,
Muſt ſelf-exiſtent be alone;
Entirely perfect, and but one;
Nor equal nor ſuperior knows:
Two firſts, in reaſon, we can ne'er ſuppoſe.
If that, in falſe opinion, we allow,
That once there abſolutely nothing was,
Then nothing could be now,
For, by what inſtrument, or how,
Shall non-exiſtence to exiſtence paſs?
Thus, ſomething muſt from everlaſting be;
Or matter, or a Deity.
If matter only uncreate we grant,
We ſhall volition, wit, and reaſon, want;
An agent infinite, and action free;
Whence does volition, whence does reaſon, flow?
How came we to reflect, deſign, and know?
This from a nobler nature ſprings,
Diſtinct in eſſence from material things:
For, thoughtleſs matter cannot thought beſtow,
But, if we own a God ſupreme,
And all perfection's poſſible in him;
In him does boundleſs excellence reſide,
Power to create, and providence to guide;
Unmade himſelf, could no beginning have,
But to all ſubſtance prime exiſtence gave:
Can what he will deſtroy, and what he pleaſes ſave.

POWER.

The undeſigning hand of giddy Chance
Could never fill the globes of light,
So beautiful, and ſo amazing bright,
The lofty concave of the vaſt expanſe:
Theſe could proceed from no leſs power than infinite.
There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
Not eſſence intellectual, but took
Exiſtence when the great Creator ſpoke, [came.
And from the common womb of empty nothing
Let ſubſtance be, he cry'd; and ſtraight aroſe
Angelic, and corporeal too;
All that material nature ſhews,
And what does things inviſible compoſe,
At the ſame inſtant ſprung, and into being flew:
Mount to the convex of the higheſt ſphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round
Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound;
There millions of new miracles appear:

There dwell the eldeſt ſons of powe immenſe,
Who firſt were to perfection wrought
Firſt to complete exiſtence brought,
To whom their Maker did diſpenſe
The largeſt portions of created excellence,
Eternal now, not of neceſſity,
As if they could not ceaſe to be,
Or were from poſſible deſtruction free;
But on the will of God depend:
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower worlds were made,
Without the leaſt miſcarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

Philoſophy of old in vain eſſay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into ſuch beauteous order came;
But, by falſe reaſonings, falſe foundations laid:
She labour'd hard; but ſtill the more ſhe wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.
Sometimes ſhe fancy'd things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the form which now they are
From everlaſting ages were.
Sometimes the caſual event,
Of atoms floating in a ſpace immenſe,
Void of all wiſdom, rule, and ſenſe;
But, by a lucky accident,
Jumbled into this ſcheme of wondrous excellence.
'Twas an eſtabliſh'd article of old,
Chief of the philoſophic creed,
And does in natural productions hold;
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:
Material ſubſtance never could have roſe,
If ſome exiſtence had not been before,
In wiſdom infinite, immenſe in power.
Whate'er is made, a maker muſt ſuppoſe,
As an effect a cauſe that could produce it ſhews.
Nature and art, indeed, have bounds aſſign'd,
And only forms to things, not being, give;
That from Omnipotence they muſt receive:
But the eternal ſelf-exiſtent mind
Can, with a ſingle Fiat, cauſe to be
All that the wondrous eye ſurveys,
And all it cannot ſee.
Nature may ſhape a beauteous tree,
And art a noble palace raiſe,
But muſt not creative power aſpire;
But their God alone can claim,
As pre-exiſting ſubſtance doth require:
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

Matter produc'd, had ſtill a chaos been:
For jarring elements engag'd,
Eternal battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endleſs horror the tumultuous ſcene;
If wiſdom infinite, for leſs
Could not the vaſt prodigious embryo wield,
Or ſtrength complete to labouring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual addreſs,
Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and eſtabliſh'd peace.
Whate'er this viſible creation ſhews
That's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
To her its eminence and beauty owes.
By her all creatures have their ends aſſign'd,
Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;
To which they ſteadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reaſon's high command,
Or guided by the ſecret hand
Of real inſtinct, or imaginary chance.
Nothing but men reject her ſacred rules;
Who from the end of their creation fly,
And deviate into miſery:
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cauſe that Heaven made them free.

PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blaſphemous the man,
Who, finite, will attempt to ſcan
The works of him that's infinitely wiſe,
And thoſe he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a ſpace immenſe were meaſurable by a ſpan.
Thus the proud ſceptic will not own
That Providence the world directs,
Or its affairs inſpects;
But leaves it to itſelf alone.
How does it with almighty grandeur ſuit,
To be concern'd with our impertinence;
Or interpoſe his power for the defence
Of a poor mortal, or a ſenſeleſs brute?
Villains could never ſo ſucceſsful prove,
And unmoleſted in thoſe pleaſures live,
Which honour, eaſe, and affluence give;
While ſuch as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
And moſt the care of providence deſerve,
Oppreſs'd with pain and ignominy ſtarve.
What reaſon can the wiſeſt ſhew,
Why murder does unpuniſh'd go,
If the Moſt High, that's juſt and good,
Intends and governs all below,
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltleſs blood?
But ſhall we things unſearchable deny,
Becauſe our reaſon cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?
'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter ſhould be brought
From nothing, as exiſtent be
From all eternity;
And yet that matter is, we feel and ſee:
Nor is it eaſier to define
What ligatures the ſoul and body join;
Or how the memory does th' impreſſion take
Of things, and to the mind reſtores them back.
Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How ſoon would things into confuſion fall!
Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air;
Wide inundations, with reſiſtleſs force,

The lower provinces o'erflow,
In ſpite of all that human ſtrength could do
To ſtop the raging ſea's impetuous courſe:
Murder and rapine every place would fill,
And ſinking virtue ſtoop to proſperous ill;
Devouring peſtilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to ſave.
Let the brave ſpeak, who oft has been
In dreadful ſieges, and fierce battles ſeen,
How he's preſerv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that ſcarce one inch of air is free;
And though he does ten thouſand ſee
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.
Let the poor ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſhew,
To what inviſible protecting power
He did his life and ſafety owe,
When the loud ſtorm his well-built veſſel tore,
And a half-ſhatter'd plank convey'd him to the ſhore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful ſceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpleſs childhood was with ſafety crown'd
If he'll no Providence allow,
When he had nothing but his nurſe's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms:
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man;
How, in the ſtrength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he ſaves,
Amidſt the fury of tempeſtuous waves,
From all the dangers he foreſees or fears;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis ſteers,
If Providence, which can the ſeas command,
Held not the rudder with a ſteady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the ſons of men, that he,
Who all exiſtence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid:
But then this all-intending Deity
Muſt Omnipreſent be:
For how ſhall we by demonſtration ſhew
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he's not preſent every-where,
And always ſo?
What's not perceptible by ſenſe, may be
Ten thouſand miles remote from me,
Unleſs his nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for protection pray;
For benefits receiv'd high altars raiſe,
And offer up our hymns and praiſe;
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.
An abſent god from ruin can defend
No more than can an abſent friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud muſic ſounds, or victim burns,
Than a poor Indian ſlave of Mexico.
If ſo, 'tis equally in vain
The proſperous ſings, and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the praiſe, or mitigate the pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The Godhead we adore?
He muſt have equal or ſuperior power.
If equal only, they each other bind,
So neither's God, if we define him right,
For neither's infinite.
But if the other have ſuperior might,
Then he, we worſhip, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all reſtraint, and ſo no Deity.
If God is limited in ſpace, his view,
His knowledge, power, and wiſdom, is ſo too;
Unleſs we'll own, that theſe perfections are
At all times preſent every-where,
Yet he himſelf not actually there;
Which to ſuppoſe, that ſtrange concluſion brings,
His eſſence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

As the ſupreme, omniſcient mind
Is by no boundaries confin'd;
So Reaſon muſt acknowledge him to be
From poſſible mutation free:
For what He is, He was from all eternity.
Change, whether the effect of force or will,
Muſt argue imperfection ſtill.
But imperfection in a Deity,
That's abſolutely perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own conſent,
A God to change that is omnipotent?
And every alteration without force,
Is for the better or the worſe.
He that is infinitely wiſe,
To alter for the worſe will never chooſe,
That a depravity of nature ſhews:
And he, in whom all true perfection lies,
Cannot by change to greater excellencies riſe.
If God be mutable, which way, or how,
Shall we demonſtrate, that will pleaſe him now,
Which did a thouſand years ago?
And 'tis impoſſible to know,
What He forbids, or what He will allow,
Murder, inchantment, luſt, and perjury,
Did in the foremoſt rank of vices ſtand,
Prohibited by an expreſs command:
But whether ſuch they ſtill remain to be,
No argument will poſitively prove,
Without immediate notice from above:
If the Almighty Legiſlator can
Be chang'd, like his inconſtant ſubject, man,
Uncertain thus what to perform or ſhun,
We all intolerable hazards run,
When an eternal ſtake is to be loſt or won.

JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye ſons of piety, and ſing
Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious name,
Who was, and will for ever be the ſame:
Your grateful incenſe to his temples bring,

That from the ſmoking altars may ariſe
Clouds of perfumes to the imperial ſkies.
His promiſes ſtand firm to you,
And endleſs joys will be beſtow'd,
As ſure as that there is a God, [purſue.
On all who virtue chooſe, and righteous paths
Nor ſhould we more his menaces diſtruſt,
For while he is a deity he muſt
(As infinitely good) he infinitely juſt.
But does it with a gracious Godhead ſuit,
Whoſe mercy is his darling attribute,
To puniſh crimes that temporary be,
And thoſe but trivial offences too,
Mere ſlips of human nature, ſmall and few,
With everlaſting miſery?
This ſhocks the mind with deep reflections fraught, [thought:
And Reaſon bends beneath the ponderous
Crimes take their eſtimate from guilt, and grow
More heinous ſtill, the more they do incenſe
That God to whom all creatures owe
Profoundeſt reverence:
Though as to that degree they raiſe
The anger of the merciful Moſt High,
We have no ſtandard to diſcern it by,
But the infliction he on the offender lays.
So that if endleſs puniſhment on all
Our unrepented ſins muſt fall,
None, not the leaſt, can be accounted ſmall.
That God is in perfection juſt, muſt be
Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
If ſo, from equity he cannot ſwerve,
Nor puniſh ſinners more than they deſerve.
His will reveal'd, is both expreſs and clear:
"Ye curſed of my Father, go
"To everlaſting woe."
If everlaſting means eternal here,
Duration abſolutely without end;
Againſt which ſenſe ſome zealouſly contend,
That when applied to pains, it only means,
They ſhall ten thouſand ages laſt;
Ten thouſand more, perhaps, when they are paſt;
But not eternal in a literal ſenſe:
Yet own the pleaſures of the juſt remain
So long as there's a God exiſts to reign.
Though none can give a ſolid reaſon, why
The word Eternity,
To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry ſenſe of a different kind;
And 'tis a ſad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater luſtre than the reſt can ſhine
'Tis goodneſs, which we every moment ſee
The Godhead exerciſe with ſuch delight:
It ſeems, it only ſeems, to be
The beſt-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.
Without that, he could never prove
The proper objects of our praiſe or love.
Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or ſee the guiltleſs for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.
Eternal juſtice then would be
But everlaſting cruelty;
Power unreſtrain'd, almighty violence,
And wiſdom unconfin'd, but craft immenſe.
'Tis goodneſs conſtitutes him that he is;
And thoſe
Who will deny him this,
A God without a Deity ſuppoſe.
When the lewd atheiſt blaſphemouſly ſwears,
By his tremendous name,
There is no God, but all's a ſham;
Inſipid tattle, praiſe, and prayers,
Virtue, pretence; and all the ſacred rules
Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:
Juſtice would ſtrike th' audacious villain dead;
But Mercy, boundleſs, ſaves his guilty head,
Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
Does not the ſinner whom no danger awes,
Without reſtraint, his infamy purſue,
Rejoice, and glory in it too;
Laugh at the Power Divine, and ridicule his laws;
Labour in vice his rivals to excel,
That, when he's dead, they may their pupils tell
How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
Yet this vile wretch in ſafety lives,
Bleſſings in common with the beſt receives;
Though he is proud t' affront the God thoſe bleſſings gives.
The cheerful ſun his influence ſheds on all,
Has no reſpect to good or ill;
And fruitful ſhowers without diſtinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with graſs the paſtures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heaven beſtows
Succeſs and honour many times on thoſe
Who ſcorn his favourites, and careſs his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's ſtrain; [weight
Though with unequal ſtrength to bear the
Of ſuch a ponderous theme, ſo infinitely great:
To this good God, celeſtial ſpirits pay,
With ecſtacy divine, inceſſant praiſe;
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day.
To him each rational exiſtence here,
Whoſe breaſt one ſpark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the leaſt remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful ſacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies:
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Inſtinctive honour to their lord, [live.
And ſhame the thinking world, who in rebellion
With heaven and earth then, O my ſoul, unite,
And the great God of both adore and bleſs,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace,
The only fountains of ſincere delight:

That from the tranſitory joys below,
Thou by a happy exit may'ſt remove
To thoſe ineffable above;
Which from the viſion of the Godhead flow,
And neither end, decreaſe, nor interruption know.

ELEAZER'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

Alas, Jeruſalem! alas! where's now
Thy priſtine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
Ah, hapleſs, miſerable town!
Where's all thy majeſty, thy beauty gone,
Thou once moſt noble, celebrated place,
The joy and the delight of all the earth;
Who gav'ſt to godlike princes birth,
And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
Where's now the vaſt magnificence, which made
The ſouls of foreigners adore
Thy wondrous brightneſs, which no more
Shall ſhine, but lie in an eternal ſhade?
Oh miſery! where's all her mighty ſtate,
Her ſplendid train of numerous kings,
Her noble edifices, noble things,
Which made her ſeem ſo eminently great,
That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,
And wealthy preſents, as their tribute, brought,
To court her friendſhip? for her ſtrength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection fought.
But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty buildings lie!
See how her flaming turrets gild the ſky!

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
That on her feſtivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?
The glittering troops, which did from far,
Bring home the trophies and the ſpoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,
Nor durſt their godlike valour try?
Where'er they fought, they certainly ſubdued,
And every combat gain'd a victory.
Ah! where's the houſe of the Eternal King:
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hoſts,
To whoſe large treaſuries our fleet did bring
The gold and jewels of remoteſt coaſts?
There had the infinite Creator plac'd
His terrible, amazing name,
And with his more peculiar preſence grac'd
The heavenly ſanctum, where no mortal came,
The high-prieſt only; he but once a-year
In that divine apartment might appear:
So full of glory, and ſo ſacred then,
But now corrupted with the heaps of ſlain,
Which ſcatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty fane.

Alas, Jeruſalem! each ſpacious ſtreet
Was once ſo fill'd, the numerous throng
Was forc'd to joſtle as they paſs'd along,
And thouſands did with thouſands meet; [treat.
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd re-
In thee was the bright throne of juſtice fix'd,
Juſtice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
She ſcorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Deſpiſing the moſt wealthy bribes;
But did the ſacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well built ſtreets, and every noble ſquare,
Were once with poliſh'd marble laid,
And all his lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
Thy ponderous gates, furpriſing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with ſolid gold;
Whoſe ſplendor did ſo glorious appear,
It raviſh'd and amaz'd the eye;
And ſtrangers paſſing, to themſelves would cry
How thick the bars of maſſy ſilver lie!
What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
O happy people! and ſtill happy be,
Celeſtial city, from deſtruction free,
May'ſt thou enjoy a long, entire profperity

But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
Thy ſtreets and palaces are ſpread
With heaps of carcaſes, and mountains of the dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewiſh race!
Each corner of the town, no vacant ſpace,
But is with breathleſs bodies fill'd,
Some by the ſword, and ſome by famine, kill'd,
Natives and ſtrangers are together laid:
Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongſt the crowd, and no diſtinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant ſlew.
All in one diſmal ruin join'd,
(For ſwords and peſtilence are blind
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:
Thoſe that from far, with joyful haſte,
Came to attend thy feſtival,
Of the ſame bitter poiſon taſte,
And by the black, deſtructive poiſon fall;
For the avenging ſentence paſs'd on all.
Oh! ſee how the delight of human eyes
In horrid deſolation lies!
See how the burning ruins flame!
Nothing now left, but a ſad, empty name!
And the triumphant victor cries,
This was the fam'd Jeruſalem!

The moſt obdurate creature muſt
Be griev'd to ſee thy palaces in duſt,
Thoſe ancient habitations of the juſt:
And could the marble rocks but know
The miſeries of thy fatal overthrow,
They'd ſtrive to find ſome ſecret way unknown,
Maugre the ſenſeleſs nature of the ſtone,
Their pity and concern to ſhew;
For now, where lofty buildings ſtood,
Thy ſons corrupted carcaſes are laid:
And all by this deſtruction made
One common Golgotha, one field of blood!

See how thoſe ancient men, who rul'd thy ſtate,
And made thee happy, made thee great;
Who ſat upon the awful chair
Of mighty Moſes, in long ſcarlet clad,
The good to cheriſh, and chaſtiſe the bad,
Now ſit in the corrupted air,
In ſilent melancholy, and in ſad deſpair!
See how their murder'd children round them lie!
Ah, diſmal ſcene! hark how they cry!
Woe! woe! one beam of mercy give,
Good Heaven! alas, for we would live!
Be pitiful, and ſuffer us to die!
Thus they lament, thus beg for eaſe;
While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
The bodies of their offspring, ſtiff and cold,
To guard them from the ravenous ſavages:
Till their increaſing ſorrows death perſuade
(For death muſt ſure with pity ſee
The horrid deſolation he has made)
To put a period to all their miſery.
Thy wretched daughters that ſurvive,
Are by the heathen kept alive,
Only to gratify their luſt,
And then be mix'd with common duſt.
Oh! inſupportable, ſtupendous woe!
What ſhall we do? ah! whither ſhall we go?
Down to the grave, down to thoſe happy ſhades below,
Where all our brave progenitors are bleſt
With endleſs triumph and eternal reſt.

But who, without a flood of tears, can ſee
Thy mournful, ſad cataſtrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
In aſhes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear Jeruſalem! thy woes
Have rais'd my griefs to ſuch a vaſt exceſs,
Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words expreſs,
Nor can they poſſibly, while I ſurvive, be leſs.
Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
If it had ſtruck me dead, or ſtruck me blind,
Before this curſed time, this worſt of days.
Is death quite tir'd? are all his arrows ſpent?
If not, why then ſo many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be ſent!
Nay, at me only let ten thouſand fly,
Whoe'er ſhall wretchedly ſurvive; that I
May, happily, be ſure to die.
Yet ſtill we live, live in exceſs of pain!
Our friends and relatives are ſlain!
Nothing but ruins round us ſee,
Nothing but deſolation, woe, and miſery!
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,
Our enemies without prepare
Their direful engines to purſue the war;
And you may ſlaviſhly perceive your breath,
Or ſeek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then reſolve; nor tremble at the thought:
Can glory be too dearly bought?
Since the Almighty wiſdom has decreed,
That we, and all our progeny, ſhould bleed,
It ſhall be after ſuch a noble way,
Succeeding ages will with wonder view
What brave deſpair compell'd us to!
No, we will ne'er ſurvive another day!
Bring then your wives, your children, all
That's valuable, good, or dear,
With ready hands, and place them here;
They ſhall unite in one vaſt funeral.
I know your courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing but ill:
Who would an aged father ſave,
That he may live in chains and be a ſlave,
Or for remorſeleſs enemies to kill?
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow:
For, what at any other time would be
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,
Is mercy, tenderneſs, and pity, now!
This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,
And there, amidſt our ſlaughter'd foes, expire.
If 'tis revenge and glory you deſire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die!
Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity!

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"——Sed omnes una manet nox,
"Et calcanda ſemel via lethi."
HORACE.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death
Our ſtate no alteration knows;
But, when we have reſign'd our breath,
Th' immortal ſpirit goes
To endleſs joys, or everlaſting woes:
Wiſe is the man who labours to ſecure
That mighty and important ſtake;
And, by all methods, ſtrives to make
His paſſage ſafe, and his reception ſure.
Merely to die, no man of reaſon fears;
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to duſt:
'Tis the laſt point of many lingering years:
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human underſtanding cannot ſhew.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehenſions in the mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs doubts, and wild debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
None know what death is, but the dead;
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
As a ſtrange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black, painful hour to live;
No hopes, no proſpect, of a kind reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy paſſage to the tomb;
How moving, and how mournful, is the ſight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous ſad!
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,

To cheer our drooping ſouls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of reſt;
Wiſhing for death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and doubts diſtract our breaſt,
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppreſt.

Our face is moiſten'd with a clammy ſweat;
Faint and irregular the pulſes beat;
The blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
Their light juſt going out;
And for ſome kind aſſiſtance call:
But pity, uſeleſs pity's all
Our weeping friends can give,
Or we receive;
Though their deſires are great, their powers are ſmall,
The tongue's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miſeries we bear;
How inſupportable our torments are.
Muſic no more delights our deafening ears,
Reſtores our joys, or diſſipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is ſad,
In robes of deepeſt morning clad;
For, every faculty, and every ſenſe,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are ſenſible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulſome pride and pageantry of ſtate
No conſolation brings.
Riches and honours then are uſeleſs things,
Taſteleſs, or bitter, all;
And, like the book which the apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to naufeouſneſs and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping ſpirits cheer,
But the remembrance of good actions paſt.
Virtue's a joy that will for ever laſt,
And makes pale death leſs terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful ſting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark anti-chamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and induſtry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
Could we recal thoſe fatal hours again,
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs vanities,
Ambitious follies, or luxurious eaſe!
For then they urge our terrors, and increaſe our pain.

Our friends and relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in tears, to ſee us die,
And plunge into the deep abyſs of wide eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
Their ſorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable eſtate:
But what, alas, can pity do
To ſoften the decrees of fate?
Beſides, the ſentence is irrevocable too.

All their endeavours to preſerve our breath,
Though they do unſucceſsful prove,
Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of death.
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:
One, with officious haſte,
Brings us a cordial we want ſenſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our head:
This wipes away the ſweat; that, ſighing, cries
See what convulſions, what ſtrong agonies,
Both ſoul and body undergo!
His pains no intermiſſion know;
For every gaſp of air he draws, returns in ſighs.
Each would his kind aſſiſtance lend,
To ſave his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
But ſtill in vain with deſtiny they all contend.
Our father, pale with grief and watching grown
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!
Adieu, my child! now I muſt follow you:
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our ſons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bleſs us, O father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be you bleſs'd to all eternity.
Our friend, whom equal to ourſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind?
Without me fly to the bleſs'd ſeats above?
Without me, did I ſay? Ah, no!
Without thy friend thou canſt not go:
For, though thou leav'ſt me groveling here below,
My ſoul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy ſpirit company,
Through the bright paſſage of the yielding ſky:
Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeparate
(For 'tis not in the power of fate)
My friend, my beſt, my deareſt friend, and me:
But, ſince it muſt be ſo, farewell;
For ever! No; for we ſhall meet again,
And live like gods, though now we die like men,
In the eternal regions, where juſt ſpirits dwell.
The ſoul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal ſtrife,
Finding her weak endeavours vain,
To keep the counterſcarp of life,
By ſlow degrees, retires towards the heart,
And fortifies that little fort
With all its kind artilleries of art;
Botanic legions guarding every port.
But death, whoſe arms no mortal can repel,
A formal ſiege diſdains to lay;
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a ſolid peace;
But 'tis all ſham, all artifice,
That we may negligent and careleſs be:
For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
His troops return ſome unſuſpected way;

While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,
The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,
Inexitable death descends on all;
A portion none of human race can miss
But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.
For, when th' impenitent and wicked die,
Loaded with crimes and infamy;
If any sense at that sad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;
The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,
Which they to all eternity must undergo,
Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.
Infernal spirits hover in the air,
Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,
And hurry the departed souls away
To the dark receptacles of despair:
Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,
When the loud trump shall call them to appear
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;
By whose just sentence they must go
To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,
Of mercy and of pardon sure,
Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night:
And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His soul whene'er she takes her flight
To the surprising mansions of immortal light.
Then the celestial guards around him stand;
Nor suffer the black dæmons of the air
T' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
To plead for mercy when he wants it most;
Nor one of all the happy number's lost:
And these bright advocates ne'er want success,
But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,
She passes up in triumph through the sky;
Where she's united to a glorious throng
Of angels; who, with a celestial song,
Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If, therefore, all must quit the stage,
When, or how soon, we cannot know;
But, late or early, we are sure to go;
In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age;
We cannot take too sedulous a care,
In this important, grand affair:
For as we die, we must remain;
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again.
The heathen, who no better understood
Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
No future misery could be prepar'd
For the sincere, the merciful, the good;
But, if there was a state of rest,
They should with the same happiness be blest
As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possest.
We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
To man, and to their Maker, true,
Let them expire in age, or youth,
Can never miss
Their way to everlasting bliss:
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves,
Through the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows.

ON THE

GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,

AND

ENSUING JUDGMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
"Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
"Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laborat."

OVID MET.

Now the black days of universal doom,
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come:
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
Must sinking nature undergo;
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow!
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the presaging skies;
Unable to support the weight
Or of the present, or approaching miseries.
Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty offspring raving with despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye sublunary powers, t' attend my funeral!

See, see the tragical portents,
These dismal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the troubled sky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.
See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light dissolving Nature to her tomb!
And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.
Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of the inferior heaven;
Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see
What mad confusion rages over all
This scorching ball!
No country is exempt, no nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic misery.
What dismal havock of mankind is made
By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,
Through the whole mournful earth?
Which with a murdering fury they invade,
Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid!
Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ,
To ruin all things her below;
Their malice and revenge no limits know,
But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
For safety to their champain ground.
But there no safety can be found;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round:
And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)
Blaspheme and curse the Power they should adore:
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends,
And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once descends
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.
Sometimes the fire within divides
The massy rivers of those secret chains,
Which hold together those prodigious sides,
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:
While towns and cities, every thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

No showers descend from the malignant sky,
To cool the burning of the thirsty field;
The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little rivulets no more
To larger streams their tributes pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
Which, with a strange unusual roar,
Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd before:
And to the monstrous deep in vain retire:
For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,
But belching subterranean fires,
Increases still the scalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs and agonies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.
The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears
Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood;
For she herself a dissolution fears.
The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.
Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
Upon expiring nature seize:
For now she'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.
Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries;
(For all must come)
All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable doom.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his sceptre hold;
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.
The scatter'd particles of human clay,
Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,
Resume their pristine forms again,
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.
Stupendous energy of sacred Power,
Which can collect whatever cast
The smallest atoms, and that shape restore
Which they had worn so many years before,
That through strange accidents and numerous changes past!

See how the joyful angels fly
From every quarter of the sky,
To gather and to convoy all
The pious sons of human race,
To one capacious place,
Above the confines of this flaming ball.
See with what tenderness and love they bear
Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air;
Whilst the ungodly stand below,
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,
Amidst the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.
Round them infernal spirits howling fly;
O horror, curses, tortures, chains! they cry
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

Hark how the darling sons of infamy
Who once dissolv'd in pleasure's lap,
And laugh'd at this tremendous day.
To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,
But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.
Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongst the burning ruins of the world,
And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.
Time was they would not own a Deity,
Nor after death a future state;
But now, by sad experience, find, too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.

And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give consent,
To have no being; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends;
Where, cloth'd with human nature, he did once reside.
Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,
To their celestial king;
All glory, power, dominion, majesty,
Now, and for everlasting ages, be
To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.
Perish, that world, as 'tis decreed,
Which saw the God incarnate bleed!
Perish by thy almighty vengeance those
Who durst thy person, or thy laws expose;
The cursed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.
Now to the unbelieving nations shew,
Thou art a God from all eternity;
Not titular, or but by office so;
And let them the mysterious union see
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,
The good behold this glorious sight!
Their God in all his majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,
In sacred discipline and order, stand
The peers and princes of the sky,
As they excel in glory or command.
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes.
Did, with a steady course, pursue
His holy precepts in the worst of times,
Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils could do,
And now that God they did to death adore,
For whom such torments and such pains they bore
Returns to place them on those thrones above,
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine, substantial happiness,
Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;
Whom neither threats nor promises could move,
Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,
To save themselves from everlasting miseries.
At this ten millions of archangels flew
Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,
And less than in an instant brought
The wretched, curs'd, infernal crew;
Who with distorted aspects come,
To hear their sad, intolerable doom.

Alas! they cry, one beam of mercy shew,
Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon crimes is natural to thee:
Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe.
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a gulf of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
And all our tortures have an end.
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear!
Though now our bodies too immortal are,
Let them be pungent to the last degree:
And let our pains innumerable be;
But let them not extend to all eternity!

Lo, now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Must by their actions stand or fall:
To hope for pity, is in vain;
The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty books are by two angels brought:
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The law of nature, and divine commands:
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.
Then first the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd through ignominy, chains, and blood.
Attended by their guardian angels come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,
Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
No more to their astonishment appears,
But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye sons of grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,
Despis'd and hated for my name;
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace;
Ascend, and those bright diadems possess.
For you by my eternal Father made,
Ere the foundation of the world was laid;
And that surprising happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.
For when I languishing in prison lay,
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,
You did your kindly visits pay,
Both cloth'd my body, and my hunger fed.
Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,
Your hand was always ready to supply:
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,
To share my sorrows, or to give relief.
In all distress, so tender was her love,
I could no anxious trouble bear;
No black misfortune, or vexatious care,
But you were still impatient to remove,
And mourn'd, your charitable hand should unsuccessful prove:
All this you did, though not to me
In person, yet to mine in misery:

And shall forever live
In all the glories that a God can give,
Or a created being's able to receive.

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
On which they, in appointed order, place,
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praise:
O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, constantly adored!
Ineffable, co-equal Three,
Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,
Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possest
These thrones, and this immense felicity;
Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest!
Therefore, all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majesty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be!

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face
To those upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To those eternal torments go,
Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,
In burning darkness and in flaming night,
Which shall no limit or cessation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be so.
The final sentence past, a dreadful cloud
Inclosing all the miserable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vast abyss of endless woes:
Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph passing through the sky,
The joys immense, and everlasting ecstasy,

REASON: A POEM.

Written in the year 1700.

Unhappy man! who, through successive years,
From early youth to life's last childhood errs:
No sooner born but proves a foe to truth;
For infant reason is o'erpower'd in youth.
The cheats of sense will half our learning share;
And preconceptions all our knowledge are.
Reason, 'tis true, should over sense preside:
Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
But false opinions, rooted in the mind,
Hoodwink the soul, and keep our reason blind.
Reason's a taper, which but faintly burns;
A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:
We see't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day:
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning stars, that never stay till noon.
The soul can scarce above the body rise;
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display;
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day:
That natural night, once dress'd in orient beams,
Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems;
A miscellaneous composition, made
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falsehood, which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eastern skies,
Shew the false day before the sun can rise.
That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from sense he gains:
He, like a wretched slave, must plod and sweat;
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains!
The passions, still predominant, will rule
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school;
Our understanding they with darkness fill,
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away; for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?
Be gone, false hopes; for all our learning's vain;
Can we be free where these the rule maintain?
These are the tools of knowledge which we use;
The spirits heated, will strange things produce.
Tell me, whoe'er the passions could controul,
Or from the body disengage the soul:
Till this is done, our best pursuits are vain,
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
Through all the bulky volumes of the dead.
And through those books that modern times have bred,
With pain we travel, as through moorish ground,
Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;
O'er-run with errors, which so thick appear,
Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.
What's all the noisy jargon of the schools,
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
Who fetter reason with perplexing rules?
What in Aquina's bulky works are found,
Does not enlighten Reason, but confound,
Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes shall find
A cloud of darkness rising on the mind;
In controverted points can Reason sway,
When passion, or conceit, still hurries us away!
Thus his new notions Sherlock would instil,
And clear the greatest mysteries at will;
But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
And made them darker than they were before.
South soon oppos'd him, out of Christian zeal;
Shewing how well he could dispute and rail.
How shall we e'er discover which is right,
When both so eagerly maintain the fight?
Each does the other's arguments deride;
Each has the church and scripture on his side.
The sharp, ill-natur'd combat's but a jest;
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.

How shall we know which articles are true,
The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
Who blindly follows other fertile heads:
What sure, what certain mark have we to know,
The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgess, Wake, and Howe?
Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
What health can that contentious tribe impart?
Every physician writes a different bill,
And gives no other reason but his will.
No longer boast your art, you impious race;
Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids cease;
And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess;
To-day they've good, to-morrow no success.
Ev'n Garth and * Maurus sometimes shall prevail,
When Gibson, learned Hannes, and Tyson, fail.
And, more than once, we've seen, that blundering Sloane,
Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone;
The patient does the lucky error find;
A cure he works, though not the cure design'd.
Custom, the world's great idol, we adore;
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil'd the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith, a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals?
Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.
We seldom use our liberty aright.
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamin'd principles may pass!
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will smooth the way to truth:
To dispossess the child, the mortal lives;
But death approaches ere the man arrives.
Those who would learn'd's glorious kingdom find,
The dear bought purchase of the trading mind,
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must he voyag'd o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage, with vast esteem, we prize:
He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
With those first times, not farther was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last?
Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds:
But yet what's worse, we know not what we err;
What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
'Tis all but probability at most:
This is the easy purchase of the mind,
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR,

THE LAST EPIPHANY.

A Pindaric Ode, on Christ's second Appearance, to judge the World.

Adieu, ye toyish reeds, that once could please
My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease:
Be gone; I'll waste no more vain hours with you:
And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.
A brighter power invokes my Muse,
And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.
See, beckoning from yon cloud, he stands,
And promises assistance with his hands:
I feel the heavy-rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.
How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!
I sink, I sink beneath the furious heat:
The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
And overflowing joys profusely waste.

Some nobler bard, O ſacred Power, inſpire,
Or ſoul more large, th' elapſes to receive;
And brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to ſave!
——In vain the ſuit—the God inflames my breaſt;
I rave, with ecſtaſies oppreſt:
I riſe, the mountains leſſen and retire;
And now I mix, unſing'd, with elemental fire!
The leading Deity I have in view;
Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will enſue

We paſs'd through regions of unſullied light;
I gaz'd, and ſicken'd at the bliſsful ſight;
A ſhuddering paleneſs ſeiz'd my look:
At laſt the paſt flew off, and thus I ſpoke:
" Say, Sacred Guide, ſhall this bright clime
" Survive the fatal teſt of time,
" Or periſh, with our mortal globe below,
" When yon ſun no longer ſhines?"
Straight I finiſh'd——veiling low;
The viſionary Power rejoins:
" 'Tis not for you to aſk, nor mine to ſay,
" The niceties of that tremendous day.
" Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,
" And finiſh'd are the radiant journeys of the ſun,
" The great deciſive morn ſhall riſe,
" And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening ſkies!
" Eternal grace and juſtice he'll beſtow
" On all the trembling world below."

He ſaid. I mus'd, and thus return'd:
" What enſigns, courteous ſtranger, tell,
" Shall the brooding day reveal?"
He anſwer'd mild——
" Already, ſtupid with their crimes,
" Blind mortals proſtrate to their idols lie:
" Such were the boding times,
" Ere ruin blaſted from the ſluicy ſky;
" Diſſolv'd they lay in fulſome eaſe,
" And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
" In bacchanals they did their hours conſume,
" And bacchanals led on their ſwift advancing doom."

Adulterate Chriſts already riſe,
And dare t' aſſuage the angry ſkies;
Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
And from the Croſs, alas! he does neglected head,
ſigh;
The Anti-Chriſtian Power has rais'd his Hydra
And ruin, only leſs than Jeſus' health, does ſpread.
So long the gore through poiſon'd veins has flow'd,
That ſcarcely ranker is a Fury's blood;
Yet ſpecious artifice, and fair diſguiſe,
The monſter's ſhape, and curſt deſign, belies:
A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
He quaffs, and ſcatters the contagious ſpleen
Straight, when he finiſhes his lawleſs reign,
Nature ſhall paint the ſhining ſcene,
Quick as the lightning which inſpires the train.

Forward confuſion ſhall provoke the fray,
And nature from her ancient order ſtray;
Black tempeſts, gathering from the ſeas around,
In horrid ranges ſhall advance;
And, as they march, in thickeſt ſables drown'd,
The rival thunder from the clouds ſhall ſound,
And lightnings join the fearful dance:
The bluſtering armies o'er the ſkies ſhall ſpread,
And univerſal terror ſhed;
Loud iſſuing peals, and riſing ſheets of ſmoke,
Th' encumber'd region of the air ſhall choke;
The noiſy main ſhall laſh the ſuffering ſhore,
And from the rocks the breaking billows roar!
Black thunder burſts, blue lightning burns,
And melting worlds to heaps of aſhes turns!
The foreſts ſhall beneath the tempeſt bend,
And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverſe all Nature's web ſhall run,
And ſpotleſs miſrule all around,
Order, its flying foe, confound;
Whilſt backward all the threads ſhall haſte to be unſpun.
Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,
(The wand with which, ere time begun,
His wandering ſlaves he did command,
And made them ſcamper right, and in rude ranges run)
The hoſtile harmony ſhall chace;
And as the nymph reſigns her place,
And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
The formleſs ruffian ſlaughters with his eyes,
And following ſtorms the pearching dame's retreat,
Adding the terror of his threat;
The globe ſhall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, diſtorted with the wound.

Swath'd in ſubſtantial ſhrouds of night,
The ſickening ſun ſhall from the world retire,
Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire,
Which dangling once ſhed round a laviſh flood of light!
No frail eclipſe, but all eſſential ſhade,
Not yielding to primæval gloom,
Whilſt day was yet an embryo in the womb;
Nor glimmering in its ſource, with ſilver ſtreamers play'd,
A jetty mixture of the darkneſs ſpread
O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
And that which angels drew
O'er Nature's face, when Jeſus died;
Which ſleeping ghoſts for this miſtook,
And, riſing, off their hanging funerals ſhook,
And fleeting paſs'd expos'd their bloodleſs breaſt to view,
Yet find it not ſo dark, and to their dormitories glide.

Now bolder fires appear,
And o'er the palpable obſcurement ſport,
Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' etherial court,
And plung'd into the opening gulf of night;

A ſabre of immortal flame I bore,
And, with this arm, his flouriſhing plume I tore,
And ſtraight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambient prodigies on high
T'ake gameſome meaſures in the ſky;
Joy'd with his future feaſt, the thunder roars
In chorus to th' enormous harmony, [ſtores;
And holloos to his offspring from ſulphureous
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble turn, and radiant embaſſy.

The moon turns paler at the ſight,
And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
The lightning with its livid tail
A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
Wing'd and blown on by ſtorms of wind,
They ſhew the hideous leaps on either hand,
Of Night, that ſpreads her ebon curtains round.
And there erects her royal ſtand, [bound.
In ſeven-fold winding jet her conſcious temples

The ſtars, next ſtarting from their ſpheres,
In giddy revolutions leap and bound;
Whilſt this with doubtful fury glares,
And meditate new wars,
And wheels in ſportive gyres around,
Its neighbour ſhall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its right,
The general ruin ſhall increaſe,
And baniſh all the votaries of peace.
No more the ſtars, with paler beams,
Shall tremble o'er the midnight ſtreams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics them ſo twinkling there;
And, like Narciſſus, as they gain more near,
For the lov'd image ſtraight expire,
And agonize in warm deſire,
Or ſlake their luſt, as in the ſtream they roll.

Whilſt the world burns, and all the orbs below
In their viperous ruins glow,
They ſink, and unſupported leave the ſkies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the noiſe.
Then ſee th' Almighty Judge, ſedate and bright,
Cloth'd in imperial robes of light! [bear,
His wings the wind, rough ſtorms the chariot
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeneſs bruſh the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid ſport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they cloſe,
And ſhivering, leſt they ſtart, a ſailing caravan compoſe.

The Mighty Judge rides in tempeſtuous ſtate,
Whilſt mighty guards his orders wait:
His waving veſtments ſhine
Bright as the ſun, which lately did its beam reſign,
And burniſh'd wreaths of light ſhall make his form divine. [play,
Strong beams of majeſty around his temples
And the tranſcendent gaiety of his face allay:
His Father's reverend characters he'll wear,
And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe with fear.
Myriads of angels ſhall be there,
And I, perhaps, cloſe the tremendous rear;
Angels, the firſt and faireſt ſons of day, [gay.
Clad with eternal youth, and as their veſtments

Nor for magnificence alone,
To brighten and enlarge the pageant ſcene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And ſwell the luſtre of his pompous train;
The nimble miniſters of bliſs or woe
We ſhall attend, and ſave, or deal the blow,
As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news [diffuſe,
Through every Angel's breaſt freſh rapture ſhall
The day is come, [doom.
When Satan with his powers ſhall ſink to endleſs
No more ſhall we his hoſtile troops purſue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.
The Raphael, big with life, the trump ſhall ſound,
From falling ſpheres the joyful muſic ſhall rebound,
And ſeas and ſhores ſhall catch and propagate it round:
Louder he'll blow, and it ſhall ſpeak more ſhrill,
Than when, from Sinai's hill,
In thunder through the horrid reddening ſmoke,
Th' Almighty ſpoke,
We'll ſhout around with martial joy,
And thrice the vaulted ſkies ſhall rend, and thrice our ſhouts reply.
Then firſt th' Archangels voice, aloud,
Shall cheerfully ſalute the day and throng,
And Hallelujah fill the crowd;
And I, perhaps, ſhall cloſe the ſong.

From its long ſleep all human race ſhall riſe,
And ſee the morn and Judge advancing in the ſkies:
To their old tenements the ſouls return,
Whilſt down the ſteep of Heaven as ſwift the Judge deſcends!
Theſe look illuſtrious bright, no more to mourn;
Whilſt, ſee, diſtracted looks yon ſtalking ſhades attend.
The ſaints no more ſhall conflict on the deep,
Nor rugged waves inſult the labouring ſhip;
But from the wreck in triumph they ariſe,
And borne to bliſs ſhall tread empyreal ſkies,

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

Containing his

SONGS, ‖ SATIRES,
EPILOGUES, ‖ EPISTLES,
&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Dorſet, the grace of courts, the Muſes' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature dy'd:
The ſcourge of pride, the ſanctify'd or great,
Of ſops in learning, and of knaves in ſtate.
Yet ſoft his nature, though ſevere his lay,
His anger moral, and his wiſdom gay,
Bleſt Satiriſt! who touch'd the mean ſo true,
As ſhew'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could king and country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his judgment and his eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great foreſathers every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race.
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets ſhine,
And patriots ſtill, or poets deck the line.

POPE.

EDINBURGH:
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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorſet, was born January 24. 1637. He was eldeſt ſon of Richard Earl of Dorſet, lineally deſcended from Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurſt, created Earl of Dorſet by King James I. one of the earlieſt and brighteſt ornaments to the poetry of his country, and the firſt who produced a regular drama.

Having been educated under a private tutor, he travelled into Italy, and returned to England a little before the Reſtoration.

Immediately after the Reſtoration, he was choſen member of parliament for Eaſt Grinſtead in Suſſex; and ſoon became a favourite of Charles II.; but undertook no public employment, being too eager of the riotous and licentious pleaſures which young men of wit and high rank at that time thought themſelves entitled to indulge.

In 1665, he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and was in the battle of June 3, when the Dutch admiral Opdam, was blown up, and thirty ſhips taken and deſtroyed.

On the day before the battle he is ſaid to have compoſed the celebrated ſong, *To all you Ladies now at Land*, with equal gallantry and promptitude of wit.

He was ſoon after made a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the King; and ſent on ſhort embaſſies of compliment to France.

In 1674, the eſtate of his uncle Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middleſex, came to him by the death of that nobleman without iſſue; and the title was conferred on him the year following. In 1667, he became, by the death of his father, Earl of Dorſet, and inherited the eſtate of his family.

In 1684, having buried his firſt wife, of the family of Bagot, he married Lady Mary Compton, daughter of the Earl of Northampton, celebrated both for her beauty and underſtanding; by whom he had a ſon, and a daughter.

He received ſome favourable notice from King James; but found it neceſſary to oppoſe the violence of his proceedings; and appeared, with ſome other Lords, in Weſtminſter Hall, to countenance the biſhops, at their trials; which had a good effect upon the jury, and brought the judges to a better temper than they had uſually ſhewn.

He concurred with other diſtinguiſhed patriots in the Revolution, and conducted his part of that enterpriſe with the ſame courage and reſolution in London, as his friend the Duke of Devonſhire did, in arms, at Nottingham. He was employed to conduct the Princeſs Anne to Nottingham, with a guard; and was one of the Lords who ſat every day in council to preſerve the public peace after the king's departure.

He voted for the vacancy of the throne, and that the Prince and Princeſs of Orange ſhould be declared King and Queen of England.

He became, as might be expected, a favourite of King William, who, the day after his acceſſion, made him Lord Chamberlain of the Houſehold; "a place," ſays Prior, "which he eminently

adorned by the grace of his perſon, the fineneſs of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent."

In 1691, he was made a Knight of the Garter; and was conſtituted four times one of the Regents of the kingdom in his majeſty's abſence.

About 1698, his health declining, he retired from public buſineſs, appearing only ſometimes at council; and died at Bath, on the 19th of January 1705-6.

He wrote nothing but ſmall copies of verſes, which were publiſhed among the works of the minor poets 1749. His longeſt compoſition is a ſong of eleven ſtanzas. They are the effuſions of a man of wit; rather pretty than great; always gay and airy; and ſometimes vigorous and elegant: as in his *Verſes to Howard*, which ſhew fertility of mind; and his *Character of Dorinda*, which has been imitated by Pope. He poſſeſſed the rare ſecret of uniting energy with eaſe in his little compoſitions.

His Lordſhip and Waller are ſaid to have aſſiſted Mrs. Katherine Philips in her tranſlation of Corneille's Pompey.

He was eſteemed the moſt accompliſhed gentleman of the age in which he lived; which is reckoned the moſt courtly ever known in our nation; when, as Pope expreſſes it,

> The ſoldiers ap'd the gallantries of France,
> And every flowery courtier writ romance.

His elegance and judgment were univerſally confeſſed by his contemporaries; and his bounty to men of wit and learning were generally known. He diſtinguiſhed Dryden by his beneficence, who requited him with hyperbolical adulation; and patronized Prior, who made a public acknowledgment of his obligations to him; in which the warmth of his gratitude appears in the moſt elegant panegyric. "That he ſcarce knew what life was, ſooner than he found himſelf obliged to his favour; or had reaſon to feel any ſorrow ſo ſenſibly, as that of his death!"

Congreve has celebrated his wit and good nature, and Pope has written his epitaph, in which his character is repreſented to great advantage.

His character is elegantly drawn by the preſent Earl of Orford, to which no after-ſtrokes can be added by a caſual hand.

"If one turns," ſays his lordſhip, "to the authors of the laſt age for the character of this lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good nature. He was the fineſt gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II. and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his firſt maſter, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rocheſter, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought. The latter ſaid with aſtoniſhment, "That he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorſet might do any thing, and yet was never to blame." It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderneſs of it too, which made every body excuſe whom every body loved; for even the aſperity of his verſes ſeems to have been forgiven, to

> "The beſt good man with the worſt-natured muſe."

This line is not more familiar than Lord Dorſet's own poems, to all who have a taſte for the genteeleſt beauties of natural and eaſy verſe."

POEMS.

TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON HIS

INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,

CALLED

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

Come on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jeſts
On ſolid nonſenſe that abides all teſts.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no uſe at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou haſt a brain, ſuch as it is indeed;
On what elſe ſhould thy worm of fancy feed?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots ſurvive, when all the kernel's gone.
This ſimile ſhall ſtand in thy defence, [ſenſe.
'Gainſt thoſe dull rogues who now and then write
The ſtyle's the ſame, whatever be thy theme,
As ſome digeſtions turn all meat to phlegm:
They lie, dear Ned, who ſay thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
Thy ſtumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegaſus can fly:
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
Than all the ſwift-finn'd racers of the flood.
As ſkilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than thoſe that cannot ſwim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou haſt a ſtrange alacrity in ſinking.
Thou writ'ſt below ev'n thy own natural parts,
And with acquir'd dulneſs and new arts
Of ſtudy'd nonſenſe, tak'ſt kind readers hearts.
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice, forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainſt Critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller;
Thou ſett'ſt thy name to what thyſelf doſt write:
Did ever libel yet ſo ſharply bite?

TO THE SAME.

ON HIS PLAYS.

Thou damn'd antipodes to common ſenſe
Thou foil to Flecknoe, pr'ythee tell from whence
Does all this mighty ſtock of dulneſs ſpring?
Is it thy own, or haſt it from Snow-hill,
Aſſiſted by ſome ballad-making quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy plays are ſuch,
I'd ſwear they were tranſlated out of Dutch.
Fain would I know what diet thou doſt keep,
If thou doſt always, or doſt never ſleep?
Sure haſty-pudding is thy chiefeſt diſh,
With bullock's liver, or ſome ſtinking fiſh:
Garbage, ox-cheeks, and tripes, do feaſt thy brain,
Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
With daiſy-roots thy dwarfiſh Muſe is fed,
A giant's body with a pigmy's head.
Canſt thou not find, among thy numerous race
Of kindred, one to tell thee that thy plays
Are laught at by the pit, box, galleries, nay, ſtage?
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy body made for labour, not thy mind.
No other uſe of paper thou ſhouldſt make,
Than carrying loads and reams upon thy back.
Carry vaſt burdens till thy ſhoulders ſhrink:
But curſt be he that gives thee pen and ink:
Such dangerous weapons ſhould be kept from fools,
As nurſes from their children keep edg'd tools:
For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit
To wipe the ſlabberings of thy ſnotty wit:
And though 'tis late, if juſtice could be found,
Thy plays, like blind-born puppies, ſhould be drown'd.
For were it not that we reſpect afford
Unto the ſon of an heroic lord,
Thine in the ducking-ſtool ſhould take her ſeat,
Dreſt like herſelf in a great chair of ſtate;
Where like a Muſe of quality ſhe'd die,
And thou thyſelf ſhalt make her elegy
In the ſame ſtrain thou writ'ſt thy comedy.

TO SIR THOMAS ST. SERFE,

On the printing his Play, called "Tarugo's Wiles," 1668.

Tarugo gave us wonder and delight,
When he oblig'd the world by candle-light:
But now he's ventur'd on the face of day,
T' oblige and ſerve his friends a nobler way,
Make all our old men wits, ſtateſmen the young,
And teach ev'n Engliſhmen the Engliſh tongue.
James, on whoſe reign all peaceful ſtars did ſmile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our iſle.
What kings, and Nature, only could deſign,
Shall be accompliſh'd by this work of thine:
For who is ſuch a Cockney in his heart,
Proud of the plenty of the ſouthern part,
To ſcorn that union, by which we may
Boaſt 'twas his countryman that writ this play?
Phœbus himſelf, indulgent to my Muſe,
Has to the country ſent this kind excuſe:
Fair Northern Laſs, it is not through neglect
I court thee at a diſtance, but reſpect:
I cannot act, my paſſion is ſo great;
But I'll make up in light what wants in heat:
On thee I will beſtow my longeſt days,
And crown thy ſons with everlaſting bays:
My beams that reach thee ſhall employ their powers
To ripen ſouls of men, not fruits or flowers.
Let warmer climes my fading favours boaſt:
Poets and ſtars ſhine brighteſt in the froſt.

EPILOGUE TO MOLIERE'S TARTUFFE,

Tranſlated by Mr. Medburne.

SPOKEN BY TARTUFFE.

Many have been the vain attempts of wit,
Againſt the ſtill-prevailing hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquiſh'd Buſy in a puppet-play;
And Buſy, rallying, arm'd with zeal and rage,
Poſſeſs'd the pulpit, and pull'd down the ſtage.
To laugh at Engliſh knaves is dangerous then,
While Engliſh fools will think them honeſt men:
But ſure no zealous brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monſieur Ananias:
A man may ſay, without being call'd an Atheiſt,
There are damn'd rogues among the French and Papiſt,
That fix ſalvation to ſhort band and hair,
That belch and ſnuffle to prolong a prayer;
That uſe "enjoy the Creature," to expreſs
Plain whoring, gluttony, and drunkenneſs;
And, in a decent way, perform them too
As well, nay, better far, perhaps, than you.
Whoſe fleſhly failings are but fornication,
We godly phraſe it "goſpel-propagation,"
Juſt as rebellion was call'd reformation.
Zeal ſtands but ſentry at the gate of Sin,
Whilſt all that have the word paſs freely in:
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of ſpies,
We march, and take Damnation by ſurpriſe.
There's not a roaring blade in all this town
Can go ſo far towards hell for half a crown
As I for ſixpence, for I know the way:
For want of guides, men are too apt to ſtray:
Therefore give ear to what I ſhall adviſe;
Let every marry'd man that's grave and wiſe
Take a Tartuffe of known ability,
To teach and to increaſe his family;
Who ſhall ſo ſettle laſting reformation,
Firſt get his ſon, then give him education.

EPILOGUE,

On the Revival of Ben Jonſon's Play, called "Every Man in his Humour."

Entreaty ſhall not ſerve, nor violence,
To make me ſpeak in ſuch a play's defence;
A play, where wit and humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
The ſcene (what more abſurd!) in England lies;
No gods deſcend, nor dancing devils riſe;
No captive prince from unknown country brought;
No battle, nay, there's ſcarce a duel fought:
And ſomething yet more ſharply might be ſaid,
But I conſider the poor author's dead:
Let that be his excuſe—now for our own,
Why,—faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well; but ſome will ſay,
Pox on them, rogues, what made them chooſe this play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice, but mere neceſſity:
To all our writing friends, in town, we ſent;
But not a wit durſt venture out in Lent:
Have patience but till Eaſter term, and then
You ſhall have jigg and hobby-horſe again.
Here's Mr. Matthew, our domeſtic wit *,
Does promiſe one o' th' ten plays he has writ:
But ſince great bribes weigh nothing with the juſt,
Know, we have merits, and to them we truſt.
When any faſts or holidays defer
The public labours of the theatre,
We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
On ambling tir, to take the ſuburb air;
But with our authors meet, and ſpend that time
To make up quarrels between ſenſe and rhyme.
Wedneſdays and Fridays conſtantly we faſte,
Till after many a long and free debate,
For diverſe weighty reaſons 'twas thought fit,
Unruly ſenſe ſhould ſtill to rhyme ſubmit:
This, the moſt wholeſome law we ever made,
So ſtrictly in his epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break——
[*Enter* Jonſon's *Ghoſt*.]
Hold, and give way, for I myſelf will ſpeak:

* Matthew Medbourn, an eminent actor.

Can you encourage ſo much inſolence,
And add new faults ſtill to the great offence,
Your anceſtors ſo raſhly did commit
Againſt the mighty powers of art and wit?
When they condemn'd thoſe noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my beſt-lov'd Catiline.
Repent, or on your guilty heads ſhall fall
The curſe of many a rhyming paſtoral.
The three bold Beauchamps ſhall revive again,
And with the London 'prentice conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age,
Shall find applauſe on this corrupted ſtage,
But if you pay the great arrears of praiſe,
So long ſince due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all paſt crimes I firſt will ſet you free,
And then inſpire ſome one to write like me.

SONG,

Written at Sea, in the firſt Dutch War, 1665, the Night before the Engagement.

I.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men, at ſea, indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand,
How hard it is to write;
The Muſes now, and Neptune too,
We muſt implore to write to you,
With a ſa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For though the Muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouſe the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ſhips at ſea.
With a ſa, &c.

III.

Then if we write not by each poſt,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude your ſhips are loſt,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The tide ſhall bring them twice a-day.
With a ſa, &c.

IV.

The king, with wonder and ſurpriſe,
Will ſwear the ſeas grow bold;
Becauſe the tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall ſtairs.
With a ſa, &c.

V.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal ſtory;
The Dutch would ſcorn ſo weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what reſiſtance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind!
With a ſa, &c.

VI.

Let wind and weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curſe,
No ſorrow we ſhall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,
With a ſa, &c.

VII.

To paſs our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or elſe at ſerious ombre play;
But, why ſhould we in vain
Each other's ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a ſa, &c.

VIII.

But now our fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our hopes away;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our woe,
Sit careleſs at a play:
Perhaps, permit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a ſa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care,
For being ſo remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all thoſe tunes were play'd.
With a ſa, &c.

X.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe,
To think of our diſtreſs;
When we for hopes of honour loſe
Our certain happineſs;
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.
With a ſa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our loves
And likewiſe all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea.
With a ſa, la, la, la, la.

ON THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER,

MISTRESS TO KING JAMES II. 1680.

Tell me, Dorinda, why ſo gay,
Why ſuch embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dreſſes find a way,
To ſtop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face?

II.

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canſt thou forget thy age and pox,
Can all that ſhines on ſhells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I ſeen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant ſpark,
As wiſe philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſhine.

ON THE SAME.

I.

Proud with the ſpoils of royal cully,
With falſe pretence to wit and parts,
She ſwaggers like a batter'd bully,
To try the tempers of mens hearts.

II.

Though ſhe appear as glittering fine,
As gems, and jetts, and paint, can make her;
She ne'er can win a breaſt like mine;
The devil and Sir David † take her.

KNOTTING.

At noon, in a ſunſhiny day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a ſhade:

Each ſlender finger play'd its part,
With ſuch activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the moſt decay'd.

Her favourite ſwain, by chance, came by,
He ſaw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the baſhful boy drew nigh,
She would have ſeem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twiſted ball:
But ſtraight gave Strephon ſuch a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By ſo much truth and modeſty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy ſmooth cheeks I ſtroke and clap,
Thou may'ſt ſecurely take a nap;
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She ſaw him yawn, and heard him ſnore,
And found him faſt aſleep all o'er.
She ſigh'd, and could endure no more,
But ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid,

Such virtue ſhall rewarded be:
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll truſt you with my flocks, not me,
Purſue thy grazing trade;
Go, milk thy goats, and ſhear thy ſheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
Thou ſhalt no more be lull'd aſleep
By me miſtaken maid.

† Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.

THE ANTIQUATED COQUET.

A SATIRE ON A LADY OF IRELAND ‖.

Phyllis, if you will not agree,
To give me back my liberty;
In ſpite of you, I muſt regain
My loſs of time, and break your chain.
You were miſtaken, if you thought
I was ſo groſsly to be caught;
Or that I was ſo blindly bred,
As not to be in woman read.
Perhaps you took me for a fool,
Deſign'd alone your ſex's tool;
Nay, you might think ſo mad a thing,
That, with a little faſhioning,
I might in time, for your dear ſake,
That monſter call'd a huſband make:
Perhaps I might, had I not found
One darling vice in you abound;
A vice to me, which e'er will prove
An antidote to baniſh love.
O! I could better bear an old,
Ugly, diſeas'd, miſ-ſhapen ſcold,
Or one who games, or will be drunk,
A fool, a ſpendthrift, bawd, or punk,
Than one at all who wildly flies,
And, with ſoft, aſking, giving eyes,
And thouſand other wanton arts,
So meanly trades in begging hearts.
How might ſuch wondrous charms perplex,
Give chains, or death, to all our ſex,
Did ſhe not ſo unwiſely ſet,
For every fluttering fool her net!
So poorly proud of vulgar praiſe,
Her very look her thoughts betrays;
She never ſtays till we begin,
But beckons us herſelf to ſin.
Ere we can aſk, ſhe cries conſent,
So quick her yielding looks are ſent,
They hope foreſtal, and ev'n deſire prevent.
But Nature's turn'd when women woo,
We hate in them what we ſhould do;
Deſire's aſleep, and cannot wake,
When women ſuch advances make:
Both time and charms thus Phyllis waſtes,
Since each muſt ſurfeit ere he taſtes.
Nothing eſcapes her wandering eyes,
No one ſhe thinks too mean a prize;
Ev'n Lynch ¶, the lag of human kind,
Neareſt to brutes of God deſign'd,
May boaſt the ſmiles of this coquet,
As much as any man of wit.
The ſigns hang thinner in the Strand,
The Dutch ſcarce more infeſt the land,

‖ Suppoſed to be of the name of Clanbrazil.
¶ A notorious debauchee.

Though Egypt's locuſts they outvie,
In number and voracity.
Whores are not half ſo plenty found,
In play-houſe, or that hallow'd ground
Of Temple-walks, or Whetſtone's park;
Careſſes leſs abound in Spark †.
Then with kind looks for all who come,
At bawdy-houſe, the Drawing-room:
But all in vain ſhe throws her darts,
They hit, but cannot hurt our hearts:
Age has enerv'd her charms ſo much,
That fearleſs all her eyes approach;
Each her autumnal face degrades
With "Reverend Mother of the Maids!"
But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
Forgetting what her charms have done;
To Teagueland we this beauty owe,
Teagueland her earlieſt charms did know:
There firſt her tyrant beauties reign'd;
Where'er ſhe look'd, ſhe conqueſt gain'd.
No heart the glances could repel,
The Teagues in ſhoals before her fell;
And trotting hogs was all the art,
The ſound had left to ſave his heart.
She kill'd ſo faſt, by my ſalvation,
She near diſpeopled half the nation:
Though ſhe, good ſoul, to ſave, took care
All, all ſhe could from ſad deſpair.
From thence ſhe thither came to prove
If yet her charms could kindle love:
But ah! it was too late to try,
For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh:
Yet though her eyes ſuch conqueſts made,
That they were ſhunn'd, or elſe obey'd,
Yet now her charms are ſo decay'd,
She thanks each coxcomb that will deign
To praiſe her face, and wear her chain.
So ſome old ſoldier, who had done
Wonders in youth, and battles won,
When feeble years his ſtrength depoſe,
That he too weak to vanquiſh grows,
With mangled face and wooden leg,
Reduc'd about for alms to beg,
O'erjoy'd, a thouſand thanks beſtows
On him who but a farthing throws.

SONG TO CHLORIS,

FROM THE

"*BLIND ARCHER.*"

I.

Ah! Chloris, 'tis time to diſarm your bright eyes,
And lay by thoſe terrible glances;
We live in an age that's more civil and wiſe,
Than to follow the rules of romances.

II.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you'll find it a very hard taſk to hold out;
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

* Elizabeth Spark, a noted courtezan.

SONG

I.

Methinks the poor town has been troubled too long,
With Phyllis and Chloris in every ſong,
By fools, who at once had both love and deſpair,
And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;
Which juſtly provokes me in rhyme to expreſs
The truth that I know of bonny Black Beſs.

II.

This Beſs of my heart, this Beſs of my ſoul,
Has a ſkin white as milk, and hair as black as a coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan round her waiſt,
But her round ſwelling thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt:
But I know what I think, when I drink to the beſt.

III.

The plowman and 'ſquire, the arranter clown,
At home ſhe ſubdued in her poragon gown;
But now ſhe adorns both the boxes and pit,
And the proudeſt town gallants are forc'd to ſubmit;
All hearts fall a leaping wherever ſhe comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord Craven's drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
For ſhe'd outſhine the ladies, paint, jewels, and all:
If a lord ſhould but whiſper his love in the crowd,
She'd ſell him a bargain, and laugh out aloud:
Then the Queen, overhearing what Betty did ſay,
Would ſend Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to thoſe that have had my dear Beſs in their arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to ſoften her charms;
And to every beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to liſp, and to trip in her pace;
And with head on one ſide, and a languiſhing eye,
To kill us by looking as if ſhe would die.

SONG.

I.

May the ambitious ever find
Succeſs in crowds and noiſe;
While gentle love does fill my mind
With ſilent real joys!

II.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
And the world think them wiſe,
While I lie dying at her feet,
And all the world deſpiſe.

III.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raiſe,
And melt in court delights;
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much ſofter nights.

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED

In grey hair'd Cælia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, If I have any charms,
My dearest, let's away.

For you, my Love, is all my fear!
Hark how the drums do rattle!
Alas, Sir! what should you do here
In dreadful day of battle?

Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger's his diversion;
The wise will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person:

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory;
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.

When foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Put six good horses to your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town or buy it;
Whilst you, great Sir, at Nôtre Dame,
Te Deum sing in quiet.

SONG.

Phyllis, the fairest of Love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon,
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they had scarce a rag on.

Compell'd through want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin;
Which surly Strephon hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As will neither play nor spin.

SONG.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

SONG.

Sylvia, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For though we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face.

Then where's the pleasure, where's the good,
Of spending time and cost?
For if your wit be n't understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

SONG.

I.

Phyllis, for shame, let us improve
A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love
From many tedious days.

II.

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

III.

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit,
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

IV.

False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

V.

But when the least regard I shew
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise!

SONG.

I.

Corydon beneath a willow,
By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
Thus address'd the charming maid.

II.

O! my Sachariffa, tell,
How could nature take delight
That a heart so hard should dwell
In a frame so soft and white.

III.

Could you feel but half the anguish,
Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
You'd be kind, as you are fair.

IV.

See the fire that in me reigns,
O! behold a burning man;
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can.

V.

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
Cry'd, with an insulting look,
Yes, I fain would quench your flame;
She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE STEPNEY.

Containing his

EPISTLES, ELEGIES, || IMITATIONS, TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Stepney! in foreign courts a favourite name,
For ever sacred to the voice of Fame!
Abroad, at home, his actions wonder mov'd;
Great was the glory to be thus approv'd,
But greater that, to be by you belov'd.

EUSDEN'S EPISTLE TO HALIFAX.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF STEPNEY.

GEORGE STEPNEY, deſcended of the family of the Stepneys of Pendegraſt, in Pembrokeſhire, was born in Weſtminſter, in the year 1663. Of his father's condition or fortune nothing is known.

He was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, from whence he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1682; and he took his Maſter's degree in 1689.

At college he continued a friendſhip, begun at ſchool, with Charles Montague, Eſq., afterwards Earl of Halifax, to whoſe perſonal kindneſs he was chiefly indebted for the preferment he afterwards enjoyed.

They came to London together, and are ſaid to have been introduced into public life by the Earl of Dorſet.

At this time, he was perhaps attached to the Tory intereſt; for one of the firſt poems he wrote was an addreſs to King James, on his Acceſſion to the Throne; in which, with little poetry or propriety, he compares that monarch to Hercules.

Soon after the Acceſſion of King James, when Monmouth's Rebellion broke out, the Univerſity of Cambridge thought proper to burn the picture of that raſh prince, who had been their Chancellor. On this occaſion, Stepney wrote ſome good verſes, in anſwer to this queſtion:

"——————— Sed quid
Turba Remi? ſequitur fortunam, ut ſemper, et odit damnatos."

At the Revolution, he embraced the Whig intereſt; and his qualifications recommended him to many foreign employments in the reign of King William, and the ſucceeding reign.

In 1692, he was ſent Envoy to the Elector of Brradenburg; in 1693, to the Imperial Court; in 1694, to the Elector of Saxony; in 1696, to the Electors of Mentz and Cologne, and the Congreſs of Frankfort; in 1698, a ſecond time to Brandenburg; in 1699, to the King of Poland; in 1701, again to the Emperor; and, in 1706, to the States General.

He was very ſucceſsful in his negotiations, which occaſioned his conſtant employment in the moſt weighty affairs of that time.

His life was buſy, and not long. He died at Chelſea in 1707, in the 44th year of his age, and was buried in Weſtminſter Abbey.

This is all that is known of Stepney; a man who wanted not wiſdom as a ſtateſman, nor elegance as a poet; but whoſe public honours ſeem to have been more owing to his political connections, than to his merit as a writer.

His proſe writings conſiſt of ſome occaſional political tracts; particularly, *An Eſſay on the preſent Intereſt of England*, 1701; and *The Proceedings of the Houſe of Commons in* 1667, *upon the French King's Progreſs in Flanders*, printed in the Collection of Tracts, called Lord Somers's Collection.

His poems, which are not very long, nor are the ſubjects upon which they are written very conſiderable, were printed among the works of the Minor Poets, in 2 volumes, 12mo, 1749.

He apparently, however, profeſſed himſelf a poet, and came forward, among others, with his verſes on public occaſions, particularly *on the Death of Queen Mary;* a ſubject which required more elegiac tenderneſs than is to be found in his performance.

His name, alſo, appears among thoſe of the other wits in the Verſion of Juvenal, to which he contributed a tranſlation of the *Eighth Satire*, executed with a freedom obſervable in the verſion of his aſſociates, and a neglect of his author which is not compenſated by beauties of his own.

" In his original poems," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " now and then a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a ſhort compoſition may give pleaſure; but there is, in the whole, little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature."

His character is given in the following Epitaph, inſcribed on the pedeſtal of a monument erected to his memory in Weſtminſter Abbey.

H. S. E.
GEORGIUS STEPNEIUS, Armiger,
Vir,
Ob Ingenii acumen,
Literarum Scientiam,
Morum Suavitatem,
Rerum uſum,
Virorum Ampliſſimorum Conſuetudinem
Linguæ, Styli, ac Vitæ Elegantiam,
Præclara officia cum Britanniæ tum Europæ
Præſtita,
Sua ætate multum celebratus,
Apud poſteros ſemper celebrandus;
Plurimas Legationes obiit
Ea Fide, Diligentia, ac Felicitate,
Ut Auguſtiſſimorum Principum
Gulielmi et Annæ
Spem in illo repoſitam
Nunquam fefellerit,
Haud raro ſuperaverit
Poſt longum honorum Curſum
Brevi Temporis ſpatio confectum,
Cum Naturæ parum, Famæ ſatis vixerat
Animam ad altiora aſpirantem placide efflavit.

On the Left Hand.

G. S.
Ex Equeſtri familia Stepneiorum
De Pendegraſt, in Comitatu
Pembrochienſi oriundus,
Weſtmonaſterii natus eſt, A. D. 1633.
Electus in Collegium
Sancti Petri Weſtmonaſt. A. 1676.
Sancti Trinitatis Cantab. 1682.
Conſiliariorum quibus Commercii
Cura Commiſſa eſt 1697.
Chelſeiæ mortuus, et comitante
Magna Procerum
Frequentia, huc elatus, 1707.

POEMS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE

LADY ANNE †.

Circumvolantum blanda Cupidinum
Huc Mater axes flectat eburneos,
Dum sævientis flagra dextræ
Chaoniæ metuant Columbæ.

Seu, ne jugales heu! nimium pigros
Damnent Amantes, ociùs, ocius
Impelle currum fortiori
Remigio volitans Olorum.

Junctum marinæ Pelea Conjugi,
Senique junctum Cyprida Troico,
Delira ne jactet vetustas,
Connubio superata nostro:

Illustriori stemmate regiam
Ditabit aulam nobilior Parens;
Virtute et Æneam Nepotes,
Viribus et superent Achillem.

Quin bellicosæ gloria Cimbriæ;
Nunc invidendæ spes, decus Angliæ,
Ira, horror, et vultus minaces
In Dominæ tumulentur ulnis.

Cessate lites; spicula, machinæ
Dormite lethi; libret et unicus,
Præbent puellæ quas ocelli,
Armiger innocuus sagittas!

Quàm dulce vultu virgineo rubet
Pandora! (quantum, dum rubet, allicit!)
Tacetque, sed narrant vicissim
Lumina luminibus calores.

Liquisset Evan Gnosida, floridam
Tu, Phœbe, Daphnen hanc peteres magis:
Nec non Tonantis pluma mendax,
Cornua seu tegerent amores.

Lacæna nunquam damna modestiæ
Tulisset, Idæ si puer huc vagus
Errâsset, ardentes videret
Funere tergemino penates.

Flammasque viles crederet Ilii.
Mercede tali quis stadium piger
Fatale vitet? quis timeret
Oenomai fremitum sequentis?

Te præda nullo parta periculo,
Te gaza nullis empta laboribus
Expectat ultrò: fata, Princeps,
Hæc meritis statuêre tantis.

Ætas ut aptis vernet amoribus,
Blando fideles murmure turtures,
Nexuque vites arctiori, et
Basiolis superate conchas.

Cum dextra Cœli prodiga Carolum
Ornârit omni dote, Britanniæ
Oblita, et hæredis futuri,
Nec dederit similem aut secundum;

Te, spes ruentis fausticr imperi,
Nomen beabit Patris amabile,
Heroas illustres daturum,
Qui domitum moderentur orbem.

Infans Parenti laudibus æmulus
Assurgat, annos dissimulans breves:
Patris decorem mas verendum,
Matris et os referant Puellæ.

† From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."

TO KING JAMES II.

Upon his Acceſſion to the Throne, 1684-5.

As victors loſe the trouble they ſuſtain
In greater trophies which the triumphs gain;
And martyrs, when the joyful crown is given,
Forget the pain by which they purchas'd heaven:
So, when the Phœnix of our empire dy'd,
And with a greater heir the empty throne ſupply'd,
Your glory diſſipates our mournful dew,
And turns our grief for Charles to joy for you.
Myſterious Fate, whoſe one decree could prove
The high extreme of cruelty and love!
May then no ſlight of a blaſpheming Muſe
Thoſe wiſe reſolves of Providence accuſe,
Which eas'd our Atlas of his glorious weight,
Since ſtronger Hercules ſupports the ſtate.
England no more ſhall penſive thoughts employ
On him ſhe 'as loſt; but him ſhe has, enjoy.
So Ariadne, when her lover fled,
And Bacchus honour'd the deſerted bed,
Ceas'd with her tears to raiſe the ſwelling flood,
Forgot her Theſeus, and embrac'd the god.

On the Univerſity of Cambridge's burning the Duke of Monmouth's Picture, 1685, *who was formerly their Chancellor.—In Anſwer to this Queſtion*,

" —— Sed quid
" Turba Remi? ſequitur fortunam, ut ſemper,
" et odit
" Damnatos ——"

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your rabble and your doctors too,
With what applauſe you once receiv'd his grace,
And begg'd a copy of his godlike face;
But when the ſage Vice-Chancellor was ſure
The original in limbo lay ſecure,
As greaſy as himſelf he ſends a lictor,
To vent his loyal malice on the picture.
The beadle's wife endeavours all ſhe can
To ſave the image of the tall young man,
Which ſhe ſo oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with ſtrong thoughts ſhe might improve her race;
But all in vain; ſince the wiſe houſe conſpire
To damn the canvas traitor to the fire,
Leſt it, like bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythe-men next harveſt to renew the fight.
Then in comes mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He'll ſubſcribe, if he can, for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of Clare-hall that proffer refuſes,
'Snigs he'll be beholden to none but the Muſes;
And orders ten porters to bring the dull reams
On the death of good Charles, and crowning of James; [ſtuff
And ſwears he will borrow of the Provoſt more
On the marriage of Anne, if that be n't enough.
The heads, leſt he get all the profit t' himſelf,
Too greedy of honour, too laviſh of pelf,
This motion deny, and vote that Tite Tillet
Should gather from each noble doctor a billet.
The kindneſs was common, and ſo they'd return it;
The gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their ſtocks for a bonfire together,
As they club for a cheeſe in the pariſh of Cheddar,
Confuſedly crowd on the ſophs and the doctors,
The hangman, the townſmen, their wives, and the proctors;
While the troops from each part of the countries in ale
Come to quaff his confuſion in bumpers of ſtale:
But Roſalin, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her abſence their folly rebuke,
The tender creature could not ſee his fate,
With whom ſhe 'ad dane'd a minuet ſo late.
The heads, who never could hope for ſuch frames,
Out of envy condemn'd ſixſcore pounds to the flames;
Then his air was too proud, and his features amiſs,
As if being a traitor had alter'd his phiz:
So the rabble of Rome, whoſe favour ne'er ſettles,
Melt down their Sejanus to pots and braſs kettles.

AN EPISTLE TO

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Esq.

Afterwards EARL of HALIFAX.

On his Majeſty's Voyage to Holland.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
Art I 've either loſt, or never knew,
Pleas'd my paſt follies kindly to commend,
And fondly loſe the critic in the friend;
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull inſenſibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to buſineſs, and averſe to rhymes,
And to obey the man I love, in ſpite
Of the world's genius and my own, I'll write.
But think not that I vainly do aſpire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samſon's riddle is that powerful ſong,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion ſtrong;
The colours there ſo artfully are laid,
They fear no luſtre, and they want no ſhade,
But ſhall of writing a juſt model give,
While Boyne ſhall flow, and William's glory live.
Yet ſince his every act may well infuſe
Some happy rapture in the humbleſt Muſe,
Though mine deſpairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The King's the theme, and I've a ſubject's right.

When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy,
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treason sure, to shew no zeal,
And not to write, is almost to rebel.
Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who would continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
Would sing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with transport boast,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair isle with rival passions strove;
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed;
And how she bless'd his way, yet sigh'd, and said:
Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.
O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world confin'd?
Should sinking nations summon you away,
Maria's love might justify your stay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your safety to the Gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to out-do
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
The Belgic state has rested long secure
Within the circle of thy guardian power;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in strength, can range the woods alone;
When to my arms they did the Prince resign,
I bless'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly should obey
His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway:
He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright;
One my defence, and t'other my delight:
Yet go—where honour calls the hero, go:
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword:
Again in Cressy let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:
While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
In honourable pleasure I possess
The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is bless'd,
Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
Through different regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;
While, by a pleasing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light:
So when your beams do distant nations cheer,
The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
Able alone my empire to sustain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign—
But why has fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?
Here she relented, and would urge his stay
By all that fondness and that grief could say;
But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
Fate call'd; the hero must his way pursue,
And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.
The winds were silent, and the gentle main
Bore an auspicious omen of his reign;
When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the cheerful Tritons play.
Each chose a different subject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praise:
Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this stream of virtue first began:
Others chose heroes of a later date,
And sung the * founder of the neighbouring state;
How daringly he tyranny withstood,
And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
Then to the two illustrious † brethren came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
And to the ‖ youth, whose pregnant hopes outran
The steps of time, and early shew'd the man;
For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the Phœnix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may rise;
So fate ordain'd the § parent soon should set,
To make the glories of his heir complete.
At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some sung his birth, and how discerning Fate
Sav'd infant Virtue against powerful Hate;
Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that spread the more, the more withheld.
Some sung Seneffe, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himself a war alone;
And how his firmer courage did oppose
His country's foreign and intestine foes;
The lion he, who held their arrows close.
Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old;
How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
Design'd his lawful issue to devour;
But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
The black contrivance of the doating god;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'Twas Italy secur'd his frighted head,
And by his flight resign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier son.

* William.
‖ William.
† Maurice and Henry.
§ James II.

Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne:
How on the wondering bank the hero ſtood,
Laviſhly bold, and deſperately good:
Till Fate, deſigning to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can ſave,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the ſting,
Wounded the man, diſtinguiſhing the King.
They had enlarg'd, but found the ſtrain too ſtrong,
And in ſoft notes allay'd the bolder ſong:
Flow, gentle Boyne, they cry'd, and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be ſpread;
No more may travellers deſire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten ſtream,
Be or the ſoldier's rant, or poet's theme:
All waters ſhall unite their fame in thee,
Loſt in thy waves, as thoſe are in the ſea.
They breath'd afreſh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick miſts long to conceal the ſhore:
Smooth was the liquid plain; the ſleeping wind
More to the ſea, than to its maſter kind,
Detain'd a treaſure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
But he, with a ſuperior genius born, [ſcorn:
Treats chance with inſolence, and death with
Darkneſs and ice in vain obſtruct his way;
Holland is near, and nature muſt obey;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat ſecurely rode,
For Cæſar and his fortune were the load.
With eager tranſport Belgia met her ſon,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
Till, certain of her joy, ſhe bow'd her head,
Confeſs'd her Lord, bleſs'd his return, and ſaid:
If paſſion by long abſence does improve,
And makes that rapture, which before was love,
Think on my old, my intermitted bliſs,
And by my former pleaſure meaſure this:
Nor by theſe feeble pillars which I raiſe,
Unequal to ſuſtain the hero's praiſe:
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To repreſent your glories, or my heart:
Theſe humble emblems are deſign'd to ſhew,
Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a ſhort review,
How Holland's happineſs advanc'd with you;
How her ſtout veſſel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her ſtorms, while Orange was her guide.
What ſince has been our fate—I need not ſay,
Ill ſuiting with the bleſſings of the day,
Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conqueſt was only there where he led on.
Like the Palladium, whereſoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too ſadly underſtood,
How angels have their ſpheres of doing good;
Elſe the ſame ſoul which did our troops poſſeſs,
And crown'd their daring courage with ſucceſs,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been ſtill a guiltleſs plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
Like yours ſhould be to time and place confin'd!
But thy return ſhall fix our kinder fate;
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait:
Diſcording princes ſhall with thee combine,
And centre all their intereſts in thine;
Proud of thy friendſhip, ſhall forego their ſway,
As Rome her great Dictator did obey;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft ſhall looſe, nor force ſhall cut.

ON THE LATE HORRID CONSPIRACY.

The * youth whoſe fortune the vaſt globe obey'd,
Finding his † royal enemy betray'd,
And in his chariot by ‖ vile hands oppreſs'd,
With noble pity and juſt rage poſſeſs'd,
Wept at his fall from ſo ſublime a ſtate,
And by the traitor's death reveng'd the fate
Of majeſty profan'd—ſo acted too
The generous Cæſar, when the Roman knew
A § coward king had treacherouſly ſlain,
¶ Whom ſcarce he foil'd on the Pharſalian plain:
The doom of his fam'd rival he bemoan'd,
And the baſe author of the crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous maxims of the great,
Free from the ſervile arts of barbarous hate:
They knew no foe but in the open field,
And to their cauſe and to the gods appeal'd.
So William acts—and if his rivals dare
Diſpute his reign by arms, he'll meet them there,
Where Jove, as once on Ida, holds the ſcale,
And lets the good, the juſt, and brave, prevail.

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

Upon the Death of his Son before Luxemburgh.

He's gone! and was it then by your decree,
Ye envious powers, that we ſhould only ſee
This copy of your own divinity?
Or thought ye it ſurpaſſing human ſtate,
To have a bleſſing laſting as 'twas great?
Your cruel ſkill you better ne'er had ſhewn,
Since you ſo ſoon deſign'd him all your own,
Such foſtering favours to the damn'd are given,
When, to increaſe their hell, you ſhew them heaven.
Was it too godlike, he ſhould long inherit
At once his father's and his uncle's ſpirit?
Yet as much beauty, and as calm a breaſt,
As the mild dame whoſe teeming womb he bleſt.
H' had all the favours Providence could give,
Except its own prerogative, to live;
Reſerv'd in pleaſures, and in dangers bold,
Youthful in action, and in prudence old:
His humble greatneſs, and ſubmiſſive ſtate,
Made his life full of wonder, as his fate;
One, who, to all the heights of learning bred,
Read books and men, and practis'd what he read.

* Alexander. † Darius. ‖ Boſſus.
§ Ptolemy. ¶ Pompey.

Round the wide globe ſcarce did the buſy ſun
With greater haſte and greater luſtre run.
True gallantry and grandeur he deſcry'd,
From the French ſopperies, and German pride;
And like the induſtrious bee, where'er he flew,
Gather'd the ſweets which on ſweet bloſſoms grew.
Babel's confuſed ſpeeches on his tongue
With a ſweet harmony and concord hung.
More countries than for Homer did conteſt
Do ſtrive who moſt were by his preſence bleſt.
Nor did his wiſdom damp his martial fire;
Minerva both her portions did inſpire,
Uſe of the warlike bow and peaceful lyre.
So Cæſar doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
Shewing like wit, as valour when he fought.
If God, as Plato taught, example takes
From his own works, and ſouls by patterns makes,
Much of himſelf in him he did unfold,
And caſt them in his darling Sidney's mold,
Of too refin'd a ſubſtance to be old.
Both did alike diſdain an hero's rage
Should come like an inheritance by age.
Ambitiouſly did both conſpire to twiſt
Bays with the ivy, with their temples kiſt:
Scorning to wait the ſlow advance of time,
Both fell like early bloſſoms in their prime,
By blind events, and Providence's crime.
Yet both, like Codrus, o'er their yielding foe,
Obtain'd the conqueſt, in their overthrow;
And longer life do purchaſe by their death,
In fame completing what they want in breath.
Oh! had kind Fate ſtretch'd the contracted ſpan
To the full glories of a perfect man,
And, as he grew, could every rolling year
A new addition to our wonder bear,
H' had paid to his illuſtrious line that ſtock
Of ancient honour, which from thence he took.
But oh!
So haſty fruits, and too ambitious flowers,
Scorning the midwifery of ripening ſhowers,
In ſpite of froſts, ſpring from th' unwilling earth,
But find a nip untimely as their birth:
Abortive iſſues ſo delude the womb,
And ſcarce have being, ere they want a tomb.
Forgive, my Lord, the Muſe that does aſpire
With a new breath to fan your raging fire;
Who each officious and unſkilful ſound
Can with freſh torture but enlarge the wound.
Could I, with David, curſe the guilty plain,
Where once more lov'd than Jonathan was ſlain;
Or could I flights high as his merits raiſe,
Clear as his virtue, deathleſs as his praiſe;
None who, though laurels crown'd their aged head,
Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more devotion ſhould enrol his name
In the long-conſecrated liſt of Fame.
But, ſince my artleſs and unhallow'd ſtrain
Will the high worth, it ſhould commend, profane;
Since I deſpair my humble verſe ſhould prove
Great as your loſs, or tender as your love;
My heart with ſighings, and with tears mine eye,
Shall the defect of written grief ſupply.

A POEM,

Dedicated to the bleſſed Memory of her late gracious Majeſty Queen Mary.

Once more, my Muſe,—we muſt an altar raiſe;—
May it prove laſting as Maria's praiſe;
And, the ſong ended, be the ſwan's thy doom,
Reſt ever ſilent, as Maria's tomb.
But whence ſhall we begin? or whither ſteer?
Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
Where judgment lies in admiration loſt,
Not knowing which it ſhould diſtinguiſh moſt.
Some angel, from your own, deſcribe her frame,
For ſure your godlike beings are the fame:
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly ſenſe and reſolution join'd;
A mien compos'd of mildneſs and of ſtate,
Not by conſtraint or affectation great;
But form'd by nature for ſupreme command,
Like Eve juſt moulded by the Maker's hand;
Yet ſuch her meekneſs, as half-veil'd the throne,
Leſt, being in too great a luſtre ſhewn,
It might debar the ſubject of acceſs,
And make her mercies and our comforts leſs.
So Gods of old, deſcending from their ſphere
To viſit men, like mortals did appear;
Leſt their too awful preſence ſhould affright
Thoſe whom they meant to bleſs and to delight.
Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
From her bright orb, diffuſive like the ſun,
She did her healing influence diſplay,
And cheriſh'd all our nether world, that lay
Within the circle of her radiant day;
Reliev'd not only thoſe who bounty ſought,
But gave unaſk'd, and as ſhe gave forgot;
Found modeſt Want in her obſcure retreat,
And courted timorous Virtue to be great.
The Church, which William ſav'd, was Mary's care,
Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the ſeat of mercy dwell;
For here ſhe would not have her goodneſs known,
But you beheld how ſhe addreſs'd the throne,
And wonder'd at a zeal ſo like your own.
Since ſhe was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
She ſhould, alas! have been immortal too.
A mind ſo good, in beauteous ſtrength array'd,
Aſſur'd our hopes ſhe might be long obey'd;
And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have ſeen
The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
As that bright pair which rules the heavenly ſphere.
Grace and mild mercy beſt in her were ſhewn;
In him the rougher virtues of the throne:
Of Juſtice ſhe at home the balance held;
Abroad, Oppreſſion by his ſword was quell'd:
The generous lion, and the peaceful dove,
The God of battle, and the Queen of love,

Did in their happy nuptials well agree:
Like Mars, he led our armies out; and she
With smiles presided o'er her native sea.
Such too their meetings, when our Monarch came,
With laurels loaden, and immortal fame:
As when the God on Hæmus quits his arms,
Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms:
Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
And lay the reins of empire at his feet!
With the same temper as the * Latian hind
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd:
So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew;
Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd;
Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
When in disguise he leaves his power above,
And drowns all other attributes in love.
Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
Our joy while living, our despair now dead.
Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
Of Sybil's books, that volume which remain'd,
The perfect value of the whole retain'd.
When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His spirit doubled on his partner's head;
So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful senate with one voice combine
To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait:
But, when the vastness of thy grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.
Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away,
But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.
The bravest heroes have the softest mind;
Their nature's, like the Gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart;
For a lost mistress in despair he sate,
And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans slew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.
Still greater is thy loss,——be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.
She who on earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to heaven, shall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly shield,
Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.
Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both estates with Mary shew,
And while above she triumphs, fight below.—
'Tis done—our Monarch to the camp returns,—
The Gallic armies fly—their navy burns,
And earth and seas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious hand.

* Lucius Quintius.

THE AUSTRIAN EAGLE.

At Anna's call the Austrian eagle flies,
Bearing her thunder to the southern skies;
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,
Inflames the region, and misguides the day;
Till the usurper, from his chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true monarch to command the world.

THE NATURE OF DREAMS.

At dead of night imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps;
Then airy phantoms a mix'd scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day;
For memory those images retains,
Which passion form'd, and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the chace they lately run,
And generals fight again their battles won.
Spectres and furies haunt the murderer's dreams;
Grants or disgraces are the courtier's themes.
The miser spies a thief, or a new hoard;
The cit's a knight, the sycophant a lord.
Thus fancy's in the wild distraction lost,
With what we most abhor, or covet most.
But of all passions that our dreams control,
Love prints the deepest image in the soul;
For vigorous fancy and warm blood dispense
Pleasures so lively, that they rival sense.
Such are the transports of a willing maid,
Not yet by time and place to act betray'd,
Whom spies or some faint virtue forc'd to fly
That scene of joy, which yet she dies to try:
Till fancy bawds, and, by mysterious charms,
Brings the dear object to her longing arms;
Unguarded then she melts, acts fierce delight,
And curses the returns of envious light.
In such blest dreams Byblis enjoys a flame,
Which waking she detests, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a loose to his wild love,
And in his airy visions cuckolds Jove.
Honours and state before this phantom fall;
For sleep, like death its image, equals all.

VERSES,

Imitated from the French of Monſ. Maynard, to Cardinal Richelieu.

I.

When money and my blood ran high,
My Muſe was reckon'd wondrous pretty;
The Sports and Smiles did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her ſmart concetti.

II.

Now (who'd have thought it once?) with pain
She ſtrings her harp, whilſt freezing age
But feebly runs through every vein,
And chills my briſk poetic rage.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women, dead in law;
And ſoon from Fate I ſhall receive
A ſummons to the ſhades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghoſts will round me come
To hear of ſam'd Ramillia's fight;
Whilſt the vext Bourbons through the gloom
Retires to th' utmoſt realms of night.

V.

Then I, my lord, will tell how you
With penſions every Muſe inſpire;
Who Marlborough's conqueſts did purſue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But ſhould ſome drolling ſprite demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray?
How like a coxcomb ſhould I ſtand!
What would your Lordſhip have me ſay?

JUVENAL.

SATIRE VIII.

The Argument.

In this Satire, the poet proves that nobility does not conſiſt in ſtatues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions: He laſhes Rubellius Plancus, for being inſolent, by reaſon of his high birth; and lays down an inſtance that we ought to make the like judgment of men, as we do of horſes, who are valued rather according to their perſonal qualities, than by the race of whence they come. He adviſes his noble friend Ponticus (to whom he dedicates the ſatire) to lead a virtuous life, diſſuading him from debauchery, luxury, oppreſſion, cruelty, and other vices, by his ſevere cenſures on Lateranus, Damaſippus, Gracchus, Nero, Cataline; and in oppoſition to theſe, diſplays the worth of perſons meanly born, ſuch as Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, and the Decii.

The tranſlator of this ſatire induſtriouſly avoided impoſing upon the reader, and perplexing the printer with tedious common-place notes: but finding towards the latter end many examples of noblemen who diſgraced their anceſtors by vicious practices, and of men meanly born who ennobled their families by virtuous and brave actions, he thought ſome hiſtorical relations were neceſſary towards rendering thoſe inſtances more intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his remarks. He would gladly have left out the heavy paſſage of the Mirmillo and Retiarius, which he honeſtly confeſſes he either does not rightly underſtand, or cannot ſufficiently explain. If he has not confined himſelf to the ſtrict rules of tranſlation, but has frequently taken the liberty of imitating, paraphraſing, or reconciling the Roman cuſtoms to our modern uſage, he hopes this freedom is pardonable, ſince he has not uſed it but when he found the original flat, obſcure, or defective, and where the humour and connection of the author might naturally allow of ſuch a change.

What's the advantage, or the real good,
In tracing from the ſource our ancient blood?
To have our anceſtors in paint or ſtone,
Preſerv'd as relics, or like monſters ſhewn?
The brave Æmilii, as in triumph plac'd,
The virtuous Curii, half by time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldering noſe, that bears
Injurious ſcars, the ſad effects of years?
And Galba grinning without noſe or ears?
Vain are their hopes, who fancy to inherit
By trees of pedigrees, or fame, or merit:
Though plodding heralds through each branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their race,
While their ill lives that family bely,
And grieve the braſs which ſtands diſhonour'd by.
'Tis mere burleſque, that to our Generals praiſe
Their progeny immortal ſtatues raiſe,
Yet (far from that old gallantry) delight
To game before their images all night,
And ſteal to bed at the approach of day,
The hour when theſe their enſigns did diſplay.
Why ſhould ſoft Fabius impudently bear
Names gain'd by conqueſts in the Gallic war?
Why lays he claim to Hercules's ſtrain,
Yet dares be baſe, effeminate, and vain?
The glorious altar to that hero built
Adds but a greater luſtre to his guilt,
Whoſe tender limbs and poliſh'd ſkin diſgrace
The griſly beauty of his manly race;
And, who, by practiſing the diſmal ſkill
Of poiſoning, and ſuch treacherous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy kindred marble ſweat,
When his degenerate head by their's is ſet.
Long galleries of anceſtry, and all
The follies which ill-grace a country hall,
Challenge no wonder or eſteem from me;
"Virtue alone is true nobility."
Live therefore well: to men and gods appear,
Such as good Paulus, Coſſus, Druſus, were;
And in thy conſular, triumphal ſhew,
Let theſe before thy father's ſtatues go;
Place them before the enſigns of the ſtate,
As chooſing rather to be good than great.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me:
Rome for your ſake ſhall puſh her conqueſts on,
And bring new titles home from nations won,
To dignify ſo eminent a ſon.
With your bleſt name ſhall every region ſound,
Loud as mad Egypt, when her prieſts have found
A new Oſiris for the ox they drown'd.

But who will call thoſe noble, who deface,
By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
Whoſe only title to our fathers' fame
Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
A dwarf as well may for a giant paſs;
A negro for a ſwan; a crook-back'd laſs
Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
The name of tiger, lion, or whate'er
Denotes the nobleſt or the fierceſt beaſt;
Be therefore careful, leſt the world in jeſt
Should thee juſt ſo with the mock titles greet
Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.

To whom is this advice and cenſure due?
Rubellius Plancus, 'tis applied to you;
Who think your perſon ſecond to divine,
Becauſe deſcended from the Druſian line;
Though yet you no illuſtrious act have done,
To make the world diſtinguiſh Julia's ſon
From the vile offſpring of a trull, who ſits
By the town wall, and for a living knits.
" You are poor rogues (you cry) the baſer ſcum
" And inconſiderable dregs of Rome;
" Who know not from what corner of the earth
" The obſcure wretch who got you, ſtole his
" birth;
" Mine I derive from Cecrops."—May your Grace
Live and enjoy the ſplendor of your race!——
Yet of theſe baſe plebeians we have known
Some, who, by charming eloquence, have
grown
Great ſenators, and honours to that gown;
Some at the bar with ſubtilty defend
The cauſe of an unlearned noble friend;
Or on the bench the knotty laws untie:
Others their ſtronger youth to arms apply,
Go to Euphrates, or thoſe forces join
Which garriſon the conqueſts near the Rhine.
While you, Rubellius, on your birth rely;
Though you reſemble your great family
No more, than thoſe rough ſtatues on the road
(Which we call Mercuries) are like that god:
Your blockhead though excels in this alone,
You are a living ſtatue, that of ſtone.

Great ſon of Troy, who ever prais'd a beaſt
For being of a race above the reſt,
But rather meant his courage, and his force?
To give an inſtance—We commend a horſe
(Without regard of paſture or of breed)
For his undaunted mettle and his ſpeed;
Who wins moſt plates with greateſt eaſe, and firſt
Prints with his hoofs his conqueſts on the duſt.
But if fleet Dragon's progeny at laſt
Prove jaded, and in frequent matches caſt,
No favour for the ſtallion we retain,
And no reſpect for the degenerate ſtrain;
The worthleſs brute is from New-market brought,
And at an under rate in Smithfield bought,
To turn a mill, or drag a loaded life
Beneath two panniers and a baker's wife.

That we may therefore you, not your's, admire,
Firſt, Sir, ſome honour of your own acquire;
Add to that ſtock which juſtly we beſtow
On thoſe bleſt ſhades to whom you all things owe.

This may ſuffice the haughty youth to ſhame,
Whoſe ſwelling veins (if we may credit fame)
Burſt almoſt with the vanity and pride
That their rich blood to Nero's is ally'd:
The rumour's likely; for, " We ſeldom find
" Much ſenſe with an exalted fortune join'd."

But Ponticus, I would not you ſhould raiſe
Your credit by hereditary praiſe;
Let your own acts immortaliſe your name;
" 'Tis poor relying on another's fame;"
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall;
As a vine droops, when by divorce remov'd
From the embraces of the elm ſhe lov'd.

Be a good ſoldier, or upright truſtee,
An arbitrator from corruption free.
And if a witneſs in a doubtful cauſe,
Where a brib'd judge means to elude the laws:
Though Phalaris's brazen bull were there,
And he would dictate what he'd have you ſwear,
Be not ſo profligate, but rather chooſe
To guard your honour, and your life to loſe,
Rather than let your virtue be betray'd;
Virtue, the nobleſt cauſe for which you're made.

" Improperly we meaſure life by breath;
" Such do not truly live who merit death;
Though they their wanton ſenſes nicely pleaſe
With all the charms of luxury and eaſe;
Though mingled flowers adorn their careleſs
brow,
And round them coſtly ſweets neglected flow,
As if they in their funeral ſtate were laid,
And to the world, as they're to virtue, dead.

When you the province you expect obtain,
From paſſion and from avarice refrain;
Let our aſſociates poverty provoke
Thy generous heart not to increaſe their yoke,
Since riches cannot reſcue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the ſlave.

To what the laws enjoin, ſubmiſſion pay;
And what the Senate ſhall command, obey.
Think what rewards upon the good attend,
And how thoſe fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and Capito may warnings be,
Who felt the thunder of the States decree,
For robbing the Cecilians, though they
(Like leſſer pikes) only ſubſiſt on prey.
But what avails the rigour of their doom?
Which cannot future violence o'ercome,
Nor give the miſerable province eaſe,
Since what one plunderer left, the next will ſeize.

Cherippus then, in time yourſelf bethink,
And what your rags will yield by auction, ſink;
Ne'er put yourſelf to charges to complain
Of wrong which heretofore you did ſuſtain,
Make not a voyage to detect the theft:
'Tis mad to laviſh what their rapine left.

When Rome at firſt our rich allies ſubdued,
From gentle taxes noble ſpoils accrued;
Each wealthy province, but in part oppreſt,
Thought the loſs trivial, and enjoy'd the reſt.
All treaſuries did then with heaps abound;
In every wardrobe coſtly ſilks were found;
The leaſt apartment of the meaneſt houſe
Could all the wealthy pride of art produce;
Pictures which from Parrhaſius did receive
Motion and warmth, and ſtatues taught to live:
Some Polyclete's, ſome Myron's work declar'd,
In others Phidias' maſter-piece appear'd;
And crowding plate did on the cupboard ſtand,
Emboſs'd by curious Mentor's artful hand.
Prizes like theſe oppreſſors might invite,
Theſe Dolabella's rapine did excite,
Theſe Anthony for his own theft thought fit,
Verres for theſe did ſacrilege commit;
And when their reigns were ended, ſhips full fraught
The hidden fruits of their exaction brought,
Which made in peace a treaſure richer far,
Than what is plunder'd in the rage of war.
This was of old; but our confederates now
Have nothing left but oxen for the plough,
Or ſome few mares reſerv'd alone for breed;
Yet, leſt this provident deſign ſucceed,
They drive the father of the herd away,
Making both ſtallion and his paſture prey.
Their rapine is ſo abject and profane,
They not from trifles nor from gods refrain;
But the poor Lares from the niches ſeize,
If they be little images that pleaſe.
Such are the ſpoils which now provoke their theft,
And are the greateſt, nay, they're all that's left.
Thus may you Corinth or weak Rhodes oppreſs,
Who dare not bravely what they feel redreſs:
For how can ſops thy tyranny controul,
"Smooth limbs are ſymptoms of a ſervile ſoul."
But treſpaſs not too far on ſturdy Spain,
Sclavonia, France, thy gripes from thoſe reſtrain,
Who with their ſweat Rome's luxury maintain,
And ſend us plenty, while our wanton day
Is laviſh'd at the circus, or the play.
For, ſhould you to extortion be inclin'd,
Your cruel guilt will little booty find,
Since gleaning Marius has already ſeiz'd
All that from ſun-burnt Afric can be ſqueez'd.
But, above all, "Be careful to with-hold
"Your talons from the wretched and the bold;
"Tempt not the brave and needy to deſpair;
"For, though your violence ſhould leave them bare
"Of gold and ſilver, ſwords and darts remain,
"And will revenge the wrongs which they ſuſtain;
"The plunder'd ſtill have arms——."
Think not the precept I have here laid down
A fond, uncertain notion of my own;
No, 'tis a Sibyl's leaf what I relate,
As fix'd and ſure as the decrees of fate.
Let none but men of honour you attend;
Chooſe him that has moſt virtue for your friend,
And give no way to any darling youth
To ſell your favour, and pervert the truth.
Reclaim your wife from ſtrolling up and down,
To all aſſizes, and through every town,
With claws like harpies, eager for the prey
(For which your juſtice and your fame will pay).
Keep yourſelf free from ſcandals ſuch as theſe;
Then trace your birth from Picus, if you pleaſe:
If he's too modern, and your pride aſpire
To ſeek the author of your being higher,
Chooſe any Titan who the gods withſtood
To be the founder of your ancient blood,
Prometheus, and that race before the flood,
Or any other ſtory you can find
From heralds, or in poets, to your mind.
But ſhould you prove ambitious, luſtful, vain;
Or could you ſee with pleaſure and diſdain,
Rods broke on our aſſociates bleeding backs,
And heads-men labouring till they blunt their ax:
Your father's glory will your ſin proclaim,
And to a clearer light expoſe your ſhame;
"For ſtill more public ſcandal vice extends,
"As he is great and noble who offends."
How dare you then your high extraction plead?
Yet bluſh not when you go to forge a deed,
In the ſame temple which your grandſire built;
Making his ſtatue privy to the guilt.
Or in a bawdy maſquerade are led,
Muffled by night, to ſome polluted bed.
Fat Lateranus does his revels keep
Where his forefathers' peaceful aſhes ſleep;
Driving himſelf a chariot down the hill,
And (though a conſul) links himſelf the wheel:
To do him juſtice, 'tis indeed by night,
Yet the moon ſees, and every ſmaller light
Pries as a witneſs of the ſhameful ſight.
Nay, when his year of honour's ended, ſoon
He'll leave that nicety, and mount at noon;
Nor bluſh ſhould he ſome grave acquaintance meet,
But, proud of being known, will jerk and greet:
And when his fellow-beaſts are weary grown,
He'll play the groom, give oats, and rub them down.
If, after Numa's ceremonial way,
He at Jove's altar would a victim ſlay,
To no clean goddeſs he directs his prayers,
But by Hippona moſt devoutly ſwears,
Or ſome rank deity, whoſe filthy face
We ſuitably o'er ſtinking ſtables place.
When he has run his length, and does begin
To ſteer his courſe directly for the inn
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all night),
A greaſy Syrian, ere he can alight,
Preſents him eſſence, while his courteous hoſt
(Well knowing nothing by good-breeding's loſt)
Tags every ſentence with ſome fawning word,
Such as "My King, My Prince," at leaſt "My Lord;"
And a tight maid, ere he for wine can aſk,
Gueſſes his meaning, and unoils the flaſk.
Some, friends to vice, induſtriouſly defend
Theſe innocent diverſions, and pretend
That I the tricks of youth too roughly blame,
Alleging that when young we did the ſame.
I grant we did, yet when that age was paſt,
The frolic humour did no longer laſt;

We did not cheriſh and indulge the crime:
What's foul in acting, ſhould be left in time.
'Tis true, ſome faults, of courſe, with childhood end,
We therefore wink at wags when they offend,
And ſpare the boy, in hopes the man may mend.
But Lateranus (now his vigorous age
Should prompt him for his country to engage,
The circuit of our empire to extend,
And all our lives in Cæſar's to defend)
Mature in riots, places his delight
All day in plying bumpers, and at night
Reels to the bawds, over whoſe doors are ſet
Pictures and bills, with "Here are whores to let."
Should any deſperate unexpected fate
Summon all heads and hands to guard the ſtate,
Cæſar, ſend quickly to ſecure the port;
"But where's the general? where does he reſort?"
Send to the ſutler's; there y' are ſure to find
The bully match'd with raſcals of his kind,
Quacks, coffin-makers; fugitives and ſailors;
Rooks, common ſoldiers, hangmen, thieves, and tailors;
With Cybele's prieſts, who, weary'd with proceſſions,
Drink there, and ſleep with knaves of all profeſſions,
A friendly gang! each equal to the beſt;
And all, who can, have liberty to jeſt:
One flaggon walks the round, that none ſhould think
They either change, or ſtint him of his drink:
And, leſt exceptions may for place be found,
Their ſtools are all alike, their table round.

What think you, Ponticus, yourſelf might do,
Should any ſlave ſo lewd belong to you?
No doubt, you'd ſend the rogue in fetters bound
To work in Bridewell, or to plough your ground:
But, nobles, you who trace your birth from Troy,
Think, you the great prerogative enjoy
Of doing ill, by virtue of that race;
As if what we eſteem in coblers baſe,
Would the high family of Brutus grace.

Shameful are theſe examples, yet we find
(To Rome's diſgrace) far worſe than theſe behind;
Poor Damaſippus, whom we once have known
Fluttering with coach and ſix about the town,
Is forc'd to make the ſtage his laſt retreat,
And pawns his voice, the all he has, for meat:
For now he muſt (ſince his eſtate is loſt)
Or repreſent, or be himſelf, a ghoſt:
And Lentulus acts hanging with ſuch art,
Were I a judge, he ſhould not feign the part.
Nor would I their vile inſolence acquit,
Who can with patience, nay diverſion, ſit,
Applauding my lord's buffoonry for wit.
And clapping farces acted by the court,
While the peers cuff, to make the rabble ſport:
Or hirelings, at a prize, their fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they die;
Since none can have the favourable thought
That to obey a tyrant's will they fought,
But that their lives they willingly expoſe,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their ſhews.

Yet ſay, the ſtage and liſts were both in ſight,
And you muſt either chooſe to act, or fight;
Death never ſure bears ſuch a ghaſtly ſhape,
That a rank coward baſely would eſcape
By playing a foul harlot's jealous tool,
Or a feign'd Andrew to a real fool.
Yet a peer actor is no monſtrous thing,
Since Rome has own'd a fidler for a king:
After ſuch pranks, the world itſelf at beſt
May be imagin'd nothing but a jeſt.

Go to the liſts where feats of arms are ſhewn,
There you'll find Gracchus (from patrician grown)
A fencer and the ſcandal of the town.
Nor will he the Mirmillo's weapons bear,
The modeſt helmet he diſdains to wear;
As Retiarius he attacks his foe;
Firſt waves his trident ready for the throw,
Next caſts his net, but neither level'd right,
He ſtares about expos'd to public ſight,
Then places all his ſafety in his flight.
Room for the noble gladiator! See
His coat and hatband ſhew his quality.
Thus when at laſt the brave Mirmillio knew
'Twas Gracchus was the wretch he did purſue,
To conquer ſuch a coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many glorious wounds had bore.

Had we the freedom to expreſs our mind,
There's not a wretch ſo much to vice inclin'd,
But will own, Seneca did far excel
His pupil, by whoſe tyranny he fell:
To expiate whoſe complicated guilt,
With ſome proportion to the blood he ſpilt,
Rome ſhould more ſerpents, apes, and ſacks provide,
Than one, for the compendious parricide.
'Tis true, Oreſtes a like crime did act;
Yet weigh the cauſe, there's difference in the fact:
He ſlew his mother at the gods' command,
They bid him ſtrike, and did direct his hand;
To puniſh falſehood, and appeaſe the ghoſt
Of his poor father treacherouſly loſt,
Juſt in the minute when the flowing bowl
With a full tide enlarg'd his cheerful ſoul.
Yet kill'd he not his ſiſter, or his wife,
Nor aim'd at any near relation's life;
Oreſtes, in the heat of all his rage,
Ne'er play'd or ſung upon a public ſtage;
Never on verſe did his wild thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid ſcene of burning Troy,
Like Nero, who, to raiſe his fancy higher,
And finiſh the great work, ſet Rome on fire.
Such crimes make treaſon juſt, and might compel
Virginius, Vindex, Galba, to rebel;
For what could Nero's ſelf have acted worſe
To aggravate the wretched nation's curſe?

Theſe are the bleſt endowments, ſtudies, arts,
Which exerciſe our mighty Emperor's parts;
Such frolics with his roving genius ſuit,
On foreign theatres to proſtitute
His voice and honour, for the poor renown
Of putting all the Grecian actors down,
And winning at a wake their parſley-crown,
Let this triumphal chaplet find ſome place
Among the other trophies of thy race;
By the Domitii's ſtatues ſhall be laid
The habit and the maſk in which you play'd

Antigon's, or bold Thyeſtes' part,
(White your wild nature little wanted art)
And on the marble pillar ſhall be hung
The lute to which the Royal Madman ſung.
Who, Cataline, can boaſt a nobler line
Than thy lewd friend Cethegus's, and thine?
Yet you took arms, and did by night conſpire
To ſet your houſes and our gods on fire.
(An enterpriſe which might indeed become
Our enemies, the Gauls, not ſons of Rome,
To recompence whoſe barbarous intent
Pitch'd ſhirts would be too mild a puniſhment);
But Tully, our wiſe conſul, watch'd the blow,
With care diſcover'd, and diſarm'd the foe;
Tully, the humble muſhroom, ſcarcely known,
The lowly native of a country town
(Who till of late could never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a Roman knight),
Throughout the trembling city plac'd a guard,
Dealing an equal ſhare to every ward,
And by the peaceful robe got more renown
Within our walls, than young Octavius won
By victories at Actium, or the plain
Of Theſſaly, diſcolour'd by the ſlain:
Him therefore Rome in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.
Marius (another conſul we admire)
In the ſame village born, firſt plow'd for hire;
His next advance was to the ſoldier's trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the ſpade,
His ſurly officer ne'er fail'd to crack
His knotty cudgel on his tougher back:
Yet he alone ſecur'd the tottering ſtate,
Withſtood the Cimbrians, and redeem'd our fate:
So when the eagles to their quarry flew
(Who never ſuch a goodly banquet knew)
Only a ſecond laurel did adorn
His colleague Catulus, though nobly born;
He ſhar'd the pride of the triumphal bay,
But Marius won the glory of the day.
From a mean ſtock the pious Decii came,
Small their eſtates, and vulgar was their name;
Yet ſuch their virtues, that their loſs alone
For Rome and all our legions did atone;
Their country's doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the hoſt they
ſav'd.
The laſt good king whom willing Rome obey'd,
Was the poor offspring of a captive maid;
Yet he thoſe robes of empire juſtly bore,
Which Romulus, our ſacred founder, wore:
Nicely he gain'd, and well poſſeſt the throne,
Not for his father's merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himſelf a family alone.
When Tarquin, his proud ſucceſſor was quell'd,
And with him Luſt and Tyranny expell'd,
The conſuls' ſons (who for their country's good,
And to enhance the honour of their blood,
Should have aſſerted what their father won,
And, to confirm that liberty, have done [own;
Actions which Cocles might have wiſh'd his
What might to Mutius wonderful appear,
And what bold Clelia might with envy hear)
Open'd the gates, endeavouring to reſtore
Their baniſh'd king, and arbitrary power;
Whilſt a poor ſlave, with ſcarce a name, betray'd
The horrid ills theſe well born rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their treaſon juſtly bore
The rods and ax, ne'er us'd in Rome before.
If you have ſtrength Achilles' arms to bear,
And courage to ſuſtain a ten years war;
Though foul Therſites got thee, thou ſhalt be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by chance you from ſome hero came,
In nothing like your father but his name.
Boaſt then your blood, and your long lineage
ſtretch
As high as Rome, and its great founders reach;
You'll find, in theſe hereditary tales,
Your anceſtors the ſcum of broken jails;
And Romulus, your honour's ancient ſource,
But a poor ſhepherd's boy, or ſomething worſe.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE VII.

IMITATED.

I.

Dear Molly, why ſo oft in tears?
Why all theſe jealouſies and fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have patience till we've conquer'd France,
Thy cloſet ſhall be ſtor'd with Nantz;
Ye ladies like ſuch plunder.

II.

Before Toulon thy yoke-mate lies,
Where all the live-long night he ſighs
For thee in louſy cabin:
And though the Captain's Cloe cries,
"'Tis I, dear Bully, pr'ythee riſe"——
He will not let the drab in.

III.

But ſhe, the cunning'ſt jade alive,
Says, 'tis the ready way to thrive,
By ſharing female bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one night,
She vows he ſhall be dubb'd a knight,
When ſhe is made a counteſs.

IV.

Then tells of ſmooth young pages whipp'd,
Caſhier'd, and of their liveries ſtripp'd;
Who late to peers belonging,
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With links, becauſe they would not drudge
To ſave their ladies longing.

V.

But Val the eunuch cannot be
A colder cavalier than he,
In all ſuch love adventures:
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take
Some Chriſtian care, and do not break
Your conjugal indentures.

VI.

Bellair! (who does not Bellair know?
The wit, the beauty, and the beau)
Gives out he loves you dearly:
And many a nymph attack'd with ſighs,
And ſoft impertinence and noiſe,
Full oft has beat a parley.

VII.

But, pretty turtle, when the blade
Shall come with amorous ſerenade,
Soon from the window rate him:
But if reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to ſcale,
Diſcharge the jordan at him.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

I.

Verses immortal as my bays I ſing,
When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
When by ſtrange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleaſing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the ſacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath ſtill this praiſe, that none preſume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or ſoar too high.
Still does Steſichorus's tongue
Sing ſweeter than the bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow
Love from every verſe does flow;
Still Sapho's ſtrings do ſeem to move,
Inſtructing all her ſex to love.

II.

Golden rings of flowing hair
More than Helen did enſnare;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to deſire.
Not only ſkilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A ſubject fit for laſting poetry?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to ſave others' lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he ſo brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering ſtate?
No; others bury'd in oblivion lie,
As ſilent as their grave,
Becauſe no charitable poet gave
Their well deſerved immortality.

III.

Virtue with ſloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in th' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.
But I will lay my muſic by,
And bid the mournful ſtrings in ſilence lie;
Unleſs my ſongs begin and end with you,
To whom my ſtrings, to whom my ſongs, are due.
No pride does with your riſing honours grow,
You meekly look on ſuppliant crowds below.
Should fortune change your happy ſtate,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbias'd ſcale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honeſty deſpiſe
What all the meaner world ſo dearly prize:
Nor does your virtue diſappear,
With the ſmall circle of one ſhort-liv'd year:
Others, like comets, viſit and away;
Your luſtre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the conſtant Sun makes an eternal day.

IV.

We barbarouſly call thoſe bleſt,
Who are of largeſt tenements poſſeſt,
Whilſt ſwelling coffers break their owner's reſt.
More truly happy thoſe, who can
Govern that little empire, Man;
Bridle their paſſions, and direct their will;
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who ſpend their treaſure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven;
Who, in a fixt unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And ſcorn alike her friendſhip and her hate;
Who poiſon leſs than falſehood fear,
Loth to purchaſe life ſo dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And ſeal their country's love with their departing breath.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOLLOWING VERSE FROM LUCAN.

"Victrix cauſa Diis plaucit, ſed victa Catoni."

The Gods and Cato did in this divide,
They chooſe the conquering, he the conquer'd ſide.

TO MR. EDMUND SMITH.

Muse, rarely credit common Fame,
Unheeded let her praiſe or blame;
As whimſies guide the goſſip tattles
Of wits, of beauties, and of battles;
To-day the warrior's brow ſhe crowns,
For naval ſpoils, and taken towns;
To-morrow all her ſpite ſhe rallies,
And votes the victor to the gallies.
Nor in her viſits can ſhe ſpare
The reputation of the fair.
For inſtance:—Chloe's bloom did boaſt
A while to be the reigning toaſt;
Lean hectic ſparks abandon'd bohea,
And in beer glaſſes pledg'd to Cloe:
What ſops of figure did ſhe bring
To the front boxes and the ring?
While nymphs of quality look ſullen,
As breeding wives, or moulting pullen.
Bleſt charmer ſhe, till prying Fame
Incog. to Miſs's toilet came;
Where in the gally-pots ſhe ſpy'd
Lillies and roſes, that defy'd

The froſt of age, with certain pickles
They call—Coſmetics for the freckles:
Away ſhe flew with what ſhe wanted,
And told at Court that Cloe painted.
" Then who'd on Common Fame rely,
" Whoſe chief employment's to decry?
" A cogging, fickle, jilting female,
" As ever ply'd at ſix in the Mall;
" The father of all ſibs begat her
" On ſome old newſman's fuſty daughter."
O Captain! Taiſez-vous—'twere hard
Her novels ne'er ſhould have regard:
One proof I'll in her favour give,
Which none but you will diſbelieve.
When Phœbus ſent her to recite
The praiſes of the moſt polite,
Whoſe ſcenes have been, in every age,
The glories of the Britiſh ſtage;
Then ſhe, to rigid truth confin'd,
Your name with lofty Shakſpeare join'd;
And, ſpeaking as the God directed,
The praiſe ſhe gave was unſuſpected.

THE SPELL *.

Whene'er I wive, young Strephon cry'd,
Ye powers that o'er the nooſe preſide!
Wit, beauty, wealth, and humour, give,
Or let me ſtill a rover live:
But if all theſe no nymph can ſhare,
And I'm predeſtin'd to the ſnare,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.
Thus pray'd the ſwain in heat of blood,
Whilſt Cupid at his elbow ſtood,
And twitching him, ſaid, Youth, be wiſe,
Aſk not impoſſibilities:
A faultleſs make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and fortune never met:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court ſome bright Phyllis of the brain,
The dear idea long enjoy;
Clean is the bliſs, and will not cloy.
But truſt me, youth, for I'm ſincere,
And know the ladies to a hair:
Howe'er ſmall poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, and ſong, and ſonnet,
Their beauty's but a Spell, to bring
A lover to th' inchanted ring:
Ere the ſack poſſet is digeſted,
Or half of Hymen's taper waſted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kiſſes ſtole,
And ſeem to ſuck her ſpringing ſoul—
Theſe, and the reſt, you doated on,
Are nauſeous or inſipid grown;
The Spell diſſolves, the cloud is gone.
And Sachariſſa turns to Joan.

* This poem, with a few alterations, is to be found in Fenton, under the title of "The Platonic Spell."

ELEGY
UPON THE
DEATH OF TIBULLUS.
FROM OVID.

If Memnon's fate, bewail'd with conſtant dew,
Does with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her ſon's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To ſwell with tears the waves, with ſighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can mortals' ſorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now looſe your treſſes, penſive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now deſpairs of conquering hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts,
Eaſes his uſeleſs bows from idle ſtrings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, reſt,
And wounds with furious hands his penſive breaſt.
Thoſe graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling ſnow,
Forget their beauty, and in diſcord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loſs the boy did move;
Like paſſions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddeſs more,
More ſwells her eyes, than when the ſavage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.
Poets large ſouls heaven's nobleſt ſtamps do bear,
(Poets, the watchful angels' darling care:)
Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without reſpect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus, nor the Muſes' queen, could give
Their ſon their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' ſkill,
Tam'd wondering beaſts, and Death's more cruel will.
Linus' ſad ſtrings on the dumb lute do lie,
In ſilence forc'd to let their maſter die.
Homer (the ſpring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in ſweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his fame;
His works alone ſurvive the envious flame.
In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needleſs victims prodigally pay,
Worſhip their ſleeping Deities: yet Death
Scorns votaries, and ſtops the praying breath.
To hallow'd ſhrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.
Go, frantic poet, with deluſions fed,
Think laurels guard your conſecrated head,
Now the ſweet maſter of your art is dead.
What can we hope? ſince that a narrow ſpan
Can meaſure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold raſh flame that durſt approach ſo nigh,
And ſee Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durſt ſeize on temples, and their gods defy.

Fair Venus (fair ev'n in ſuch ſorrows) ſtands,
Cloſing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
Anon, in vain, officiouſly ſhe tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.
His mother weeping does his eye-lids cloſe,
And on his urn tears, her laſt gift, beſtows.
His ſiſter too, with hair diſhevel'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.
With thoſe, two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd aſhes kiſs,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliſs.
Thus Delia ſpoke (when ſighs no more could laſt)
Renewing by remembrance pleaſures paſt:
"When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
"I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
"I entertain'd his hot, his firſt deſire,
"And kept alive, till age, his active fire."
To her then Nemeſis (when groans gave leave),
"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
"Spare your vain tears, Tibullus' heart was mine,
"About my neck his dying arms did twine;
"I ſnatch'd his ſoul, which true to me did prove:
"Age ended yours, death only ſtopp'd my love."
If any poor remains ſurvive the flames,
Except thin ſhadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elyſium ſhall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a ſecond death ſhould croſs his love.
There ſhall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart:
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from cenſure, no more raſhly die.
Such ſhall our poets bleſt companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my ſtrict commands,
Guard thy great charge from ſacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, Tibullus' aſhes gently uſe,
And be as ſoft and eaſy as his Muſe.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Engliſhed from a Greek Idyllium.

Bright Star! by Venus fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms of love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy diſtinguiſh'd ray,
Doſt other lights as far outſhine
As Cynthia's ſilver glories thine;
Known by ſuperior beauty there,
As much as Paſtorella here.
Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the duſky night:
Defrauded of her beams, the moon
Shines dim, and will be vaniſh'd ſoon.
I would not rob the ſhepherd's fold;
I ſeek no miſer's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to ſtray,
Who lately ſtole my heart away.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN PHILIPS.

Containing his

SPLENDID SHILLING, ‖ CIDER,
BLENHEIM, ‖ CEREALIA,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

PHILIPS, *Pomona's* bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt in rhyme unfetter'd verſe
With *Britiſh* freedom ſing the Britiſh ſong:
How from Silurian vats, high-ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer hours.

THOMSON.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF J. PHILIPS.

JOHN PHILIPS was ſon of Dr. Stephen Philips, Archdeacon of Salop, and born at Bampton, in Oxfordſhire, on the 30th of December 1676.

After he had received a grammatical education at home, he was ſent to Wincheſter ſchool, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the ſuperiority of his exerciſes, and endeared himſelf to his ſchool-fellows by his civility and good-nature.

It is related, that he ſeldom mingled in play with the other boys, but retired to his chamber, where his higheſt pleaſure was to have his hair combed by ſomebody; probably from the ſame ridiculous fancy that made *Iſaac Voſſius* delight in having his hair combed by barbers, or other perſons ſkilled in the rules of proſody, as he himſelf relates in his treatiſe, "De Poematum cantu et viribus Rythmi."

At ſchool, he made himſelf maſter of the Latin and Greek languages, and was diſtinguiſhed for his happy imitation of the excellencies of the beſt claſſical writers.

In 1694, he was removed to Chriſt Church College, Oxford, where he performed his academical exerciſes with great applauſe; and carefully ſtudied the works of the ancient and modern poets, particularly the *Paradiſe Loſt* of Milton; whoſe ſounding words and ſtately conſtruction he afterwards imitated in his own compoſitions.

He was not, however, ſo much addicted to the ſtudy of poetry, as to neglect natural philoſophy; and as the profeſſion which he intended to follow was that of phyſic, he took much delight in natural hiſtory, of which botany was his favourite department.

While he reſided at Chriſt Church, he was eſteemed by the moſt eminent ſcholars in the college; at that time in the higheſt reputation; and was diſtinguiſhed by the friendſhip of Smith, author of "Phædra and Hippolitus."

In 1703, he publiſhed *The Splendid Shilling*, a burleſque poem, which ſtruck the public attention with a mode of writing, in which the oppoſition between the ſtyle and the ſentiment was unexpected; and the application of Milton's phraſeology to familiar incidents, gave the words and things a new appearance.

It has the uncommon merit of being an original ſpecimen of burleſque, that has loſt nothing by time, the peculiar manners of which it did not, like Hudibras, repreſent, and therefore will be longer intelligible than that celebrated poem; which is not built on obſervations on nature.

This performance raiſed his reputation ſo high, that he was employed by Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke, and the Tories, to write a poem on the Victory of Blenheim, probably in oppoſition to Addiſon, who was employed to write upon the ſame ſubject by Halifax and the Whigs.

Accordingly, his *Blenheim* appeared in 1705; and it was not denied to be a tolerable poem even by thoſe who did not allow its ſuperiority to the "Campaign" of Addiſon. It is the poem of a ſche-

lar, written with little comprehenſion of the qualities neceſſary to the compoſition of a modern hero, which Addiſon has diſplayed with ſo much propriety.

In 1706, he publiſhed his greateſt work, the Poem on *Cider*, in two books, the plan of which he laid at Oxford, and afterwards completed in London. It was read with univerſal approbation, as an imitation of Virgil's Georgic, which emulated the beauties of the fineſt production of antiquity. It continued long to be read, and is entitled to this peculiar praiſe, That it is founded in truth; that the precepts it contains are exact and juſt; and that it is therefore at once a book of entertainment and of ſcience.

About this time, he wrote a Latin Ode to his patron, St. John, in return for a preſent of wine and tobacco, which is gay and elegant, and exhibits ſeveral artful accommodations of claſſic expreſſions to new purpoſes.

He meditated a poem on the *Laſt Day*, the deſign of which his friend Smith had probably ſeen, who thus ſpeaks of it in the admirable Elegy which he wrote upon his death.

" O had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had ſung in nobler lays,
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread.
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear!"

This work he did not live to finiſh; a flow conſumption and an aſthma put an end to his life on the 15th of February 1708, in the 32d year of his age. He was buried in the Cathedral of Hereford, with an epitaph inſcribed upon his grave-ſtone by his mother; and Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, erected a monument to his memory, in Weſtminſter Abbey, with a copious and elegant inſcription, written by Dr. Atterbury, though commonly given to Dr. Freind.

Philips has been praiſed by Dr. Sewell, without contradiction, as a man modeſt, blameleſs, and pious, who bore narrowneſs of fortune without diſcontent, and a tedious and painful illneſs without impatience, beloved by all who knew him, but not ambitious to be known.

His converſation is commended for its innocent gaiety. " He was free, familiar, and eaſy with his friends, but ſomewhat reſerved and ſilent amongſt ſtrangers: he was averſe to diſputes, and thought no time ſo ill ſpent, and no wit ſo ill uſed as that which was employed in ſuch debates; his whole life was diſtinguiſhed by a natural goodneſs, and a well grounded and unaffected piety, an univerſal charity, and a ſteady adherence to his principles; no one obſerved the natural and civil duties of life with a ſtricter regard, whether a ſon, a friend, or a member of ſociety; and he had the happineſs to fill every one of thoſe parts without even the ſuſpicion either of unditifulneſs, inſincerity, or diſreſpect."

His addiction to the pleaſures of the pipe is mentioned, with this remark, that in all his writings, except *Blenheim*, he has found an opportunity of celebrating tobacco.

His poetical character is given by Dr. Johnſon, whoſe unfavourable opinion of blank verſe will weigh little with readers uncorrupted by literary prejudices.

" His works are few; he unhappily pleaſed himſelf with blank verſe, and ſuppoſed that the numbers of Milton, which impreſs the mind with veneration, combined as they are with ſubjects of inconceivable grandeur, could be ſuſtained by images which at moſt can riſe only to elegance.

" He imitates Milton's numbers indeed, but imitates them very injudiciouſly. Deformity is eaſily copied; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wiſhes away, all that is obſolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips. Thoſe aſperities, therefore, which are venerable in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, are contemptible in *Blenheim*.

" What ſtudy could confer, Philips had obtained; but natural deficience cannot be ſupplied. He ſeems not born to greatneſs and elevation. He is never lofty; nor does he often ſurpriſe with unexpected excellence; but perhaps to his laſt poem may be applied what Tully ſaid of the work of Lucretius, that *it is written with much art, though with few blazes of genius.*"

MR. PHILIP'S DESIGNED DEDICATION

TO THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

TO W. BROME, ESQ. OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

It would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the riſe and progreſs of Dedications. The uſe of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reaſon to believe that it was continued without any interruption till the beginning of this century, at which time mottos, anagrams, and frontiſpieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily diſcouraged, and at laſt abdicated. But to diſcover preciſely when they were reſtored, and by whom they were firſt uſhered in, is a work that far tranſcends my knowledge; a work that can juſtly be expected from no other pen but that of your operoſe Doctor Bentley. Let us, therefore, at preſent acquieſce in the dubiouſneſs of their antiquity, and think the authority of the paſt and preſent times a ſufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem: eſpecially ſince in this age Dedications are not only faſhionable, but almoſt neceſſary; and indeed they are now ſo much in vogue, that a book without one is as ſeldom ſeen as a bawdy-houſe without a Practice of Piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, Sir, thoſe who have no friends, dedicate to all good Chriſtians; ſome to their bookſellers; ſome, for want of a ſublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help thoſe hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! But while I talk ſo much of other men's patrons, I have forgot my own; and ſeem rather to make an eſſay on Dedications, than to write one. However, Sir, I preſume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for ſaying nothing to the purpoſe. You, Sir, are a perſon more tender of other men's reputation than your own, and would hear every body commended but yourſelf. Should I but mention your ſkill in turning, and the compaſſion you ſhewed to my fingers ends when you gave me a tobacco-ſtopper, you would bluſh, and be confounded with your juſt praiſes. How much more would you, ſhould I tell you what a progreſs you have made in that abſtruſe and uſeful language, the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove ſo troubleſome, I ſhall offend your modeſty no longer. Give me leave to ſpeak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, Sir, if we conſider the moral, the newneſs of the ſubject, the variety of images, and the exactneſs of the ſimilitudes that compoſe it, muſt be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The ſubject

of the poem is myſelf, a ſubject never yet handled by any poets. How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by thoſe few divine commendatory verſes written by the admirable Monſieur le Bog. Yet ſince I am the ſubject, and the poet too, I ſhall ſay no more of it, leſt I ſhould ſeem vainglorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it ſhould lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at firſt ſight they deſign ſomething by their verſes. But here you may look a good while, and perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or deſign, which muſt needs be a diverting ſurpriſe to the reader. What ſhall I ſay of the ſimiles, that are ſo full of geography, that you muſt get a Welſhman to underſtand them? that ſo raiſe our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are ſo extraordinarily quaint and well choſen, that there's nothing like them? So that I think I may, without vanity, ſay, *Avia Pieridum peragro loca*, &c. Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vaſt difference between ſome parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble ſervant's negligence, but diet. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money; and was finiſhed when he had the misfortune, at a virtuous lady's houſe, to meet with both. But I hope, in time, Sir, when hunger and poverty ſhall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an Eſſay on Minced Pies, which ſhall be devoted to you with all ſubmiſſion, by,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

And humble ſervant,

J. PHILIPS.

POEMS.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

"——— Sing, heavenly Muſe!
"Things unattempted yet, in proſe or rhyme,"
A ſhilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and ſtriſe,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly miſts ariſe,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whoſe wanton eye
Tranſfix'd his ſoul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phyllis, he each circling glaſs
Wiſheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury ſurrounds,
And hunger, ſure attendant upon want,
With ſcanty offals, and ſmall acid tiff,
(Wretched repaſt!) my meagre corpſe ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-poliſh'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming ſcent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Ceſtrian cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's ſtream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful ſoil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maſſic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyleſs minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and ſilent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monſter! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel aſcends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn ſound.
What ſhould I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark receſs I fly
Of wood-hole; ſtraight my briſtling hairs erect
Through ſudden fear; a chilly ſweat bedews
My ſhuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of ſpeech;
So horrible he ſeems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And ſpreading band, admir'd by modern ſaints,
Diſaſtrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long ſcrolls of paper ſolemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert [ſtalks
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him
Another monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of aſpect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whoſe polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Firſt have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated ſhoulder lay

* Two noted alehouſes in Oxford, 1700.

Of debtor, ſtrait his body, to the touch
Obſequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted caſtle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance ſtrict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas ſets the captive free.
Beware ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious ken
The caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to domeſtic vermin ſworn
An everlaſting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtleſs mice
Sure ruin. So her diſembowel'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, ſpreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardleſs of their fate, ruſh on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or ſhapes of lovely hue;
The waſp inſidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Diſtinct with gold, entangled in her ſnares,
Uſeleſs reſiſtance make: with eager ſtrides,
She towering flies to her expected ſpoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcaſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my days. But, when nocturnal ſhades
This world invelop, and th' inclement air
Perſuades men to repel benumbing froſts
With pleaſant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal thoughts
My anxious mind; or ſometimes mournful verſe
Indite, and ſing of groves and myrtle ſhades,
Or deſperate lady near a purling ſtream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repoſe:
But if a ſlumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant phantom curſe.
Thus do I live, from pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the fruits that the ſun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat ſecure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My Galligaſkins, that have long withſtood
The winter's fury, and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdued (what will not time ſubdue!)
An horrid chaſm diſcloſ'd with orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auſter, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blaſts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ſhip,
Long ſail'd ſecure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruiſing near
The Lilybean ſhore, with hideous cruſh
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding; whence the ſhatter'd oak,
So fierce a ſhock unable to withſtand,
Admits the ſea; in at the gaping ſide
The crowding waves guſh with impetuous rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; horrors ſeize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) ſtill the battering waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ſhip ſinks foundering in the vaſt abyſs.

BLENHEIM.

From low and abject themes the groveling Muſe
Now mounts aërial, to ſing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero; may the verſe not ſink
Beneath his merits, but detain a while
Thy ear, O Harley*! (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counſels) ſince, with every art
Thyſelf adorn'd, the mean eſſays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muſes' ſeat:
Therefore thee firſt, and laſt, the Muſe ſhall ſing.
Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent ſlightly thought, in heart elate,
As erſt Seſoſtris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harneſs'd to his chariot yokt
(Baſe ſervitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
Laſht furious; they in ſullen majeſty
Drew the uneaſy load; nor leſs he aim'd
At univerſal ſway: for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;
Nor armies leagu'd, that diverſly eſſay'd
To curb his power enormous; like an oak,
That ſtands ſecure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaſeleſs roar, and only ſheds its leaves,
Or maſt, which the revolving ſpring reſtores:
So ſtood he, and alone; alone defy'd
The European thrones combin'd, and ſtill
Had ſet at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee choſe,
Thee, Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their priſtine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccuſtom'd air,
And other climes, where different food and ſoil
Portend diſtempers; over dank, and dry,
They journey toilſome, unfatigued with length

* This poem was inſcribed to the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Eſq. 1705, then Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and Secretary of State.

Of march, unſtruck with horror at the ſight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-ſtretching hills
All white with ſummer's ſnows. They go beyond
The trace of Engliſh ſteps, where ſcarce the ſound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; ſuch ſtrength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives; nor ſmall
Encouragement: Godolphin, wiſe and juſt,
Equal in merit, honour, and ſucceſs,
To Burleigh (fortunate alike to ſerve
The beſt of Queens): he, of the royal ſtore
Splendidly frugal, ſits whole nights devoid
Of ſweet repoſe, induſtrious to procure
The ſoldier's eaſe; to regions far remote
His care extends; and to the Britiſh hoſt
Makes raviſh'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wiſht approach
The Germans, hopeleſs of ſucceſs, forlorn,
With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New-animated rouſe; not more rejoice
The miſerable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumb'd with froſts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keeneſt breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement ſky!
When firſt the ſun with new-born light removes
The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
In military honour next, although
His deadly hand ſhook the Turcheſtan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
Victorious; on thy powerful ſword alone
Germania and the Belgic coaſt relies,
Won from th' encroaching ſea: that ſword great Anne
Fix'd not in vain on thy puiſſant ſide,
When thee ſh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illuſtrating the noble liſt; her hand
Aſſures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like deſire of high exploits.
Immediate ſieges, and the tire of war,
Roll in thy eager mind; thy plumy creſt
Nods horrible; with more terrific pert
Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the fight.
What ſpoils, what conqueſts, then did Albion hope
From thy atchievements! yet thou haſt ſurpaſt
Her boldeſt vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with proſpect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ranſom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate beſpoke: O friend, obſerve
How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
Thus far our prey, and tempt us to ſubdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies ſtript
Enrich the victors, while the vultures ſate
Their maws with full repaſt!—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of proweſs
Inherent, arrogantly thus preſum'd:
What if this ſword, full often drench'd in blood
Of baſe antagoniſts, with griding edge
Should now cleave ſheer the execrable head
Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army diſarray'd 'gins ſwerve,
Should ſtay him flying, with retentive gripe,
Confounded and appal'd! no trivial price
Should ſet him free, nor ſmall ſhould be my praiſe
To lead him ſhackled, and expos'd to ſcorn
Of gathering crowds, the Briton's boaſted chief.
Thus they, in ſportive mood, their empty taunts
And menaces expreſt; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious ſpeech
Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
Decline the war? Shall a moraſs forbid
Your eaſy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
Safe of acceſs. Imprudent, thus t' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boaſt
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He ſoon reviſits Britany, that once
Reſplendent came, with ſtretcht retinue girt,
And pompous pageantry; O hapleſs fate,
If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd!
No need ſuch boaſts, or exprobrations falſe
Of cowardice; the military mound
The Britiſh files tranſcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate
And now on either ſide the trumpets blew,
Signal of onſet, reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverſe fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might; for on th' event
Deciſive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms: with leſs vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæſar, and Pompey, on Pharſalian plains,
Where ſtern Bellona, with one final ſtroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold champion! brandiſhing his Noric blade,
Beſt temper'd ſteel, ſucceſsleſs prov'd in field!
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
Preſumptuous comes; here Churchill, not ſo prompt
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
With Eugene's German force. Now from each
The brazen inſtruments of death diſcharge
Horrific flames, and turbid ſtreaming clouds
Of ſmoke ſulphureous; intermixt with theſe
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiſs,
Singeing the air, and from long diſtance bring
Surpriſing ſlaughter; on each ſide they fly
By chains connext, and with deſtructive ſweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy ſcalps
Are whirl'd aloof while numerous trunks beſtrew
Th' enſanguin'd field: with latent miſchief ſtor'd
Showers of granadoes rain, by ſudden burſt
Diſploding murderous bowels, fragments of ſteel,
And ſtones, and glaſs, and nitrous grain aduſt;
A thouſand ways at once the ſhiver'd orbs
Fly diverſe, working torment, and foul rout
With deadly bruiſe, and gaſhes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing ſteeds
Diſdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
Spurn their diſmounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhoſtile wounds deſtroy'd.
Thus through each army death in various ſhapes
Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore

Lie clotted; lifeleſs ſome: with anguiſh theſe
Gnaſhing, and loud laments invoking aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and ſolemn ſound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal ſcale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were ſeen,
None of retreat. As when two adverſe winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-ſky
Engage with horrid ſhock, the ruffled brine
Roars ſtormy, they together daſh the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmoſt rage;
Long undecided laſts the airy ſtriſe:
So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard moſt prevail'd,
Came to oppoſe his ſlaughtering arm; with ſpeed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gaſping heroes, and fall'n ſteeds
Rolling in death: deſtruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious courſe. Him thus enrag'd,
Deſcrying from afar, ſome engineer,
Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, deſign'd
By one nice ſhot to terminate the war.
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miſs'd her ſcope (for Deſtiny withſtood
Th' approaching wound) and guiltleſs plough'd her way
Beneath his courſer; round his ſacred head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous ſway deals fatal blows
Amongſt the ſcatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
Expoſe the Britiſh ſafety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reſerve
Thyſelf for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal preſt,
Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
Deſpoils him, if thy ſuccour opportune
Defends not the ſad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnotted.—Swift, and fierce
As wintery ſtorm, he flies, to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking ſword, and ſtrews the ground
With headleſs ranks (ſo Ajax interpos'd
His ſevenfold ſhield, and ſcreen'd Laertes' ſon,
For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
When the inſulting Trojans urg'd him ſore
With tilted ſpears): unmanly dread invades
The French aſtony'd; ſtrait their uſeleſs arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unſeemly yelling; diſtant hills return
The hideous noiſe. What can they do? or how
Withſtand his wide-deſtroying ſword? or where
Find ſhelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th' eager Engliſh champions preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy flight; before them rolls
His current ſwift, the Danube vaſt and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulſive arms, ſoon as they reacht,
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by deſpair, or obſtinate
To fall like men in arms, ſome dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the reſt, diſcomfited,
And puſht by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
Bands numerous as the Memphian ſoldiery
That ſwell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thouſands float the ſtream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther ſhore;
Confiding in their hands, that ſed'lous ſtrive
To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this diſtreſs,
Ev'n in the ſight of death, ſome tokens ſhew
Of fearleſs friendſhip, and their ſinking mates
Suſtain: vain love, though laudable! abſorb'd
By a fierce eddy, they together ſound
The vaſt profundity; their horſes paw
The ſwelling ſurge with fruitleſs toil ſurcharg'd,
And in his courſe obſtructed by large ſpoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unuſual tide;
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when ſome ſweltering travellers retire
To leafy ſhades, near the cool ſunleſs verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian ſtream; her tail
Of vaſt extenſion from her watery den,
A grifly Hydra ſuddenly ſhoots forth,
Inſidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew
Into the river whirls. th' unweeting prey
Entwiſted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
Nor did the Britiſh ſquadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
In the moiſt element a ſcorching death,
Pierc'd ſinking; ſhrouded in a duſky cloud
The current flows, with livid miſſive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the ſwift-footed ſon
Of Peleus to his baleful banks purſued
The ſtraggling Trojans: nor leſs eager drove
Victorious Churchill his deſponding foes
Into the deep immenſe, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with guſhing gore diſtained.
Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, reſcued harraſs'd powers
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Suſtain'd. With prudent ſtay he long defer'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An hoſt diſparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their ſtrength, and worthy ſeemed to be ſubdued:
He the proud boaſters ſent, with ſtern aſſault,
Down to the realms of Night. The Britiſh ſouls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen plains, this heavenly gladſome air,
Exult to ſee the crowding ghoſts deſcend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not ſo the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and diſconſolate; themſelves
Accuſing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they ſee,
Through the dun miſt, in blooming beauty freſh,
Two lovely youths, that amicably walked

O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
Anna's late conqueſts; * one, to empire born,
Egregious Prince, whoſe manly childhood ſhew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unſpeakable; † thou, his aſſociate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy preſiding ſtar propitious ſhone,
Should'ſt Churchill be! but Heaven ſevere cut ſhort [boaſt
Their ſpringing years, nor would this iſle ſhould
Gifts ſo important! them the Gallic ſhades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of exceſſive dignity and grace,
Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
Diſcerns their great ſubduer's awful mien,
And correſponding features fear; to them
Confuſion! ſtrait the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haſte, and dread a new purſuit.
The image pleas'd with joy paternal ſmiles.
Enough, O Muſe: the ſadly-pleaſing theme
Leave, with theſe dark abodes, and re-aſcend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqueror, and ſav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark! how the cannon, inoffenſive now,
Gives ſigns of gratulation; ſtruggling crowds
From every city flow; with ardent gaze
Fixt, they behold the Britiſh Guide, of ſight
Inſatiate; whilſt his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch reſpectful. See
How Pruſſia's King tranſported entertains
His mighty gueſt! to him the royal pledge,
Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
Than to the Trojan Chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to ſhew
The ſkill and rudiments auſtere of war.
See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
Of titles, with ſuperior modeſty
Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
Far humbler thoughts now learns: deſpair, and fear,
Now firſt he feels; his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
Diſtract his ſoul! nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various ſounding wire, beſt taught to calm
Whatever paſſion, and exalt the ſoul
With higheſt ſtrains, his languid ſpirits cheer:
Rage, ſhame, and grief, alternate in his breaſt.
But who can tell what pangs, what ſharp remorſe,
Torment the Boian prince? from native ſoil
Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping conſort, and depriv'd the ſight
Of his young guiltleſs progeny, he ſeeks
Inglorious ſhelter, in an alien land;
Deplorable! but that this mind averſe
To right, and inſincere, would violate
His plighted faith: why did he not accept
Friendly compoſure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he muſt contend? encountering fierce
The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely ſmear'd
With Painim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when,

* Duke of Glouceſter. † Marquis of Blandford.

Of counſel raſh, new meaſures he purſues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he ſees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O deſtitute
Of hope, unpity'd! thou ſhould'ſt firſt have thought
Of perſevering ſtedfaſt; now upbraid
Thy own inconſtant, ill-aſpiring heart.
Lo! how the Noric plains, through thy default
Riſe hilly, with large piles of ſlaughter'd knights,
Beſt men, that warr'd ſtill firmly for their prince
Though faithleſs, and unſhaken duty ſhew'd;
Worthy of better end. Where cities ſtood,
Well fenc'd and numerous, deſolation reigns,
And emptineſs, diſmay'd, unfed, unhous'd;
The widow and the orphan ſtrole around
The deſert wide; with oft retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of manſions, once their own (now loathſome haunts
Of birds obſcene), bewailing loud the loſs
Of ſpouſe, or ſire, or ſon, ere manly prime,
Slain in ſad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous; nor find
Where to retire themſelves, or where appeaſe
Th' afflictive keen deſire of food, expos'd
To winds, and ſtorms, and jaws of ſavage beaſts.
Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By Heaven propitious, bliſsful ſeat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours miſeries to prize
Thy welfare; crown'd with Nature's choiceſt gifts.
Remote thou hear'ſt the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilſt the diſmal ſymphony
Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
Th' Iberian ſceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty boſts in waſteful ſtrife:
From different climes the flower of youth deſcends,
Down to the Luſitanian vales, reſolv'd
With utmoſt hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic or Auſtrian; havoc dire enſues,
And wild uproar: the natives dubious whom
They muſt obey, in conſternation wait,
Till rigid conqueſt will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of war unheard
On the mild Latian ſhore: what ſighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curſe
His cleaving faulcheon! fertile ſoil in vain!
What do thy paſtures, or thy vines avail,
Beſt boon of Heaven! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters, with their harveſt immature?
See, with what outrage from the froſty north,
The early valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's ſtream
Sends oppoſite, in ſhaggy armour clad,
Her borderers; on mutual ſlaughter bent,
They rend their countries. How is Poland vext
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for ſway? unhappy nation, left
Thus free of choice! The Engliſh, undiſturb'd
With ſuch ſad privilege, ſubmiſs obey
Whom Heaven ordains ſupreme, with reverence due,
Not thraldom, in fit liberty ſecure:

From ſcepter'd kings, in long deſcent deriv'd,
Thou, Anna, ruleſt; prudent to promote
Thy people's eaſe at home, nor ſtudious leſs
Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right,
Sole arbitreſs, declining thrones, and powers
Sue for relief; thou bid'ſt thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
Obſequious, and the dread command fulfils,
In one great day. Again thou giv'ſt in charge
To Rooke, that he ſhould let that monarch know,
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged ſpeed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' aſſert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navies impotent to bear
His volly'd thunder, torn, diſſever'd, ſcud,
And bleſs the friendly interpoſing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reſerv'd by Fate to grace
The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune ſubmits his trident, and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to th' utmoſt bound
Heſperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,
Mountain ſublime, that caſts a ſhade of length
Immeaſurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with inſatiate thirſt of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praiſe
Be ſtill, to ſtudy right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
That neither ſtrength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with ſucceſs be crown'd, where juſtice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyſelf,
Subdueſt regions, generous to raiſe
The ſuppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boaſts thy conqueſts, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But ſatisfaction from thy conſcious mind.

Auſpicious Queen! ſince in thy realms, ſecure
Of peace thou reign'ſt, and victory attends
Thy diſtant enſigns, with compaſſion view
Europe embroil'd; ſtill thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms ire,
Reciprocally ruinous; ſay who
Shall wield th' Heſperian, who the Poliſh ſword,
By thy decree? the trembling lands ſhall hear
Thy voice, obedient, leſt thy ſcourge ſhould bruiſe
Their ſtubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.
Thus ſhall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy power, and juſtice: Jealouſies and Fears,
And Hate infernal baniſh'd, ſhall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coaſts,
On Tartary, engendering diſcords fell
Amongſt the enemies of truth; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love,
Flouriſh in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and ſhed your influence ſweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days,
By her reſtor'd, her juſt deſigns complete,
And, mildly on her ſhining, bleſs the world!

Thus, from the noiſy world exempt, with eaſe
And plenty bleſt, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet ſolitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe, delicious rural ſeat
Of St. John, Engliſh Memmius, I preſum'd
To ſing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge *, no leiſure finds
To ſtring his charming ſhell: but when return'd
Conſummate Peace ſhall rear her cheerful head;
Then ſhall his Churchill, in ſublimer verſe,
For ever triumph; lateſt times ſhall learn
From ſuch a Chief to fight, and Bard to ſing.

ODE

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O QUI reciſæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, et ſauvcolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiumque, ſoles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, deſidéſque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri ſecunda mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venuſinus alas:

Solers modorum, ſeu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, ſeu caneret roſas
Et vina, cyrrhæies Hetruſcum
Rite beans equitem ſub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generoſior
Affluxit illi; ſæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Muncra, lætitiamque teſtæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, et uſque colende Muſis!

Sed me minantem grandia deſicit
Receptus ægrè ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Taſſius agens ſine more pectus.

* He was then Secretary of War.

Altè petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus uvæ.

Hanc ſumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem; quin precor, optima
Ut uſque conjux ſoſpitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te conſulentem militiæ ſuper
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formoſa cui Franciſca ceſſit,
Criue placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet!
Tu ſorte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miſerum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me ſidereo tuens
Obliqua voltu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excuſſit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis ſpe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque decit, nocte, die vigil
Suſpiro; nec jam vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, ſumi.

AN ODE

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706 *.

O THOU, from India's fruitful ſoil,
That doſt that ſovereign herb † prepare,
In whoſe rich fumes I loſe the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I ſuck new life into my ſoul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I ſuſtain;
Which with cool draughts thy caſks ſubdue,
And waſh away the thirſty pain
With wines, whoſe ſtrength and taſte we prize,
From Latian ſuns and nearer ſkies.

O! ſay, to bleſs thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare, and thou approve
No other gift, O hear me ſing!
In numbers Phœbus does inſpire,
Who ſtrings for thee the charming lyre.

Aloft, above the liquid ſky,
I ſtretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's ſweet ſwain did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the clouds below;
The Muſe invoking to endue
With ſtrength his pinions, as he flew.

Whether he ſings great Beauty's praiſe,
Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
Or chooſe, the ſubject of his lays,
The bluſhing grape, or blooming roſe:
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky ſprings
Mæcenas liſtens while he ſings.

Yet he no nobler draught could boaſt,
His Muſe or muſic to inſpire,
Though all Falernum's purple coaſt
Flow'd in each glaſs, to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to ſmile
The vintage of rich Chio's iſle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his ſongs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful homage bring;
And laſt in Phœbus' humble train,
The firſt and brighteſt genius ſing;
The Muſes favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my love, to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly fire,
My boſom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful ſtring,
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd, and loſt in death,
Did not thy care kind ſuccours bring!
Thy pitying caſks my ſoul ſuſtain,
And call new life in every vein.

The ſober glaſs I now behold,
Thy health, with fair Franciſca's join,
Wiſhing her cheeks may long unfold
Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While ſhe can pleaſe, and thou canſt love.

Thus while by you the Britiſh arms
Triumphs and diſtant fame purſue;
The yielding Fair reſigns her charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too;
Her ſnowy neck, her breaſt, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty ſmiles!
Upon her lips what ſweetneſs dwells!
Not Love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor Venus ſelf ſo much excels.
What different fates our paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair!

* This piece was tranſlated by the Reverend Thomas Newcomb, M. A. of Corpus Chriſti College, Oxon.
† Tobacco.

* Maria's form as I survey,
Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;
Each feature steals my soul away,
Each glance deprives me of my heart!
And chacing thence each other Fair,
Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breast despair,
And sighing, hopes no kind return
Yet, for the lov'd relentless Fair,
By night I wake, by day I burn!
Nor can thy gifts, soft Sleep, supply,
Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.

CIDER.

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

" ——Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?" VIRG.

BOOK I.

WHAT soil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
Adventurous I presume to sing; of verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.
Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.
And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,
And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, hegirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odors sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.
Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mold, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed: so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome draught.
But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth; that soil select
For apples; thence thy industry shall gain
Tenfold reward; thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst: thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Th'y feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.

* Miss Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal of Brazen Nose College, Oxon.

Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
Williſian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marſh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feaſt
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of ſpouſals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himſelf, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——oh! hardeſt fate, to fall
By ſhew of friendſhip, and pretended love!
I nor adviſe, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold: yet 'tis unſafe to truſt
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his preſent ſite
Forſaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter ſtrange
For law debates *? if therefore thou incline
To deck this riſe with fruits of various taſtes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore ſucceſs;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.
But if (for Nature doth not ſhare alike
Her gifts) an happy ſoil ſhould be withheld;
If a penurious clay ſhould be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with ſandy ſtones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the ſturdy pear-tree here
Will riſe luxuriant, and with toughеſt root
Pierce the obſtructing grit, and reſtive marle.
Thus nought is uſeleſs made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itſelf, or elſe compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The ſhepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the moſſy turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling gooſe,
Cloſe-grazer, finds wherewith to eaſe her want.
What ſhould I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Aſtoniſh'd, how the goats their ſhrubby browze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canſt thou ſee,
How from a ſcraggy rock, whoſe prominence
Half overſhades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearleſs of rending winds, and daſhing waves,
Cut ſamphire, to excite the ſqueamiſh guſt
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lie unlabor'd; if the richeſt ſtem
Refuſe to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human uſe redound,
And penury, the worſt of ills, remove?
There are, who, fondly ſtudious of increaſe,
Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Beſmear the roots; in vain! the nurſling grove
Seems fair a while, cheriſh'd with foſter earth:
But when the alien compoſt is exhauſt,
Its native poverty again prevails.
Though this art fails, deſpond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' induſtrious, when the ſun in Leo rides,
And darts his ſultrieſt beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To ſink a circling trench, and daily pour
A juſt ſupply of alimental ſtreams,
Exhauſted ſap recruiting; elſe falſe hopes
He cheriſhes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal ſeaſon, but, in ſummer's pride,
When other orchats ſmile, abortive fail.
Thus the great light of heaven, that in his courſe
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; ſweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage ſeek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still ſtreaming freſh reviſit, to allay
Thirſt inextinguiſhable: but if the ſpring
Preceding ſhould be deſtitute of rain,
Or blaſt ſeptentrional with bruſhing wings
Sweep up the ſmoky miſts, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intenſe, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of faireſt nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in different ſhapes
Depopulates the nations; thouſands fall
His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and ſighing leave their loves
Unfiniſh'd, by infecti us heaven deſtroy'd.
Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, laſt
Of Winchomb's name (next thee in blood and worth,
Of faireſt Saint John!) left this toilſome world
In beauty's prime, and ſadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thouſand lovers, the relentleſs hand
Of Death arreſt; ſhe with the vulgar fell,
Only diſtinguiſh'd by this humble verſe.
But if it pleaſe the ſun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilſt I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our forefathers, (luckleſs men!) ingulfe
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian ſhades
Went quick, in one ſad ſepulchre incloſ'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world ſubdued,
A ſpacious city ſtood, with firmeſt walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aërial ſpires, and citadels, the ſeat
Of kings, and heroes reſolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontroul'd and free,
Till all ſubduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then alſo, though to foreign yoke ſubmiſs,
She undemoliſh'd ſtood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had ſtood, of ancient Britiſh art
A pleaſing monument, not leſs admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruſcan hands

* February the ſeventh, 1571, at ſix o'clock in the evening, this hill roufed itſelf with a roaring noiſe, and by ſeven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it theep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its paſſage overthrew Kinnaſton Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former poſition. The ground thus moved was about twenty-ſix acres, which opened itſelf, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards ſpace, leaving that which was paſture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overſpread with paſture. See Speed's Account of Herefordſhire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

Aroſe; had not the heavenly powers averſe
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirſt; Aquarius had not ſhed
His wonted ſhowers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solſtitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The grounds contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous ſpume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darkſome caves, by far
More diſmal than the loud diſploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaſeleſs ſtorm
The baſtion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, 'till now
Cloſely impriſon'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full ſtrength
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid maſs
Upheav'd, and all her caſtles rooted deep
Shook from their loweſt ſeat: old Vaga's ſtream,
Forc'd by the ſudden ſhock, her wonted track
Forſook, and drew her humid train aſlope,
Grankling her banks: and now the lowring ſky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled ſolemn, diſmay'd
The ſinking hearts of men. Where ſhould they turn
Diſtreſs'd? whence ſeek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate ſupreme gives ſigns
Of wrath and deſolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and ſuppliant hands to Heaven erect!
Yet ſome to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin ſhar'd,
Cruſh'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the ſtreets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror ſtalks around,
Wild-ſtaring, and his ſad concomitant,
Deſpair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace, with haſty ſtrides
Preſs furious, and, too eager of eſcape,
Obſtruct the eaſy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footſteps; to and fro they reel
Aſtoniſh'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground aduſt her riven mouth diſparts,
Horrible chaſm; profound! with ſwift deſcent
Old Ariconium ſinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and ſenators, down to the realms
Of endleſs night. Meanwhile the looſen'd winds
Inſuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Conſum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth ſatiate cleſs'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious paſſenger may learn
Her ample ſite, ſave coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, laſting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous track of land,
She whilome ſtood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddieſt freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our forefathers blood.
Improv'd, that now recals the devious Muſe,
Urging her deſtin'd labours to purſue.

The prudent will obſerve, what paſſions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and averſion): everlaſting hate
The vine to Ivy bears, nor leſs abhors
The Colewort's rankneſs; but with amorous twine
Claſps the tall Elm: the Pæſtan Roſe unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Creſt of ſtout Britons), and enhances thence
The price of her celeſtial ſcent: the Gourd,
And thirſty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with reſentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverſe, deteſting contract; whilſt the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Cloſe neighbouring: the Herefordian plant
Careſſes freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-reſiſting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy ſtem;
Uneaſy, ſeated by funereal Yew,
Or Walnut, (whoſe malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they aſſociate beſt, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Would'ſt thou thy vats with gen'rous juice ſhould froth?
Reſpect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholeſome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A Cyon meetly ſever: after, force
A way into the crabſtock's cloſe-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Incloſe the foſter twig, nor over nice
Refuſe with thy own hands around to ſpread
The binding clay: ere long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nouriſhment convey
To the new pupil; now he ſhoots his arms
With quickeſt growth; now ſhake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambroſial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' earth's pureſt ſpirit, and reſiſt
Its feculence, which in more porous ſtocks
Of Cider-plants finds paſſage free, or elſe
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' inſix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and ſweet; whatever be the cauſe,
This doubtful progeny by niceſt taſtes
Expected beſt acceptance finds, and pays
Largeſt revenues to the orchat-lord.
Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-ſtem bearing Sylvan Plumbs auſtere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what leſs
To try the powers of both, and ſearch how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In cloſe embraces, and ſtrange offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,

And Pears of ſundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that pleaſe
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muſe,
Thrice ſacred Muſe! commodious precepts gives
Inſtructive to the ſwains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: ſometimes ſhe diverts
From ſolid counſels, ſhews the force of love
In ſavage beaſts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpleſs youth through ſtorms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then ſhe deſcribes
The Scythian winter, nor diſdains to ſing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic briſk Cider with the brakes product wild,
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harſheſt juice.
Let ſage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees anſwer beſt
From root or kernel: ſhe will beſt the hours
Of harveſt and ſeed-time declare: by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And ſecret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoiſt,
Mounts on the wings of air: to her we owe
The Indian weed †, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whoſe acrimonious fume
Extracts ſuperfluous juices, and refines
The blood diſtemper'd from its noxious ſalts;
Friend to the ſpirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleaſantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal ſhell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd ſongs.
She found the poliſh'd glaſs, whoſe ſmall convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, inviſible elſe, of Nature's hand
Leaſt animal; and ſhews, what laws of life
The cheeſe inhabitants obſerve, and how
Fabric their manſions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artiſts! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'ſt thou know? how firſt ſhe frames
All things in miniature? thy ſpecular orb
Apply to well-diſſected kernels; lo!
Strange forms ariſe, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: obſerve the ſlender threads
Of firſt beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow ſeeds deſcrib'd; thou'lt wondering ſay,
An inmate orchat every apple boaſts.
Thus all things by experience are diſplay'd,
And moſt improv'd. Then ſedulouſly think
To meliorate thy ſtock; no way or rule
Be uneſſay'd; prevent the morning ſtar
Aſſiduous, nor with the weſtern ſun
Surceaſe to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Conſume in meditation deep, recluſe
From human converſe, nor, at ſhut of eve,
Enjoy repoſe; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking ſtudies, if by chance
Thee I may counſel right; and oft this care
Diſturbs me ſlumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyſelf? and rather chooſe
To lie ſupinely, hoping Heaven will bleſs
Thy ſlighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the ſtork, ſworn foe of ſnakes,
Returns, to ſhew compaſſion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well ſharpen'd now aſſail the ſpreading ſhades
Of vegetables, and their thirſty limbs
Diſſever: for the genial moiſture, due
To apples, otherwiſe miſpends itſelf
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain ſhoots, and empty leaves abound.
When ſwelling buds their odorous foliage ſhed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wiſe
Spare not the little offſprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging cluſters thin
By kind avulſion; elſe the ſtarveling brood,
Void of ſufficient ſuſtenance, will yield
A ſlender autumn, which the niggard ſoul
Too late ſhall weep, and curſe his thrifty hand,
That would not timely caſe the ponderous boughs.
It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to ſcare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From ſpray to ſpray, ſcooping the coſtlieſt fruit
Inſatiate, undiſturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the falſe terrors of a breathleſs kite.
This done, the timorous flock with ſwifteſt wing
Scud through the air; their fancy repreſents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Deſtructive; glad to ſhun his hoſtile gripe,
They quit their theſts, and unfrequent the fields.
Beſides, the filthy ſwine will oft invade
Thy firm incloſure, and with delving ſnout
The rooted foreſt undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious maſtiff, bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A ſad memorial of their paſt offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large ſhoals of ſlow houſe-bearing ſnails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring ſlimy tracts
In the ſleek rinds, and unpreſt Cider drink.
No art averts this peſt; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wiſe, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itſelf rewards
With pleaſing gain, whilſt the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of waſps now alſo cluſtering hang,
And drain a ſpurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally, undiſmay'd; but fraud with eaſe
Enſnares the noiſome ſwarms; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viſcous juice;
They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haſte
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding ſip
The palatable bane; joyful thou'lt ſee

† Tobacco.

The clammy ſurface all o'er-ſtrown with tribes
Of greedy inſects, that with fruitleſs toil
Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
Their feet, in liquid ſhackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthleſs ſouls: ſuch doom
Waits luxury, and lawleſs love of gain!
Howe'er thou may'ſt forbid external force,
Inteſtine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
The firmeſt fruits, and by unſeen decay
The proper reliſh vitiate: then the grub
Oft unobſerv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her ſecret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaſeleſs; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witleſs ſwain beguiles,
Till, with a writhen mouth, and ſpattering noiſe,
He taſtes the bitter morſel, and rejects
Diſreliſh'd; not with leſs ſurpriſe, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners paſs
Through flowery meads delighted, nor diſtruſt
The ſmiling ſurface; whilſt the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive ſtor'd, by ſudden blaze
Burſts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and diſmembered, they aloft expire.
Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæcian iſle, from whence,
Sailing the ſpaces of the boundleſs deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin, burniſht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of ſweeteſt honeyed taſte, the fair Permain
Temper'd, like comelieſt nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flouriſh with a growth
Peculiar, ſtyl'd the Ottley: be thou firſt
This apple to tranſplant, if to the name
Its merit anſwers, no where ſhalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taſte.
Nor does the Eliot leaſt deſerve thy care,
Nor John-Apple, whoſe wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly repreſents
Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-reliſhing: why ſhould we ſing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Ruſſet, or the Cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various uſe
Though theſe are meet, though after full repaſt
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich deſſert?
What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-barnching arms
Beſt ſcreen thy manſion from the fervent Dog
Adverſe to life; The wintery hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the ſtrong onſet, and contr.uls their rage.
Chiefly the Boſbury, whoſe large increaſe,
Annual, in ſumptuous banquets claims applauſe.
Thrice acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's ſelf
Would dread thy praiſe, and ſhun the dubious
Be it thy choice, when ſummer-heats annoy,
To ſit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how ſweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hoſpitable ſhade!

But how with equal numbers ſhall we match
The Muſk's ſurpaſſing worth; that earlieſt gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the ſpreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippets, and cold ſyderal blaſts!
Yet let her to the Red-ſtreak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's ſkilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly diſcipline
Taught her the ſavage nature to forget:
Hence ſtyl'd the Scudamorean plant; whoſe wine
Whoever taſtes, let him with grateful heart
Reſpect that ancient loyal houſe, and wiſh
The nobler peer, that now tranſcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's juſteſt pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.
Let every tree in every garden own
The Red-ſtreak as ſupreme, whoſe pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion ſhines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapleſs hour to taſte, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inſpires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muſe
Kindles to loftier ſtrains; even I perceive
Her ſacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Eaſy, whilſt, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
Her's, and my country's praiſes I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that doſt diſdain
All other fields! Heaven's ſweeteſt bleſſing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my ſong,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and ſport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendſhip, chief delight of human life.
What ſhould we wiſh for more? or why, in queſt
Of foreign vintage, inſincere, and mixt,
Traverſe th' extremeſt world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far ſurmounts
Gallic, or Latin grapes, or thoſe that ſee
The ſetting ſun, near Galpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich Muſt, nor let Tokay contend
For ſovereignty, Phaneus' ſelf muſt bow
To th' Arconian vales: And ſhall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The ſoil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
With largeſt uſury repay, alone
Empowered to ſupply what Nature aſks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battering ooze enrich'd,
Give ſpirit to the graſs; three cubits high
The jointed herbage ſhoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with ſtore
Of golden wheat, the ſtrength of human life.
Low, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Aſcending ſpiral, rang'd in meet array;
Lo, how the arable, with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'erſhadow'd, to the thirſty hind
Tranſporting proſpect! theſe, as modern uſe.
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compoſe,
Wholeſome, of deathleſs fame. Here, to the ſight,
Apples of price, and plenteous ſheaves of corn,

Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken; or at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verduous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily' interchang'd with rich variety
Pleasing; as when an emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel; whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'reign sway,
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemster's silken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
Our fathers no mean foes; and Cressy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise senate, and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The General's conduct, than his care avails.
Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims, with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls; yet she endures
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in Muses' fairest seat *,
Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.
Hail high born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.
Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame.
To Beaufort, in a long descent derived
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land inrols.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests, whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.
But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends whate'er was known
To old, or present time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious tongues.
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, or war: of softer mold
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft
That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven? He ill deserves
Or love, or pity; friendless let him see

* Oxford.
† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church.

Uneasy, tedious day, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race: but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour! O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice shall be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd; but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech, and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible, a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reason; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd; but, unprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous; but nor night, nor day, suffice
For that great task; the highly honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
A servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power; and others realms invade
With spacious shews of love. The traiterous wretch
Betrays his sovereign. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honourable: the honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will shock his stedfast soul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments, labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor with specters' grisly forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
But (as a child, whose inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere,
When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race: or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep [rules
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholsome
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous Rome secure; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t'improve his grounds, and how himself:
Best poet! fit examplar for the tribe
Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim! and, if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse
By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard *,
Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song,
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her rest a while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

* Milton.

CIDER.

BOOK II.

O HARCOURT, whom th' ingenious love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native ſoil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine ſnows, and now detains
In Italy's waſte realms, how long muſt we
Lament thy abſence? whilſt in ſweet ſojourn
Thou view'ſt the relics of old Rome; or, what
Unrival'd authors by their preſence made
For ever venerable, rural ſeats,
Tibur, and Tuſculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Reſpecting his great name, doſt now approach
With bended knee, and ſtrow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit and judgment ripe, in blooming years,
And Britain's iſle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirſt of pre-eminence; ſee! how the cauſe
Of widows, and of orphans, he aſſerts
With winning rhetoric, and well argu'd law!
Mark well his footſteps, and, like him, deſerve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
Meanwhile (although the Maſſic grape delights
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the Britiſh vats
O'erflow with generous cider; far remote
Accept this labour, nor deſpiſe the Muſe,
That, paſſing lands and ſeas, on thee attends.
Thus far of trees: the pleaſing taſk remains,
To ſing of wines, and autumn's bleſt increaſe.
Th' effects of art are ſhewn, yet what avails,
'Gainſt Heaven? oft, notwithſtanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the ſmall fruitery ſeems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blaſt
Diſaſtrous flies, ſoon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unſkill'd
To bear the hot diſeaſe, diſtemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide incloſure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with melliſluous cups,
Thus diſappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no ſupplies, alas! thou muſt
With taſteleſs water waſh thy droughty throat.
A thouſand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till luſty autumn's lukewarm days allay'd
With gentle colds, inſenſibly confirm
His ripening labours; autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain
Berries, and ſky-dy'd plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or ſoft-rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell;
Fat Olives, and Piſtacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's taſteful Apple: autumn paints
Auſonian hills with Grapes; whilſt Engliſh plains
Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts, breathing ſweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' emboſom'd odours, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whoſe full-aged ſtore
Diffuſe ambroſial ſtreams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whiſpering airs, and the lark's matin ſong
Then woo to muſing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irkſome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Beſt portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, ſmiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs diſturb
Our pleaſant hours! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith froſty blaſts deface
The blithſome year: trees of their ſhrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary ſtorms o'er all prevail!
Now, now's the time, ere haſty ſuns forbid
To work, diſburden thou thy ſapleſs wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy hinds to exerciſe the pointed ſteel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a ſturdy poſt
Cylindric, to ſupport the grinder's weight
Exceſſive; and a flexile ſallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor muſt thou not be mindful of thy preſs,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's ſhaggy beard, leſt thou too late
In vain ſhould'ſt ſeek a ſtrainer to diſpart
The huſky, terrene dregs, from purer Muſt.

Be cautious next a proper ſteed to find,
Whoſe prime is paſt; the vigorous horſe diſdains
Such ſervile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His paſt atchievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy ſtone, with ſober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-ſpring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuſeful to his lord.
Some, when the preſs, by utmoſt vigour ſcrew'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous maſs, regale their ſwine
With the dry refuſe; thou, more wiſe, ſhalt ſteep
Thy huſks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
The ſmall remains of ſpirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peaſants blithe
Will quaff, and whiſtle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and ſing of Fuſca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor ſhalt thou now
Reject the Apple-cheeſe, though quite exhauſt;
Even now 'twill cheriſh, and improve the roots
Of ſickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harveſt of unuſual growth.
Such profit ſprings from huſks diſcreetly us'd!
The tender apples, from their parents rent
By ſtormy ſhocks, muſt not neglected lie,
The prey of worms: A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which ſubdued
By endleſs culture, with ſufficient Muſt
His caſks repleniſh'd yearly; he no more
Deſir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
The various ſeaſons, and by ſkill repel
Invading peſts, ſucceſsful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempeſt arm'd
Outrageous, bluſter'd horrible amidſt
His Cider-grove: o'erturn'd by furious blaſts,
The ſightly ranks fall proſtrate, and around
Their fruitage ſcatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature: yet did he not repine,
Nor curſe his ſtars; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cheriſh'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded graſs, and the ſun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A coſtly liquor, by improving time,
Equal'd with what the happieſt vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and ſhall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures uſe, as ſome
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated braſs, ſteaming with fire intenſe;
Although Devonia much commends the uſe
Of ſtrengthening Vulcan; with their native ſtrength
Thy wines ſufficient, other aid refuſe;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The prieſt's appointed ſhare; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increaſe beſtow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodneſs, that will ſure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal avengeance, ſuch as overtook
A miſer, that unjuſtly, once with-held
The clergy's due; relying on himſelf,
His fields he tended, with ſucceſsful care,
Early and late, when or unwiſh'd-for rain
Deſcended, or unſeaſonable froſts
Curb'd his increaſing hopes; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatneſs, in the middle ſky
The due ſuſpended ſtaid, and left unmoiſt
His execrable glebe: recording this,
Be juſt, and wiſe, and tremble to tranſgreſs.
Learn now the promiſe of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering ſigns abus'd,
Thou wiſely may'ſt provide: the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant ſtars, explain
Each riſing dawn; ere icy cruſts ſurmount
The current ſtream, the heavenly orbs ſerene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unfully'd: now the ſowler, warn'd
By theſe good omens, with ſwift early ſteps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and glades
Offenſive to the birds; ſulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedleſs while they ſtrain
Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
O'ertakes their ſpeed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.
The woodcocks early viſit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harveſt; he oft times
Intelligent, the harſh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when out ſuns
Cleave the chill'd ſoil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen ſummers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent ſnows; O, may'ſt thou often ſee
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutriceous! ſecret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.
Sometimes thou ſhalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchat loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the looſened roots then drink
Large increment, earneſt of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to obſerve
The monthly ſtars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each ſign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons ſome ſucculent plant
Allotted, that poor helpleſs man will flack
His preſent thirſt, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Raſps, ſupply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces dow, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thiſbeian fruit
Are preſt to wines; the Britons ſqueeze the works
Of ſedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balſamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and ſhort-breath'd, ancient fires.
But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarous drinks would'ſt brew;
Beſides the orchat, every hedge and buſh
Affords aſſiſtance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, diſtils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuſe of nurſing ſap. When ſolar beams
Parch thirſty human veins, the damaſk'd meads,

Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in portables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervours, best
Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.
Happy Ierne †, whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
(For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd), which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.
See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora, and Islandic coasts?
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did on the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick decaying feet.
Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thrascia's gales,
Pining with Equinoxial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!
More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued, still move

† Ireland.

The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's [cold.
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging
There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Mole,
Rough Elliot, sweet Parmain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,
With lifted colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery breed, with thousand shews
Of painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.
Some Ciders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champaigne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cider cask.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested cades:
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees. [all
And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from
Its earthy gross, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd,
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her watery skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold:
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.
Now, also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.
For this intent, the subtle chemist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unrefisted force
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms

For every liquid, with his plaſtic lungs,
To human life ſubſervient; by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,
And taſteful Pippin, in a moon's ſhort year,
Acquire complete perfection: Now they ſmoke
Tranſparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harſher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy flaſh will ſlowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughneſs. Stirom, firmeſt fruit,
Embattled (long as Priameian Troy
Withſtood the Greeks) endures, ere juſtly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honeſt men, beware,
Nor truſt its ſmoothneſs; the third circling glaſs
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That ſlyly ſpeak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the reliſh weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till, by inchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts diſcloſe,
And through intemperance grow awhile ſincere.
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhauſt permit
T' indulge awhile. Now ſolemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honeſt friends, at thirſty hour of duſk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his ſmoking vintage, ſweet reward
Of his own induſtry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles inceſſant, whilſt the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jeſts reſounds.
Eaſe, and content, and undiſſembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour paſt
Increaſe their joy. As, from retentive cage
When ſullen Philomel eſcapes, her notes
She varies, and of paſt impriſonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her ſad ſoul, improves her pleaſing ſong.
Gladſome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Seaſon of reſt; but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unſupplanted feet.
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the roſy dawn,
Domeſtic cares awake them; briſk they riſe,
Refreſh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Preſent redreſs, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine:
His joys are ſhort and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires; the flowing glaſſes add
Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praiſe indite,
Debarr'd his grape. The Muſes ſtill require
Humid regalement; nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus, with unmoiſten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirſt allur'd. With vehement ſuns
When duſty ſummer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleaſant is 't, beneath the twiſted arch
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign,
To ply the ſweet carouſe, remote from noiſe,
Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' ſpirit bluſters frore,
Beware th' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceleſs boughs; thy lingering blood
Now inſtigate with th' apple's powerful ſtreams.
Perpetual ſhowers and ſtormy guſts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now ſportive youth
Carol incondite rhimes, with ſuiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; ſturdy ſwains
In clean array for ruſtic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damſels; hand in hand
They friſk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Tranſported, and ſometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, ſometimes an haſty kiſs
Steal from unwary laſſes; they with ſcorn,
And neck reclin'd, reſent the raviſh'd bliſs.
Meanwhile blind Britiſh bards with volant touch
Traverſe loquacious ſtrings, whoſe ſolemn notes
Provoke to harmleſs revels; theſe among
A ſubtle artiſt ſtands, in wondrous bag
That bears impriſon'd winds (of gentler ſort
Than thoſe which erſt Laertes' ſon inclos'd).
Peaceful they ſleep; but let the tuneful ſqueeze
Of labouring elbow rouze them, out they fly
Melodious, and with ſprightly accents charm.
'Midſt theſe diſports, forget they not to drench
Themſelves with bellying goblets; nor, when ſpring
Returns, can they refuſe to uſher in
The freſh-born year with loud acclaim, and ſtore
Of jovial draughts, now, when the ſappy boughs
Attire themſelves with blooms, ſweet rudiments
Of future harveſt: When the Gnoſſian crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Diſcharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually ſupplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd: Beyond there's nought
Of health or pleaſure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager ſoul
Prompts to purſue the ſparkling glaſs, be ſure
'Tis time to ſhun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reaſon quits
Her empire to confuſion, and miſrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conſpire in ſenſeleſs jargon; nought is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant;
Diſtruſt and jealouſy to theſe ſucceed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowſhip. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glaſſes now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles claſh,
In rude encounter: 'round their temples fly
The ſharp-edg'd fragments; down their batter'd cheeks
Mixt gore and cider flow. What ſhall we ſay
Of raſh Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeaſurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his ſurfeit by irriguous ſleep,
Imprudent? him death's iron ſleep oppreſt,
Deſcending careleſs from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck joint, and ſpinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend

The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Inteſtine ſtone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the ſun with July heats
Fries the ſcorch'd ſoil, and dropſy all a-float,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated; how, with luſt and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and ſplit their drunken ſouls
At feaſting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The Britiſh iſles, ſuch dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from ſocial cups: May we, remote
From the hoarſe, brazen ſound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with ſeemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hoſpitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our ſwords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And helliſh diſcord, and inſatiate thirſt
Of other's rights, our quiet diſcompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell deſtruction rag'd
Wide ſpreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, ſignaliz'd
For loyalty and proweſs, met their fate
Untimely, undeſerv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntleſs ſons of Mars,
Fit themes of endleſs grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet ſurviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headſtrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance ſworn?
Apoſtate, atheiſt rebels! bent to ill,
With ſeeming ſanctity and cover'd fraud,
Inſtill'd by him, who firſt preſum'd t' oppoſe
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; theſe triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice and inſulting pride,
Abſtain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles, O beſt of kings!
What ſtars their black diſaſtrous influence ſhed
On thy nativity, that thou ſhould'ſt fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By thoſe thy mercy only would have ſav'd!
Yet was the Cider-land unſtain'd with guilt;
The Cider-land, obſequious ſtill to thrones,
Abhorr'd ſuch baſe diſloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into ſwords,
Undaunted, to aſſert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! ſucceſsleſs ſhe,
However faithful! then was no regard
Of right or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic ſway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd kings and liberty reſtor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while ſhe to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and reſtrains
The rage of kings: Here nobly ſhe ſupports
Juſtice oppreſs'd; here her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redreſs.
Rejoice, O Albion! ſever'd from the world
By Nature's wiſe indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one ſupreme
Intirely bleſt; and from beginning time
Deſign'd thus happy; but the fond deſire
Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous ſceptres introduc'd,
Deſtructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or ſtrength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory ſeeks
With ruinous aſſault; on every plain
Hoſt cop'd with hoſt, dire was the din of war,
And ceaſeleſs, or ſhort truce haply procur'd
By havoc and diſmay, till jealouſy
Rais'd new combuſtion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict ſtern:
Till Edgar grateful (as to thoſe who pine
A diſmal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) aroſe, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers,
Pacific monarch! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The ſpirit of love. At eaſe, the hards new ſtrung
Their ſilent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhimes, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladneſs ſmil'd in every eye; the years
Ran ſmootly on, productive of a line
Of wiſe, heroic kings, that by juſt laws
Eſtabliſh'd happineſs at home, or cruſh'd
Inſulting enemies in fartheſt climes.
See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
Piouſly valiant (like a torrent ſwell'd
With wintry tempeſts, that diſdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its ſweep, trees, houſes, men) he preſs'd
Amidſt the thickeſt battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withſtood his zealous rage: no pauſe,
No ſtay of ſlaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving ſquadrons to flight
Smote in the rear, and with diſhoneſt wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnaſhing with deſpite
And ſhame, and murmur'd many an empty curſe.
Behold third Edward's ſtreamers blazing high
On Gallia's hoſtile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on falſe hopes, thus to incenſe
The warlike Engliſh! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' offſpring to the adverſe front
Advance reſiſtleſs, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their deſperate king;
Twice he aroſe, and join'd the horrid ſhock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd ſuperior ſtrength,
Diſcomfited; purſued, in the ſad chace
Ten thouſand ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad ſhield embоſs'd.
Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever ſhall reſound. Yet from his loins

New authors of diſſenſion ſpring; from him
Two branches, that in hoſting long contend
For ſov'reign ſway; and can ſuch anger dwell
In nobleſt minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendſhip; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons againſt fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careleſs of duty, and their native grounds
Diſtain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send ſhowers of ſhafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you ſee
Barons and peaſants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghaſtly heap
Promiſcuouſly amaſs'd. With diſmal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; ſome o'erturn'd
In the fierce ſhock, lie gaſping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery courſers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and deſolation, reign'd
Unreſpited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reſerv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foreſaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
Muſt cloſe the gates of Janus, and remove
Deſtructive Diſcord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor ſhrill
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleaſure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with preſaging ſkill
Thou to thy own uniteſt Fergus' line
By wiſe alliance: from thee James deſcends,
Heaven's choſen favourite, firſt Britannic king.
To him alone hereditary right [main'd
Gave power ſupreme; yet ſtill ſome ſeeds re-
Of diſcontent: two nations under one,
In laws and intereſt diverſe, ſtill purſued
Peculiar ends, on each ſide reſolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the ſweet proſpect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna ſaid,
Let there be union: ſtrait with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indiſſolubly firm; from Dubris ſouth
To Northern Orcades, her long domain.
And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What ſhall retard the Britons bold deſigns,
Or who ſuſtain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withſtand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmoſt Thule. Uncontrol'd
The Britiſh navy through the ocean vaſt
Shall wave her double croſs, t' extremeſt climes
Terrific, and return with odorous ſpoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold: Meanwhile the ſwains
Shall unmoleſted reap what Plenty ſtrows
From well-ſtor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, ſhall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whoſe liquid ſtore
Abundant, flowing in well-blended ſtreams,
The natives ſhall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms; where'er the Britiſh ſpread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd,
Diffuſive, to the utmoſt bounds of this
Wide univerſe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall pleaſe all taſtes, and triumph o'er the vine.

CEREALIA*, 1706.

" Per ambages, Deorumque miniſteria
" Præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus."

PETRONIUS.

Of Engliſh tipple, and the potent grain,
Which in the conclave of Celeſtial Powers
Bred fell debate, ſing, Nymph of heavenly ſtem,
Who on the hoary top of Pen-main-maur

* This poem is taken from a folio copy, 1706, communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Phillips was inſerted in the hand-writing of Abp. Tenſon. It was publiſhed by T. Benner, the bookſeller for whom "Blenheim" was printed; another ſtrong preſumptive proof of this being by the ſame author.

Merlin the seer didst visit, whilst he sate
With astrolabe prophetic, to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates Divan.
Full of thy power infus'd by nappy ALE,
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs,
In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope;
Nor ceas'd till the grey dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large mustachoes, deep ensconc'd
Beneath his over-shadowing orb of hat,
And ample fence of elephantine nose,
Scornful of keenest polar winds, or sleet,
Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove,
(Vain efforts on his sevenfold mantle, made
Of Caledonion rug, immortal woof!)
Such energy of soul to raise the song,
Deign, Goddess, now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.

Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood,
Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight,
And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing th' expanse of heaven with active plume;
Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
The staunch Gersaulcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
Her golden trump the goddess sounded thrice,
Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest sphere.
Rous'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
To learn the tidings came, on radiant thrones
With fair memorials, and impresses quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they sate, devis'd of old
By Mulciber; nor small his skill I ween.
There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
By his plump cheek and barrel belly known,
The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd;
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,
The ensigns of the god! with ardent tone
He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow,
Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
Till all were fated with immortal mouft,
Delicious tipple! that, in heavenly veins,
Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred,
Superior to Frontiniac, or Bourdeaux,
Or old Falern, Campania's best increase,
Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
Ceres, not blithe, for marks of latent woe
Dim on her visage lour'd: such her deport,
When Arethusa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
To sway his iron sceptre, and command
In gloom tartareous half his wide domain.
Then sighing, thus she said—"Have I so long
Employ'd my various art, t' enrich the lap
Of Earth, all-bearing mother; and my lore
Communicated to the unweeting hind,
And shall not this pre-eminence obtain?"
Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
Which gods call Chrithe, in terrestrial speech
Ycleped Barley. "'Tis to this, she cry'd,
The British cohorts owe their martial fame
And far-redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
This, when returning from the foughten field,
Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
(Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
The veteran, carousing, soon restores
Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves!
And, as a snake, when first the rosy hours
Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
But, when by genial rays of summer sun
Purg'd of his slough, he nimbly thrids the brake,
Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
His various neck, and spires bedropt with gold:
So at each glass the harrass'd warrior feels
Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes,
And rusting faulchion, on whose ample hilt
Long Victory sate dormant; soon she shakes
Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
With speed succinct; where soon his martial port
She recognizes, whilst he haughty stands
On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
Wide torment on the serried files, so us'd,
Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout,
And havoc dire; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as Deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of ale with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving Chrithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) secure they dwell,
Nor feel th' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs;
Nor curse th' inclement air, whose horrid face
Scowls like that arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds
Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
Snug in their straw-built huts, or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock, they live (small need of art
To form spruce architrave or cornice quaint,
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd)—there on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing ale
Surcharg'd; or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale;
Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown

With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense.
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large surloin
Of ox, or virgin heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil,
Replete with clover-grass, and foodful shrub).
Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) for some Panchæan hill,
Embrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with palm,
And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
Skreens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arabs' vagrant clan, that waits
Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
To Mecca, with Barbaric gold full fraught.
Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Patient of arms, still quash th' aspiring Gaul,
Eleft by my boon; which when they slightly prize,
Should they, with high defence of triple brass
Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erst was tried
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon
Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent horns,
Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont, when first his marshal'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhene. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons t' assert her claim,
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to opponent powers!
Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls:
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe, and charming song.
Thou, Pallas, to my speech just witness bear:
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
At Crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols shew,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Critheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl,
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he th' embattall'd Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire).
Or if, with front unbless'd, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimeter with huge two-handed sway.
Alarm'd with threateing accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd sound the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom:
Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van,
That crowds his gonfalon of seven foot size;
And with their rubied faces staud the foe;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his layre,
And flies the yerning pack which close pursue,
So they not bowsy dread th' approaching foe:
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches stagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on Soph promiscuous.—Caps aloof
Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, toss
By Thrascia's coadjutant, and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts."
She said: the sire of gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful: from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal given
By Ganymede the skinker soon was ken'd;
With Ale he Heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murmuring left th' assembled powers.

BACHANALIAN SONG *.

Come, fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch,
Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controuls, but will take off their bowls,
And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason and all such weak foes,
I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politic thinking.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
For I've trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting sand
Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my lads, move the glass, drink about,
We'll drink the universe dry;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out;
If once we grow sober, we die.

* From many circumstances, there is little doubt but this convivial song was by the author of "The Splendid Shilling." There was, however, an earlier poet, of both the names of this author, who was nephew to Milton, and wrote some memoirs of his uncle, and several burlesque poems.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM WALSH, Esq.

Containing his

ODES,
ELEGIES,
EPITAPHS,

SONGS,
IMITATIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few,
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws—
Such late was WALSH—the Muſes' judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF WALSH.

William Walsh was ſon of Joſeph Walſh, Eſq. of Abberly, in Worceſterſhire, where he was born in 1663.

At the age of fifteen, he was entered a gentleman commoner in Wadham College, Oxford; but left the univerſity without taking a degree.

On leaving the univerſity, he retired to his native county, and purſued his ſtudies at home. He afterwards gratified his deſire of travelling, and improved himſelf by converſing with men of wit and learning abroad.

On his return from his travels he came to London, where his rank, talents, and addreſs, ſoon introduced him to the firſt company in high and literary life.

The beſt judges of his time bear teſtimony to the early indications of his taſte and judgment in poetry and criticiſm.

With Dryden, in particular, he was a great favourite; for in the poſtſcript to his Virgil, he calls him *the beſt critic of our nation.*

He was not, however, merely a critic and a ſcholar, but a man of faſhion, oſtentatiouſly ſplendid, it is ſaid, in his dreſs; and a courtier, diſtinguiſhed by the friendſhip of the Duke of Shrewſbury, and Gentleman of the Horſe to Queen Anne, under the Duke of Somerſet.

He was likewiſe a member of parliament, having been ſeveral times choſen knight of the ſhire for the county of Worceſter, and once the repreſentative of Richmond in Yorkſhire.

He appears, from his writings, to have been a zealous friend of the Revolution; but without rancour or animoſity againſt the oppoſite party; for he continued his reverence and kindneſs for Dryden, after he was diſpoſſeſſed of the laurel by King William, and diſcountenanced by the public, for his mean compliance and converſion to Popery in the preceding reign.

In 1705, he began to correſpond with Pope, in whom he diſcovered very early the power of poetry, and predicted his future excellence. Their letters are written upon the paſtoral comedy of the Italians, and the paſtorals which Pope was then preparing to publiſh.

Pope always retained a grateful remembrance of his early notice, and mentioned him in one of his latter pieces among thoſe that had encouraged his juvenile ſtudies:

" And knowing Walſh would tell me I could write."

He had before given him more ſplendid praiſe in his Eſſay on Criticiſm; and, in the opinion of Warburton, ſacrificed a little of his judgment to his gratitude.

The time of his death is uncertain; but it is ſuppoſed to have happened in 1709, in the 46th year of his age.

This is all that is known of Walſh; a man much admired by his contemporaries; and who ſeems to have had a well cultivated, though not a very extenſive underſtanding.

Dryden and Pope have given their ſanction in his favour, to whom he was perſonally known: a circumſtance greatly to his advantage; for had there been no perſonal friendſhip, there is reaſon to believe, their encomiums would have been leſs laviſh; at leaſt, his works do not carry ſo high an idea of him as they have done.

His works are not numerous. In proſe he wrote *a Dialogue concerning Women, being a Defence of the Fair Sex, addreſſed to Eugenia*, printed in 1691. This is the moſt conſiderable of his productions, and is highly commended by Dryden in a preface which he prefixed to it.

"I was not ignorant," ſays that great critic, "that he was naturally ingenious, and that he had improved himſelf by travelling; and from thence I might reaſonably have expected that air of gallantry which is ſo viſibly diffuſed through the body of the work, and is indeed the ſoul that animates all things of this nature; but ſo much variety of reading, both in ancient and modern authors, ſuch digeſtion of that reading, ſo much juſtneſs of thought, that it leaves no room for affectation or pedantry I may venture to ſay, are not over common among practiſed writers, and very rarely to be found among beginners."

In 1692, he publiſhed "*A Collection of Letters and Poems, amorous and gallant*;" to which he prefixed a very judicious preface upon epiſtolary compoſition and amorous poetry.

In 1697, he wrote an *Eſſay on Paſtoral Poetry*, with a ſhort defence of Virgil, againſt ſome of the reflections of Fontenelle, which is prefixed to Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil's Paſtorals.

A ſmall poſthumous piece of his compoſition, entitled *Æſculapius, or the Hoſpital of Fools*, in imitation of Lucian, was printed in 1714.

His poems were reprinted among the works of the minor poets, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1749. They conſiſt chiefly of elegies, epitaphs, odes and ſongs, which are in general elegant, though not great. His *Golden Age Reſtored*, in particular, has ſome humour; and his *Imitation of Horace* is, for the moſt part, happily turned.

"He is known more," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "by his familiarity with great men, than by any thing done or written by himſelf. In all his writings there are pleaſing paſſages. He has, however, more elegance than vigour, and ſeldom riſes higher than to be pretty."

PREFACE.

It has been so usual among modern authors to write prefaces, that a man is thought rude to his reader, who does not give him some account before-hand of what he is to expect in the book.

The greatest part of this collection consists of amorous verses. Those who are conversant with the writings of the ancients, will observe a great difference between what they and the moderns have published upon this subject. The occasions upon which the poems of the former are written, are such as happen to every man almost that is in love; and the thoughts such as are natural for every man in love to think. The moderns, on the other hand, have sought out for occasions that none meet with but themselves; and fill their verses with thoughts that are surprising and glittering, but not tender, passionate, or natural to a man in love.

To judge which of these two are in the right, we ought to consider the end that people propose in writing love verses; and that I take not to be the getting fame or admiration from the world, but the obtaining the love of their mistress; and the best way I conceive to make her love you, is to convince her that you love her. Now this certainly is not to be done by forced conceits, far-fetched similies, and shining points; but by a true and lively representation of the pains and thoughts attending such a passion.

" —— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
" Primum ipsi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent."

I would as soon believe a widow in great grief for her husband, because I saw her dance a corant about his coffin, as believe a man in love with his mistress for his writing such verses as some great modern wits have done upon theirs.

I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses, while they upbraid them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth. I know it is natural for a lover, in transports of jealousy, to treat his mistress with all the violence imaginable; but I cannot think it natural for a man, who is much in love, to amuse himself with such trifles as the other. I am pleased with Tibullus, when he says, he could live in a desart with his mistress, where never any human footsteps appeared, because I doubt not but he really thinks what he says; but I confess I can hardly forbear laughing, when Petrarch tells us, he could live without any other sustenance than his mistress's looks. I can very easily believe, a man may love a woman so well, as to desire no company but her's; but I can never believe, a man can love a woman so well, as to have no need of meat and drink, if he may look upon her. The first is a thought so natural for a lover, that there is no man really in love, but thinks the same thing; the other is not the thought of a man in love, but of a man who would impose upon us with a pretended love, (and that indeed very grossly too) while he had really none at all.

It would be endless to pursue this point; and any man who will but give himself the trouble to compare what the ancients and moderns have said upon the same occasions, will soon perceive the advantage the former have over the others. I have chosen to mention Petrarch only, as being by much the most famous of all the moderns who have written love-verses: and it is, indeed, the great reputation which he has gotten, that has given encouragement to this false sort of wit in the world: for people, seeing the great credit he had, and has indeed to this day; not only in Italy, but over all Europe, have satisfied themselves with the imitation of him, never inquiring whether the way he took was right or not.

There are no modern writers, perhaps, who have succeeded better in love-verses than the English; and it is indeed just, that the fairest ladies should inspire the best poets. Never was there a more copious fancy, or greater reach of wit, than what appears in Dr. Donne; nothing can be more

gallant or genteel, than the poems of Mr. Waller; nothing more gay or ſprightly, than thoſe of Sir John Suckling; and nothing fuller of variety and learning, than Mr. Cowley's. However, it may be obſerved, that among all theſe, that tenderneſs, and violence of paſſion, which the ancients thought moſt proper for love-verſes, is wanting: and, at the ſame time that we muſt allow Dr. Donne to have been a very great wit, Mr. Waller a very gallant writer, Sir John Suckling a very gay one, and Mr. Cowley a great genius, yet, methinks, I can hardly fancy any one of them to have been a very great lover. And it grieves me, that the ancients, who could never have handſomer women than we have, ſhould, nevertheleſs, be ſo much more in love than we are. But, it is probable, the great reaſon of this may be the cruelty of our ladies; for a man muſt be imprudent indeed, to let his paſſion take very deep root, when he has no reaſon to expect any ſort of return to it. And if it be ſo, there ought to be a petition made to the fair, that they would be pleaſed ſometimes to abate a little of their rigour for the propagation of good verſe. I do not mean that they ſhould confer their favours upon none but men of wit, that would be too great a confinement indeed; but that they would admit them upon the ſame foot with other people; and if they pleaſe now and then to make the experiment, I fancy they will find entertainment enough from the very variety of it.

There are three ſorts of poems that are proper for love: paſtorals, elegies, and lyric verſes; under which laſt, I comprehend all ſongs, odes, ſonnets, madrigals, and ſtanzas. Of all theſe, paſtoral is the loweſt, and, upon that account, perhaps moſt proper for love; ſince it is the nature of that paſſion, to render the ſoul ſoft and humble. Theſe three ſorts of poems ought to differ, not only in their numbers, but in the deſigns, and in every thought of them. Though we have no difference between the verſes of paſtoral and elegy in the modern languages, yet the numbers of the firſt ought to be looſer, and not ſo ſonorous as the other; the thoughts more ſimple, more eaſy, and more humble. The deſign ought to be the repreſenting the life of a ſhepherd, not only by talking of ſheep and fields, but by ſhewing us the truth, ſincerity, and innocence, that accompanies that ſort of life; for though I know our maſters, Theocritus and Virgil, have not always conformed in this point of innocence, Theocritus, in his Daphnis, having made his love too wanton, and Virgil, in his Alexis, placed his paſſion upon a boy, yet (if we may be allowed to cenſure thoſe whom we muſt always reverence) I take both thoſe things to be faults in their poems, and ſhould have been better pleaſed with the Alexis, if it had been made to a woman; and with the Daphnis, if he had made his ſhepherds more modeſt. When I give humility and modeſty as the character of paſtoral, it is not, however, but that a ſhepherd may be allowed to boaſt of his pipe, his ſongs, his flocks, and to ſhew a contempt of his rival, as we ſee both Theocritus and Virgil do. But this muſt be ſtill in ſuch a manner, as if the occaſion offered itſelf, and was not ſought, and proceeded rather from the violence of the ſhepherd's paſſion, than any natural pride or malice in him.

There ought to be the ſame difference obſerved between paſtorals and elegies, as between the life of the country and the court. In the firſt, love ought to be repreſented as among ſhepherds, in the other, as among gentlemen. They ought to be ſmooth, clear, tender, and paſſionate. The thoughts may be bold, more gay, and more elevated, than in paſtoral. The paſſions they repreſent, either more gallant or more violent, and leſs innocent than the others. The ſubjects of them, prayers, praiſes, expoſtulations, quarrels, reconcilements, threatenings, jealouſies, and, in fine, all the natural effects of love.

Lyrics may be allowed to handle all the ſame ſubjects with elegy, but to do it, however, in a different manner. An elegy ought to be ſo entirely one thing, and every verſe ought ſo to depend upon the other, that they ſhould not be able to ſubſiſt alone; or, to make uſe of the words of a great modern critic *, there muſt be

" ——— a juſt coherence made
" Between each thought, and the whole model
" laid,
" So right, that every ſtep may higher riſe,
" Like goodly mountains, till they reach the
" ſkies."

Lyrics, on the other hand, though they ought to make one body as well as the other, yet may conſiſt of parts that are entire of themſelves. It being a rule in modern languages, that every ſtanza ought to make up a complete ſenſe, without running into the other. Frequent ſentences, which are accounted faults in elegies, are beauties here. Beſides this, Malherbe, and the French poets after him, have made it a rule in the ſtanzas of ſix lines, to make a pauſe at the third; and in thoſe of ten lines, at the third and the ſeventh. And, it muſt be confeſſed, that this exactneſs renders them much more muſical and harmonious; though they have not always been ſo religious in obſerving the latter rule as the former.

But I am engaged in a very vain, or a very fooliſh deſign: thoſe who are critics, it would be a preſumption in me to pretend I could inſtruct; and to inſtruct thoſe who are not, at the ſame time I write myſelf, is (if I may be allowed to apply another man's ſimile) like ſelling arms to an enemy in time of war: though there ought, perhaps, to be more indulgence ſhewn to things of love and gallantry than any others, becauſe they are generally written when people are young, and intended for ladies who are not ſuppoſed to be very old; and all young people, eſpecially of the fair ſex, are more taken with the livelineſs of fancy, than the correctneſs of judgment. It may be alſo obſerved, that to write of love well, a

* Lord Mu'grave.

man muſt be really in love; and to correct his writings well, he muſt be out of love again. I am well enough ſatisfied I may be in circumſtances of writing of love, but I am almoſt in deſpair of ever being in circumſtances of correcting it. This I hope may be a reaſon for the fair and the young to paſs over ſome of the faults; and as for the grave and wiſe, all the favour I ſhall beg of them is, that they would not read them. Things of this nature are calculated only for the former. If love-verſes work upon the ladies, a man will not trouble himſelf with what the critics ſay of them; and if they do not, all the commendations the critics can give them will make but very little amends. All I ſhall ſay for theſe trifles is, that I pretend not to vie with any man whatſoever. I doubt not but there are ſeveral now living who are able to write better on all ſubjects than I am upon any one: but I will take the boldneſs to ſay, that there is no one man among them all, who ſhall be readier to acknowledge his own faults, or to do juſtice to the merits of other people.

POEMS.

TO HIS BOOK.

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Thoſe who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal ſtories read their own.
Thoſe who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me.
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, ſhun my fate:
While with calm joy, ſafe landed on the coaſt,
I view the waves on which I once was toſt.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suſpicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be beſt
To chace the fatal poiſon from our breaſt?
But, ſince ſo few can live from paſſion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with ſuch lucky ſtars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded paſſions quickly wear away;
What's built upon eſteem can ne'er decay.

ELEGY.

THE UNREWARDED LOVER.

Let the dull merchant curſe his angry fate,
And from the winds and waves his fortune wait:
Let the loud lawyer break his brains, and be
A ſlave to wrangling coxcombs, for a fee:
Let the rough ſoldier fight his prince's foes,
And for a livelihood his life expoſe:
I wage no war; I plead no cauſe, but Love's;
I fear no ſtorms but what Celinda moves.
And what grave cenſor can my choice deſpiſe?
But here, fair charmer, here the difference lies:
The merchant, after all his hazards paſt,
Enjoys the fruit of his long toils at laſt;
The ſoldier high in his king's favour ſtands,
And, after having long obey'd, commands;
The lawyer, to reward his tedious care,
Roars on the bench, that babbled at the bar:
While I take pains to meet a fate more hard,
And reap no fruit, no favour, no reward.

EPIGRAM.

Written in a Lady's Table-book.

With what ſtrange raptures would my ſoul be bleſt,
Were but her book an emblem of her breaſt!
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontrol'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the ſtead impart.
But, ah! how ſhort the bliſs would prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next, might do the ſame by me!

ELEGY.

THE POWER OF VERSE.

To his Miſtreſs.

While thoſe bright eyes ſubdue where'er you will,
And, as you pleaſe, can either ſave or kill;
What youth ſo bold the conqueſt to deſign?
What wealth ſo great to purchaſe hearts like thine?
None but the Muſe that privilege can claim;
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life muſt end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend:
Verſe can give fame, can fading beauties ſave,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Embalm'd in verſe, through diſtant times they come,
Preſerv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an eaſtern throne,
Reſtrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they pleaſe, give infamy or fame.
In vain the * Tyrian queen reſigns her life,
For the bright glory of a ſporleſs wife,
If lying bards may falſe amours rehearſe,
And blaſt her name with arbitrary verſe;
While † one, who all the abſence of her lord
Had her wide courts with preſſing lovers ſtor'd,
Yet, by a poet grac'd, in deathleſs rhymes,
Stands a chaſte pattern to ſucceeding times.

* Dido. † Penelope.

With pity then the Muſes' friends ſurvey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wiſely like ſeed on fruitful ſoil they're thrown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the ſun, that in the marſhes breeds
Nothing but nauſeous and unwholeſome weeds,
With the ſame rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleaſant flowers and uſeful fruits gives birth:
So favours caſt on fools get only ſhame,
On poets ſhed, produce eternal fame;
Their generous breaſts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muſes can inſpire.

JEALOUSY.

I.

Who could more happy, who more bleſt could live, [move?
Than they whom kind, whom amorous paſſions
What crowns, what empires, greater joys could give,
Than the ſoft chains, the ſlavery of Love?
Were not the bliſs too often croſt
By that unhappy, vile diſtruſt,
That gnawing doubt, that anxious fear, that dangerous malady, [louſy.
That terrible tormenting rage, that madneſs, Jea-

II.

In vain Celinda boaſts ſhe has been true,
In vain ſhe ſwears ſhe keeps untouch'd her charms;
Dire Jealouſy does all my pains renew,
And repreſents her in my rivals arms:
His ſighs I hear, his looks I view,
I ſee her damn'd advances too;
I ſee her ſmile, I ſee her kiſs; and, oh! methinks I ſee
Her give up all thoſe joys to him, ſhe ſhould reſerve for me.

III.

Ingrateful Fair-one! canſt thou hear my groans?
Canſt thou behold theſe tears that fill my eyes?
And yet, unmov'd by all my pains, my moans,
Into another's arms reſign my prize;
If merit could not gain your love,
My ſufferings might your pity move;
Might hinder you from adding thus, by jealous frenzies, more
New pangs to one whom hopeleſs love had plagued too much before.

IV.

Think not, falſe nymph, my fury to out-ſtorm;
I ſcorn your anger, and deſpiſe your frown:
Dreſs up your rage in its moſt hideous form,
It will not move my heart when love is flown;
No, though you from my kindneſs fly,
My vengeance you ſhall ſatisfy:
The Muſe, that would have ſung your praiſe, ſhall now aloud proclaim [ſhame.
To the malicious, ſpiteful world, your infamy and

V.

Ye Gods! ſhe weeps; behold that falling ſhower!
See how her eyes are quite diſſolv'd in tears!
Can ſhe in vain that precious torrent pour?
Oh, no, it bears away my doubts and fears:
'Twas Pity ſure that made it flow:
For the ſame pity, ſtop it now;
For every charming, heavenly drop that from thoſe eyes does part,
Is paid with ſtreams of blood, that guſh from my o'erflowing heart.

VI.

Yes, I will love; I will believe you true,
And raiſe my paſſions up as high as e'er;
Nay, I'll believe you falſe, yet love you too,
Let the leaſt ſign of penitence appear.
I'll frame excuſes for your fault;
Think you ſurpris'd, or meanly caught;
Nay, in the fury, in the height of that abhorr'd embrace,
Believe you thought, believe at leaſt you wiſh'd, me in the place.

VII.

Oh, let me lie whole ages in thoſe arms,
And on that boſom lull aſleep my cares:
Forgive thoſe fooliſh fears of fancy'd harms
That ſtab my ſoul, while they but move thy tears;
And think, unleſs I lov'd thee ſtill,
I had not treated thee ſo ill:
For theſe rude pangs of jealouſy are much more certain ſigns
Of love, than all the tender words an amorous fancy coins.

VIII.

Torment me with this horrid rage no more:
Oh ſmile, and grant one reconciling kiſs!
Ye Gods, ſhe's kind! I'm eccſtaſy all o'er!
My ſoul's too narrow to contain the bliſs.
Thou pleaſing torture of my breaſt,
Sure thou wert fram'd to plague my reſt,
Since both the ill and good you do, alike my peace deſtroy;
That kills me with exceſs of grief, this with exceſs of joy.

CURE OF JEALOUSY.

What tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on ſome fair-one's charms,
They think ſhe yields them to their rival's arms?

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if ſharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their ſtormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover, when his breaſt
By jealous frenzy is poſſeſt;
Forſwears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet ſtraight to her whom he forſwears returns.

But when the fair reſolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;

The cloud of Jealouſy's diſpell'd,
And the bright ſun of innocence reveal'd.

With what ſtrange raptures is he bleſt!
Raptures too great to be expreſt.
Though hard the torment's to endure,
Who would not have the ſickneſs for the cure?

SONNET.

DEATH.

What has this bugbear Death that's worth our care?
After a life in pain and ſorrow paſt,
After deluding hope and dire deſpair,
Death only gives us quiet at the laſt.

How ſtrangely are our love and hate miſplac'd!
Freedom we ſeek, and yet from freedom flee;
Courting thoſe tyrant ſins that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning Death, that only ſets us free.

'Tis not a fooliſh fear of future pains,
(Why ſhould they fear who keep their ſouls from ſtains?) [ſee:
That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to
'Tis not the loſs of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleaſures name;
'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the loſing thee.

ELEGY.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

Cælia, your tricks will now no longer paſs;
And I'm no more the fool that once I was.
I know my happier rival does obtain
All the vaſt bliſs for which I ſigh in vain.
Him, him you love, to me you uſe your art;
I had your looks, another had your heart:
To me you're ſick, to me of ſpies afraid;
He finds your ſickneſs gone, your ſpies betray'd:
I ſigh beneath your window all the night;
He in your arms poſſeſſes the delight.
I know you treat me thus, falſe fair, I do;
And, oh! what plagues me worſe, he knows it too;
To him my ſighs are told, my letters ſhewn,
And all my pains are his diverſion grown.
Yet, ſince you could ſuch horrid treaſons act,
I'm pleas'd you choſe out him to do the fact:
His vanity does for my wrongs atone,
And 'tis by that I have your falſehood known.
What ſhall I do! for, treated at this rate,
I muſt not love, and yet I cannot hate:
I hate the actions, but I love the face;
Oh, were thy virtue more, or beauty leſs!
I'm all confuſion, and my ſoul's on fire,
Torn by contending reaſon and deſire:
This bids me love, that bids me love give o'er;
One counſels beſt, the other pleaſes more.
I know I ought to hate you for your fault;
But, oh! I cannot do the thing I ought.
Canſt thou, mean wretch! canſt thou contented prove
With the cold relicks of a rival's love?
Why did I ſee that face to charm my breaſt?
Or, having ſeen, why did I know the reſt?
Gods! if I have obey'd your juſt commands,
If I've deſerv'd ſome favour of your hands,
Make me that tame, that eaſy fool again,
And rid me of my knowledge and my pain:
And you, falſe fair! for whom ſo oft I've griev'd,
Pity a wretch that begs to be deceiv'd;
Forſwear yourſelf for one who dies for you;
Vow, not a word of the whole charge was true;
But ſcandals all, and forgeries, deviſ'd
By a vain wretch neglected and deſpis'd.
I too will help to forward the deceit,
And, to my power, contribute to the cheat:
And thou, bold man, who think'ſt to rival me,
For thy preſumption I could pardon thee,
I could forgive thy lying in her arms,
I could forgive thy rifling all her charms;
But, oh! I never can forgive the tongue
That boaſts her favours, and proclaims my wrong.

UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

What fury does diſturb my reſt?
What hell is this within my breaſt?
Now I abhor, and now I love;
And each an equal torment prove.
I ſee Celinda's cruelty,
I ſee ſhe loves all men but me,
I ſee her falſehood, ſee her pride,
I ſee ten thouſand faults beſide,
I ſee ſhe ſticks at nought that's ill;
Yet, oh ye Powers! I love her ſtill.
Others on precipices run,
Which, blind with love, they cannot ſhun:
I ſee my danger, ſee my ruin;
Yet ſeek, yet court, my own undoing:
And each new reaſon I explore
To hate her, makes me love her more.

THE ANTIDOTE.

When I ſee the bright nymph who my heart does enthral, [air,
When I view her ſoft eyes and her languiſhing,
Her merit ſo great, my own merit ſo ſmall,
It makes me adore, and it makes me deſpair.

But when I conſider, ſhe ſquanders on fools
All thoſe treaſures of beauty with which ſhe is ſtor'd;
My fancy it damps, my paſſion it cools,
And it makes me deſpiſe what before I ador'd.

Thus ſometimes I deſpair, and ſometimes I deſpiſe:
I love, and I hate, but I never eſteem:
The paſſion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
Which my rivals deſtroy when I look upon them.

How wiſely does Nature things ſo different unite?
In ſuch odd compoſitions our ſafety is found;
As the blood of a ſcorpion's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

UPON A FAVOUR OFFERED.

Cælia, too late you would repent;
The offering all your ſtore,
Is now but like a pardon ſent
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliſs too late,
You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my court I made;
But when your falſehoods plain appear,
My love no longer ſtay'd.

Your bounty of thoſe favours ſhewn,
Whoſe worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the braſs.

Oh, ſince the thing we beg's a toy
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
Before our love is gone?

THE RECONCILEMENT.

Be gone, ye ſighs! be gone, ye tears!
Be gone, ye jealouſies and fears!
Celinda ſwears ſhe never lov'd;
Celinda ſwears none ever mov'd
Her heart, but I: If this be true,
Shall I keep company with you?
What though a ſenſeleſs rival ſwore
She ſaid as much to him before?
What though I ſaw him in her bed?
I'll truſt not what I ſaw, but what ſhe ſaid.
Curſe on the prudent and the wiſe,
Who ne'er believe ſuch pleaſing lies.
I grant ſhe only does deceive;
I grant 'tis folly to believe;
But by this folly I vaſt pleaſures gain,
While you, with all your wiſdom, live in pain.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS FRIEND.

[*Irregular Verſes.*]

FRIEND.

Value thyſelf, fond youth, no more
On favours Mulus had before;
He had her firſt, her virgin flame,
You like a bold intruder came
To the cold relicks of a feaſt,
When he at firſt had ſeiz'd the beſt.

LOVER.

When he, dull ſot, had ſeiz'd the worſe,
I came in at the ſecond courſe:
'Tis chance that firſt makes people love;
Judgment their riper fancies move.
Mulus, you ſay, firſt charm'd her eyes:
Firſt, ſhe lov'd babies and dirt pies;
But ſhe grew wiſer, and in time
Found out the folly of thoſe toys and him.

FRIEND.

If wiſdom change in love begets,
Women, no doubt, are wondrous wits:
But wiſdom, that now makes her change to you,
In time will make her change to others too.

LOVER.

I grant you, no man can foreſee his doom:
But ſhall I grieve becauſe an ill may come?
Yet I'll allow her change, when ſhe can ſee
A man deſerves her more than me,
As much as I deſerve her more than he.

FRIEND.

Did they with our own eyes ſee our deſert,
No woman e'er could from her lover part.
But, oh! they ſee not with their own:
All things to them are through falſe optics ſhewn.
Love at the firſt does all your charms increaſe,
When the tube's turn'd, hate repreſents them leſs.

LOVER.

Whate'er may come, I will not grieve
For dangers that I can't believe.
She'll ne'er ceaſe loving me; or, if ſhe do,
'Tis ten to one I ceaſe to love her too.

EPIGRAM.

LYCE.

Go, ſaid old Lyce, ſenſeleſs lover, go,
And with ſoft verſes court the fair; but know,
With all thy verſes, thou canſt get no more
Than fools without one verſe have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew;
And that which moſt enrag'd me, was, 'twas true.

THE FAIR MOURNER.

In what ſad pomp the mournful charmer lies?
Does ſhe lament the victim of her eyes?

Or would ſhe hearts with ſoft compaſſion move,
To make them take the deeper ſtamp of love?
What youth ſo wiſe, ſo wary to eſcape,
When Rigour comes, dreſt up in Pity's ſhape?
Let not in vain thoſe precious tears be ſhed,
Pity the dying fair-one, not the dead;
While you unjuſtly of the fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentleſs judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but ceaſe your own.
While raging paſſion both our ſouls does wound,
A ſovereign balm might ſure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitleſs tears away,
And with a juſt compaſſion mine ſurvey.

EPIGRAM.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

Thou ſaidſt that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou wouldſt abandon Jove.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now, and though I fiercelier burn,
Thou art become the object of my ſcorn:
See what thy falſehood gets; I muſt confeſs
I love thee more, but I eſteem thee leſs.

EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive
By jealous fears to keep our flames alive!
Love's like a torch, which, if ſecur'd from blaſts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer laſts:
Expos'd to ſtorms of jealouſy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

ELEGY.

THE PETITION.

In Imitation of Catullus.

Is there a pious pleaſure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean ſordid actions we deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrſis, thou haſt ſure bleſſings laid in ſtore,
From thy juſt dealing in this curſt amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be ſhewn,
Which to the fair thou haſt not ſaid and done?
On her falſe heart they all are thrown away;
She only ſwears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows ſhe broke,
Free my juſt ſoul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and, like a raging flood,
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg ſhe may grow chaſte,
Or with an equal paſſion burn at laſt:
The one ſhe cannot practiſe, though ſhe would;
And I contemn the other, though ſhe ſhould:
Nor aſk I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis puniſhment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balſam for my bleeding breaſt,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours reſt.

ELEGY,

Upon quitting his Miſtreſs.

I know, Celinda, I have borne too long,
And by forgiving have increas'd my wrong;
Yet if there be a power in verſe to ſlack
Thy courſe in vice, or bring fled virtue back,
I'll undertake the taſk, howe'er ſo hard;
A generous action is its own reward.
Oh! were thy virtues equal to thy charms,
I'd fly from crowns to live within thoſe arms:
But who, oh! who, can e'er believe thee juſt,
When ſuch known falſehoods have deſtroy'd all truſt?

Farewell, falſe fair! nor ſhall I longer ſtay:
Since we muſt part, why ſhould we thus delay?
Your love alone was what my ſoul could prize;
And miſſing that, can all the reſt deſpiſe:
Yet ſhould I not repent my follies paſt,
Could you take up, and grow reſerv'd at laſt:
'Twould pleaſe me, parted from your fatal charms,
To ſee you happy in another's arms.
Whatever threatenings fury might extort,
Oh fear not I ſhould ever do you hurt:
For though my former paſſion is remov'd,
I would not injure one I once had lov'd.
Adieu! while thus I waſte my time in vain,
Sure there are maids I might entirely gain:
I'll ſearch for ſuch, and to the firſt that's true,
Reſign the heart ſo hardly freed from you.

TO HIS MISTRESS,

Againſt Marriage.

Yes, all the world muſt ſure agree,
He who's ſecur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt:
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My queen, my ſlave at laſt.

Nor ought thoſe things to be confin'd,
That were for public good deſign'd:
Could we, in fooliſh pride,
Make the ſun always with us ſtay,
'Twould burn our corn and graſs away,
To ſtarve the world beſide.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright
Two ſouls, which paſſion does unite;
For while our love does laſt,
Neither will ſtrive to go away;
And why the devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that love is paſt?

EPIGRAM.

CHLOE.

CHLOE, new-marry'd, looks on men no more;
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

EPIGRAM.

CORNUS.

CORNUS proclaims aloud his wife's a whore:
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Were thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

EPIGRAM.

THRASO.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When ſober in the morning, dares not fight.
Thraſo, to ſhun thoſe ills that may enſue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

EPIGRAM.

GRIPE AND SHIFTER.

RICH Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T' increaſe that wealth he wants the ſoul to ſpend.
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance ſet,
To ſpend that wealth he wants the ſenſe to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's eſtate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man!

TO CÆLIA,

Upon ſome Alterations in her Face.

AH, Cælia! where are now the charms
That did ſuch wondrous paſſions move?
Time, cruel Time, thoſe eyes diſarms,
And blunts the feeble darts of Love.

What malice does the tyrant bear
To women's intereſt, and to ours?
Beauties in which the public ſnare,
The greedy villain firſt devours.

Who, without tears, can ſee a prince
That trains of fawning courtiers had,
Abandon'd, left without defence?
Nor is thy hapleſs fate leſs ſad.

Thou, who ſo many fools haſt known,
And all the fools would hardly do,
Shouldſt now confine thyſelf to one!
And he, alas! a huſband too.

See the ungrateful ſlaves, how faſt
They from thy fetting glories run;
And in what mighty crowds they haſte
To worſhip Flavia's riſing ſun!

In vain are all the practis'd wiles,
In vain thoſe eyes would love impart;
Not all th' advances, all the ſmiles,
Can move one unrelenting heart.

While Flavia, charming Flavia, ſtill
By cruelty her cauſe maintains,
And ſcarce vouchſafes a careleſs ſmile
To the poor ſlaves that wear her chains.

Well, Cælia, let them waſte their tears;
But ſure they will in time repine,
That thou haſt not a face like hers,
Or ſhe has not a heart like thine.

THE RETIREMENT.

ALL hail, ye fields, where conſtant peace attends!
All hail, ye ſacred ſolitary groves!
All hail, ye books, my true, my real friends,
Whoſe converſation pleaſes and improves!

Could one who ſtudy'd your ſublimer rules,
Become ſo mad to ſearch for joys abroad?
To run to towns, to herd with knaves and fools,
And undiſtinguiſh'd paſs among the crowd?

One to ambitious fancy's made a prey,
Thinks happineſs in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
Curſt by the fools, and laught at by the wiſe.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
Conſume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
Neglect the end of life to get the means.

Others the name of pleaſure does invite;
All their dull time in ſenſual joys they live,
And hope to gain that ſolid, firm delight,
By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplext, alas! is human fate!
I, whom nor avarice nor pleasures move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
If beauty always must my heart enthral,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state
(For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn);
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
Can boldly say, The Trifle I contemn.

In her blest arms, contented could I live,
Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
With hope of things impossible to find.

In women how should sense and beauty meet?
The wisest men their youth in follies spend:
The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

A SONG TO PHYLLIS.

I.

Phyllis, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature
Shew'd the utmost of her art.

II.

But in this it is pretended
That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart should be defended,
Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

III.

Love's a senseless inclination,
Where no mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm to heal the wound.

IV.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
To the rising Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes to make him kind.

PHYLLIS'S RESOLUTION.

I.

When slaves their liberty require,
They hope no more to gain,
But you not only that desire,
But ask the power to reign.

II.

Think how unjust a suit you make,
Then you will soon decline;
Your freedom, when you please, pray take,
But trespass not on mine.

III.

No more in vain, Alcander, crave,
I ne'er will grant the thing,
That he, who once has been my slave,
Should ever be my king.

AN EPISTLE

TO A LADY WHO HAD RESOLVED AGAINST MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
Your reſolution for a ſingle ſtate;
Ladies, who would live undiſturb'd and free,
Muſt never put on Hymen's livery;
Perhaps its outſide ſeems to promiſe fair,
But underneath is nothing elſe but care.
If once you let the Gordian knot be ty'd,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride;
That one fond act your life's beſt ſcene foregoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
Whoſe ſtrange meanders you may ſearch about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little eaſe,
The beſt of huſbands is ſo hard to pleaſe:
This in wives careful faces you may ſpell,
Though they diſſemble their misfortunes well.
No plague's ſo great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread:
For Love's inſinuating fire they fan,
With ſweet ideas of a god-like man.
Chloris and Phyllis glory'd in their ſwains,
And ſung their praiſes on the neighbouring plains;
Oh! they were brave, accompliſh'd, charming men,
Angels till marry'd, but proud devils then.
Sure ſome reſiſtleſs power with Cupid ſides,
Or we ſhould have more virgins, fewer brides;
For ſingle lives afford the moſt content,
Secure and happy, as they're innocent:
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endleſs eaſe,
And calm as Neptune on the Halcyon ſeas:
Your ſleep is broke with no domeſtic cares,
No bawling children to diſturb your prayers;
No parting ſorrows to extort your tears,
No bluſtering huſband to renew your fears!
Therefore, dear madam, let a friend adviſe,
Love and its idle deity deſpiſe:
Suppreſs wild Nature, if it dares rebel;
There's no ſuch thing as "leading apes in hell."

CLELIA TO URANIA.

AN ODE.

I.

THE diſmal regions which no ſun beholds,
Whilſt his fires roll ſome diſtant world to cheer,
Which in dry darkneſs, froſt, and chilling cold,
Spend one long portion of the dragging year,
At his returning influence never knew
More joy than Clelia, when ſhe thinks of you.

II.

Thoſe zealots, who adore the riſing ſun,
Would ſoon their darling deity deſpiſe,
And with more warm, more true devotion run,
To worſhip nobler beams, Urania's eyes;
Had they beheld her lovely form divine,
Where rays more glorious, more attracting, ſhine.

III.

But, ah! frail mortals, though you may admire
At a convenient diſtance all her charms,
Approach them, and you'll feel a raging fire,
Which ſcorches deep, and all your power diſarms:
Thus, like th' Arabian bird, your care proceeds
From the bright object which your pleaſure breeds.

SONG.

I.

THOUGH Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice with charms and ſcorn.

II.

Fair ſaint, to your bleſt orb repair,
To learn in heaven a heavenly mind;
Thence hearken to a ſinner's prayer,
And be leſs beauteous, or more kind.

LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.

THOU tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And perſecute this breaſt no more:
Ah! tell me why muſt every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myſelf reſign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But oh! I can no more ſuſtain
This long continued ſtate of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitleſs to complain.
My heart, firſt ſoften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:
So fond and eaſy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to its own intereſt blind,
So ſtrangely charm'd to womankind,
That it no more belong'd to me,
Than veſtal-virgins hearts to thee.
I often courted it to ſtay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to ſtop it I eſſay'd,
Though often, often, I diſplay'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By ſome proud maid ill us'd and ſcorn'd,
I ſtill the renegade careſt,
And gave it harbour in my breaſt.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it ſo admir'd;
With ſhame and ſorrow overcaſt,
And ſad repentance for the paſt,
A thouſand ſacred oaths it ſwore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimeras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-gooſe chace of love.

Thus it reſolv'd———————
Till ſome new face again betray'd
The reſolutions it had made:
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient, to be gone:
And, though ſo often it had fail'd,
Though vainleſs every heart aſſail'd,
Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou haſt banter'd wretched me;
Thus made me vainly loſe my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime;
And yet, for all the hours I've loſt,
And ſighs, and tears, thy bondage coſt,
Ne'er did thy ſlave thy favours bleſs,
Or crown his paſſion with ſucceſs.
Well—ſince 'tis doom'd that I muſt find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleaſure muſt obtain,
Let me at leaſt avoid the pain:
So weary of the chace I'm grown,
That with content I'd ſit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewel.
Nay, aſk, for all I felt before,
Only to be diſturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complainings deaf)
Will give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'ſt me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why,
In every part I feel the fire.
And burn with fanciful deſire;
From whence can love its magic draw?
I doat on her *I never ſaw:*
And who, but lovers, can expreſs
This ſtrange, myſterious tenderneſs?
And yet methinks 'tis happier ſo,
Than whom it is I love to know:
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I ſhould ſomething find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did beſtow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus ſhe ſings, ſhe looks, ſhe talks.
Sometimes I ſigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,
Could ſhe my trickling tears but ſee,
She would be kind, and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cauſe to grieve,
I pleaſingly myſelf deceive;
And ſure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair:
Leſt ſhe ſhould be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by fancy's height:
Leſt (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, loſt in an amaze;
My trembling lips and eyes ſhould tell,
'Tis her I dare to love ſo well);
She, with an angry, ſcornful eye,
Or ſome unkind, ſevere reply,
My hopes of bliſs ſhould overcaſt,
And my preſuming paſſion blaſt.
If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not ſee her I love,
Thy altars proſtrate I'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

PASTORAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

DAPHNE.

SICILIAN Muſe, my humble voice inſpire,
To ſing of Daphne's charms and Damon's fire.
Long had the faithful ſwain ſuppreſt his grief,
And, ſince he durſt not hope, ne'er aſk'd relief.
But at th' arrival of the fatal day
That took the nymph and all his joys away;
With dying looks he gaz'd upon the fair,
And what his tongue could not, his eyes declare:
Till with deep ſighs, as if his heart-ſtrings broke,
Preſſing her hand, theſe tender things he ſpoke:

DAMON.

Ah! lovely nymph, behold your lover burn,
And view that paſſion which you'll not return.
As no nymph's charms did ever equal thine,
So no ſwain's love did ever equal mine:
How happy, fair, how happy ſhould I be,
Might I but ſacrifice myſelf for thee!
Could I but pleaſe thee with my dying verſe,
And make thee ſhed one tear upon my hearſe!

DAPHNE.

Too free an offer of that love you make,
Which now, alas! I have not power to take:
Your wounds I cannot, though I would, relieve;
Phaon has all the love that I can give.
Had you among the reſt at firſt aſſail'd
My heart, when free, you had, perhaps, prevail'd.
Now if you blame, oh! blame not me, but Fate,
That never brought you 'till 'twas grown too late.

DAMON.

Had the fates brought me then, too charming fair,
I could not hope, and now I muſt deſpair.
Rul'd by your friends, you quit the lover's flame,
For flocks, for paſtures, for an empty name.
Yet though the beſt poſſeſſion fate denies,
Oh let me gaze for ever on thoſe eyes:
So juſt, ſo true, ſo innocent's my flame,
That Phaon, did he ſee it, could not blame.

DAPHNE.

Such generous ends I know you ſtill purſue,
What I can do, be ſure I will for you.
If on eſteem or pity you can live,
Or hopes of more, if I had more to give,
Theſe you may have, but cannot have my heart;
And ſince we now perhaps for ever part,
Such noble thoughts through all your life expreſs,
May make the value more, the pity leſs.

DAMON.

Can you then go? Can you for ever part,
(Ye Gods! what ſhivering pains ſurround my heart!
And have one thought to make your pity leſs?
Ah Daphne, could I half my pangs expreſs, [were,
You could not think, though hard as rocks you
Your pity ever could too great appear.
I ne'er ſhall be one moment free from pain,
Till I behold thoſe charming eyes again.
When gay diverſions do your thoughts employ,
I would not come to interrupt the joy;
But when from them you ſome ſpare moment find,
Think then, oh think on whom you leave behind!
Think with what heart I ſhall behold the green,
Where I ſo oft thoſe charming eyes have ſeen!
Think with what grief I walk the groves alone,
When you, the glory of them all, are gone!
Yet, oh! that little time you have to ſtay,
Let me ſtill ſpeak, and gaze my ſoul away!
But ſee my paſſion that ſmall aid denies;
Grief ſtops my tongue, and tears o'erflow my eyes

ECLOGUE II.

GALATEA.

THYRSIS, the gayeſt one of all the ſwains,
Who fed their flocks upon th' Arcadian plains;
While love's mad paſſion quite devour'd his heart,
And the coy nymph that caus'd, neglects his ſmart;
Strives in low numbers, ſuch as ſhepherds uſe,
If not to move her breaſt, his own amuſe.
You, Chloris, who with ſcorn refuſe to ſee
The mighty wounds that you have made on me;
Yet cannot ſure with equal pride diſdain,
To hear an humble hind of his complain.
Now while the flocks and herds to ſhades retire,
While the fierce ſun ſets all the world on fire;
Through burning fields, through rugged brakes I rove,
And to the hills and woods declare my love.
How ſmall's the heat! how eaſy is the pain
I feel without, to that I feel within!
Yet ſcornful Galatea will not hear,
But from my ſongs and pipe ſtill turns her ear:
Not ſo the ſage Coriſca, nor the fair
Climena, nor rich Ægon's only care;
From them my ſongs a juſt compaſſion drew;
And they ſhall have them, ſince contemn'd by you.
Why name I them, when ev'n chaſte Cynthia ſtays,
And Pan himſelf, to liſten to my lays?
Pan, whoſe ſweet pipe has been admir'd ſo long,
Has not diſdain'd ſometimes to hear my ſong:
Yet Galatea ſcorns whate'er I ſay,
And Galatea's wiſer ſure than they.
Relentleſs nymph! can nothing move your mind?
Muſt you be deaf, becauſe you are unkind?
Though you diſlike the ſubject of my lays,
Yet ſure the ſweetneſs of my voice might pleaſe.
It is not thus that you dull Mopſus uſe;
His ſongs divert you, though you mine refuſe:
Yet I could tell you, fair one, if I would,
(And ſince you treat me thus, methinks I ſhould)
What the wiſe Lycon ſaid, when in yon' plain
He ſaw him court in hope, and me in vain;
Forbear, fond youth, to chace a heedleſs fair,
Nor think with well-tun'd verſe to pleaſe her ear;
Seek out ſome other nymph, nor e'er repine
That one who likes his ſongs, ſhould fly from thine.
Ah, Lycon! ah! your rage falſe dangers forms;
'Tis not his ſongs, but 'tis his fortune, charms:
Yet, ſcornful maid, in time you'll find thoſe toys
Can yield no real, no ſubſtantial joys;
In vain his wealth, his titles gain eſteem,
If for all that you are aſham'd of him.
Ah, Galatea, would'ſt thou turn thoſe eyes,
Would'ſt thou but once vouchſafe to hear my cries;
In ſuch ſoft notes I would my pains impart,
As could not fail to move thy rocky heart;
With ſuch ſweet ſongs I would thy fame make known,
As Pan himſelf might not diſdain to own.
Oh could'ſt thou, fair one, but contented be
To tend the ſheep, and chace the hares, with me;
To have thy praiſes echo'd through the groves,
And paſs thy days with one who truly loves:
Nor let thoſe gaudy toys thy heart ſurpriſe,
Which the fools envy, and the ſage deſpiſe,
But Galatea ſcorns my humble flame,
And neither aſks my fortune, nor my name.
Of the beſt cheeſe my well-ſtor'd dairy's full,
And my ſoft ſheep produce the fineſt wool;
The richeſt wines of Greece my vineyards yield,
And ſmiling crops of grain adorn my field.
Ah, fooliſh youth! in vain thou boaſt'ſt thy ſtore,
Have what thou wilt, if Mopſus ſtill has more.
See whilſt thou ſing'ſt, behold her haughty pride,
With what diſdain ſhe turns her head aſide!
Oh, why would Nature, to our ruin, place
A tiger's heart, with ſuch an angel's face?
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe, at laſt thy fruitleſs moan;
Nor hope to gain a heart already gone.
While rocks and caves thy tuneful notes reſound,
See how thy corn lies wither'd on the ground!
The hungry wolves devour thy fatten'd lambs;
And bleating for the young makes lean the dams.
Take, ſhepherd, take thy hook, thy flocks purſue,
And when one nymph proves cruel, find a new.

ECLOGUE III.

DAMON.

TAKEN FROM THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

ARISE, O Phoſphorus! and bring the day,
While I in ſighs and tears conſume away;
Deceiv'd with flattering hopes of Niſa's love;
And to the gods my vain petitions move:
Though they've done nothing to prevent my death,
I'll yet invoke them with my dying breath.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Arcadia's famous for its ſpacious plains,
Its whiſtling pine-trees, and its ſhady groves,
And often hears the ſwains lament their loves.

Great Pan upon its mountains feeds his goats,
Who firſt taught reeds to warble rural notes.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Mopſus weds Niſa! oh, well-ſuited pair!
When he ſucceeds, what lover can deſpair?
After this match, let mares and griffins breed;
And hounds with hares in friendly conſort feed.
Go, Mopſus, go; provide the bridal cake,
And to thy bed the blooming virgin take:
In her ſoft arms thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
Behold, the evening comes to make thee bleſt!
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Oh, Niſa, happy in a lovely choice!
While you with ſcorn neglect my pipe and voice;
While you deſpiſe my humble ſongs, my herd,
My ſhaggy eyebrows, and my rugged beard;
While through the plains diſdainfully you move,
And think no ſhepherd can deſerve your love;
Mopſus alone can the nice virgin win,
With charming perſon, and with graceful mien.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
When firſt I ſaw you on thoſe fatal plains,
I reach'd you fruit; your mother too was there;
Scarce had you ſeen the thirteenth ſpring appear:
Yet beauty's buds were opening in your face;
I gaz'd, and bluſhes did your charms increaſe.
'Tis love, thought I, that's riſing in her breaſt;
Alas, your paſſion, by my own, I gueſt;
Then upon truſt I fed the raging pains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Oh, love. I know thee now; thou ow'ſt thy birth
To rocks; ſome craggy mountain brought thee forth:
Nor is it human blood that fills thy veins,
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Relentleſs love to bold Medea ſhew'd,
To ſtain her guilty hands in children's blood.
Was ſhe more cruel, or more wicked he?
He was a wicked counſellor, a cruel mother ſhe.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Now let the ſcreech-owls vie with warbling ſwans;
Upon hard oaks let bluſhing peaches grow,
And from the brambles liquid amber flow.
The harmleſs wolves the ravenous ſheep ſhall ſhun;
And valiant deer at fearful greyhounds run:
Let the ſea riſe, and overflow the plains.
Begin, my Muſe, begin th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Adieu, ye flocks; no more ſhall I purſue!
Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!
And you, coy nymph, who all my vows diſdain,
Take this laſt preſent from a dying ſwain.
Since you diſlike whate'er in life I ſaid,
You may be pleas'd, perhaps, to hear I'm dead:
This leap ſhall put an end to all my pains.
Now ceaſe, my Muſe, now ceaſe th' Arcadian ſtrains.
Thus Damon ſung while on the cliff he ſtood,
Then headlong plung'd into the raging flood.
All with united grief the loſs bemoan,
Except the authorefs of his fate alone,
Who hears it with an unrelenting breaſt.
Ah, cruel nymph! forbear your ſcorns at leaſt.
How much ſoe'er you may the love deſpiſe,
'Tis barbarous to inſult on one that dies.

ECLOGUE IV.

LYCON.

STREPHON and Damon's flocks together fed,
Two charming ſwains as e'er Arcadia bred;
Both fam'd for wit, and fam'd for beauty both;
Both in the luſtre of their blooming youth:
No ſullen cares their tender thoughts remove,
No paſſions diſcompoſe their ſouls, but love.
Once, and but once alone, as ſtory goes,
Between the youths a fierce diſpute aroſe;
Not for the merit of their tuneful lays
(Though both deſerv'd, yet both deſpis'd, that praiſe);
But for a cauſe of greater moment far,
That merited a lover's utmoſt care.
Each ſwain the prize of beauty ſtrove to gain,
For the bright ſhepherdeſs that caus'd his pain.
Lycon they choſe, the difference to decide,
Lycon, for prudence and ſage counſel try'd;
Who love's myſterious arts had ſtudy'd long,
And taught, when old, what he had practis'd young.
For the diſpute alternate verſe they chooſe,
Alternate verſe delights the rural Muſe.

STREP. To Flavia, love, thou juſtly ow'ſt the prize,
She owns thy power, nor does thy laws reprove.
DAM. Though Sylvia, for herſelf, love's power defies,
What crowds of vaſſals has ſhe made to love!
STREP. When Flavia comes attir'd for rural games,
Each curl, each flower ſhe wears, a charm expreſs.
DAM. Sylvia, without a foreign aid, inflames;
Charm'd with her eyes, we never mind her dreſs.
STREP. Have you ſeen Flavia with her flaxen hair?
She ſeems an image of the queen of love!
DAM. Sylvia's dark hair like Leda's locks appear,
And yet, like her, has charms to conquer Jove.
STREP. Flavia by crowds of lovers is admir'd;
Happy that youth who ſhall the fair enjoy!
DAM. Sylvia neglects her lovers, lives retir'd;
Happy, that could her lonely thoughts employ!
STREP. Flavia, where'er ſhe comes, the ſwains ſubdues,
And every ſmile ſhe gives conveys a dart.
DAM. Sylvia the ſwains with native coldneſs views;
And yet what ſhepherd can defend his heart?
STREP. Flavia's bright beauties in an inſtant ſtrike:
Gazers, before they think of it, adore. [like;
DAM. Sylvia's ſoft charms, as ſoon as ſeen, we
But ſtill the more we think, we love the more.
STREP. Who is ſo ſtupid, that has Flavia ſeen,
As not to view the nymph with vaſt delight?
DAM. Who has ſeen Sylvia, and ſo ſtupid been,
As to remember any other ſight?
STREP. What thoughts has Flavia, when with care ſhe views
Her charming graces in the cryſtal lakes?

DAM. To ſee hers, Sylvia need no mirrors u
She ſees them by the conqueſts that ſhe makes.
STREP. With what aſſurance Flavia walks the plains! [yield.
She knows the nymphs muſt all their lovers
DAM. Sylvia with bluſhes wounds the gazing ſwains;
And while ſhe ſtrives to fly, ſhe wins the field.
STREP. Flavia at firſt young Melibœus lov'd:
For me ſhe did that charming youth forſake.
DAM. Sylvia's relentleſs heart was never mov'd:
Gods! that I might the firſt impreſſion make!
STREP. Should Flavia hear that Sylvia vy'd with her,
What indignation would the charmer ſhew!
DAM. Sylvia would Flavia to herſelf preſer:
There we alone her judgment diſallow.
STREP. If Sylvia's charms with Flavia's can compare,
Why is this crowded ſtill, and that alone?
DAM. Becauſe their ways of life ſo different are;
Flavia gives all men hopes, and Sylvia none.

LYCON. Shepherds, enough; now ceaſe your amorous war,
Or too much heat may carry both too far:
I well attended the diſpute, and find [kind.
Both nymphs have charms, but each in different
Flavia deſerves more pains than ſhe will coſt;
As eaſily got, were ſhe not eaſily loſt.
Sylvia is much more difficult to gain;
But, once poſſeſs'd, will well reward the pain.
We wiſh them Flavias all, when firſt we burn;
But, once poſſeſs'd, wiſh they would Sylvias turn.
And, by the different charms in each expreſt,
One we ſhould ſooneſt love, the other beſt.

ECLOGUE V.

DELIA.

Lamenting the Death of Mrs. Tempeſt, who died upon the Day of the great Storm.

YE gentle ſwains, who paſs your days and nights
In Love's ſincere and innocent delights!
Ye tender virgins, who with pride diſplay
Your beauty's ſplendor, and extend your ſway!
Lament with me! with me your ſorrows join!
And mingle your united tears with mine!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
Begin, my Muſe! begin your mournful ſtrains!
Tell the ſad tale through all the hills and plains!
Tell it through every lawn and every grove!
Where flocks can wander, or where ſhepherds rove!
Bid neighbouring rivers tell the diſtant ſea,
And winds from pole to pole the news convey!
Delia, the Queen of Love, let all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
'Tis done, and all obey the mournful Muſe!
See, hills, and plains, and winds, have heard the news!
The foaming ſea o'erwhelms the frighten'd ſhore;
The vallies tremble, and the mountains roar.
See loſty oaks from firm foundations torn,
And ſtately towers in heaps of ruin mourn!
The gentle Thames, that rarely paſſion knows,
Swells with this ſorrow, and her banks o'erflows:
What ſhrieks are heard! what groans! what dying cries!
Ev'n Nature's ſelf in dire convulſions lies!
Delia, the Queen of Love, they all deplore!
Delia, the Queen of Beauty, now no more!
O! why did I ſurvive the fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the joys of all my life away?
Why was not I beneath ſome ruin loſt?
Sunk in the ſeas, or ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt?
Why did the Fates ſpare this devoted head?
Why did I live to hear that thou wert dead?
By thee my griefs were calm'd, my torments eas'd;
Nor knew I pleaſure, but as thou wert pleas'd.
Where ſhall I wander now, diſtreſs'd, alone?
What uſe have I of life, now thou art gone?
I have no uſe, alas! but to deplore
Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!
What living nymph is bleſt with equal grace?
All may diſpute, but who can fill thy place?
What lover in his miſtreſs hopes to find
A form ſo lovely, with ſo bright a mind?
Doris may boaſt a face divinely fair,
But wants thy ſhape, thy motions, and thy air.
Lucinda has thy ſhape, but not thoſe eyes,
That, while they did th' admiring world ſurpriſe,
Diſclos'd the ſecret luſtre of the mind,
And ſeem'd each lover's inmoſt thoughts to find.
Others, whoſe beauty yielding ſwains confeſs,
By indiſcretion make their conqueſt leſs,
And want thy conduct and obliging wit
To fix thoſe ſlaves who to their chains ſubmit.
As ſome rich tyrant hoards an uſeleſs ſtore,
That would, well plac'd, inrich a thouſand more:
So didſt thou keep a crowd of charms retir'd,
Would make a thouſand other nymphs admir'd.
Gay, modeſt, artleſs, beautiful, and young;
Slow to reſolve; in reſolution ſtrong;
To all obliging, yet reſerv'd to all;
None could himſelf the favour'd lover call:
That which alone could make his hopes endure,
Was, that he ſaw no other ſwain ſecure.
Whither, ah! whither are thoſe graces fled?
Down to the dark, the melancholy ſhade?
Now, ſhepherds, now lament! and now deplore!
Delia is dead, and beauty is no more!
For thee each tuneful ſwain prepar'd his lays,
His fame exalting while he ſung thy praiſe.
Thyrſis, in gay and eaſy meaſures, ſtrove
To charm thy ears, and tune thy ſoul to love:
Menalcas, in his numbers more ſublime,
Extoll'd thy virtues in immortal rhyme:
Glycon, whoſe ſatire kept the world in awe,
Soften'd his ſtrain, when firſt thy charms he ſaw,
Confeſs'd the goddeſs who new-form'd his mind,
Proclaim'd thy beauties, and forgot mankind.
Ceaſe, ſhepherd, ceaſe: the charms you ſung are fled;
The glory of our blaſted iſle is dead.

Now join your griefs with mine! and now deplore
Delia, the pride of Beauty, now no more!
Behold where now she lies depriv'd of breath!
Charming, though pale, and beautiful in death!
A troop of weeping virgins by her side.
With all the pomp of woe and sorrows pride!
O, early lost! O, fitter to be led
In cheerful splendor to the bridal bed,
Than thus conducted to th' untimely tomb,
A spotless virgin in her beauty's bloom!
Whatever hopes superior merit gave,
Let me, at least, embrace thee in the grave;
On thy cold lips imprint a dying kiss:
O that thy coyness could refuse me this!
Such melting tears upon thy limbs I'll pour,
Shall thaw their numbness, and thy warmth restore:
Clasp to my glowing breast, thou may'st revive;
I'll breathe such tender sighs shall make thee live;
Or, if severer fates that aid deny,
If thou canst not revive, yet I may die.
In one cold grave together may be laid
The truest lover and the loveliest maid.
Then shall I cease to grieve, and not before;
Then shall I cease fair Delia to deplore.
But see, those dreadful objects disappear!
The sun shines out, and all the heavens are clear;
The warring winds are hush'd, the sea serene,
And Nature, soften'd, shifts her angry scene.
What means this sudden change? methinks I hear
Melodious music from the heavenly sphere!
Listen, ye shepherds, and devour the sound!
Listen: the saint, the lovely saint, is crown'd!
While we, mistaken in our joy and grief,
Bewail her fate, who wants not our relief:
From the pleas'd orbs she views us here below,
And with kind pity wonders at our woe. [above,
Ah, charming saint! since thou art bless'd
Indulge thy lovers, and forgive their love:
Forgive their tears, who press'd with grief and care,
Feel not thy joys, but feel their own despair.

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK III.

IMITATED, 1705.

I.

The man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can blind:
No passions his designs control;
Not Love, that tyrant of the soul,
Can shake his steady mind.

II.

Not parties for revenge engag'd,
Nor threatenings of a court enrag'd,
Nor storms where fleets despair;
Not thunder pointed at his head;
The shatter'd world may strike him dead,
Not touch his soul with fear.

III.

From this the Grecian glory rose;
By this the Romans aw'd their foes:
Of this their poets sing.
These were the paths their heroes trod,
These acts made Hercules a god;
And great Nassau a king.

IV.

Firm on the rolling deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking flood,
With blackening storms combin'd.
"Virtue," he ery'd, "will force its way;
"The wind may for a while delay,
"Not alter our design.

V.

"The men whom selfish hopes inflame,
"Or vanity allures to fame,
"May be to fears betray'd:
"But here a church for succour flies,
"Insulted law expiring lies,
"And loudly calls for aid.

VI.

"Yes, Britons, yes, with ardent zeal,
"I come, the wounded heart to heal,
"The wounding hand to bind:
"See tools of arbitrary sway,
"And priests, like locusts, scout away
"Before the western wind.

VII.

"Law shall again her force resume;
"Religion, clear'd from clouds of Rome,
"With brighter rays advance.
"The British fleet shall rule the deep,
"The British youth, as rous'd from sleep,
"Strike terror into France.

VIII.

"Nor shall these promises of fate
"Be limited to my short date:
"When I from cares withdraw,
"Still shall the British sceptre stand,
"Still flourish in a female hand,
"And to mankind give law.

IX.

"She shall domestic foes unite,
"Monarchs beneath her flags shall fight,
"Whole armies drag her chain:
"She shall lost Italy restore,
"Shall make th' imperial eagle soar,
"And give a king to Spain.

X.

"But know, these promises are given,
"These great rewards impartial heaven
"Does on these terms decree;
"That, strictly punishing men's faults,
"You let their consciences and thoughts
"Rest absolutely free.

XI.

"Let no false politics confine
"In narrow bounds, your vast design
"To make mankind unite;
"Nor think it a sufficient cause
"To punish man by penal laws,
"For not believing right.

XII.

"Rome, whose blind zeal destroys mankind;
"Rome's sons shall your compassion find,

" Who ne'er compaſſion knew.
" By nobler actions their's condemn:
" For what has been reproach'd in them,
" Can ne'er be prais'd in you."

XIII.

Theſe ſubjects ſuit not with the lyre;
Muſe! to what height doſt thou aſpire,
Pretending to rehearſe
The thoughts of gods, and godlike kings?
Ceaſe, ceaſe to leſſen loſty things
By mean ignoble verſe.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

Suppoſed to have been taken from a Sibylline Prophecy.

" ——— Paulò majora canamus."

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier flight;
Not all in trees and lowly ſhrubs delight:
Or if your rural ſhades you ſtill purſue,
Make your ſhades fit for able ſtateſmen's view.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
Reſtoring the Saturnian age of gold;
The vile, degenerate, whiggiſh offſpring ends,
A high-church progeny from heaven deſcends.
O learned Oxford, ſpare no ſacred pains
To nurſe the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley reigns.
And thou great Scarſdale, darling of this land,
Doſt foremoſt in that fam'd commiſſion ſtand;
Whoſe deep remarks the liſtening world admires,
By whoſe auſpicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no ſtrict rules can bind;
You puniſh men for crimes, which you want time to find.
Senates ſhall now like holy ſynods be,
And holy ſynods ſenate-like agree.
Monmouth and Moſtyn here inſtruct the youth,
There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the ſacred truth.
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
Through wide Weſt-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their biſhops in a human way.
Now all our factions, all our fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious poiſons fail,
Harley ſhall ceaſe to trick, and Seymour ceaſe to rail.
The lambs ſhall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:
Pacific admirals, to ſave the fleet,
Shall fly from conqueſt, and ſhall conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at William's coſt,
And honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.
Brereton and Barnaby the court ſhall grace,
And Howe ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a place.
Forgotten Molyneux and Maſon now
Revive and ſhine again in Fox and Howe.
But as they ſtronger grow, and mend their ſtrain,
By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
Bold Bellaſis and patriot D'Avenant then,
One ſhall employ the ſword, and one the pen:
Troops ſhall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The tool of faction ſhall to peace invite
And ſoes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.
Yet ſtill ſome Whigs among the peers are found,
Like brambles flouriſhing in barren ground.
Somers maliciouſly employs his care
To make the lords the legiſlature ſhare.
Burnet declares how French dragooning roſe,
And biſhops perſecuting bills oppoſe:
Till Rocheſter's * cool temper ſhall be fir'd,
And North's and Nottingham's ſtrong reaſonings be admir'd.
But when due time their counſels ſhall mature,
And freſh removes have made the game ſecure;
When Somerſet and Devonſhire give place
To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
Both convert's great; when juſtice is reſin'd,
And corporations garbled to their mind;
Then paſſive doctrines ſhall with glory riſe,
Before them hated moderation flies,
And Anti-chriſtian toleration dies.
Granville ſhall ſeize the long expected chair,
Godolphin to ſome country ſeat repair;
Pembroke from all employments be debarr'd,
And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his juſt reward.
France, that this happy change ſo wiſely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on young James's friends, this is the time, come on;
Receive juſt honours, and ſurround the throne.
Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the ſtate, and Rooke the main.
Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
And troops are truſted to your own Gerhard.
The faithful club aſſembles at the Vine,
And French intrigues are broach'd o'er Engliſh wine.
Freely the ſenate the deſign proclaims,
Affronting William, and applauding James.
Good ancient members, with a ſolemn face,
Propoſe that ſafety give to order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by expedients ineffectual made.
Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court careſs,
Exalt its praiſes, but its power depreſs;
And, that impartial juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.

* Biſhop Sprat.

Biſhop's who moſt advanc'd good James's cauſe
In church and ſtate, now reap deſerv'd applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tower their choice,
Are ſtyl'd unchriſtian by the nation's voice.
Avow'dly now St. David's cauſe they own,
And James's votes for Simony atone.
Archbiſhop Kenn ſhall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind ſtand crowding for the lawn.
And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt ſail to Lambeth in his grace's barge.
See by baſe rebels James the Juſt betray'd,
See his three realms by vile uſurpers ſway'd;
Then ſee with joy his lawful heir reſtor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.
O would kind heaven ſo long my life maintain,
Inſpiring raptures worthy ſuch a reign!
Not Thracian Saint John ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
Not though young D'Avenant, Saint John ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor, Hammond's lines correct.
Nay, ſhould Tredenham in Saint Mawes compare his ſongs to mine,
Tredenham, though Saint Mawes were judge, his laurel ſhould reſign.
Prepare, auſpicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George * already has prepar'd the fleet.
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger ſtill this chief confin'd)
Now ſend the gout, the hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt George Churchill may ſupply his place.

* Rooke.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SMITH.

Containing his

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS, A TRAGEDY,
ODES,

POEM TO THE MEMORY OF PHILIPS,
EPISTLES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.

POEM TO THE MEMORY OF PHILIPS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLO

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF SMITH.

EDMUND NEALE, known by the name of SMITH, was the only ſon of Mr. Neale, an eminent merchant, by a daughter of Baron Lechmere, at whoſe ſeat, called Hanley, near Tenbury, in Worceſterſhire, he was born in the year 1668.

Some misfortunes of his father, which were ſoon after followed by his death, occaſioned the ſon's being left to the care of Mr. Smith, who had married his father's ſiſter.

Mr. Smith treated him as if he had been his own ſon, and placed him at Weſtminſter-ſchool, under the care of Dr. Buſby; who formed ſuch high expectations of him, as to detain him at ſchool beyond the uſual time, as his cuſtom was, with young men of the moſt promiſing abilities.

After the death of his generous guardian, whoſe name, in gratitude, he thought proper to aſſume, he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge; but being invited, at the ſame time, to Chriſt Church College, Oxford, he preferred a ſtudentſhip in that ſociety, where he was handſomely maintained by his aunt, till her death.

Some time before his leaving Chriſt Church, he was ſent for, by his mother, to Worceſter, and acknowledged by her as a legitimate ſon; a circumſtance which his biographer, Mr. Oldiſworth, mentions, in order "to wipe off the aſperſions that were ignorantly caſt by ſome upon his birth."

It is probable, he was admitted a member of Chriſt Church in 1688, when he was twenty years old; for his name is ſubſcribed to a copy of Latin verſes, *on the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, with the addition of *Commoner*, when a *Freſhman* (according to the univerſity phraſe), and before he was appointed to a ſtudentſhip.

In 1689, he ſignalized his abilities, in writing ſome Latin verſes *on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary*; and again, in 1690, he wrote a congratulatory poem, *on the Return of King William from Ireland*, inſerted in the Oxford Collections of that time.

In 1691, he wrote *An Ode on the Death of Dr. Edward Pocock*, the learned Orientaliſt, which is printed in the ſecond volume of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, and is by far the beſt lyric compoſition in that collection.

Theſe performances raiſed him very high in his college; but the indecency and licentiouſneſs of his behaviour drew upon him, 24th December 1694, while he was yet a bachelor, a public admonition, entered upon record, in order to his expulſion.

He proceeded, however, to take his degree of Maſter of Arts, 8th July 1696, and paſſed through the exerciſes of the college and the univerſity with unuſual applauſe.

His reputation for literature advanced with his years; for he continued to cultivate his mind, though he did not correct his irregularities, which, at length, gave ſo much offence, that, 24th April 1700, the Dean and Chapter declared "the place of Mr. Smith void, he having been con-

victed of riotous misbehaviour in the house of Mr. Cole, an apothecary; but it was referred to the Dean, when, and upon what occasion the sentence should be put in execution."

Some time afterwards, he assumed the appearance of decency, and became candidate for the office of Censor in the College; but it was not thought proper to trust the superintendence of others to a man who took so little care of himself; and the preference was given to Mr. Foulkes, his junior.

After the loss of his election, he was observed to be less attentive to decency; and took his revenge, with more wit than prudence, in a severe lampoon against the Dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he considered as the opponent of his claim.

He was endured, however, by the university, with all his irregularities, two years longer; but, on 20th December 1705, at the instance of all the canons, the sentence declared five years before was put in execution, with the tenderness due to a genius and a scholar, whom they were unwilling to lose.

He now repaired to London, where his reputation had preceded him, and where he was caressed by men of the greatest abilities among the Whig party, to which he was zealously attached, and supported by the liberality of those, whatever were their party, who delighted in his conversation.

The vivacity of his convivial wit, which exceeded the strongest prepossessions that had been conceived in his favour, connected him with the licentious and dissolute, among whom he affected the gaiety of a man of pleasure, though he still retained that extreme negligence of dress, which, at college, procured him the name of Captain *Rag*.

Such, however, was the natural gracefulness of his person, that even this singularity could not render it disagreeable; insomuch, that the fair sex used at once to commend and reprove him, by the name of the *Handsome* Sloven.

In 1708, he published an elegiac *Poem to the Memory of John Philips*, his friend and fellow-collegian, which is justly esteemed among the best in our language. It appears from an invaluable fragment, transcribed by Dr. Johnson, from the Bodleian Manuscripts, that he intended to prefix "A Prefatory Discourse to it, with a Character of his Writings." It is said, that a guinea was usually given by his friends for a single copy; and, as his acquaintance was numerous, it was a very profitable poem.

In 1709, his *Phædra and Hippolitus*, a Tragedy, was acted at the theatre in the Hay-market. No play was ever introduced with greater advantages, or had ever excited greater expectations. It was countenanced by persons of the highest rank, and the most distinguished abilities of both parties. It was honoured with a prologue by Addison, and an epilogue by Prior. It was exhibited at an extraordinary expence, and inimitably performed by Betterton, Booth, Barry and Oldfield. But its intrinsic excellence was not sufficient for its support on the stage; for it was hardly heard the third night. Addison, in the Tatler, mentions this neglect as a disgrace to the nation, and imputes it to the fondness for operas then prevailing.

It was bought, however, by Lintot, the bookseller, at an advanced price, and the dedication accepted by Halifax, the Whig patron of literature, who had prepared to reward Smith with a place of three hundred pounds a-year; but, either from pride, caprice, or indolence, he neglected to attend him, and missed his reward, by not going to solicit it.

About this time there was a design of employing him in writing the *History of the Revolution*, which was dropped, on account of certain scruples which perplexed his integrity, in characterising some of the principal actors in that memorable event.

He undertook, also, a *Translation of Pindar*, of which his friend Mr. Oldisworth saw about ten sheets; and engaged in several other literary projects, which he wanted leisure and perseverance to execute.

His greatest undertaking was *Longinus*, of which he finished an entire translation; which he intended to accompany with notes and observations, and a system of the Art of Poetry, under the titles of *Thought, Diction, and Figure*; with illustrations from the Greek, Latin, English, French, Spanish and Italian poets.

He reſolved to try again the fortune of the ſtage, with a tragedy, on the ſtory of *Lady Jane Gray;* and having formed his plan, and collected the materials, he was, in June 1710, invited by George Ducket, Eſq. to his houſe at Hartham in Wiltſhire, that he might purſue his work with leſs interruption.

But his way of living at Hartham did not much forward his ſtudies, for he found ſuch opportunities of indulging his inclination to intemperance, that he became plethoric, and then, reſolving to eaſe himſelf by evacuation, he raſhly took a purge of his own preſcription, ſo forcible, that it put an end to his life in July 1710, in the 42d year of his age. He was buried in the church of Hartham; and had the following epitaph from his friend Mr. Adams of Chriſt Church; in which his character is finely drawn.

M. S.
EDMUNDI SMITH, A. M.
Qui in Schola *Weſtmon.* educatus,
Ingenii, et Literaturæ ſplendore,
Lepida morum comitate,
Ædem Chriſti *Oxon.* cohoneſtavit
Poeta, Orator, Philoſophus;
Cui *Græcæ et Romanæ* laudis æmulo
Diſciplinas ſuas *Euclides, et Stagyrita*
Tubam *Maro*, *Flaccus* lyram,
Euripides Cothurnum, facundiam *Cicero*,
Certatim detulere;
Ut quod paucis unquam contigit,
Id Egregio huic Juveni palmarium foret,
Tragædiam in *Hippolito* ſuo, reſtituere,
Auriaci gloriam Scriptis angere
Bodleio, Pocockio, Philipſio, famam addere.
Dum autem judicio pollens limato,
De *Sublimi* decendi genere
Longinus alter opus parat arduum,
Heu! fato immaturo extinctus eſt;
Viris doctis et ingenioſis ſemper carus,
Eo nunc carior, quia abreptus.
Obiit A. D. MDCCX. Ætat. 42.

His poems, diſperſed up and down in the miſcellanies, with his *Tragedy*, and a Latin oration *in laudem Thomæ Bodleii*, were collected and publiſhed by his friend Mr. Oldiſworth, in 1719.

His *Tragedy* is preſerved in this collection, as it is rather a fine poem, than an excellent play. The action is mythological, and cannot be believed, nor beheld with intereſt or anxiety. The diction is too luxuriant and ſplendid for dialogue, and envelopes the thoughts rather than diſplays them. It is a ſcholar's play, ſuch as may pleaſe the reader rather than the ſpectator; the production of a vigorous and elegant mind, accuſtomed to pleaſe itſelf with its own conceptions, but with little knowledge of real life.

His *Poem to the Memory of Philips* diſplays an elegant combination of fondneſs and admiration; of dignity and ſoftneſs; with the exception of ſome paſſages which are too ludicrous. His *Latin Verſes* poſſeſs ſuch uncommon excellence, that they may juſtly rank with the beſt productions of that kind among the modern writers. His *Pocockius*, in particular, expreſſes, with great felicity, modern and familiar images in claſſical diction. A "ludicrous analyſis" of it, written by himſelf, is printed in the "Student," Vol. I. p. 383.

All his pieces are claſſical and correct, and diſtinguiſhed by beauty of ſtyle and harmony of verſification, which muſt enſure them a favourable reception, and induce every one to regret that he lived to finiſh ſo few Productions.

Mr. Oldiſworth has drawn his character with the laudable fondneſs and partiality of friendſhip——

"He had a quickneſs of apprehenſion, and vivacity of underſtanding, which eaſily took in and ſurmounted the moſt knotty parts of mathematics and metaphyſics. His wit was prompt and flowing, yet ſolid and piercing, his taſte delicate, his head clear, and his manner of expreſſing his thoughts perſpicuous and engaging; an eager, but generous emulation grew up in him, which puſhed him upon ſtriving to excel in every art and ſcience that could make him a credit to his college. His judgment, naturally good, ſoon ripened into an exquiſite fineneſs and diſtinguiſhing ſagacity; which, as it was active and buſy, ſo it was vigorous and manly, keeping even pace with a rich and ſtrong imagination, always on the wing, and never tired with aſpiring. Hence it was, that, though he writ as young as Cowley, he had no puerilities. There are many of his firſt eſſays, in oratory, in epigram, elegy and epic, handed about the univerſity in manuſcript, which ſhew a maſterly hand."

As there is no great reaſon to object to his character as given by Dr. Johnſon, it is ſubjoined as a teſtimony of his merit, of unqueſtionable authority.

"Smith is one of thoſe lucky writers, who have, without much labour, attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence, rather for the poſſeſſion, than the exertion of uncommon abilities.

"He was a man of ſuch eſtimation among his companions, that the caſual cenſures or praiſes, which he dropped in converſation, were conſidered like thoſe of Scaliger, as worthy of preſervation.

"He had great readineſs and exactneſs of criticiſm, and, by a curſory glance over a new compoſition, could exactly tell all its faults and beauties.

"He was remarkable for the power of reading with great rapidity, and of retaining with great fidelity what he ſo eaſily collected.

"He therefore always knew what the preſent queſtion required, and when his friends expreſſed their wonder at his acquiſitions, made in a ſtate of apparent negligence and drunkenneſs, he never diſcovered his hours of reading or method of ſtudy, but involved himſelf in affected ſilence, and fed his own vanity with their admiration and conjectures.

"One practice he had, which was eaſily obſerved; if any thought or image was preſented to his mind, that he could uſe or improve, he did not ſuffer it to be loſt; but amidſt the jollity of a tavern, or the warmth of converſation, very diligently committed it to paper.

"In his courſe of reading it was particular, that he had diligently peruſed, and accurately remembered, the old romances, of knight errantry.

"He had a high opinion of his own merit, and was ſomething contemptuous in his treatment of thoſe whom he conſidered as not qualified to oppoſe or contradict him. He had many frailties; yet it cannot but be ſuppoſed that he had great merit, who could obtain to the ſame play a prologue from Addiſon and an epilogue from Prior; and who could have at once the patronage of Halifax and the praiſe of Oldiſworth."

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

My Lord,

As ſoon as it was made known, that your Lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with this play, my friends began to value themſelves upon the intereſt they had taken in its ſucceſs: I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing leſs than the immortality of my work.

And I had ſufficiently ſhewn this vanity in inſcribing this play to your Lordſhip, did I only conſider you as one to whom ſo many admirable pieces, to whom the praiſes of Italy, and the beſt Latin poem ſince the Æneid, that on the Peace of Ryſwick, are conſecrated. But it had been intolerable preſumption to have addreſſed it to you, my Lord, who are the niceſt judge of poetry, were you not alſo the greateſt encourager of it; to you who excel all the preſent age as a poet, did you not ſurpaſs all the preceding ones as a patron.

For, in the times when the Muſes were moſt encouraged, the beſt writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greateſt men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of the poets, whereas your Lordſhip's will fill thoſe of the hiſtorians.

For what tranſactions can they write of, which have not been managed by ſome who were recommended by your Lordſhip? 'Tis by your Lordſhip's means, that the univerſities have been real nurſeries for the ſtate; that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as the ſagacity, of our miniſters; that Germany, Switzerland, Muſcovy, and even Turkey itſelf, begins to reliſh the politeneſs of the Engliſh; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly uſed only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predeceſſor Homer, and with an equipage he could not beſtow, even on the heroes he deſigned to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, ſhews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no leſs than your generoſity. You have diſtinguiſhed between thoſe who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleaſure only, and thoſe that were fit for the ſervice of your country; you made the one eaſy, and the other uſeful: you have left the one no occaſion to wiſh for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may ſeem odd, that I ſhould dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on ſo many others; when I ought to take notice of that illuſtrious family from which you are ſprung, and yet of the great merit which was neceſſary to ſet you on a level with it, and to raiſe you to that houſe of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to conſider the brightneſs of your wit in private converſation, and the ſolidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeneſs of a courtier, and the ſincerity of a friend; the openneſs of behaviour which charms all who addreſs themſelves to

you, and yet that hidden reſerve which is neceſſary for thoſe great affairs in which you are concerned.

To paſs over all theſe great qualities, my Lord, and inſiſt only on your generoſity, looks as if I ſolicited it for myſelf; but to that I quitted all manner of claim, when I took notice of your Lordſhip's great judgment in the choice of thoſe you advance; ſo that all at preſent my ambition aſpires to, is, that your Lordſhip would be pleaſed to pardon this preſumption, and permit me to profeſs myſelf, with the moſt profound reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,

And moſt obedient ſervant,

EDM. SMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theſeus, King of Crete, - - - - - - -	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus, his ſon; in love with Iſmena, - - -	Mr. Booth.
Lycon, miniſter of ſtate, - - - - - - -	Mr. Keen.
Cratander, captain of the guards, - - - - -	Mr. Corey.

WOMEN.

Phædra, Theſeus's Queen, in love with Hippolitus, -	Mrs. Barry.
Iſmena, a captive Princeſs, in love with Hippolitus, -	Mrs. Oldfield.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

[See the Prologue and Epilogue in the Poems of Addison and Prior.]

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

'Tis ſtrange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should ſtill continue reſolute in grief,
And obſtinately wretched:
That one ſo gay, ſo beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court deſtruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cauſe, when lately joined in marriage,
To have the king her huſband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his abſence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cauſe her ſorrow,
But not by abſence. Oft I've ſeen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languiſh o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, deſiring arms
Flew taſteleſs, loathing; whilſt dejected Theſeus,
With mournful loving eyes purſu'd her flight,
And dropt a ſilent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is averſion, horror, deteſtation: [kind,
Why did the queen who might have cull'd man-
Why did ſhe give her perſon and her throne
To one ſhe loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
That he ſhould wear the crown his valour ſav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could ſhe not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love? [Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow;
Why did ſhe wed old Theſeus? While his ſon,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in diſtant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's ſon),
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
And ſure the queen could wiſh him ſtill unknown,
She loaths, deteſt him, flies his hated preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may ſhe hate the Prince ſhe needs muſt fear;
He may diſpute the crown with Phædra's ſon.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very ſports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy Crete, delights to ſhine in arms,
To weild the ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear:
To tame the generous horſe, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen's ſick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.
[*Exit* Crat.
Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power;
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a ſlave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him
Let the queen live or die, the prince muſt fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! ſtill attending on the queen, Iſmena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can ſtill your goodneſs, conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas ſlain, [ſeus?
And all his wretched race, by conquering The-
And do you ſtill watch o'er his conſort Phædra?
And ſtill repay ſuch cruelty with love!

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in miſchief,

I'm of a ſofter mould, poor Phædra's ſorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my ſoul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the riſing ſun has cheer'd the world,
Since ſhe renew'd her ſtrength with due refreſhment;
Thrice has the night brought eaſe to man, to beaſt,
Since wretch'd Phædra clos'd her ſtreaming eyes:
She flies all reſt, all neceſſary food,
Reſolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes ſhe raves for muſic, light, and air;
Nor air, nor light, nor muſic, calm her pains;
Then with extatic ſtrength ſhe ſprings aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then moſt ſhe ſinks
When moſt ſhe ſeems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hiſſes o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then moſt waſting,
When moſt it ſwells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild diſorder may diſcloſe the ſecret
Her cooler ſenſe conceal'd; the Pythian goddeſs
Is dumb and ſullen, till with fury fill'd
She ſpreads, ſhe riſes, growing to the ſight,
She ſtares, ſhe foams, ſhe raves; the awful ſecrets
Burſt from her trembling lips, and eaſe the torture'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA *and* Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I'll reſt my weary ſteps;
My ſtrength forſakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flaſhing light, my looſen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; ſupport me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her eaſe, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs!
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, ſnatch them hence! alas! you all conſpire
To heap new ſorrows on my tortur'd ſoul:
All, all conſpire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleaſing taſk
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkneſs
To the glad cheering day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you ſought

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender, flowery beds, and ſpringing graſs,
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhade
Of venerable oaks, to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings.

LYCON.

I'll ſooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid ſtreams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let's away, and thou, moſt bright Diana,
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte Diana!
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the duſty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery courſers bound,
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along the vale!
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot's loſt!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what ſaid I!
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with ſudden tears,
And on my face unbidden bluſhes glow.

LYCON.

Bluſh then, but bluſh for your deſtructive ſilence,
That tears your ſoul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! ſhould you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would ſhield from wrongs your helpleſs orphan!
O! he might wander, Phædra's ſon might wander,
A naked ſuppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to ſhame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus ſhall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you ſpoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your juſt reſentments!
Then let it raiſe your fear, as well as rage,
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father exile
Think how you drove him hence, a wandering
To diſtant climes! then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
For his ſake then renew your drooping ſpirits,
Feed, with new oil, the waſting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, juſt now expiring
Make haſte, preſerve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,
Too long have I preſerv'd a guilty life.

LYCON

Guilty! what guilt! has blood, has horrid murder
Imbrued your hands!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guiltleſs:
But oh! my heart's defil'd!
I've ſaid too much, forbear the reſt, my Lycon,
And let me die to ſave the black confeſſion.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel ſilence.
Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your firſt infant years, [you,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I've ſhew'd
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden ſorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

PHÆDRA.

What ſhall I ſay, malicious, cruel powers!
O where ſhall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in ſilence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy ſiſter!

LYCON.

Ceaſe to record your ſiſter's grief and ſhame.

PHÆDRA.

And ſince the cruel God of love requires it,
I fall the laſt, and moſt undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the ſhame of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!
I love!—Alas! I ſhudder at the name, [tongue
My blood runs backward, and my faultering
Sticks at the ſound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with ſuch a ſenſe of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
And yet a ſlave to ſuch impetuous guilt!
Rain on me gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt tortures,
Afflict my ſoul with any thing but guilt—
And yet that guilt is mine!—I'll think no more.
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes:
Come, let's away! hark the ſhrill horn reſounds,
The jolly huntſmen's cries rend the wide Heavens!
Come, o'er the hills purſue the bounding Stag,
Come, chace the Lion and the foaming Boar,
Come, rouſe up all the monſters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

PHÆDRA.

Who's he that names Hippolitus!
Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt diſcover'd!
Oh! give me poiſon, ſword—I'll not live, not
I'll ſtop my breath! [bear it;

ISMENA.

I'm loſt, but what's that loſs!
Hippolitus is loſt, or loſt to me:
Yet ſhould her charms prevail upon his ſoul,
Should he be falſe, I would not wiſh him ill,
With my laſt parting breath I'd bleſs my lord;
Then in ſome lonely deſert place expire, [him,
Whence my unhappy death ſhould never reach
Left it ſhould wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*Aſide.*

LYCON.

Think ſtill the ſecret in your royal breaſt,
For by the awful majeſty of Jove,
By the All-ſeeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods, we ſwear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives, we'll keep the fatal ſecret.

ISMENA, &c.

We ſwear, all ſwear, to keep it ever ſecret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why, 'tis already known,
The tale, the whiſper of the babbling vulgar!
Oh! can you keep it from yourſelves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm ſo far gone in guilt,
That I can ſee, can bear the looks, the eyes,
Of one who knows my black deteſted crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her ſon?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! auguſt, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theſeus touch this fatal ſhore?
Why did he ſave us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worſe ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the prieſts join'd Theſeus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! how from the touch of Theſeus
My ſlack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Prieſts, altars, victims, ſwam before my ſight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, poſſeſt me!

LYCON.

At once, at firſt poſſeſt you?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at firſt.
That fatal evening we purſued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear, the well-aim'd javelin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge tuſks
Plow'd up the crimſon earth. But then Hippolitus.
Gods! how he mov'd, and look'd, when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage conqueſt,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extaſy and tranſport!
My breath grew ſhort, my beating heart ſprung upward,

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd, the horrid ſtory charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I ſeeken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch an heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poiſon,
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love:
And ſhall I drag an execrable life:
And ſhall I hoard up guilt, and treaſure vengeance?

LYCON.

No; labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that guilt, and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burnt clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?
Oh! I call'd Heaven and earth to my aſſiſtance,
All the ambitious thirſt of fame and empire,
And all the honeſt pride of conſcious virtue:
I ſtruggled, rav'd; the new-born paſſion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert ſuch crimes, ye powers!
No, to avoid his love, I ſought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, ſhunn'd him, baniſh'd him from Crete,
I ſent him, drove him, from my longing ſight:
In vain I drove him; for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n, were, by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to ſleep,
Straight to my drowſy eyes my reſtleſs fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curſt my ſlumber.

LYCON.

Firſt let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapleſs paſſion equal mine,
I would refuſe the bliſs I moſt deſir'd,
Conſult my fame, and ſacrifice my life,
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my huſband Theſeus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that huſband, is no more;
He went from Crete in haſte, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Moloſſians;
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your ſon.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! that ſhocks me,
O let me ſee my young one, let me ſnatch
A haſty farewell, a laſt dying kiſs!
Yet, ſtay, his ſight will melt my juſt reſolves;
But oh! I beg with my laſt ſallying breath;
Cherish my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you muſt know—Your royal huſband's dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may aſcend the throne,
Leave to his happy ſon the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aſide.*] Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans,
Since he is dead, whoſe valour ſav'd your iſle,
Whoſe prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful ſubjects; as your towering Ida
With ſpreading oaks, and with deſcending ſtreams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theſeus ought,
In battle dy'd; Philotas, now a priſoner,
That, ruſhing on, fought next his royal perſon,
That ſaw his thundering arm beat ſquadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall:
Theſe eyes beheld his well-known ſteed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the ſpoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead!
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theſeus, dead!
And don't I ſhed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a ſigh, a groan, a ſoft complaint!
Ah! theſe are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaſte matron, and a virtuous wife:
But ſavage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my ſorrows, and uſurps my grief.

LYCON.

Diſmiſs that grief, and give a looſe to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your bleſs is dead;
Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theſeus.
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of ſuch a thought,
And bleſs'd be Heav'n, that ſteel'd my ſtubborn heart,
That made me ſhun the bridal bed of Theſeus,
And give him empire, but refuſe him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier ſon be bleſs'd with both;
Then rouze your ſoul, and muſter all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirſt of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with ſoft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But ſhould the youth refuſe my proffer'd love!
O ſhould he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obſtinately good:
When round beſet, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with reſiſtleſs force th' oppoſing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurried on,
And ſwell the torrent they were rais'd to ſtop.
I dare not yet reſolve; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the reſt.

LYCON.

Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
What's most convenient for your royal service.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra:
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove, with grateful fires shall
shine,
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.
[*Exit* Phædra, &c.

LYCON *solus.*

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.——
Say I confine him!——If she dies he's safe;
And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd, with ease I'll work to vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts,
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
Then, what her reason hates, her rage may act.
When barks glide slowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy
way,
The rudders govern, and the ships obey.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, *and* ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

MADAM, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra's now
thy soul?
What—Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
Let this insulting victor know his power?
Or shall I still confine within my breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?
But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.——
He rushes on me like a blaze of light,
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence!
What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

LYCON.

Alas! another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus
honour;
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood
By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to dismiss
This hated object from your eyes for ever;
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!
I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd
you, [father;
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul,
O could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?
Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen, and mother?
More humble titles suit my lost condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithless
head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!
Oh doubtful sounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief 's much eas'd by this transcending good-
And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul: [ness
Death? He's n t dead! he lives, he breathes,
he speaks,
He lives in you, he's present to my eyes,
I see him, speak to him.—My heart! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!
See, Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd
you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languiſh, die for him,
Forſake my food, my ſleep, all joys for Theſeus,
(But not that hoary, venerable Theſeus)
But Theſeus, as he was, when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the ſon;
When Theſeus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement ſtrikes me!
Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to gueſs?
Does not her flying paleneſs that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now ſucceeds a momentary luſtre,)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wiſhing looks, her ſpeech, her preſent ſilence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flaſh,
No thunder bellow, when ſuch monſtrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confeſt? All-ſeeing ſun!
Hide, hide in ſhameful night thy beamy head,
And ceaſe to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I ſhare th' amazing guilt; theſe eyes,
That firſt inſpir'd the black inceſtuous flame,
Theſe ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deſerve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not ſo vile.
No: by thy goddeſs, by the chaſte Diana,
None but my firſt, my much-lov'd Lord Arſamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in theſe unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of thoſe dear charms,
Which now I ſee are doom'd to be my ruin,
I ſtill deny'd my lord, my huſband Theſeus,
The chaſte and modeſt joys of ſpotleſs marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to ſtormy ſeas,
To rocks and waves leſs cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theſeus hence, then that kill'd Theſeus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her huſband Theſeus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, raſh youth, nor dare to rouze my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my ſwelling rage
With black reproaches, ſcorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reaſon would abhor.
Long has the ſecret ſtruggled in my breaſt,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd boſom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confuſion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, myſelf, and all that know it.
As when convulſions cleave the labouring earth,
Before the diſmal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houſes craſh;
He's ſafe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that ſees its opening boſom dies. [*Exit.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather truſt the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA *ſhews herſelf, liſtening.*

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
You muſt not leave the queen to her deſpair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt not? From thee? From that vile upſtart, Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatneſs [life.
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal ſignet,
And in her faithful ſlave obey the queen.

[*Enter Guards.*

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful diſtance,
With that reſpect, it may not ſeem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
The honour Crete beſtows on Theſeus' ſon.
Am I confin'd? And is 't ſo ſoon forgot, [dom?
When fierce Procruſtes' arms o'er-ran your king-
When your ſtreets echo'd with the cries of orphans, [ſhrines,
Your ſhrieking maids clung round the hallow'd
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smok'd on the earth, when the red ſky around
Glow'd with your city's flames, (a dreadful luſtre):
Then, then my father flew to your aſſiſtance;
Then Theſeus ſav'd your lives, eſtates, and honours,
And do you thus reward the hero's toil? [nour,
And do you now confine the hero's ſon?

LYCON.

Take not an eaſy ſhort confinement ill,
Which your own ſafety and the queen's requires;
But fear not aught from one that joys to ſerve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I diſdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of ſervices from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falſehood
Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face, I read my ruin,
In every cringing bow and fawning ſmile:
Why elſe d' you whiſper out your dark ſuſpicions?
Why with malignant elogies increaſe
The people's fears, and praiſe me to my ruin?
Why through the troubled ſtreets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war,
Whilſt ſtill the foe's unknown?

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the ſtateſman, and reſume the judge.
Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide,*—
That foe's too near, [*To* Hipp.
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon?
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete?
Was it for this my godlike father fought?

Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize Alcmæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treaſon.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
For know, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty foul,
And if thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt, I'll wait my doom:
Whate'er 's my fault, no ſtain ſhall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you diſpoſe my life;
[*Exeunt* Lyc. *and* Crat.
Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in purſuit;
But when he ſtruggles in th' entangling toils
Inſult the dying prey.——'Tis kindly done, Iſmena, [Iſmena *enters.*
With all your charms, to viſit my diſtreſs;
Soften my chains, and make confinement eaſy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Thoſe bluſhing ſweets, thoſe lovely loving eyes!
To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating heart.
And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?
What's fame or greatneſs? Take them, take them, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Encloſe me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!
O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wiſh for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wiſh, that only wiſh is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your godlike ſoul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (aſſiſt me, Heaven to ſpeak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? Unkind Iſmena:
Oh! can you think that death is half ſo dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, ſhould I quit thee, ſhould I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'ſt thou bear it? Could thy tender ſoul
Endure the torment of deſpairing love,
And ſee me ſettled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Iſmena
With all her charms o'er-rule your ſullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Iſmena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.—My ſoul diſdains it.
No, ſhould I try, my haughty ſoul would ſwell;
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O! ſhould I ſtoop to cringe, to lie, forſwear?
Deſerve the ruin which I ſtrive to ſhun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By theſe ſad ſighs, by theſe poor ſtreaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own.
What! not yet mov'd? Are you reſolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I ſwear by all the powers,
This ſteel ſhall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You ſhan't be truſted with a life ſo precious.
No, to the court I'll publiſh your deſign,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon ſhall wrench the dagger from your boſom,
And raving Phædra will preſerve Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
I'll tell her all the ſecrets of our love,
Give to her rage her cloſe deſtructive rival;
Her rival ſure will fall, her love may ſave you.
Come ſee me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What's your deſign? ye powers! what means my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one ſhe can't preſerve.
Yet when you ſee me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting ſoul would wiſh you'd ſav'd me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to ſave you,
Give up my fame, and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll ſay.

ISMENA.

Say, what occaſion, chance, or Heaven inſpires;
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you'll wed her, ſay that you'll comply;
Say, to preſerve your life, ſay any thing.
[*Exit* Hip.
Bleſs him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your juſtice,
Aim all your vengeance on Iſmena's head;
Puniſh Iſmena, but forgive Hippolitus. [ger'd,
He's gone, and now my brave reſolves are ſtag-
Now I repent, like ſome deſpairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and ſtruggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every ſlender reed to ſave him.

CHO.

But ſhould he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, ſhould he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my requeſt,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Iſmena then reſolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd ſo well
To part with all my bliſs to ſave my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And ſee another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverſe is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boaſted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honeſt, and that one deceives me.
[*Aſide.*
Iſmena here!——
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is ſafe
From the ſure vengeance of deſpairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to ſoft endearments.
She doats, ſhe dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endleſs joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At leaſt I think ſo.
I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my doubts: he ſpoke: th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he, bluſhing, bow'd:
She trembling, loſt in love, with ſoft confuſion
Receiv'd his paſſion, and return'd her own;
Then ſmiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her enſuing nuptials,
Which I muſt now purſue. Farewell, Iſmena.
[*Exit.*

ISMENA.

Then I'll retire, and not diſturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay, and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſtay?
What! Shall I ſtay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To ſnatch the ſtruggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he ſo ſoon grow artful in diſſembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inſpir'd his tongue,
And all his ſoul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps ſoft pity charm'd his yielding ſoul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him; [him.
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm

CHO.

Wait the ſucceſs: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he proteſted, ſigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:
How the ſoft paſſion languiſh'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he claſps her to his panting breaſt,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now graſps her hands, and now he looks, and vows [mena.
The dear falſe things that charm'd the poor Iſ-
He comes: be ſtill, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though falſe, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy ſorrow on your brow?
Why do you ſigh? Why flow your ſwelling eyes,
Thoſe eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my ſoul is charm'd with your ſucceſs:
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and ſince my death alone
Can make you ſafe, that ſoon ſhall make you happy.
Yet had you brought leſs love to Phædra's arms,
My ſoul had parted with a leſs regret,
Bleſt if ſurviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to Phædra!
Hear me, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet ſtill my ſoul o'er-runs with fondneſs t'wards you;
Yet ſtill I die with joy to ſave Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to ſave me! Could I outlive Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms;
And may you there find every blooming pleaſure:
Oh, may the gods ſhower bleſſings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conqueſt,
And all thy peaceful days with ſure repoſe!
May'ſt thou be bleſt with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy eaſe forget the loſt Iſmena!
Farewell, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Iſmena, ſtay,
Stay, hear me ſpeak, or by th' infernal powers
I'll not ſurvive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you ſay? Ah! don't deceive my weakneſs.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Iſmena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender ſoul with harſh ſuſpicion!
Oh! by thoſe charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor ſpoke, deſign'd nor promis'd
To love or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
My honeſt ſoul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and ſpake, but ſcarce of love:
The eaſy queen receiv'd my faint addreſs
With eager hope and unſuſpicious faith.
Lycon with ſeeming joy diſmiſs'd my guards:
My generous ſoul diſdain'd the mean deceit,
But ſtill deceiv'd her to obey Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
Pardon the errors of a ſilly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealouſy;
For ſtill that fear, that jealouſy, was love.
Haſte then, my lord, and ſave yourſelf by flight;
And when you're abſent, when your godlike form
Shall ceaſe to cheer forlorn Iſmena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your conſtant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends [wiſhes);
(For ſure thoſe friends ſhall have my tendereſt
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, ſpeak very much, and ſtill ſpeak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love ſhall ever be my theme,
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Taſting the odours of thy fragrant boſom.
Come then to crown me with immortal joys;
Come, be the kind companion of my flight;
Come haſte with me to leave this fatal ſhore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight; a hundred luſty rowers
Have wav'd their ſinewy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
The looſen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the ſea whitens with auſpicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee;
Fly, ere inſidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondneſs talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Iſmena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly ſight,
With thoſe dear arms that ought to claſp me to thee?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear poſſeſs'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now ſnatch thee to my breaſt,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go——Ye gods, if I ſhould go,
What would fame ſay? If I ſhould fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my ſoul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endleſs joys the youth that lov'd you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the bleſt hours I've languiſh'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers: I never ſhall reſiſt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuſe me? Can I leave behind me
All that inſpires my ſoul, and cheers my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon, come!
I offer to your rage this worthleſs life,
Since 'tis no longer my Iſmena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haſte away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boiſterous deep.
When the wind whiſtles through the crackling maſts,
When through the yawning ſhip the foaming ſea
Rowls bubbling in, then, then I'll claſp thee faſt,
And in tranſporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlaſting ſnow:
There, when the horrid darkneſs ſhall encloſe us,
When the bleak wind ſhall chill my ſhivering limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant ſun,
And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away; and, like another Jaſon,
I'll bear my beauteous conqueſt through the ſeas:
A greater treaſure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, ſleep in peace,
Ye monſters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Tranſporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble ſounds.
For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

ACT III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

Heaven is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wiſhes, and auſpicious Jove
Smiles on his native iſle; for Phædra lives,
Reſtor'd to Crete, and to herſelf, ſhe lives:
Joy with freſh ſtrength inſpires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a freſh roſy bloom, as kindly ſprings
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,

And paint its ſmiling face with gaudy flowers.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes ſparkle! How their radiant beams
Confeſs their ſhining anceſtor the ſun!
Your charms to-day will wound deſpairing crowds.
And give the pains you ſuffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus,
The fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet, when you name the prince, that flattery's pleaſing.
You wiſh it ſo, poor good old man, you wiſh it.
The fertile province of Cydonia's thine:
Is there aught elſe? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-ſtretch'd empire?
Aſk, take, my friend, ſecure of no repulſe:
Let ſpacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Refound her Phædra's joy; let altars ſmoke,
And richeſt gums, and ſpice, and incenſe, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to heaven, to pitying heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms
Set all at large, and bid the l athſome dungeons
Give up the meagre ſlaves that pine in darkneſs,
And waſte in grief, as did deſpairing Phædra:
Let them be cheer'd; let the ſtarv'd priſoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.—Let ſorrow ceaſe,
Let none be wretched, none, ſince Phædra's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal paſſion
Rewards my flame, and ſprings into my arms!

Enter MESSENGER.

Say, where's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA

Ha! Have you ſearch'd the walks, the courts, the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My heart miſgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Deſign the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh, he's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmoſt thoughts.—He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'ſt thou? Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Iſmena
Drove toward the port——

PHÆDRA.

With fair Iſmena!
Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curs'd her charms,
Curs'd all her ſoothing, fatal, faſe endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodneſs
Could ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monſtrous ſufferings,
While her baſe malice plotted my deſtruction.

LYCON.

A thouſand reaſons crowd upon my ſoul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd bed:
Why ſhould one warm'd with youth, and thirſt of glory,
Diſdain a ſoul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boaſted cunning?
Dull, thoughtleſs wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, deſpair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of diſtracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their firſt paſſion riſe?
Where did they breathe their ſighs? What ſhady groves,
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not: the well-pleas'd ſun
With all his beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs flame,
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted ſighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the ſhame of nature, hid in darkneſs,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Preſt down my ſighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

LYCON.

Now ceaſe that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majeſtic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, ſacrifice the villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your miniſters of vengeance,
To ſnatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful preſence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought!—Diſpatch th' attending guards;
Bid them bring forth their inſtruments of death,
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl ſwift vengeance on the perjur'd ſlave.
Where am I, gods? What is't my rage commands? [oars
Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well-tim'd
With ſounding ſtrokes divide the ſparkling waves,
And happy gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy flight.
Now they embrace; and ardent love enflames
Their bluſhing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expoſe my weakneſs and my crimes:
Now to the ſporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to ſeize the perſons order'd
I met the prince, and with him fair Iſmena:
I ſeiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haſte, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and ſeize Iſmena.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA

Couldſt thou deceive me? Could a ſon of Theſeus
Stoop to ſo mean, ſo baſe a vice as fraud?
Nay, act ſuch monſtrous perfidy, yet ſtart
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My ſoul diſdain'd a promiſe.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your falſe equivocating tongue
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd. [hoods.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falſe-
Look down, O Theſeus, and behold thy ſon,
As Sciron faithleſs, as Procruſtes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monſters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own ſon reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, leſt you ſtain your own:
I ſtill have ſtrove to make my glorious father
Bluſh, yet rejoice to ſee himſelf outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theſeus juſt, and as Camilla chaſte.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theſeus never was thy parent:
No, 'twas ſome monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the ſcourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaſte Camilla.
Camilla chaſte. An Amazon, and chaſte,
That quits her ſex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaſte matron mount the neighing ſteed,
In ſtrict embraces lock the ſtruggling warrior,
And chooſe the lover in the ſturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, *and ſeems to talk earneſtly with* LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; ſhe refus'd the vows of godlike Theſeus,
And choſe to ſtand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge ſtrokes reſound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to diſtant ſhores,
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupported all his war;
Nor till ſhe ſunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honeſt wiſh'd-for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not ſo her ſon,
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's perſon and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The laſt of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive hatred reign'd
Between your ſires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the bluſhing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, ſince now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for ſlaughter paſt.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medley's this? What dark confuſion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy 't had been to old diſabled Theſeus,
When he ſhould take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandſire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps even now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her ſon,
And give the crown to him and his Iſmena:
But I'll prevent it. *Exit* Lycon

ISMENA *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What, the kind Iſmena,
That nurs'd me, watch'd my ſickneſs! Oh ſhe watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for juſtice!
Oh! be appeas'd my babe, thou ſhalt have juſtice.
Now all the ſpirits of my god-like race
Enflame my ſoul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arſamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging ſun,
Inſpire my fury, and demand my juſtice. [it;
Oh! ye ſhall have it; thou, Minos, ſhalt applaud
Yes, thou ſhalt copy it in their pains below.
Gods of revenge, ariſe.—He comes! He comes!
And ſhoots himſelf through all my kindling blood.
I have it here.—Now baſe, perfidious wretch,
Now ſigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Iſmena ſhall appeaſe my vengeance.
Iſmena dies; and thou, her pitying lover,
Doom'dſt her to death.—Thou too ſhalt ſee her bleed, [groans:
See her convulſive pangs, and hear her dying
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Iſmena,
And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender ſoul would ſhrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and ſink beneath its pains,
In any cauſe but this. But now I'm ſteel'd,
And the near danger leſſens to my ſight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus;

And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields,
And there enquire of each descending ghost
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven
more happy.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aside.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, oh spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you; [sickness!
Think, how she serv'd and watch'd you in your
How every rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by those Powers to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his disdaining soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud:
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I see 'twas woman all:
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me.
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the gods so pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry Fate,
So had I given my life with joy to save him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you Phædra? Once the boast of Fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjust? Then why was Phædra
Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
Why did you raise me to the heighth of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd, and doom'd to death.—O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death?—Could these sad eyes,
That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou couldst see me die without concern,
Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
And all the raging monsters of the deep!
Oh! think you see me on the naked shore;
Think how I scream, and tear my scatter'd hair,
Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom;
Then catch, with wide-stretch'd arms, the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, dismal fate! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tenderest pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O refuse not love;
But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
And nursery of gods.—A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crowds
Struggle for passage through the spacious streets;
Where thousand ships o'ershade the lessening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The suppliant nations
Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll:
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince,
And, at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conquering Theseus?
That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright ancestor, the sun, may shine
On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
As to refuse my crown?——O, cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul!
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me,
O! ease, at least once more delude, my sorrows.
For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
For you, but now I gave my soul to death;
For you I'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife.
With thee I'd climb the sleepy Ida's summit,
And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion;
Careless of danger and of wasting toil,
Of pinching hunger and impatient thirst,
I'd find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why stoops the queen
To ask, entreat, to supplicate and pray,
To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,

To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
To be your slave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all?
Gods! Does he deign to force an artful groan?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion, fly;
Hence from my soul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heaven inspires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
No more Ismena shall upbraid my weakness.
[*Catches* Hipp. *sword to stab herself.*
Now all you kindred gods look down and see,
How I'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, *and snatches away his sword.*

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theseus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theseus! Then what have I to do with life?
May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.
Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.
[*Runs off.*

LYCON.

This may do service yet.
Exit LYCON, *carries off the sword.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
O! should her raging passion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; as soft Cydonian oil,
Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' unwilling tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.
But oh ye powers! I see his godlike form.
O ecstasy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, *with others.*

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
Did not Philotas see you fall? O answer me!
And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to save my life I feign'd my death;
My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a vessel; and, to bless me more,
Accompany'd my flight——
But this at leisure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondness; let me snatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla;
And much she lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondness!—But she's still unkind;
Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [*Aside.*
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown:
To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me Theseus' son.

THESEUS.

What can this coldness mean? Retire, my son,
[*Exit* Hippolitus.
While I attend the queen.——What shock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where's now the joy, the ecstasy, and transport,
That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I'd been blest.
Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the labouring swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

ACT IV.

Enter LYCON *solus.*

LYCON.

This may gain time till all my wealth's embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,

And ſhake that empire which I can't poſſeſs.
But then the queen——She dies——Why let her die;
Let wide deſtruction ſeize on all together,
So Lycon live.——A ſafe triumphant exile,
Great in diſgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her paſſions.

Enter PHÆDRA *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what moſt her ſoul abhors,
Poſſeſs her whole, and ſpeak thyſelf in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me looſe; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That ſpreads its hoſpitable arms for all?
Why muſt I drag th' inſufferable load
Of ſoul diſhonour, and deſpairing love?
Oh, length of pain! Am I ſo often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I ſo oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its eaſe?

LYCON.

Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your inſulting foe?
Then ſhall he triumph o'er your blaſted name:
Ages to come, the univerſe, ſhall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your ſoul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your ſhame, ſhall ſink beneath your faults;
Inherit your diſgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Muſt he too fall, involv'd in my deſtruction,
And only live to curſe the name of Phædra?
Oh dear, unhappy babe! muſt I bequeath thee
Only a ſad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unleſs they reach my infant's guiltleſs head?
Oh loſt eſtate! when life's ſo ſharp a torment,
And death itſelf can't eaſe! Aſſiſt me, Lycon,
Adviſe, ſpeak comfort to my troubled ſoul.

LYCON.

'Tis you muſt drive that trouble from your ſoul;
As ſtreams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current, [flow;
And wondering at their banks, in other channels
So muſt you bend your thoughts from hopeleſs love,
So turn their courſe to Theſeus' happy boſom,
And crown his eager hopes with wiſh'd enjoyment:
Then with freſh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Diſplay the beauties firſt inſpir'd his ſoul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impoſſible! What woo him with theſe eyes,
Still wet with tears, that flow'd—but not for Theſeus?
This tongue ſo us'd to ſound another name;
What: take him to my arms. Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, careſs him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects ſtrays? A lewd adultreſs
In the chaſte bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought Oh execrable inceſt!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the ſon?

LYCON.

Yet you muſt ſee him, leſt impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a ſearch,
And ill-tim'd abſence ſhould diſcloſe your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when preſent to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my ſpeech, betray me? [!
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou'rt not betray'd!
Live, live ſecure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and moſt endearing goodneſs,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to ſilence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded ſecret!
To foes alone diſcloſ'd!

LYCON.

I needs muſt fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have ſworn, ev'n at the altar ſworn
Eternal love and endleſs faith to Theſeus;
And yet am falſe, forſworn: The hallow'd ſhrine,
That heard me ſwear, is witneſs to my falſehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he ſhall tell the fault himſelf inſpir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my ſoul,
Shall laviſh all its art to my deſtruction.

LYCON

Oh he will tell it all!—Deſtruction ſeize him!—
With ſeeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuſe your folly;
Falſe tears ſhall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful ſighs ſhall heave:
Then Theſeus—How will indignation ſwell
His mighty heart! How his majeſtic frame
Will ſhake with rage too fierce, too ſwift for vent!
How he'll expoſe you to the public ſcorn,
And loathing crowds ſhall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian——Now methinks I ſee
His fiery eyes with ſullen pleaſures glow,
Survey your tortures, and inſult your pangs;
I ſee him, ſmiling on the pleas'd Iſmena,
Point out with ſcorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curſt be his name: May infamy attend him!
May ſwift deſtruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of thoſe he moſt adores!

LYCON.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inſpires your tongue!
He ſhall endure the ſhame he means to give;
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With juſt revenge, ſhall Theſeus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is't poſſible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! Thou oracle of wiſdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuſe him firſt.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuſe the guiltleſs!

LYCON.

Then be accus'd; let Theſeus know your crime;
Let laſting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preſerve your glory, and ſecure your vengeance:
Be yours the fruit, ſecurity, and eaſe;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine,

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theſeus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your laſt reſolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you reſolve, for Phædra can do nothing.
[*Exit* Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raiſe his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quaſh them with deſpair;
Work his tumultuous paſſions into frenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does ſhe ſtill ſhun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you love me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, ſhe loves you with ſuch fondneſs,
As none but that of Theſeus e'er could equal;
Yet ſo the gods have doom'd, ſo Heaven will have it,
She ne'er muſt view her much-lov'd Theſeus more.

THESEUS.

Not ſee her! By my ſufferings but I will,
Though troops embattled ſhould oppoſe my paſſage,
And ready death ſhould guard the fatal way.
Not ſee her! Oh I'll claſp her in theſe arms.
Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
And ſeize the joys my honeſt love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief——

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my raſhneſs,
And made me ſwear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm ſoul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untaſted joys;
New pleaſures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were loſt.
And does ſhe now avoid my eager love,
Purſue me ſtill with unrelenting hatred,
Invent new pains, deteſt, loath, ſhun my ſight,
Fly my return, and ſorrow for my ſafety?

LYCON.

O think not ſo! for, by th' unerring gods,
When firſt I told her of your wiſh'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theſeus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name ſhe rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bleſs the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempeſt of her grief was calm'd;
Her ſighs were huſh'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her ſorrow?
Then haſte, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiſs the pearly drops away;
Suck from her roſy lips the fragrant ſighs;
With other ſighs her panting breaſt ſhall heave,
With other dews her ſwimming eyes ſhall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart ſhall beat,
And all her ſorrows ſhall be loſt in love.

LYCON.

Does Theſeus burn with ſuch unheard of paſſion? [him,
And muſt not ſhe with out-ſtretch'd arms receive
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one ſo dear! O righteous gods!
Why muſt the bleeding heart of Theſeus bear
Such torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accuſing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfaſtly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble ſhame,
Fixes her gloomy watery orbs to earth;
Now burſt with ſwelling anguiſh, rends the ſkies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is ſhe wrong'd? and lives he yet
who wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
That Phædra ſcarce can hope, ſcarce wiſh revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theſeus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! ſhall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redreſſing wrongs,
Now fail? now firſt, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haſte declare the ſecret villain,
The wretch ſo meanly baſe to injure Phædra,
So raſhly brave to dare the ſword of Theſeus.

LYCON.

I dare not ſpeak; but ſure her wrongs are mighty:
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her ſighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me ſuſpect her monſtrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her? end Theſeus firſt, and all mankind;
But moſt that villain, that deteſted ſlave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midſt of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming ſorrows,
She, groaning, ſtill invok'd, ſtill call'd on Theſeus.

THESEUS.

Did she then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this stay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haste, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you stay.

THESEUS.

What! stay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;
As you respect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;
By all your love, by all her sorrows, stay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?

LYCON.

Your sudden presence would surprise her soul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;
And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My son!—But he's too good, too brave to wrong her. [surprise,
—Whence then that shocking change, that strong
That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phædra!

LYCON.

Was he surpris'd? that shew'd at least remorse.

THESEUS.

Remorse! for what? By Heavens, my troubled thoughts
Presage some dire attempt.—Say, what remorse!

LYCON.

I would not——yet I must.——This you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bade me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus;
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,
Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.
At last, with looks serenely sad, she cry'd,
Go, tell it all; but in such artful words,
Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,
As may appease his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his son
A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love! what strange suspicions rack my soul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.

So urg'd, I must declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why must I speak? Why must unwilling Lycon
Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra?

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment first he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he prest her with his passion.

THESEUS.

Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from Crete:
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
And post to ruin!——Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon.
[*Aside.*

THESEUS.

Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 'tis malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
With thy vain sorrows, since relentless Theseus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear thee!

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom's as fix'd
As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witness, Heaven!
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as incest.

THESEUS.

Gods! 'tis illusion all! Is this the sword
By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy generous promise. O most injur'd Phædra!
Why did I trust to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?

LYCON.

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevel'd hair,
That weapon glittering o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and rising to the wound.
Oh! had you seen her, when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then seen her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,

Seize on the ſword, to pierce her guiltleſs boſom:
Had you ſeen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monſter! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inſpire my injur'd ſoul
With equal vengeance that may ſuit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's ſake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
That, with new pains, would wound her tender breaſt:
Send him away from Crete, and by his abſence
Give Phædra quiet, and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.——Oh moſt barbarous traitor!
To wrong ſuch beauty, and inſult ſuch goodneſs.
Mercy! what's that? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praiſe the weakneſs which ſupports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, leſt when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyſelf in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou doſt,
More than I do the juſtice thou'rt ſo fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boaſt thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon. [*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be?—Is this th' inceſtuous villain?
How great his preſence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with ſuch a godlike look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to thought,
That I might act my juſtice without grief,
Puniſh the villain, nor regret the ſon?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I preſume to aſk, what ſecret care
Broods in your breaſt, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes thoſe angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Anſwer me firſt: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What ſudden fear ſurpris'd your troubled ſoul?
Why did your ebbing blood forſake your cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your father's arms,
To ſhun the queen your duty bids you pleaſe?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to pleaſe the queen, I'm forc'd to ſhun her,
And keep this hated object from her ſight.

THESEUS.

Say, what's the cauſe of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cauſe.

THESEUS.

Oh were it ſo! [*Aſide.*] When laſt did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When laſt attend her?——Oh unhappy queen!
Your error's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myſelf have caus'd. [*Aſide.*
When laſt attend her?——

THESEUS.

Anſwer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I ſaw the queen.

THESEUS.

What paſs'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aſk'd permiſſion to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg,
With the moſt low ſubmiſſions, aſk no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't anſwer with your low ſubmiſſions.
Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and loſt for ever. [*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and faulters at the queſtion:
His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.
[*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord? Why turn away,
As from ſome loathſome monſter, not your ſon?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monſter, and no more my ſon.
Not one of thoſe of the moſt horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half ſo ſhocking to my ſight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theſeus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou are that fiend.—Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art!——Oh fall! Oh fatal ſtain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos juſt!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it ſurvey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out deſtruction:
Sometimes with wholeſome laws reforming ſtates,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you——

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's ſoul inſpir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirſt of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chaſe of glory,
And bleſs your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you ſhould ſtrain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with ſobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confeſs your ſon!

How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conqueſt crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practiſe the ſtricteſt and auſtereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?——Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

ISMENA *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What's this? [*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Inceſt!——

THESEUS.

Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious ſword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpoſe. Oh abandon'd ſlave!
Oh early villian! Moſt deteſted coward!
With this my inſtrument of youthful glory!
With this!——Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the ſpotleſs Phædra's honour?
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whoſe juſt defence
The gods would claim thy ſword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
Heavens! Durſt I raiſe the far-fam'd ſword of Theſeus
Againſt his queen, againſt my mother's boſom.

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you loſt it? [ſilent.
How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's
Why was it barr'd? Whoſe boſom was it aim'd at? [cheeks,
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monſtrous villain!

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preſerve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And muſt I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul diſhonour?
Muſt Theſeus ſuffer ſuch unheard-of torture!
Theſeus, my father! No, I'll break through all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd ſon. The ſword——Oh fatal vow!
Enſnaring oaths; and thou, raſh thoughtleſs fool,
To bind thyſelf in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal truſt continue firm!
Beneath diſgrace, though infamous, yet honeſt.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curſes on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The ſword, the ſword! Now ſwear, and call to witneſs
Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath ſuch complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms,
I ſprang to meet you at your wiſh'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus ſerene,
With eyes erect, and viſage unpall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I ſtand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conſcious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcaſt haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or ſlowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then ſunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfiniſh'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous ſtamp (oh Heavens!) of faultleſs virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
Oh harden'd fiend, can't ſuch tranſcending crimes
Diſturb thy ſoul, or ruffle thy ſmooth brow?
What, no remorſe! No qualms! No pricking pangs!
No feeble ſtruggle of rebelling honour!
O 'twas thy joy! thy ſecret hoard of bliſs,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing miſers
Brood o'er their precious ſtores of ſecret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt I not ſpeak? Then ſay, unerring Heaven,
Why was I born with ſuch a thirſt of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my diſhonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And ſuch a father (O immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
When thou ſhould'ſt rend the ſkies with clamorous grief
Beat thy ſad breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid luſt t' inſult my yet warm urn;
Make me the ſcorn of hell, the ſport for fiends!
Theſe are the funeral honours paid to Theſeus,
Theſe are the ſorrows, theſe the hallow'd rites,
To which you'd call your father's hovering ſpirit.

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:
[*Turning to* Theſeus.
Hear one that comes to ſhield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though even thy beauty's loathſome to my eyes,
Yet juſtice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank thee. [*Kneels.*
Then know, miſtaken prince, his honeſt ſoul
Could ne'er be ſway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles ſubdu'd his ſtruggling heart;
For long his duty ſtruggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true? On thy obedience, ſpeak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
Againſt her will, I lov'd the fair Iſmena.

THESEUS.

Canſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
And juſtify'd by crimes?—What! love my foe!
Love one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
Whoſe blood yet reeks on my avenging ſword!
I'm curſt each moment I delay thy fate:
Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas
Iſmena's flames, and let him taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell ſound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Iſmena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty ſword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt, like Theſeus' ſon.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! how that ſtrikes me! How it wounds my ſoul!
To think of your unutterable ſorrows,
When you ſhall find Hippolitus was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your ſon's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beſeech you by the love you bore me,
With my laſt words (my words will then prevail)
Oh for my ſake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theſeus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys, ſurvive
Freſh in your breaſt, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young diſſembler!
Well haſt thou ſhewn the care thou tak'ſt of Theſeus,
Oh all ye gods! how this enflames my fury!
I ſcarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd Theſeus!
Blot not thy fame with ſuch a monſter's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me ſhare his fate.
Oh awful Theſeus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, ſee the very miniſters of death,
Though bred to blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my ſever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and ſhare the pains he ſuffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theſeus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathſome touch.
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh ſtay! I'll tell you all. [*Exit* Theſ.
Already gone!—Tell it, ye conſcious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Reſound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapleſs youth! All heaven conſpires againſt you.
The conſcious walls conceal the fatal ſecret:
Th' untainted winds refuſe th' infected load:
And fame itſelf is mute.—Nay, ev'n Iſmena,
Thy own Iſmena's ſworn to thy deſtruction.
But ſtill, whate'er the cruel gods deſign,
In the ſame fate our equal ſtars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

ACT. V.

Enter PHÆDRA *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

Accuſe yourſelf! Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal meſſage.
Heavens! Will you ſtand the dreaded rage of Theſeus?
And brand your fame, and work your own deſtruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd;
Thou boſom ſerpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the miſeries you cauſe,
Nor 'ſcape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's conſent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'ſt thou conſent to what thou firſt inſpir'dſt?

Was that conſent? O ſenſeleſs politician!
When adverſe paſſion ſtruggled in my breaſt,
When anger, fear, love, ſorrow, guilt, deſpair,
Drove out my reaſon, and uſurp'd my ſoul,
Yet this conſent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wiſe, forethinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas ſo black, my frighted tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and horror ſhook my ſoul.
Yet ſtill, though pierc'd with ſuch amazing anguiſh,
Such was my zeal, ſo much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to ſave the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What's life? Oh all ye gods! can life atone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh ſoul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the fordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature ſallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form;
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort gaſps his labouring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his faultering tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter, hear,
With his laſt breath he curſes perjur'd Phædra:
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee,
Whole hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuffering Phædra
Shall find ſome eaſe to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By theſe old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
By all my tears!—Oh heavens! ſhe minds me not,
She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reſerv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh—On Phædra—Guards, ſecure him.

[Lycon *carried off.*

Ha! Theſeus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Doſt thou at laſt repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows:
O dear-bought bleſſing! Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.—Then haſte, my charmer,
Let's feaſt our famiſh'd ſouls with amorous riot,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we've loſt.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies, or deepeſt centre.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence.——Speak, exquiſite tormentor!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous tranſports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs.
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haſte to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowſy ſoul
From the dull lethargy of hopeleſs love?
And doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous eyes
To wake deſpair, and blaſt me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd me;
But angry Heaven has laid in ſtore for Theſeus
Such perfect miſchief, ſuch tranſcendent woe,
That the black image ſhocks my frighted ſoul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to ſpeak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
And charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it.
Thus in thy ſight; thus gazing on thoſe eyes,
I can ſupport the utmoſt ſpite of fate,
And ſtand the rage of heaven.——Approach my fair!

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy ſight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your ſoul.

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget, or drive him from my ſoul!
Oh! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes:
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all.—Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
Oh laſting ſcandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime ſo foul as inceſt.

PHÆDRA.

Inceſt! Oh name it not!——
The very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul:
The gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
And nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound.
Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monſter!
To break through all the laws that early flow
From untaught reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man;
Mix like the ſenſeleſs herd with beſtial luſt,
Mother and ſon prepoſterouſly wicked;
To baniſh from thy ſoul the reverence due

To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one so great, so good as Theseus.

THESEUS.

To injure one so great, so good as Phædra;
O slave! to wrong such purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-seeing gods, you know my virtue!
Must I support all this? O righteous Heaven?
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his satyrs stings, and edg'd his rage,
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
And hell itself 's relief.

THESEUS.

What's hell to thee?
What crimes could'st thou commit? or what reproaches
Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear,
Oh, thou'rt the chastest matron of thy sex,
The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.
Our latest annals shall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each skilful artist shall express thy form,
In animated gold.——The threatening sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face shall bloom,
As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;
But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,
As still shall make the monster more detested.
Where'er you pass, the crowded way shall sound
With joyful cries, and endless acclamations:
And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,
Shall raise some heavenly matron to the powers,
They'll say, she's great, she's true, she's chaste as Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.——But now, oh cruel stars!
Now, as I pass, the crowded way shall sound
With hissing scorn, and murmuring detestation:
The latest annals shall record my shame;
And when th' avenging Muse with pointed rage
Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
She'll say, she's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra.

THESEUS.

Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead.——I saw Cratander
Give him a sword.——I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast,
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.——A loud clamour follow'd:
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou'rt renown'd indeed.——Oh happy Theseus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world must praise me;
For what the nations shall adore my justice;
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike sire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd, and prais'd, detested, and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canst thou not guess?——
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'st not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

THESEUS.

Guiltless! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son;
And when deny'd, with impious accusation
Sully'd the lustre of his shining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to shake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltless?
Guiltless! Then what art thou? And oh just Heaven!
What a detested parricide is Theseus?

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and inceſt,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Againſt the guiltleſs ſon. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards!——Oh moſt abandon'd villain! [ther.
Secure him, ſeize him, drag him piece-meal hi-

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high diſpleaſure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inſpire ſuch ſtorms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my ſword left one ſo black, but Lycon?
Where! Wretched Theſeus in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my ſoul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But truſt not to thy form.
You too, my ſon, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart! (O Heavens!) to your deſtruction.
You too were good, your virtuous ſoul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
Inceſtuous fury! Execrable murth'reſs!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage ſuggeſt,
Ev'n endleſs torture which thou ſhalt not ſuffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not ſuffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou need'ſt not claim it, moſt unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: I' avenge thy fate,
I'd court the fierceſt pains, and ſue for tortures;
And Phædra's ſufferings ſhould atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my ſoul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my ſhrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON *brought in.*

Haſt thou eſcap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundleſs rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou ſhalt find as thy beſt deeds deſerve,
Such as thy guilty ſoul can hope from Theſeus;
Such as thou ſhew'dſt to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the ſcorn
Of fordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life moſt wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a ſlave?
Not ſo the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd.
Not ſo he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS

Oh, abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To ſee the fears that ſhake thy guilty ſoul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou'lt howl thy fearful ſoul away;
While laughing crowds ſhall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their ſport! Haſte, hence, away with him.
Drag him to all the torments earth can furniſh;
Let him be rack'd and gaſh'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monſter, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the ſhouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!
Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirſt
Of a ſon's blood! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

A day! A moment! Oh! thou ſhould'ſt have ſtaid
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that conſummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his deſtruction,
Boaſted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs ſhe ſighing gave me
The laſt cold kiſſes from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine:
When her laſt breath, now quivering at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodneſs to her lovely ſon;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! deſcends
An early victim to the lazy ſhades, [ſcends.
(Oh heaven and earth!) by Theſeus doom'd, de-

PHÆDRA.

He's doom'd by Theſeus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madneſs, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And die for thee, my headlong rage deſtroy'd:
Thee I purſue (oh great ill-fated youth!)
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſte deſires:
Thee through the diſmal waſte of gloomy death;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer day,
Through all th' Elyſian plains: O righteous Minos!
Elyſian plains! There he and his Iſmena
Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackeſt ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful ſight of one more mon-
And more accurs'd than they. [ſtrous,

THESEUS.

I too muſt go;
I too muſt once more ſee the burning ſhore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will releaſe me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this ſtay? Come on, let's plunge together:
See hell ſets wide its adamantine gates,
See through the ſable gates the black Cocytus
In ſmoky circles rowls its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the ſtunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of claſhing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing ſhrieks
That wide through all its gloomy world refound.

How huge Mægara ſtalks! what ſtreaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what ſerpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiſs around her head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage chokes his ſtruggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hands: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here. Oh execrable villain!
Then am I ſtill on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a ſcourge preſerv'd for Lycon!
See, the juſt beings offer to my vengeance
That impious ſlave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.——I'll ſteal it to his heart.

[*Miſtaking* Theſeus *for* Lycon, *offers to ſtab him.*

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
Muſt each portentuous moment riſe in crimes,
And ſallying life go off in parricide?
Then truſt not thy ſlow drugs. Thus ſure of death

[*Stabs herſelf.*

Complete thy horrors——And if this ſuffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the reſt.

THESEUS.

At length ſhe's quiet,
And earth now bears not ſuch a wretch as Theſeus;
Yet I'll obey Hippolitus and live;
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With claſhing ſhields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove——I'll ſtifle conſcience,
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endleſs round of ſtill returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorſe?
What torment's this?——Therefore, O greatly thought,
Therefore do juſtice on thyſelf——and live;
Live above all moſt infinitely wretched.
Iſmena too——Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA *enters.*

Has vented all its rage.——O wretched maid!
Why doſt thou come to ſwell my raging grief?
Why add to ſorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recall to my afflicted ſoul
The ſad remembrance of my godlike ſon,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!——O all ye powers! O awful Theſeus!
Say, where's my lord? ſay, where has fate diſpos'd him?
Oh ſpeak! the fear diſtracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I ſpeak?
Can I declare his fate to his Iſmena?
Oh lovely maid! couldſt thou admit of comfort,
Thou ſhouldſt for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my ſoul.
For thee alone, my ſorrows, lull'd, ſhall ceaſe;
Ceaſe for a while to mourn my murder'd ſon:
For thee alone my ſword once more ſhall rage,
Reſtore the crown of which it robb'd your race:
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath thy eaſy yoke with pleaſure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Muſt I then reign? Nay, muſt I live without him?
Not ſo, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Iſmena;
You for her ſake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentleſs hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have eaſe.
And thus I find it. [*Offers to ſtab herſelf.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear; Iſmena!
Forbear, chaſte maid, to wound thy tender boſom;
Oh heaven and earth! ſhould ſhe reſolve to die,
And ſnatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods, ſhe'd fall a victim?
Was't for me ſhe'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, ſee thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elyſium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus——Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, ſay, what god, what miracle preſerv'd thee?
Didſt thou not ſtrike thy father's cruel preſent,
My ſword, into thy breaſt?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myſelf, and ſlew Cratander;
The guards, not truſted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wiſh, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theſeus' ſorrow, and Iſmena's loſs;
Therefore I haſten'd to your royal preſence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Iſmena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh eceſtaſy of bliſs!

Am I poſſeſt at laſt of my Iſmena?
Of that celeſtial maid, oh pitying gods!
How ſhall I thank your bounties for my ſufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've born?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine Iſmena,
To them I owe the dear conſent of Theſeus.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the diſaſtrous fate of hapleſs Phædra.

THESEUS.

Deep was her auguiſh; for the wrongs ſhe did you
She choſe to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I've heard it all.
O! had not paſſion ſully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had ſhone with equal luſtre;
So glorious liv'd, or ſo lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying powers,
No other way to crown Iſmena's love!
Then muſt I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midſt of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confeſs ſome ſorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
To damp our bleſſings, and incenſe the gods:
But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heaven, whoſe mercy reſcued erring Theſeus
From execrable crimes, and endleſs woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings, that rule the world,
With equal poiſe let ſteady juſtice ſway,
And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance pay,
But, till the proofs are clear, the ſtroke delay.

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodneſs which themſelves inſpire.
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuſer dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

POEMS.

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES *.

Jam non vulgares, Ifis, molire triumphos,
Auguſtos Ifis nunquam tacitura Stuartos.
Tu quoties crebris cumulâſti altaria donis
Multa rogans numen, cui vincta jugalia curæ!
At jam votivam Superis ſuſpende tabellam;
Sunt rata vota tibi, fævique oblita doloris
Amplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
Languentes dudum priſcus vigor afflat ocelos,
Infans et caræ ſuſpenſus in oſcula Matris
Numine jam ſpirat blando, viſumque tenellum
Miſcet parva quidem, ſed vivida Patris imago,
O etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
Vivat canitie terris venerandus eâdem!
Omen habet certè ſuperâ quod veſcitur aurâ
Tum primum, lætos æſtas cum pandat honores,
Omnia cum vireant, cum formoſiſſimus annus.
Et Vos felicis optatâ prole Parentes!
Quos nunc Parca piis reſpexit mota querelis:
En! veſtræ valuêre preces; victrixque Deorum
Fata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti:
Proles chara datur ſenio, inconceſſa juventæ.
Si citiùs ſoboles nullo miranda daretur
Prodigio, ſanctis vix digna Parentibus eſſet:
O quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus?
I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
Et ſemper magni veſtigia Patris adora:
Hic primâ nondum indutus lanugine malas
Invictis orbem per totum inclaruit armis.
Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuêre; Jacobum
Agnovit dominum ſummiſſis navita velis.
Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi
Fulmina, cujus adhuc miſerè conſervat hiantes
Ore cicatrices, vaſtæ et monumenta ruinæ.
Subjectus ſamulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas:
Ipſe tuo da jura mari.
Cumque pater tandem divis miſcebitur ipſe
Divus (at ô! tardè ſacra ducite ſtamina, Parcæ,)
Aſſere tu noſtri jus immortale Monarchæ;
Tu rege ſubjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

* From the "Strenae Natalitiae Academiae Oxonienſis "in celſiſſimum Principem. Oxonii, e Theatro Sheldonia-"no, An. Dom. 1688."

ON

THE INAUGURATION

OF

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY *.

Mauritii ingentis celſo de ſanguine natum,
Mauritioque parem, ſolenni diſere verſu
Te, Gulielmi, juvat: nuncô! mihi pectora flammâ
Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,
Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
Inſtigat, mediosque ardentem impellit in hoſtes.
Te tenero latè jactabat fama ſub ævo:
Cæpiſti, quà finis erat; maturaque virtus
Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque ſequentes
Annos præcurrit longè, et poſt terga reliquit.
Jam Te, jam videor flagrantes cernere vultus,
Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas:
Jam cerno oppoſitas acies, quanto impete præceps
Tela per et gladios raperis; quo fulmine belli
Adverſum frangis cuneum, et media agmina miſces.
Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
Invictis ſemper clarus Turennius armis,
Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni?
Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipſe Batavis.
Congrederis; non Te Gallorum immania terrent
Agmina, non magni Turrennius agminis inſtar,
Heu quas tum ferro ſtrages, quæ funera latè
Ædideris, quantoſque viros demiſeris orco!
Sic cum congeſtos ſtruxêre ad ſidera montes
Terrigenæ fratres, ſuperos detrudere cœlo
Aggreſſi, poſito tum plectro intonſus Apollo
Armatâ ſumpſit fatalia ſpicula dextrâ:
Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
Et Martem, atque ipſas longè anteit fulminis alas.
Extremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores!
Quàm vellem fævi ſuperata pericula ponti!
Cui meritò nunc jura dabis: quam flebile fatum
Triſteſque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
Immeritos, canere; at jamjam ſub pondere tanto
Deficio, heroemque ſequor non paſſibus æquis.

† From the "Vota Oxonienſia pro ſereniſſimis Gulielmo "mo Rege et Maria Regina M. Britanniae, &c. nuncupata. "Oxonii, e Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1689."

Sed fesso memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannûm
Debita quâ sacros sceptri regalis honores
Accipies, cingesque aureo diademate frontem.
Anglos servasti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
Fulcivit patrium, quem mox possedit, Olympum.

ON

THE RETURN

OF

KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND.

After the Battle of the Boyne *.

O INGENS Heros! O tot defuncte periclis!
Ergo iterum victor nostris allaberis oris?
Atque os belligerum, torvumque in prælia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum?
Oraque divinum spirant jam mitia lumen?
Non sic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, ensemque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
Invitus: (neque enim crudeles edere strages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem satiare Tuorum.)
Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiisse Tonantem
Fama est, terribilem nigranti fulmine et igni:
Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
Inque suam invitum trahit inscia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi affuetâ triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immensos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tædia pacis
Exosus, rursusque ardens in Martia castra,
Sanguineasque acies, fulgentesque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum se misit in arma.
Gallus enim sævit, miserosque cruentus Hibernos
Servitio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
Horrendum strident: iterumque resurgere credas
Macquirum squallentem, atque Anglo sanguine fœdum,
Exultantem immane, et vastâ clade superbum.
O gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
Frustra Bufo tuis, et Aranea cessit ab oris,
Dum pecus Ignatî invisum, fœdique cuculli,
Et Monachi sanctè protenso abdomine tardi
Vipeream inspirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
Assurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
Qui juga captivo excutiat servilia collo:
Sed frustra: securo hostis munimine valli
Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque sequentem.
Augendis restat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
Vindiciis semper Gulielmi fata reservant
Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.
Sic frustra Atrides, frustra Telamonius heros,
Ad Trojam frusta pugnarunt mille carinæ,
Nec nisi Achilleâ funduntur Pergama dextrâ.
Ergo, Boanda, tuis splendet Gulielmus in arvis,
Magna Boanda, ipsi famâ haud cessura Mosellæ.
Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in igneis
Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore servent!
Quantum olli jubar affulget, quæ gratia frontis
Purpurei metuenda, et non inamabilis horror!
Sic cum dimissum fertur per nubila fulmen,
Et juvat, et nimiâ perstringit lumina flammâ.
Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum insilet alveum!
Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hostem!
Dum vastas strages et multa cadavera passim
Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo:
Dum pergenti obstat moles immensa suorum,
Et torpet misto concretum sanguine flumen.
Pergit atrox Heros; frustra olli tempora circum
Spicula mille canunt, luduntque in vertice flammæ:
Frustra hastatæ acies obstant, firmæque phalanges;
Frustra acres Celtæ: furit Ille, atque impiger hostes
Et fugat, et sternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
Versus retro hostis trepidè fugit, inque paludes,
Torpentesque lacus cæno, horrendosque recessus
Dumorum; et Cæci prodest injuria cæli.
Attamen ô, non sic fausto movet alite bellum
Schombergus; non sic nobis favet alea Martis.
Occidit heu! Schombergus iniqui crimine cœli;
Non illum vernans circum sua tempora laurus
Conservat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.
At nunc ad cœlum fugit, et pede sidera calcat,
Spectat et Heroes, ipse et spectandus ab illis.
Hunc dicet veniens ætas, serique nepotes,
Et quicunque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem,
Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque repolcit.
Cresseas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
Henrici repetit: media Lodoicus in aulâ
Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

* From the "Academiae Oxoniensis Gratulatio pro exoptato serenissimi Regis Gulielmi ex Hibernia redieu. Oxoniae, e Theatro Sheldoniano. Anno Dom. 1690."

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The Bard who spread her fame to distant shores:
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physic fail'd;
But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;

Fruitleſs our hopes, though pious our eſſays,
Yours to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.
Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verſe,
With ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe;
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting ſtrength to riſe, deſcend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines:
His nervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tranſcends,
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.
Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,
You now diſturb, and now divert the ſoul:
Milton and Butler in thy muſe combine;
Above the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
For, as I've ſeen, when rival wits contend,
One gaily charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or ſneering praiſe, replies.
So thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle;
He ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
In thee the ſolemn air of great Cervantes reigns.
What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
What ſhining words the pompous ſhilling dreſs!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
In her beſt light the Comic Muſe appears,
When ſhe, with borrow'd pride, the buſkin wears.
So when nurſe Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
With ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes,
With dangling hands he ſtrokes th' imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
The pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
And Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made
Forgive, dear ſhade, the ſcene my folly draws;
Thy ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe:
When Orpheus ſings, the ghoſts no more complain,
But, in his lulling muſic, loſe their pain:
So charm the ſallies of thy Georgic Muſe,
So calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe:
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praiſe, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Bleſt clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Coſmo's love;
Redſtreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuſcan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.
Riſe, riſe, Roſcommon, ſee the Blenheim Muſe
The dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions ſoar,
Where never Engliſh poet reach'd before:
See mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend,
By turns on Coſmo and the Bard attend;
Rich in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes deſign'd;
In him the ſoul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern, as tranſlate.
Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenſer lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime:
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides:
I'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties,
Procruſtes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the cloſe,
Oft riſe to ſuſtain, or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgment, Philips, rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or ſecurely ſoar.
So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe:
When freed he moves, the ſturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;
Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.
Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;
Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold
Rejects new phraſes, and reſumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the Majeſty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's dreſt,
Old myſtic emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.
A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batſon's, and through Smithfield, prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic ſoars,
But paints in fuſtian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's ſtyle profanes heroic ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain:
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems, and contrives the worſt.
Beyond his praiſe or blame thy works prevail
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble ſubjects, great appear.

Thrice happy youth, whom noble Iſis crowns!
Whom Blackmore cenſures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The liſtening nymphs and raviſh'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the heaven-born muſic blame,
And bawl, and hiſs, and damn her into fame:
Like her ſweet voice, is thy harmonious ſong,
As high, as ſweet, as eaſy, and as ſtrong.
Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had ſung in nobler lays,
How the laſt trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How ſaints aloft the croſs triumphant ſpread,
How opening Heavens their happy regions ſhew,
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
And ſaints rejoice above, and ſinners howl below:
Well might he ſing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was ſure to wear.
Oh beſt of friends, will ne'er the ſilent urn
To our juſt vows the hapleſs youth return?
Muſt he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor ſparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmleſs irony deſcend,
To noiſy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in falſe pathetic phraſe complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her diſdain?
Who now ſhall godlike Anna's fame diffuſe?
Muſt ſhe, when moſt ſhe merits, want a Muſe?
Who now our Twyſden's glorious fate ſhall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the ſtunning din reſound,
Through ſtreams of ſmoke, and adverſe fire, he rides,
While every ſhot is levell'd at his ſides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the firſt front, amidſt a ſlaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyll.
Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in diſpute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my ſoul diſcloſe,
Reveal my pleaſure, or diſcharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The beſt of ſons, of brothers, and of friends.
He ſacred Friendſhip's ſtricteſt laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conſcience than by Friendſhip ſway'd;
Againſt himſelf his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours paſt, not future proſpects gain'd;
Not nicely chooſing, though by all deſir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain, and humble, though admir'd;
Candid to all, but to himſelf ſevere,
In humour pliant, as in life auſtere.
A wife content his even ſoul ſecur'd,
By want not ſhaken, nor by wealth allur'd:
To all ſincere, though earneſt to commend,
Could praiſe a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their ſpirits, and their ſtyles his own;
Pleas'd the leaſt ſteps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and ſouls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the ſame eſteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reaſon join'd.
Judicious phyſic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping maſter fail'd,
Nor goodneſs now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's ſoul they gave,
And made him ſcorn the life they could not ſave:
Elſe could he bear unmov'd, the fatal gueſt,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppreſt,
The coughs that ſtruggled from his weary breaſt?
Could he unmov'd approaching death ſuſtain?
Its ſlow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he ſerene his weeping friends ſurvey,
In his laſt hours his eaſy wit diſplay,
Like the rich fruit he ſings, delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented ſhade,
And view the honours to thy aſhes paid:
Some thy lov'd duſt in Parian ſtones enſhrine,
Others immortal epitaphs deſign,
With wit, and ſtrength, that only yields to thine:
Ev'n I, though ſlow to touch the painful ſtring,
Awake from ſlumber, and attempt to ſing.
Thee, Philips, thee deſpairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Iſis ſoft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidſt the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerſet deplores,
And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores:
He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But moſt at Virgil's tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.
But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Diſplay his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

Hora dum nondum ſonuit ſecunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs noſtris potiúſve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulſam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto ſalutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor noſtro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in ſylvis modo te dediſſe
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli impune ſtetiſſe.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Iterneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta ſuperſunt?
Cui legis noſtras, relegiſque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generoſitatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea neſcientem,
Mane ſalutas.
Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput ſtertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam viſit, lacrimanſque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, ſubito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hoſpitem notæ periiſſe *Mitræ*;
Narrat immerſam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat——at portis meus *Hintot* aſtat,
Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocat me
Sherwin, et ſcribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

FERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

Qualis ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hoſpes
Quum ſacras primum ſubit aut relinquit
Iſidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore ſtrident
Miſſiles, et jam moneant adeſſe
Cornua, chartas,
Tale per noſtrum jecur et medullas
Gaudium fluxit, ſimul ac recluſis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, ſenſi pavidus tremenſque;
Sed fui, ſumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera ſoſpes.
Scire ſi ſylvam cupias periclis
Conſciam, et triſtes nemoris tenebras,
Conſulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
Flebilis legi miſeranda docti
Fata pictoris, ſed et hôc iniqua
Damna conſolor, ſupereſt perempto
Rixone Wildgoose.
Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? nimus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præſtabit, niſi fors Ierni
Hoſpita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, ſimùl ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Dave*
Mitto ſalutem.
Jenny, poſt *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, et vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego luſi properante Musâ
Leſbiæ vatis numeros ſecutus;
Si novi quid ſit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedeſtris.

P. S.

" Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant cululios
" Inter, et pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS.

Dum cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis,
Manéſque Muſam faſtuoſam
Sollicitant pretioſiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor ferendæ, ſanctaque Veritas
Per ſaxa, per pontum, per hoſtes
Præcipitant Aſiæ miſertum:
Cohors catenis quà pia ſtridulis
Gemunt onuſti, vel ſude trans ſinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulíve
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt ſibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacunæ ſulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quâ ſtetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Hauſta rubrâ, pluviíſque flammis:
Quòd iſta tellus ſi ſin iles tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc ſtetiſſet, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuiſſet igne.

Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nimi ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, crescentibúsque
Vertice sideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici disparibus sonis
Eludit aures nescius artifex,
Linguásque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
Quot tu, POCOCKI, dissimilis tui
Orator effers, quot vicissim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam superbis, et verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
Cum busta Christi provolutus
Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa POCOCKIO,
Locósque monstrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hosæam supinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Mosen, inde POCOCKIUM
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque suam didicere linguam.
Ac sicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, et cineres sinu
Eructat ardenti, et pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem loëlem
Per tonitru, aëreásque nubes
Annon pavescis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat astrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma sequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis strepitantium
Flictus rotarum est! O POCOCKI
Egregie, O animose Vatis
Interpres abstrusi, O simili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, subacto
Christicolæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulsis, et fragosos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quâ Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris,
Quâ nec Matronis scripta, POCOCKIUS
Plorator ingens, et dolenda
Nestoreæ brevitas senectæ.

ODE,

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a scene of triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious year?
When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns spread,
And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons led.
In vain the hills and streams oppose,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose.
To the rough Danube's winding shore,
His shatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They see with staring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise;
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind.
Now his red sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking head descends:
Wild and distracted with their fears,
They justling plunge amidst the sounding deeps;
The flood away the struggling squadron sweeps,
And men, and arms, and horses, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the sea retreats,
The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of smoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its distant shore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force superior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign survey,
Which shall o'er France her arms display,
And kingdoms now her own subdue.
Lewis, for oppression born;
Lewis in his turn, shall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy swains,
Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.
Others, enslav'd by victory,
Their subjects, as their foes, oppress;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bless.

ODE*.

ORMOND's glory, Marlborough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ;
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleasing sound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms;
Yet the universal joy
Feels a sensible alloy!

* This Ode, and that which follows it, were published anonymously at the time when they were written, and are now ascribed to Mr. Smith, on the authority of a note in manuscript by one of his contemporaries.

Mighty George †, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the ſtroke of fate we dread
Impending o'er thy ſacred head,
The Britiſh youth for thee ſubmit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noiſe of war and joy
Rend again the trembling ſky;
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With proſpect of more glorious years:
Deriv'd from Anne's auſpicious ſmiles,
More cheerful airs refreſh the Britiſh Iſles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum;
Tremble France; we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms;
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

In Five Parts,

FOR THE DEGREE OF BATCHELOR OF MUSIC;

Performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on Friday the 11th of July 1707.

Music, ſoft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didſt thou borrow thy auſpicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyſelf, thyſelf as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous maſs
Of earth and waters from their chaos ſprang
The morning ſtars their anthems ſang,
And nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of ſpirits, forms divine,
The Seraphim, with the bright hoſt
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worſhip before th' Eternal Shrine;
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boaſt,
In love and wonder paſs their bliſsful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The maſſy orb in which we ſluggards move
As if ſequeſter'd from the arts divine:
Here's Muſic too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

Chorus, Five Voices.

Hark, how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling ſtreams ſoft accents vent,
And all both time and meaſure know.
Ere ſince the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and foreſts how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature ſtrives to bear a part; [yield.
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Muſic

But ſtay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peeviſh, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debaſe;
Perhaps becauſe the ſacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perverſely wiſe.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who ſay the Prophet's harp e'er ſpoil'd the Poet's ſong!

Grand Chorus, Five Parts.

To Athen's now, my Muſe, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that ſafe and ſweet retreat,
Amongſt Apollo's ſons inquire,
And ſee if any friend of thine be there:
But ſure ſo near the Theſpian ſpring
The humbleſt Bard may ſit and ſing:
Here reſt my Muſe, and dwell for ever here.

† George Prince of Denmark, huſband to the Queen.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD DUKE.

Containing his

REVIEW,
TRANSLATIONS,
IMITATIONS,

PROLOGUES,
SONGS,
EPISTLES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sometimes we Virgil's ſacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wondering, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
When Niſus and Euryalus we admire,
Their gentle friendſhip, and their martial fire,
We praiſe their valour, 'cauſe yet match'd by none,
And love their friendſhip, ſo much like our own.
But when to give our minds a feaſt indeed,
Horace, *beſt known and lov'd by thee*, we read,
Who can our tranſports, or our longings tell
To taſte of pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?

OTWAY'S EPISTLE TO DUKE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF DUKE.

Of Richard Duke very few particulars have deſcended to poſterity. The accounts of his family are obſcure and imperfect. Jacob ſays, his father was an eminent citizen of London, but does not mention his profeſſion. The year of his birth is not known.

The earlieſt circumſtance that has been recorded concerning him, is the date of his admiſſion to Weſtminſter-ſchool, which appears to have been in 1670

It is probable, he was admitted a ſcholar upon the foundation, as he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1675.

What indications of genius he diſplayed in his ſchool exerciſes, cannot now be certainly known; but he appears, from his writings, to have been an accompliſhed claſſical ſcholar, and early addicted to the ſtudy of poetry.

On his coming to Cambridge, he enliſted himſelf among the wits of the univerſity, and was diſtinguiſhed in the literary and ſocial circles, for the elegance of his taſte, and the ſprightlineſs of his converſation.

He lived in habits of familiar intimacy with Otway, who appears, from his Epiſtle to him, and the Anſwer to it, to have reſided ſome time at Cambridge, after he left Oxford, though it cannot be aſcertained by the regiſter of the univerſity that he ſtudied there.

In 1679, he addreſſed a copy of Verſes to Dryden, on the appearance of his "Troilus and Creſſida," in which he calls him, "our Maſter Poet, great King of Verſe," and himſelf, "an unknown, unheard-of private name,"

"A young beginner in the trade of wit."

In 1680, came out a tranſlation of Ovid's Epiſtles, by Dryden, and other popular names, to which he contributed the Epiſtles of *Paris to Helen*, and *Acontius to Cydippe*.

The ſame year, he wrote a *Paſtoral on the Death of Mary Ducheſs of Southampton*; a mode of writing which was then very faſhionable among the wits on ſuch occaſions.

The year following, he attended the publication of "Abſalom and Achitophel," with a poetical compliment to "the unknown Author," in whoſe "mighty and immortal lines" he recogniſes "the informing genius" and "divine flame" of his maſter, Dryden.

Soon after the appearance of "Abſalom and Achitophel," he wrote a political poem, intituled *The Review*, which, though unfiniſhed, is the moſt conſiderable of his original performances.

In an advertiſement prefixed to it, the Editor ſays, "he was perſuaded to undertake it by Mr. Sheridan, the ſecretary to the Duke of York; but Mr. Duke, finding that gentleman deſigned to make uſe of his pen to vent his ſpleen againſt ſeveral perſons at Court that were of another party than that he was engaged in, broke off proceeding in it, and left it (imperfect) as it is now printed."

In 1682, he took his degree of Maſter of Arts, having been before a fellow of his college, or appointed to a fellowſhip ſoon after his graduation.

The ſame year, he wrote a poem *on the Marriage of George Prince of Denmark to Lady Anne*, which contains an elegant mixture of panegyric and poetry; the concluſion is eminently happy.

In 1684, he wrote a poem *on the Death of King Charles II., and the inauguration of King James*; in which his loyalty and wit are equally conſpicuous. The character of Charles, though deficient

in truth, is a maſterpiece of panegyric; and the compliment to James exhibits ſufficient proofs of his poetical, but not of his prophetical power.

He was engaged, among other wits, in the verſion of Juvenal, that goes under the name of Dryden, and tranſlated the *Fourth Satire*.

He contributed, alſo, ſeveral tranſlations from Theocritus, Horace, and Virgil, to Dryden's Miſcellany; in which moſt of his other poems were firſt publiſhed.

When he left the univerſity, he entered into orders, as he humorouſly threatened, in the concluſion of his *Epiſtle to Otway*:

Elſe I ſhall grow ———
A greaſy blockhead fellow in a gown,
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit, that at a quibble never fails.

From this time, he appears to have ſubdued his inclination to levity and conviviality; for he became a celebrated preacher, and obtained ſeveral eccleſiaſtical preferments; being made a prebendary of Glouceſter, a proctor in the convocation for that church, and a chaplain to Queen Anne.

In 1710, he was preſented by the Biſhop of Wincheſter to the valuable living of Witney, in Oxfordſhire, which he enjoyed but a few months. On February 1710-11, having returned from an entertainment, he was found dead the next morning.

This is all that is known of Duke; a man who enjoyed the friendſhip and praiſes of Dryden, Waller, Otway, Lee, Creech, and other contemporary wits; and who appears to have been a polite and accompliſhed ſcholar and a reſpectable, though not a great poet.

His Poems were collected and publiſhed by Tonſon, in 8vo, 1717, with the poems of Roſcommon and Buckingham, and have been reprinted in ſubſequent collections.

On his poetry much commendation cannot be beſtowed. His *Tranſlations* have nothing in them remarkable. Like the verſions of his aſſociates, they are generally licentious, without compenſating for their freedom by their beauties. His *Political Verſes* are not unſkilfully written, though much debaſed by ſentiments of ſervility and adulation. The *Review*, though imperfect, has ſome vigorous, and ſome happy lines. His *Songs* are not inferior to other compoſitions of that kind. His *Epiſtles* are eaſy and familiar. In all his pieces are to be found ſome elegancies of verſification, and ſome felicities of diction.

His Sermons have been ſeveral times reprinted, and are ranked, by Dr. Felton, with the compoſitions of Tillotſon and Sprat.

After commending the Biſhop of Rocheſter, he ſays:

"Mr. Duke may be alſo mentioned, under the double capacity of a poet and a divine. He is a bright example in the ſeveral parts of writing, whether we conſider his *Originals*, his *Tranſlations*, *Paraphraſes*, or *Imitations*. But here I can only mention him as a divine, but with this peculiar commendation, that in his Sermons, beſides livelineſs of wit, purity and correctneſs of ſtyle, and juſtneſs of argument, we ſee many fine alluſions to the ancients, ſeveral beautiful paſſages handſomely incorporated in the train of his own thoughts; and, to ſay all in a word, *claſſic learning* and a *Chriſtian ſpirit*."

His moral and poetical character is briefly, but judiciouſly and wittily given by Dr. Johnſon; though it contains a ſuppoſition with regard to his later ſentiments of ſome of his compoſitions, for which there is no foundation, as none of his verſes, even the moſt light and airy, are offenſive to virtue or decency.

"He appears, from his writings, to have been not ill qualified for poetical compoſitions. His poems are not below mediocrity; nor have I found much in them to be praiſed. With the wit, he ſeems to have ſhared the diſſolutenеſs of the times; for ſome of his compoſitions are ſuch, as he muſt have reviewed with deteſtation in his latter days.

Perhaps, like ſome other fooliſh young men, he rather talked than lived viciouſly, in an age where he that would be thought a wit was afraid to ſay his prayers; and whatever might have been bad in the firſt part of his life, was ſurely condemned and reformed by his better judgment."

POEMS.

THE REVIEW.

" Longa eſt injuria, longæ
" Ambages; ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum."
VIRG.

How have we wander'd a long diſmal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
Now plung'd in mire, now by ſharp brambles torn;
With tempeſts beat, and to the winds a ſcorn!
Loſt, weary'd, ſpent! but ſee the eaſtern ſtar
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright Goddeſs, hail! while we by thee ſurvey
The various errors of our painful way;
While, guided by ſome clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverſe cabals, and winding turns of ſtate,
The ſenate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild deſigns;
Till, getting out where firſt we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.
As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,
As the bleſt ſhore to ſhipwreck'd mariners,
Succeſs to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the ſick, or freedom to the ſlave;
Such was great Cæſar's day! the wondrous day,
That long in Fate's dark boſom hatching lay,
Heaven to abſolve, and ſatisfaction bring,
For twenty years of miſery and ſin!
What ſhouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breaſt, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilſt on his people ſhone
The king triumphant from the martyr's throne!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven!
Under the preſſure of unequal fate,
Of ſo erect a mind, and ſoul ſo great!
So full of meekneſs, and ſo void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive.
All ſtorms compos'd, and tempeſts rage aſleep,
He, halcyon like, ſat brooding o'er the deep.
He ſaw the royal bark ſecurely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;
And he who, when the winds and ſeas were high,
Oppos'd his ſkill, and did their rage defy,
No diminution to his honour thought,
T' enjoy the pleaſure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be ſo the people's ſlave,
As not to ſhare the bleſſings that he gave?)
But not till, full of providential care,
He choſe a pilot in his place to ſteer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in buſineſs grown;
Whoſe confirm'd judgment and ſagacious wit
Knew all the ſands on which raſh monarchs ſplit;
Of riſing winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the ſtorm.
Such was, or ſuch he ſeem'd, whom Cæſar choſe,
And did all empire's cares in him repoſe,
That, after all his toils and dangers paſt,
He might lie down and taſte ſome eaſe at laſt.
Now ſtands the ſtateſman of the helm poſſeſt,
On him alone three mighty nations reſt:
Byrſa * his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And ſkill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muſes' friend;
Him every Muſe in every age had ſung.
His eaſy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of power inſpir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd;
Diſdaining leſs alliances to own,
He now ſets up for kinſman of the throne;
And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with great Cæſar's abſolute command,
On falſe pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave † Britannicus's bed.
Thus rais'd, his inſolence his wit out-vy'd,
And meaneſt avarice maintain'd his pride:
When Cæſar, to confirm his infant ſtate,
Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
By threatening many, but excepting none
That paid the purchaſe of oblivion.
Byrſa his maſter's free-given mercy ſold,
And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold:
That new ſtate-maxim he invented firſt,
(To aged Time's laſt revolution curſt)

* Earl of Clarendon. † Duke of York.

That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
And their beſt friends to beggary expoſe;
For theſe, he ſaid, would ſtill beg on and ſerve;
'Tis the old badge of loyalty to ſtarve:
But harden'd rebels muſt by bribes be won,
And paid for all the mighty ills they've done:
When wealth and honour from their treaſons flow,
How can they chooſe but very loyal grow?
This falſe ungrateful maxim Byrſa taught,
Vaſt ſums of wealth from thriving rebels brought;
Titles and power to thieves and traitors ſold,
Swell'd his ſtretch'd coffers with o'erflowing gold.
Hence all theſe tears—in theſe firſt ſeeds was ſown
His country's following ruin, and his own.
Of that accurſt and ſacrilegious crew,
Which great by merit of rebellion grew,
Had all unactive periſh'd and unknown,
The falſe * Antonius had ſuffic'd alone,
To all ſucceeding ages to proclaim
Of this ſtate principle the guilt and ſhame.
Antonius early in rebellious race
Swiftly ſet out, nor ſlackening in his pace,
The ſame ambition that his youthful heat
Urg'd to all ills, the little daring brat
With unabated ardour does engage,
The loathſome dregs of his decrepit age;
Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
Of ſprightly cunning and malicious wit;
Reſtleſs, projecting ſtill ſome new deſign,
Still drawing round the government his line,
Bold on the walls, or buſy in the mine:
Lewd as the ſtews, but to the blinded eyes
Of the dull crowd as Puritan preciſe;
Before their ſight he draws the juggler's cloud
Of public intereſt, and the people's good.
The working ferment of his active mind,
In his weak body's caſk with pain confin'd,
Would burſt the rotten veſſel where 'tis pent,
But that 'tis tapt to give the treaſon vent.
Such were the men that from the ſtateſman's hand
Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd:
All offices of dignity or power
Theſe ſwarming locuſts greedily devour;
Preferr'd to all the ſecrets of the ſtate,
Theſe ſenſeleſs ſinners in the council ſate,
In their unjuſt deceitful balance laid,
The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.
This wiſe † Loviſius knew, whoſe mighty mind
Had univerſal empire long deſign'd;
And when he all things found were bought and ſold,
Thought nothing there impoſſible to gold:
With mighty ſums, through ſecret channels brought,
On the corrupted counſellors he wrought:
Againſt the neighbouring Belgians they declare
A hazardous and an expenſive war.
Their freſh affronts and matchleſs inſolence
To Cæſar's honour made a fair pretence;
Mere outſide this, but, ruling by his pay,
Cunning Loviſius did this project lay,
By mutual damages to weaken thoſe
Who only could his vaſt deſigns oppoſe.

* Earl of Shaftesbury. † French King.

But Cæſar, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon their bold pretences to the main,
Sent forth his royal brother from his ſide,
To laſh their inſolence, and curb their pride:
Britannicus, by whoſe high virtues grac'd,
The preſent age contends with all the paſt;
Him Heaven a pattern did for heroes form:,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform,
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight,
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight:
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Did equal harveſts of bright glory yield.
No leſs each civil virtue him commends,
The beſt of ſubjects, brothers, maſters, friends;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and conſtant to his friend;
What's well reſolv'd, as bravely he purſues,
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chooſe.
Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
And Virtue came by nature, not by art:
Where glory calls, and Cæſar gives command,
He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand.
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain:
Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
Like doves that the exalted eagle ſpy,
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high:
He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
Above the waves lifting his awful head,
He ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main,
And now returns, the watery empire won,
At Cæſar's feet to lay his trident down.
But who the ſhouts and triumphs can relate
Of the glad iſle that his return did wait?
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand.
A joy too great to be by words expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:
So joy the many, but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view.
The grateful ſenate his high acts confeſs
In a vaſt gift, but than his merit leſs.
Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,
Britannicus! ſhe knows no other name;
The people's darling, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
Shall he, ſhall ever he, who now commands
So many thouſand hearts, and tongues, and hands;
Shall ever he, by ſome ſtrange crime of fate,
Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate?
Who knows? the turns of Fortune who can tell?
Who fix her globe, or ſtop the rolling wheel?
The crowd's a ſea, whoſe wants run high or low,
According as the winds, their leaders, blow.
All calm and ſmooth, till from ſome corner flies
An envious blaſt, that makes the billows riſe:
The blaſt, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
We know not; but where'er it lifts it blows,
Was not of old the Jewiſh rabble's cry
Hoſanna firſt, and after crucify?
Now Byrſa with full orb illuſtrious ſhone,
With beams reflected from his glorious ſon;
All power his own, but what was given to thoſe
That counſellors by him from rebels roſe;

But, rais'd so far, each now disdains a first,
The taste of power does but inflame the thirst.
With envious eyes they Byrsa's glories see,
Nor think they can be great, while less than he.
Envy their cunning sharpen'd, and their wit,
Enough before for treacherous councils fit:
T' accuse him openly not yet they dare,
But subtly by degrees his fall prepare:
They knew by long-experienc'd desert
How near he grew rooted to Cæsar's heart;
To move him hence, requir'd no common skill,
But what is hard to a resolved will?
They found his public actions all conspire,
Wisely apply'd, to favour their desire:
But one they want their venom to suggest,
And make it gently slide to Cæsar's breast:
Who fitter than * Villerius for this part?
And him to gain requir'd but little art,
For mischief was the darling of his heart.
A compound of such parts as never yet
In any one of all God's creatures met:
Not sick men's dreams so various or so wild,
Or of such disagreeing shapes compil'd;
Yet, through all changes of his shifting scene,
Still constant to buffoon and harlequin,
As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old
More foolish, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.
God granted him to play th' eternal fool,
And all he handled turn to ridicule.
Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
And shews, through all disguise, his ass's ears.
Did he the weightiest business of the state
At council or in senate-house debate,
King, country, all, he for a jest would quit,
To catch some little flash of paltry wit:
How full of gravity soe'er he struts,
The ape in robes will scramble for his nuts:
Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
Blaspheme his God, or give his king the lie;
Adultery, murders, or ev'n worse, commit,
Still 'twas a jest, and nothing but sheer wit:
At last this edg'd-tool wit, his darling sport,
Wounded himself, and banish'd him the court:
Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
All his tricks shewn, he was kick'd out of doors.
Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
He still found company to suit his grace;
Mountebanks, quakers, chemists, trading varlets,
Pimps, player's, city sheriffs, and suburb harlots;
War his aversion, once he heard it roar,
But, "Damn him if he ever hear it more!"
And there you may believe him, though he swore.
But with play-houses, wars, immortal wars,
He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a † farce.
As many rolling years he did employ,
And hands almost as many, to destroy
Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.
Once more, says Fame, for battle he prepares,
And threatens rhymers with a second farce:
But, if as long for this as that we stay,
He'll finish Clevedon sooner than his play.
This precious tool did the new statesman use
In Cæsar's breath their whispers to infuse:
Suspicion's bred by gravity, beard, and gown;
But who suspects the madman and buffoon?
Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
And all his jests sober impressions made:
Besides, he knew to choose the softest hour,
When Cæsar for a while forgot his power,
And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.
'Twas then he play'd the fly successful fool,
And serious mischief did in ridicule;
Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
With a grave mien, discourse, and decent state,
He pleasantly the ape could imitate;
And soon as a contempt of him was bred,
It made the way for hatred to succeed.

————Gravities disguise
The greatest jest of all, "he'd needs be wise—"

[*Here the writer left off*]

* Duke of Buckingham. † The Rehearsal.

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

'Twas noon, when I, scorch'd with the double fire
Of the hot sun and my more hot desire,
Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease was laid,
Big with expectance of the lovely maid.
The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in shades of thickest groves is seen;
Such as remains when the sun flies away,
Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modest maids must be allow'd,
Where shame may hope its guilty head to shrowd.
And now my love, Corinna, did appear,
Loose on her neck fell her divided hair,
Loose as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in the air.
In such a garb, with such a grace and mien,
To her rich bed approach'd th' Assyrian queen.
So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece,
With adoration did her charms confess.
Her envious gown to pull away I try'd,
But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the victory.
So I at last an easy conquest had,
Whilst my fair combatant herself betray'd:
But, when she naked stood before my eyes,
Gods! with what charms did she my soul surprise!
What snowy arms did I both see and feel?
With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell!
Plump as ripe clusters rose each glowing breast,
Courting the hand, and sueing to be prest?
In every limb what various charms were spread,
Where thousand little Loves and Graces play'd!
One beauty did through her whole body shine.
I saw, admir'd, and press'd it close to mine.
The rest, who knows not? Thus entranc'd we lay,
Till in each other's arms we dy'd away:
O give me such a noon (ye gods) to every day.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.*

Blush not, my friend, to own the love
Which thy fair captive's eyes do move:
Achilles, once the fierce, the brave,
Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave;
Tecmessa's charms could overpower
Ajax her lord and conqueror;
Great Agamemnon, when success
Did all his arms with conquest bless,
When Hector's fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright captive virgin's eyes
Ev'n in the midst of triumph dies.
You know not to what mighty line
The lovely maid may make you join;
See but the charms her sorrow wears,
No common cause could draw such tears:
Those streams sure that adorn her so
For loss of royal kindred flow:
Oh! think not so divine a thing
Could from the bed of commons spring;
Whose faith could so unmov'd remain,
And so averse to sordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the noblest love disgrace.
Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
Her well-shap'd legs, and all her charms
Of her body and her face,
I, poor I, may safely praise.
Suspect not, Love, the youthful rage
From Horace's declining age;
But think, remov'd by forty years,
All his flames and all thy fears.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

If ever any injur'd power,
By which the false Bariné swore,
False, fair Bariné, on thy head
Had the least mark of vengeance shed;
If but a tooth or nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy perjury,
I should believe thy vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our youth the public care,
Nor half so false as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's sacred urn,
By heaven, and all the stars that shine
Without, and every god within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty vows does smile,
Her nymphs all smile, her little son
Does smile, and to his quiver run;
Does smile, and fall to whet his darts,
To wound for thee fresh lovers hearts.
See all the youth does thee obey;
Thy train of slaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former subjects thee,
Though oft they threaten to be free,
Though oft with vows false as thine are,
Their forsworn mistress they forswear.
Thee every careful mother fears
For her son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal sires, thee the young bride
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
Lest thou detain by stronger charms
Th' expected husband from her arms.

* See another Imitation of this Ode in Yalden's Poems.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

Whilst I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier youth had part,
And, full of more prevailing charms,
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,
I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great monarch of the east.

LYDIA.

Whilst all thy soul with me was fill'd,
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verse and fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
Whose godlike son our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muse
And every Grace adorns, subdues;
For whom I'd gladly die, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calaïs does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire;
For whom I twice would die, to save
His youth more precious from the grave.

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our first fires again should burn;
If Chloe's banish'd, to make way
For the forsaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Though he is shining as a star,
Constant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as cork, rough as the sea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

THE CYCLOPS.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XI.

Inscribed to Dr. Short.

O Short, no herb, no salve was ever found
To ease a lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No medicine this prevailing ill subdues,
None, but the charms of the condoling Muse:
Sweet to the sense, and easy to the mind,
The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.

This you well know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſic's ſacred art excel,
And in Wit's orb among the brighteſt ſhine,
The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus ſweetly ſad of old, the Cyclops ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſy hours of love.
Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
Nor flowers nor fruits ſent to oblige the fair,
Nor more to pleaſe curl'd his neglected hair;
His was all rage, all madneſs; to his mind
No other cares their wonted entrance find.
Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: he on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and ſea;
Accuſing Galatea's cruelty;
Till night, from the firſt dawn of opening day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound:
From a ſteep rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The flood (the bed where his lov'd ſea-nymph lay),
His drooping head with ſorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful ſong.
" Fair Galatea, why is all my pain
" Rewarded thus?—ſoft love with ſharp diſdain?
" Fairer than falling ſnow or riſing light,
" Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
" Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whoſe head
" The tender creſcents but begin to ſpread;
" Yet, cruel, you to harſhneſs more incline,
" Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the ſavage
" vine.
" Soon as my heavy eye-lids ſeal'd with ſleep,
" Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
" But, when ſleep leaves me, you together fly,
" And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening eye,
" Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf
" they ſpy.
" I well remember the firſt fatal day
" That made my heart your beauty's eaſy prey,
" 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,
" Of all its brightneſs, all its pride, bereft,
" To gather flowers from the ſteep mountain's
" top;
" Of the high office proud, I led you up,
" To hyacinths and roſes did you bring,
" And ſhew'd you all the treaſures of the ſpring.
" But from that hour my ſoul has known no reſt,
" Soft peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd breaſt:
" I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
" Not the leaſt ſign of melting pity ſhew:
" No; by the gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
" No; you, the more I love, the more diſdain.
" Ah! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know
" Why you deſpiſe and fly the Cyclops ſo;
" Becauſe a ſhaggy brow from ſide to ſide,
" Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide;
" And under that one only eye does ſhine,
" And my flat noſe to my big lips does join.
" Such though I am, yet know, a thouſand ſheep,
" The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep;
" With ſweeteſt milk they fill my flowing pails,
" And my vaſt ſtock of cheeſes never fails;
" In ſummer's heat, or winter's ſharpeſt cold,
" My loaded ſhelves groan with the weight they
" hold.
" With ſuch ſoft notes I the ſhrill pipe inſpire,
" That every liſtening Cyclops does admire;
" While with it often I all night proclaim
" Thy powerful charms, and my ſucceſsful flame.
" For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed;
" And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
" Ah! come to me, fair nymph! and you ſhall
" find
" Theſe are the ſmalleſt gifts for thee deſign'd.
" Ah! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,
" And break themſelves againſt the ſounding
" ſhore.
" How much more pleaſant would thy ſlumbers
" In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me:
" There the ſtraight cypreſs and green laurel join,
" And creeping ivy claſps the cluſter'd vine;
" There freſh, cool rills, from Ætna's pureſt ſnow,
" Diſſolv'd into ambrefial liquor, flow.
" Who the wild waves and blackiſh ſea could
" chooſe,
" And theſe ſtill ſhades and theſe ſweet ſtreams
" But if you fear that I, o'ergrown with hair,
" Without a fire defy the winter air,
" Know I have mighty ſtores of wood, and know
" Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.
" My ſoul, my life itſelf ſhould burn for thee,
" And this one eye, as dear as life to me.
" Why was not I with fins, like fiſhes, made,
" That I, like them, might in the deep have
" play'd?
" Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,
" And kiſs your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
" To thee I'd lilies and red poppies bear,
" And flowers that crown each ſeaſon of the year.
" But I'm reſolv'd I'll learn to ſwim and dive
" Of the next ſtranger that does here arrive,
" That th' undiſcover'd pleaſures I may know
" Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.
" Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth for-
" get,
" Like me that on this rock unmindful ſit
" (Of all things elſe unmindful but of thee),
" Home to return forget, and live with me.
" With me the ſweet and pleaſing labour chooſe,
" To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd
" ewes,
" To preſs the cheeſe, and the ſharp runnet to
" My mother does unkindly uſe her ſon,
" By her neglect the Cyclops is undone;
" For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
" Nor whiſpers in your ear my amorous tale.
" No; though ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
" And ſees my body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
" But I more ills than what I feel will feign,
" And of my head and of my feet complain;
" That, in her breaſt if any pity lie,
" She may be ſad, and griev'd, as well as I
" O Cyclops, Cyclops, where's thy reaſon fled,
" If your young lambs with new-pluck'd boughs
" you fed,

' And watch'd your flock, would you not feem
" more wife;
" Milk what is next, purfue not that which flies.
" Perhaps you may, fince this proves fo unkind,
" Another fairer Galatea find.
" Me many virgins as I pafs invite
" To waſte with them in love's ſoft ſports the
" night;
" And, if I but incline my liſtening ear,
" New joys, new ſmiles, in all their looks appear.
" Thus we, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and we,
" It ſeems, are ſomebody as well as ſhe!"
Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
And ſooth'd with gentle verſe his fierce deſire;
Thus paſs'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
Than if the riches of the world were his.

TO CÆLIA.

Fly ſwift, ye hours; ye ſluggiſh minutes, fly;
Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
Make haſte, O ſun, and to my eyes once more,
My Cælia brighter than thyſelf reſtore.
In ſpite of thee, 'tis night when ſhe's away,
Her eyes alone can the glad beams diſplay,
That make my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe liſt up her ſacred light,
And chace away the flying ſhades of night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on!
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone!
So ſlowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
So ſwift when borne upon the wings of love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt;
Yet 'tis an age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O, my auſpicious ſtar, make haſte to riſe,
To charm our hearts, and bleſs our longing eyes!
O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty ſoul does long
To hear the charming muſic of thy tongue!
Where pointed wit with ſolid judgment grows,
And in one eaſy ſtream united flows.
Whene'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every ſoul to every ear!
Nature's too prodigal to womankind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t'adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
But, oh! when wit and ſenſe with beauty's join'd,
The woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind;
When nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix,
The moſt engaging charms of either ſex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not human but divine,
What's her command, but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
Where nature bids, worſhip I'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the liberty to diſobey;
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a poet make,
She gives him verſe but for thy beauty's ſake.
Had I a pen that could at once impart
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
Then the immortal Sachariſſa's name
Should be but fecond in the liſt of fame;
Each grove, each ſhade, ſhould with thy praiſe be
fill'd,
And the fam'd Penſhurſt to our Windſor yield.

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

Thou equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'ſt a crown ſit ſoft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greateſs virtue takes her ſeat,
Meekneſs with power, and piety with ſtate;
Whoſe goodneſs might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,
Win the ſeditious, and the ſavage tame;
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt mercy bring,
And only uſeleſs is on ſuch a king!
See, mighty princeſs, ſee how every breaſt
With joy and wonder is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the joy which the firſt mortals knew,
When gods deſcended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe powers they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could ſhed more bleſſings on the earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds diſdain,
To make reception for ſo great a train:
Here may your ſacred breaſt rejoice to ſee
Your own age ſtrive with ancient piety;
Soon now, ſince bleſt by your auſpicious eyes,
To full perfection ſhall our fabric riſe.
Leſs powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing ſtones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name ſhall
grow.

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL,

Upon the Death of Her Grace Mary Ducheſs of Southampton, 1780.

DAMON.

Tell me, my Thyrſis, tell thy Damon, why
Does my lov'd ſwain in this ſad poſture lie?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine
eyes,
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln boſom riſe?
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced
ground?
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?
Thyrsis. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for
now he may:
Have thy lambs ſtray'd? let them for ever ſtray;

Dorinda frown'd? No, she is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:
Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely maid
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then, shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
As long as thou art true, and she is kind,
A grief so great, as may prevail above
Ev'n Damon's friendship, or Dorinda's love?
DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon, there may be.
What if the charming Floriana die? [true?
DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But suppose it
DAM. Then should I grieve, my Thyrsis, more than you.
She is—THYR. Alas! she was, but is no more:
Now, Damon, now, let thy swoln eyes run o'er:
Here to this turf by thy sad Thyrsis grow,
And, when my streams of grief too shallow flow,
Let in thy tide to raise the torrent high,
Till both a deluge make, and in it die.
DAM. Then, that to this wish'd height the flood might swell, [will tell,
Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee
How young, how good, how beautiful she fell.
Oh! she was all for which fond mothers pray,
Blessing their babes when first they see the day.
Beauty and she were one, for in her face
Sat sweetness temper'd with majestic grace;
Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal law.
How was she wonder'd at by every swain!
The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain!
On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast
Diffusive of herself, where'er she past,
There breath'd an air sweet as the winds that blow
From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow:
Ev'n me sometimes she with a smile would grace,
Like the sun shining on the vilest place.
Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
Of feasting on her eyes my longing sight:
But to a being so sublime, so pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my love secure.
DAM. Her beauty such: but Nature did design
That only as an answerable shrine
To the divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her soul shin'd through, and made her form so bright,
As clouds are gilt by the sun's piercing light.
In her smooth forehead we might read express
The even calmness of her gentle breast:
And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body or the face
Was but the shadow of some inward grace.
Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free, and unconfin'd,
As innocence could make it, was her mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
Like those who, being dull, would grave appear;
Who out of guilt do cheerfulness despise,
And, being sullen, hope men think them wise.
How would the listening shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!
She all with her own spirit and soul inspir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Ev'n mighty Pan, whose powerful hand sustains
The sovereign crook that mildly awes the plains,
Of all his cares made her the tendereſt part,
And great Louisa lodg'd her in her heart.
THYR. Who would not now a solemn mourning keep,
When Pan himself and fair Louisa weep?
When those blest eyes, by the kind gods design'd
To cherish nature, and delight mankind,
All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler showers
Than April-drops upon the springing flowers?
Such tears as Venus for Adonis shed,
When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Unbirt her Cestos, and unyok'd her doves.
DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louisa come,
And visit gentle Floriana's tomb;
And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
Where no unhallow'd feet profane the ground,
With your chaste hands fresh flowers and odours shed
About her last obscure and silent bed;
Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
"Soft be her pillow, and her slumber sweet!"
THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely train
As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
Louisa, mournful far above the rest,
In all the charms of beauteous sorrow dress;
Just are her tears, when she reflects how soon
A beauty, second only to her own,
Flourish'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone!
DAM. O, she is gone! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd some virgin queen's delicious bower;
Torn from the stalk by some untimely blast,
And 'mong'st the vilest weeds and rubbish cast:
Yet flowers return, and coming springs disclose
The lily whiter, and more fresh the rose;
But no kind season back her charms can bring,
And Floriana has no second spring.
THYR. O, she is set: set like the falling sun;
Darkness is round us, and glad day is gone!
Alas! the sun that's set, again will rise,
And gild with richer beams the morning skies;
But beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
When its short glory to the West declines,
O, there's no hope of the returning light;
But all is long oblivion, and eternal night!

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL *.

I THOUGHT, forgive my sin, the boasted fire
Of poets' souls did long ago expire;
Of folly or of madness did accuse [Muse;
The wretch that thought himself possest with

* Dryden published it without his name.

Laugh'd at the god within, that did inſpire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful choir;
But ſure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
Of rhymers ſlumbering by the Muſes' ſtream.
Some livelier ſpark of heaven, and more refin'd
From earthy droſs, fills the great Poet's mind:
Witneſs theſe mighty and immortal lines,
Through each of which th' informing genius ſhines:
Scarce a diviner flame inſpir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing:
Not David's ſelf could in a nobler verſe
His glorioufly offending Son rehearſe;
Though in his breaſt the Prophet's fury met,
The Father's fondneſs, and the Poet's wit.
Here all conſent in wonder and in praiſe,
And to the UNKNOWN POET altars raiſe:
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy
As when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs, and unſeen
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of fame,
Nor want'ſt new glories to exalt thy name:
What father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as godlike Abſalom?

EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE MARRIAGE OF

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

" Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena,
" Arma virumque cano."

I, he, who ſung of humble Oates before,
Now ſing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

GODDESS of Rhyme, that didſt inſpire
The Captain with poetic fire,
Adding freſh laurels to that brow
Where thoſe of victory did grow,
And ſtatelier ornaments may flouriſh now!
If thou art well recovered ſince
" The Excommunicated Prince *;"
For that important tragedy
Would have kill'd any Muſe but thee;
Hither with ſpeed, Oh! hither move;
Pull buſkins off, and, ſince to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.
See where he comes, and by his ſide
His charming fair angelic bride:
Such, or leſs lovely, was the dame
So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
With whom of old Tully did join
Then when his art did undermine
The horrid Popiſh plot of Catiline.
Oh faireſt nymph of all Great Britain!
(Though thee my eyes I never ſet on)

Bluſh not on thy great lord to ſmile,
The ſecond ſaviour of our iſle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage bed:
For know that thy all-daring Will is
As ſtout a hero as Achilles;
And as great things for thee has done,
As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun,
And is himſelf a whole romance alone.
Let conſcious Flanders ſpeak, and be
The witneſs of his chivalry.
Yet that's not all, his very word
Has ſlain as many as his ſword:
Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And ſave the pains of drawing ſteel.
This hero thy reſiſtleſs charms
Have won to fly into thy arms;
For think not any mean deſign,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breaſt control'd,
Or make him be a ſlave to gold;
His love's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty.
Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wiſhing eyes,
Kiſs that dear face, where may be ſeen
His worth and parts that ſkulk within;
That face, that juſtly ſtyl'd may be
As true a diſcoverer as he.
Think not he ever falſe will prove,
His well known truth ſecures his love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have reſpite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shows plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.
But to his bed be ſure be true
As he to all the world and you,
He all your plots will elſe betray
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all deſigns, you know, has ſound,
Though hatch'd in hell or under ground;
Oft to the world ſuch ſecrets ſhew
As ſcarce the plotters themſelves knew;
Yet, if by chance you hap to ſin, [in,
And Love, while Honour's napping, ſhould creep
Yet be diſcreet, and do not boaſt
O' th' treaſon by the common poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him love on;
All virtue's in diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a patriot as he;
And when, as now in Chriſtmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,
Another Popiſh pack comes out
To pleaſe the cits, and charm the rout:
Though, mighty queen, ſhalt a whole ſuit command,
A crown upon thy head, and ſceptre in thy hand!

* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE

LADY ANNE.

'Twas Love conducted through the British main,
On a more high design the royal Dane,
Than when of old with an invading hand
His fierce forefathers came to spoil the land:
And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
A braver conquest and a richer prey.
For battles won, and countries sav'd renown'd,
Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,
From fields with slaughter strew'd, the hero came,
His arms neglected, to pursue his flame.
Like Mars returning from the noble chace
Of flying nations through the plains of Thrace,
When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with spoils,
He meets the goddess that rewards his toils!
But, oh! what transports did his heart invade
When first he saw the lovely, royal maid!
Fame, that so high did her perfections raise,
Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praise!
All that could noblest minds to love engage,
Or into softness melt the soldier's rage,
All that could spread abroad resistless fire,
And eager wishes raise, and fierce desire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
All native beauty drest by every grace
Of sweetest youth sat shining in her face!
Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?
Where now the spirit that aw'd the lifted field;
Created to command, untaught to yield?
It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle sway,
And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
See at thy feet, illustrious princess, thrown
All the rich spoils the mighty hero won!
His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
And all his conquests are outdone by you:
Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
A tribute fit for those victorious eyes!
Ah! generous maid, pass not relentless by,
Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!
Though unexperienc'd youth fond scruples move,
And blushes rise but at the name of love;
Though over all thy thoughts and every sense
The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;
Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
Respect for valour in thy breast does glow;
'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
To smile on virtue and heroic worth,
Love, in such noble seeds of honour sown,
The chastest virgin need not blush to own.
Whom would thy royal father sooner find,
In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
Than him, whom such exalted virtues crown,
That he might think them copy'd from his own?
Who to the field equal desires did bring,
Love to his brother, service to his king.
Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
Rescued at once, and back in triumph led,
Forcing his passage through the slaughter'd Swede.
Such virtue him to thy great sire commends,
The best of princes, subjects, brothers, friends!
The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
What can such charms resist? The royal maid,
Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
But love, still growing as her fears decay,
Consents at last, and gives her heart away.
Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
And with glad shouts the streets and palace sound!
Illustrious pair! see what a general joy
Does the whole land's united voice employ!
From you they omens take of happier years,
Recall lost hopes, and banish all their fears:
Let boding planets threaten from above,
And sullen Saturn join with angry Jove:
Your more auspicious flames, that here unite,
Vanquish the malice of their mingled light!
Heaven of its bounties now shall lavish grow,
And in full tides unenvy'd blessings flow!
The shaken throne more surely fix'd shall stand,
And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land!
At your bless union civil discords cease,
Confusion turns to order, rage to peace!
So, when at first in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with cold, and moist with dry did fight,
Love did the warring seeds to union bring,
And over all things stretch'd his peaceful wing,
The jarring elements no longer strove, [Love!
And a world started forth, the beauteous work of

ON THE

DEATH OF KING CHARLES II.

AND THE

INAUGURATION OF KING JAMES II.

If the indulgent Muse (the only cure
For all the ills afflicted minds endure,
That sweetens sorrow, and makes sadness please,
And heals the heart by telling its disease)
Vouchsafe her aid, we also will presume
With humble verse t' approach the sacred tomb;
There flowing streams of pious tears will shed,
Sweet incense burn, fresh flowers and odours spread,
Our last sad offerings to the royal dead!
Dead is the king, who all our lives did bless!
Our strength in war, and our delight in peace!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given!
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven?
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind and soul so great!
So full of meekness and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's highest tide!
His kindly beams on the ungrateful soil
Of this rebellious, stubborn, murmuring isle

Hatch'd plenty; eaſe and riches did beſtow,
And made the land with milk and honey flow!
Leſs bleſt was Rome when mild Auguſtus ſway'd,
And the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
Mercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative!
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive!
Who lives, but felt his influence, and did ſhare
His boundleſs goodneſs and paternal care?
And, whilſt with all th' endearing arts he ſtrove
On every ſubject's heart to ſeal his love,
What breaſt ſo heard, what heart of human make,
But, ſoftening, did the kind impreſſion take?
Belov'd and loving! with ſuch virtues grac'd,
As might on common heads a crown have plac'd!
How ſkill'd in all the myſteries of ſtate!
How fitting to ſuſtain an empire's weight!
How quick to know! how ready to adviſe!
How timely to prevent! how more than ſenates wiſe!
His words how charming, affable, and ſweet!
How juſt his cenſure! and how ſharp his wit!
How did his charming converſation pleaſe
The bleſt attenders on his hours of eaſe;
When graciouſly he deign'd to condeſcend,
Pleas'd to exalt a ſubject to a friend!
To the moſt low how eaſy of acceſs!
Willing to hear, and longing to redreſs!
His mercy knew no bounds of time or place,
His reign was one continued act of grace!
Good Titus could, but Charles could never ſay,
Of all his royal life, "he loſt a day."
Excellent prince! O once our joy and care,
Now our eternal grief and deep deſpair!
O father! or if aught than father's more,
How ſhall thy children their ſad loſs deplore?
How grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
The mournful ſtory of their ſovereign's fall?
Oh! who that ſcene of ſorrow can diſplay;
When, waiting death, the fearleſs monarch lay!
Though great the pain and anguiſh that he bore,
His friends' and ſubjects' grief afflict him more!
Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
But ſinks and faints to ſee a brother's tears!
The mighty grief, that ſwell'd his royal breaſt,
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words expreſt!
Cried for himſelf! for grief for Charles is vain,
Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
Welcom'd by all kind ſpirits and ſaints above,
Who ſee themſelves in him, and their own likeneſs love!
What godlike virtues muſt that prince adorn,
Who can ſo pleaſe, while ſuch a prince we mourn!
Who elſe, but that great He, who now commands
Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,
Could ſo the love of a whole people gain,
After ſo excellent a monarch's reign!
Mean Virtues after Tyrants may ſucceed
And pleaſe; but after Charles a James we need!
This, this he, by whoſe high actions grac'd
The preſent age contends with all the paſt:
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform:
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight!
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight.
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Do equal harveſts of bright glory yield!
Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
He did aſſert the empire of the ſea?
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain;
Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
Like doves, that the exalted eagle ſpy
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high.
He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
And ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main!
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand;
So joy the many: but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view:
A joy, too great to be by voice expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:
They ſaw him deſtin'd for ſome greater day,
And in his looks the omens read of his imperial ſway!
Nor do his civil virtues leſs appear,
To perfect the illuſtrious character;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
What's well reſolv'd, as firmly he purſues;
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chooſe!
Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
And virtue came by nature, not by art.
Albion! forget thy ſorrows, and adore
That prince, who all the bleſſings does reſtore,
That Charles, the ſaint, made thee enjoy before!
'Tis done; with turrets crown'd, I ſee her riſe,
And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

PROLOGUE

TO

N. LEE's LUSIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

Long has the tribe of poets on the ſtage
Groan'd under perſecuting critics' rage,
But with the ſound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
The little ſtinging inſects ſwarm the more,
Their buzzing greater than it was before.
But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do ſeduce,
And with your malice poiſon half the houſe;
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary ſway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chooſe,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muſe;
Women, for ends of government more fit,
Women ſhall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit.
Find me one man of ſenſe in all your roll,
Whom ſome one woman has not made a fool,
Ev'n buſineſs, that intolerable load
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,

Much better they could manage would they pleaſe;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of eaſe.
For, ſpite of art, more wit in them appears,
Though we boaſt ours, and they diſſemble theirs;
Wit once was ours, and ſhot up for a while,
Set ſhallow in a hot and barren ſoil;
But when tranſplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found.
And 'tis but juſt they ſhould our wit invade,
Whilſt we ſet up their painting patching trade;
As for our courage, to our ſhame 'tis known,
As they can raiſe it, they can pull it down.
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith! let them make an anti-ſalick law;
Preſcribe to all Mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

Oh! whither do ye ruſh, and thus prepare
To rouze again the ſleeping war?
Has then ſo little Engliſh blood been ſpilt
On ſea and land with equal guilt?
Not that again we might our arms advance,
To check the inſolent pride of France;
Not that once more we might in fetters bring
An humble captive Gallic king?
But, to the wiſh of the inſulting Gaul,
That we by our own hands ſhould fall.
Nor wolves nor lions bear ſo fierce a mind;
They hurt not their own ſavage kind:
Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and ſtrong,
Or guilt, yet ſtronger, drives you on?
Anſwer! but none can anſwer; mute and pale
They ſtand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
'Tis ſo! heaven's juſtice threatens us from high;
And a king's death from earth does cry;
E'er ſince the martyr's innocent blood was ſhed,
Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our children's head.

TO MR. CREECH.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

What to begin would have been madneſs thought,
Exceeds our praiſe when to perfection brought;
Who could believe Lucretius' lofty ſong
Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue?
Of all the ſuitors to immortal fame,
That by tranſlations ſtrove to raiſe a name,
This was the teſt, this the Ulyſſes' bow,
Too tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himſelf of the hard taſk complains,
To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains;
Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
To hold in bonds, ſo eaſy yet ſo ſtrong,
The Greek philoſophy and Latin ſong.
If then he boaſts that round his ſacred head
Freſh garlands grow, and branching laurels ſpread,
Such as not all the mighty Nine before
E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore;
What laurels ſhould be thine, what crowns thy due,
What garlands, mighty Poet, ſhould be grac'd by you!
Though deep, though wondrous deep, his ſenſe does flow,
Thy ſhining ſtyle does all its riches ſhew;
So clear the ſtream, that through it we deſcry
All the bright gems that at the bottom lie;
Here you the troublers of your peace remove,
Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love;
Here we are taught how firſt our race begun,
And by what ſteps our fathers climb'd to man;
To man as now he is—with knowledge fill'd,
In arts of peace and war, in manners ſkill'd,
Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field!
Nature's firſt ſtate, which, well tranſpos'd and own'd
(For owners in all ages have been found),
Has made a * modern wit ſo much renown'd,
When thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was ſung a thouſand years before.
Thou only for this noble taſk wert fit,
To ſhame thy age to a juſt ſenſe of wit,
By ſhewing how the learned Romans writ.
To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
And not turn wits who were for porters made;
But quit falſe claims to the poetic rage,
For ſquibs and crackers, and a Smithfield ſtage.
Had Providence e'er meant that, in deſpite
Of art and nature, ſuch dull clods ſhould write,
Bavius and Mævius had been ſav'd by Fate
For Settle and for Shadwell to tranſlate,
As it ſo many ages has for thee
Preſerv'd the mighty work that now we ſee.

VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

The Argument.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds, at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis, who is ſuppoſed by the beſt critics to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death; Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole Eclogue conſiſting of an Elegy, and an Apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

Mopsus, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret ſhade,
By elms and hazels mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your age commands reſpect; and I obey.
Whether you in this lonely copſe will ſtay,
Where weſtern winds the bending branches ſhake,
And in their play the ſhades uncertain make:
Or whether to that ſilent cave you go,
The better choice! ſee how the wild vines grow

* Hobbes.

Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
And in the cave their purple clusters shed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful flame
Of dying Phyllis, whether Aleon's fame,
Or Cordrus' brawls, thy willing Muse provoke;
Begin; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad song repeat,
That on the beech's bark I lately writ,
And set to sweetest notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you, Amyntas, sing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the most humble shrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous blushes of the rose,
Or bending osiers to the olive tree;
So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this discourse here put an end,
This is the cave; sit, and my verse attend.

MOPSUS.

When the sad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
The pitying nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.
Witness, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
Witness, ye floods, swoln with their weeping eyes.
The mournful mother (on his body cast)
The sad remains of her cold son embrac'd,
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
The cruel gods and cruel stars accus'd.
Then did no swain mind how his flock did thrive,
Nor thirsty herds to the cold river drive;
The generous horse turn'd from fresh streams his head,
And on the sweetest grass refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death ev'n fiercest lions mourn'd,
And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceness broke,
And brought them willing to the sacred yoke:
Daphnis to Bacchus' worship did ordain
The revels of his consecrated train;
The reeling priests with vines and ivy crown'd,
And their long spears with cluster'd branches bound.
As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn;
Such grace, such ornament, wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: since thy sad fall
No more Apollo his glad presence yields,
And Pales' self forsakes her hated fields.
Oft where the finest barley we did sow,
Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow;
And where soft violets did the vales adorn,
The thistle rises, and the prickly thorn.
Come, shepherds, strow with flowers the hallow'd ground,
The sacred fountains with thick boughs surround;
Daphnis these rites requires; to Daphnis praise,
Shepherds, a tomb with this inscription raise—

"Here fam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie;
"Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair
"was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd ears
Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful verse,
As to tir'd swains soft slumbers on the grass;
As freshest springs that through green meadows pass,
To one that parch'd with thirst and summer's heat.
In thee thy master does his equal meet:
Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
Bleſt swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will sing:
I too thy Daphnis to the stars will bring,
I too thy Daphnis to the stars, with you,
Will raise; for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more desire?
For neither can there be a subject higher,
Nor, if the praise of Stimichon be true,
Can it be better sung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious shew,
Through heaven's bright pavement does triumphant go,
And sees the moving clouds, and the fix'd stars [below
Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,
Pan and the Dryads, and the cheerful swains:
The wolf no ambush for the flock does lay,
No cheating nets the harmless deer betray,
Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature does obey.
Hark! the glad mountains raise to heaven their voice!
Hark! the hard rocks in mystic tunes rejoice!
Hark! through the thickets wondrous songs resound,
A God! A God! Menalcas, he is crown'd!
O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hollow'd altars we design,
To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raise,
To pay the yearly tribute of our praise:
Sacred to thee, they each returning year
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear:
Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise
Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raise,
Rich Chian wines shall in full goblets flow,
And give a taste of Nectar here below.
Damætas shall with Lictian Ægon join,
To celebrate with songs the rites divine.
Alphisibœus with a reeling gait
Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.
When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,
When we with solemn rites our fields survey,
These honours ever shall be thine: the boar
Shall in the fields and hills delight no more;
No more in streams the fish, in flowers the bee,
Ere, Daphnis, we forget our songs to thee:
Offerings to thee the shepherds every year
Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear:
To thee, as to those Gods, shall vows be made,
And vengeance wait on those by whom they are not paid.

MOPSUS.

What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find?
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind
So much delight my ear, or charm my mind;
Not ſounding ſhores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor rivers that through ſtony vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this pipe ſhall take; and 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor Corydon's * unhappy flame;
The ſame that taught me Melibœus' † ſheep.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this ſheephook keep,
Adorn'd with braſs, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:
And who could think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

TO MR. WALLER,

Upon the Copy of Verſes made by himſelf on the loſt Copy in his Book §.

When ſhame, for all my fooliſh youth had writ,
Adviſ'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,
Time to grow wiſe, and be no more a wit—
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,
Have been the theme of thy immortal ſong:
A nobler argument at laſt thy Muſe,
Two things divine, Thee and Herſelf, does chooſe.
Age, whoſe dull weight makes vulgar ſpirits bend,
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward tend:
No more confin'd, above the ſtarry ſkies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
But, oh! vouchſafe, not wholly to retire,
To join with and complete th' etherial choir!
Still here remain; ſtill on the threſhold ſtand;
Still at this diſtance view the promis'd land;
Though thou may'ſt ſeem, ſo heavenly is thy ſenſe,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A SONG.

I.

After the fierceſt pangs of hot deſire,
Between Panthea's riſing breaſts
His bending breaſt Philander reſts;
Though vanquiſh'd, yet unknowing to retire:
Cloſe hugs the charmer, and aſham'd to yield,
Though he has loſt the day, yet keeps the field.

II.

When, with a ſigh, the fair Panthea ſaid,
What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
The nobleſt warriors ſooneſt fall!
Then with a kiſs ſhe gently rear'd his head,
Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly ſhe
More lov'd the combat than the victory.

III.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his ſtrength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the war;
Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore:
Ev'n her ſuch wondrous courage did ſurpriſe;
She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

A SONG.

I.

Through mournful ſhades, and ſolitary groves,
Fann'd with the ſighs of unſucceſsful loves,
Wild with deſpair, young Thyrſis ſtrays,
Thinks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,
Thinks he now ſees her in another's arms;
Then at ſome willow's root himſelf he lays,
The loveliеſt, moſt unhappy ſwain;
And thus to the wild woods he does complain:

II.

How art thou chang'd, O Thyrſis, ſince the time
When thou could'ſt love and hope without a crime;
When Nature's pride and Earth's delight,
As through her ſhady evening grove ſhe paſt,
And a new day did all around her caſt,
Could ſee, nor be offended at the ſight,
The melting, ſighing, wiſhing ſwain,
That now muſt never hope to wiſh again!

III.

Riches and titles! why ſhould they prevail,
Where duty, love, and adoration, fail?
Lovely Amyra, ſhouldſt thou prize
The empty noiſe that a fine title makes;
Or the vile traſh that with the vulgar takes,
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor ſwain
Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the ſlain.

A SONG.

I.

See what a conqueſt love has made!
Beneath the myrtle's amorous ſhade
The charming fair Corinna lies
All melting in deſire,
Quenching in tears thoſe flowing eyes
That ſet the world on fire!

II.

What cannot tears and beauty do?
The youth by chance ſtood by, and knew
For whom thoſe cryſtal ſtreams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
To her eyes brighteſt rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

III.

So when the heavens ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy light appear,
Each craggy rock, and every ſtone,
Their native rigour keep;
But when in rain the clouds fall down,
The hardeſt marble weep.

* Virg. Ecl. ii. † Ecl. iii.
§ See Waller's Poems.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

Simon's Critical Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament.

What ſenſeleſs loads have over-charg'd the preſs,
Of French impertinence, in Engliſh dreſs!
How many dull trauſlators every day
Bring new ſupplies of novel, farce, or play!
Like damn'd French penſioners, with foreign aid
Their native land with nonſenſe to invade,
Till we're o'er-run more with the wit of France,
Her nauſeous wit, than with her Proteſtants.
But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more
Than all their traſh hath plagu'd the town before:
With various learning, knowledge, ſtrength of thought,
Order and art, and ſolid judgment fraught;
No leſs a piece than this could make amends
For all the trumpery France amongſt us ſends.
Nor let ill-grounded ſuperſtitious fear
Fright any but the fools from reading here.
The ſacred oracles may well endure
Th' exacteſt ſearch, of their own truth ſecure;
Though at this piece ſome noiſy zealots bawl,
And to their aid a numerous faction call
With ſtretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
Yet wiſer heads will think ſo firm it ſtands,
That, were it ſhook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, 1679.

And will our Maſter Poet then admit
A young beginner in the trade of wit,
To bring a plain and ruſtic Muſe, to wait
On his in all her glorious pomp and ſtate?
Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
Add any luſtre to ſo bright a fame?
No! ſooner planets to the ſun may give
That light which they themſelves from him derive.
Nor could my ſickly fancy entertain
A thought ſo fooliſh, or a pride ſo vain. [go,
But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs
The meaneſt wretch that gazes at the ſhow,
Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
Has leave his tongue in praiſes to employ
(Th' accepted language of officious joy):
So I in loud applauſes may reveal
To you, great King of Verſe, my loyal zeal,
May tell with what majeſtic grace and mien
Your Muſe diſplays herſelf in every ſcene;
In what rich robes ſhe has fair Creſſid dreſt,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breaſt.
How when thoſe fading eyes her aid implor'd,
She all their ſparkling luſtre has reſtor'd,
Added more charms, freſh beauties on them ſhed,
And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.
How nobly ſhe the royal brothers draws;
How great their quarrel, and how great their cauſe!
How juſtly rais'd! and by what juſt degrees,
In a ſweet calm does the rough tempeſt ceaſe!
Envy not now "the God-like Roman's rage;"
Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the ſtage.
Shakeſpeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy firſt told,
But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
A dark and undigeſted heap it lay,
Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,
But you did firſt the cheerful light diſplay.
Confus'd it was as Epicurus' world
Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
But you have made ſuch order through it ſhine
As loudly ſpeaks the workmanſhip divine.
Boaſt then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,
That make thee ſung by three ſuch mighty names.
Had Ilium ſtood, Homer had ne'er been read,
Nor the ſweet Mantuan ſwan his wings diſplay'd,
Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
Thy matchleſs ſkill in this great ſubject ſhown,
Not Priam's ſelf, nor all the Trojan ſtate,
Was worth the ſaving at ſo dear a rate.
But they now flouriſh, by you mighty three,
In verſe more laſting than their walls could be:
Which never, never ſhall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never till, our great Charles being ſung by you,
Old Troy ſhall grow leſs famous than the New.

PARIS TO HELEN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

The Argument.

Paris, having ſailed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promiſed him as the reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's huſband; but he, being called away to Crete, to take poſſeſſion of what was left him by his grand-father Atreus, commends his gueſt to the care of his wife. In his abſence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epiſtle.

All health, fair nymph, thy Paris ſends to thee,
Though you, and only you, can give it me.
Shall I then ſpeak? or is it needleſs grown
To tell a paſſion that itſelf has ſhown?
Does not my love itſelf too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it ſtill in ſecret lie,
Till Time with our kind wiſhes ſhall comply;
Till all our joys may to us come ſincere,
Nor loſe their price by the allay of fear!
In vain I ſtrive; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itſelf by its own light reveal?
But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd ſo long,

I love; you've there the word that does impart
The trueſt meſſage from my bleeding heart:
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confeſs
To you, my fair phyſician, my diſeaſe,
And with ſuch looks this ſuppliant paper grace
As beſt become the beauties of that face.
May that ſmooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair,
Some pleaſure 'tis to think theſe lines ſhall find
An entertainment at your hands ſo kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain:
For know, leſt you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither ſend.
None of the meaneſt of the powers divine,
That firſt inſpir'd, ſtill favours my deſign.
Great is the prize I ſeek, I muſt confeſs,
But neither is my due or merit leſs:
Venus has promis'd ſhe would you aſſign,
Fair as herſelf, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithleſs ſea.
She, with a kind and an auſpicious gale,
Drove the good ſhip, and ſtretch'd out every ſail:
For ſhe, who ſprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may ſhe keep it! and as ſhe with eaſe
Allays the wrath of the moſt angry ſeas,
So may ſhe give my ſtormy mind ſome reſt,
And calm the raging tempeſt of my breaſt,
And bring home all my ſighs and all my vows
To their wiſh'd harbour and deſir'd repoſe!
Hither my flames I brought, not found them here;
I my whole courſe by their kind light did ſteer:
For I by no miſtake or ſtorm was toſt
Againſt my will upon this happy coaſt.
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like ſordid fools, for gain.
No; may the gods preſerve my preſent ſtore,
And only give me you to make it more!
Nor to admire the place came I ſo far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I ſeek, to me from Venus due;
You were my wiſh, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object ſaw.
Nor wonder that, with the ſwift winged dart,
At ſuch a diſtance you could wound my heart:
So Fate ordain'd; and leſt you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the truth I ſhall relate.
Now in my mother's womb ſhut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When ſhe in a myſterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold;
Frighted ſhe riſes, and her viſion ſhe
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he;
They ſing that I all Troy ſhould ſet on fire:
But ſure Fate meant the flames of my deſire.
For fear of this, among the ſwains expos'd,
My native greatneſs every thing diſclos'd.
Beauty, and ſtrength, and courage, join'd in one,
Through all diſguiſe, ſpoke me a monarch's ſon.

A place there is in Ida's thickeſt grove,
With oaks and fir-trees ſhaded all above,
The graſs here grows untouch'd by bleeting flocks
Or mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
From hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and pride,
Leaning againſt an aged oak, I ſpy'd.
When ſtraight methought I heard the trembling ground
With the ſtrange noiſe of trampling feet reſound.
In the ſame inſtant Jove's great meſſenger,
On all his wings borne through the yielding air,
Lighting before my wondering eyes did ſtand,
His golden rod ſhone in his ſacred hand:
With him three charming goddeſſes there came,
Juno, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
With an unuſual fear I ſtood amaz'd,
Till thus the god my ſinking courage rais'd;
"Fear not; thou art Jove's ſubſtitute below,
"The prize of heavenly beauty to beſtow;
"Contending goddeſſes appeal to you,
"Decide their ſtrife." He ſpake, and up he flew.
Then, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
And every one with curious eyes ſurvey:
Each of them merited the victory,
And I their doubtful judge was griev'd to ſee,
That one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three.
But yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,
And with more powerful charms my heart aſſail'd:
Ah! would you know who thus my breaſt could move?
Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
With mighty bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,
Juno will empires, Pallas valour give,
Whilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
Empire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of war:
But Venus gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake:
"They're dangerous gifts: O do not, do not take!
"I'll make thee Love's immortal pleaſures know,
"And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
"For, if you judge the conqueſt to be mine,
"Fair Leda's fairer daughter ſhall be thine."
She ſpake; and I gave her the conqueſt due,
Both to her beauty, and her gift of you.
Meanwhile (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)
I am acknowledg'd royal Priam's ſon.
All the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
With a new feſtival, my change of fate.
And as I now languiſh and die for thee,
So did the beauties of all Troy for me.
You o'er a heart with ſovereign power do reign;
For which a thouſand virgins ſigh'd in vain:
Nor did queens only fly to my embrace,
But nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.
I all their loves with cold diſdain repreſt,
Since hopes of you firſt fir'd my longing breaſt.
Your charming form all day my fancy drew,
And when night came, my dreams were all of you.
What pleaſures then muſt you yourſelf impart,
Whoſe ſhadows only ſo ſurpris'd my heart!
And oh! how did I burn approaching nigher,
That was ſo ſcorch'd by ſo remote a fire!
For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From ſeeking their wiſh'd object through the main.
I feel the ſtately pine, and every tree
That beſt was fit to cut the yielding ſea,

Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
Stiff oaks I bend, and solid planks I form,
And every ship with well-knit ribs I arm.
To the tall mast I fails and streamers join,
And the gay poops with painted gods do shine.
But on my ship does only Venus stand
With little Cupid smiling in her hand,
Guide of the way she did herself command.
My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vast Ægéan sea;
My anxious parents my desires withstand,
And both with pious tears my stay command.
Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd hair,
Just as our hasty ships to sail prepare,
Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
"O whither steers my brother through the flood?
"Little, ah! little dost thou know or heed
"To what a raging fire these waters lead!"
True were her fears, and in my breast I feel
The scorching flames her fury did foretel.
Yet out I sail, and, favour'd by the wind,
On your blest shore my wish'd-for haven find;
Your husband then, so heaven, kind heaven ordains,
In his own house his rival entertains,
Shews me what'er in Sparta does delight
The curious traveller's inquiring sight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taste no pleasure in the idle shew.
But at thy sight, oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breast it gave a sudden start,
Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
Such or less charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her rival goddesses she strove.
But, fairest, hadst thou come among the three,
Ev'n she the prize must have resign'd to thee.
Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
And all the world sounds with fair Helen's name:
Nor lives there she whom pride itself can raise
To claim with you an equal share of praise.
Do I speak false? Rather Report does so,
Detracting from you in a praise too low.
More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your beauty does your fame excel.
Well then might Theseus, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his theft but you;
I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would so dear a prize restore:
Ah! would these hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; sooner I with life itself could part,
Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet sure some taste of love I first would take,
Would first, in all your blooming excellence
And virgin sweets, feast my luxurious sense;
Or if you would not let that treasure go,
Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,
And let me smell the flower as it did grow.
Come then into my longing arms, and try
My lasting, fix'd, eternal constancy,
Which never till my funeral pile shall waste;
My present fire shall mingle with my last.

Sceptres and crowns for you I did disdain,
With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
One soft embrace from you I did prefer
To courage, strength, and all the pomp of war.
Nor shall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgment's settled, and approves it still.
Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
As they were plac'd above all things but you.
I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line disgrace.
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And them a race of godlike kings succeed.
All Asia's sceptres to my father bow,
And half the spacious East his power allow.
There you shall see the houses roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
Troy you shall see, and walls divine admire,
Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vast flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almost swell?
You shall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives shining in every street.
How often then will you yourself confess
The emptiness and poverty of Greece!
How often will you say, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I speak not this, your Sparta to disgrace,
For wherese'er your life began its race
Must be to me the happiest, dearest place.
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that should be drest
In all the riches of the shining East,
Should understand how ill that sordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
That face with costly dress and rich attire
Should shine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans see,
What, think you, must that of their ladies be?
Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor disdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
That to the gods does mix immortal wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her rosy bed
The goddess of the Morning blushing led;
So was Anchises of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus' self to his desir'd embrace,
With all her train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I'm sure my father never made the sun
With frighted steeds from his dire banquet run:
No grandfather of mine is stain'd with blood,
Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.
None of our race does in the Stygian lake
Snatch at those apples he wants power to take.
But stay; since you with such a husband join,
Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.
He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of those charms
Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
Does every minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the lascious sweets of love.
I but at table one short view can gain,
And that too, only to encrease my pain;

O may such feasts my worst of foes attend,
As often I at your spread table find.
I loathe my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your soft bosom lie.
I burst with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his loose robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kisses seal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in strict embraces close,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again, to see
That sigh with scornful smiles rapaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot desire.
In vain; for so I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You straight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What shall I do? Your sports with grief I see,
But it's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I strive my flames to hide,
But through the thin disguise they are descry'd,
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were so to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Lest he the cause should ask, and I betray!
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
To your dear face applying every line!
In borrow'd names I my own passion shew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes, more freedom in discourse to gain,
For my excuse I drunkenness would feign.
Once I remember your loose garment fell,
And did your naked, swelling breasts reveal,
Breasts white as snow, or the false down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind Swan made love:
Whilst, with the sight surpris'd, I gazing stand,
The cup I held dropt from my careless hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiss,
Straight from her lips I snatch the envy'd bliss.
Sometimes supinely laid, love songs I sing,
And wafted kisses from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the powerful rhetoric of love;
But they, alas! speak nothing but despair,
And in the midst leave my neglected prayer.
Oh! that by some great prize you might be won,
And your possession might the victor crown,
As Pelops his Hippodamia won:
Then had you seen what I for you had done:
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And myself prostrate at your feet to lay.
O thou, thy house's glory, brighter far
Than thy two shining brothers' friendly star!
O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,
If aught so fair but from himself could spring!
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretched banish'd lover die.
With no slight wound my tender breast does smart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart:
I find my sister true did prophesy,
I with a heavenly dart should wounded die:
Despise not then a love by heaven design'd,
So may the gods still to your vows be kind!
Much I could say; but what, will best be known
In your apartment, when we are alone.
You blush, and, with a superstitious dread,
Fear to defile the sacred marriage bed:
Ah! Helen, can you then so simple be,
To think such beauty can from faults he free?
Or change that face, or you must needs be kind:
Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright Venus do our thefts approve,
Such thefts as these gave you your father Jove.
And if in you aught of your parents last,
Can Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaste?
Yet then be chaste when we to Troy shall go
(For she who sins with one alone, is so):
But let us now enjoy that pleasing sin,
Then marry, and be innocent again.
Ev'n your own husband doth the same persuade,
Silent himself, yet all his actions plead:
For me they plead; and he, good man! because
He'll spoil no sport, officiously withdraws.
Had he no other time to visit Crete?
Oh! how prodigious is a husband's wit!
He went; and, as he went, he cry'd, "My dear,
"Instead of me, you of your guest take care!"
But you forget your lord's command, I see,
Nor take you any care of Love or Me.
And think you such a thing as he does know
The treasure that he holds in holding you?
No; did he understand but half your charms,
He durst not trust them in a stranger's arms.
If neither his nor my request can move,
We're forc'd by opportunity to love;
We should be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
Should so secure a time unactive be.
Alone these tedious winter nights you lie
In a cold widow'd bed, and so do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night shall the mid-day outshine.
Then will I swear by all the powers above,
And in their awful presence seal my love.
Then, if my wishes may aspire so high,
I wish our flight shall win you to comply;
But, if nice honour little scruples frame,
The force I'll use shall vindicate your fame.
Of Theseus and your brothers I can learn,
No precedents so nearly you concern:
You Theseus, they Leucippus' daughter stole;
I'll be the fourth in the illustrious roll. [stay,
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Through Troy's throng'd streets you shall in triumph go,
Ador'd as some new goddess here below.
Where'er you tread, spices and gums shall smoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal stroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court,
All Troy, to you with presents shall resort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said;
What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, lest war pursue our hasty flight,
And angry Greece should all her force unite.
What ravish'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The Thracians Orithya stole from far,
Yet Thrace ne'er heard the noise of following war.
Jason too stole away the Colchian maid,
Yet Colchos did not Thessaly invade.

He who ſtole you, ſtole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete purſue.
Fear in theſe caſes than the danger's more,
And, when the threatening tempeſt once is o'er,
Our ſhame's then greater than our fear before.
But ſay from Greece a threaten'd war purſue,
Know I have ſtrength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horſe more numerous than Greece
Our empire is, nor in its compaſs leſs.
Nor does your huſband Paris aught excel
In generous courage, or in martial ſkill.
Ev'n but a boy, from my ſlain foes I gain'd
My ſtolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
Deïphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no ſuch actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd ſkill attain.
But could he, Hector's your ſecurity,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid proweſs find
Of him that heaven has for your bed deſign'd.
Either no war from Greece ſhall follow thee,
Or, if it does, ſhall be repell'd by me.
Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after-ages ſhall your fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole world on fire.
To ſea, to ſea, while all the gods are kind,
And all I promiſe you in Troy ſhall find.

THE EPISTLE OF *ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.*

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

The Argument.

Acontius, in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the reſort of the moſt beautiful virgins of all Greece), fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own: not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her; he writes, upon the faireſt apple that could be procured, a couple of verſes to this effect:

"I ſwear, by chaſte Diana, I will be
"In ſacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:"

and throws it at the feet of the young lady: ſhe, ſuſpecting not the deceit, takes it up, and reads it, and therein promiſes herſelf in marriage to Acontius; there being a law there in force, that whatever any perſon ſhould ſwear in the temple of Diana of Delos, ſhould ſtand good, and be inviolably obſerved: but her father, not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the ſolemnities of marriage were to be performed, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent fever, which Acontius endeavours to perſuade her was ſent from Diana, as a puniſhment of the breach of the vow made in her preſence. And this, with the reſt of the arguments which on ſuch occaſion would occur to a lover, is the ſubject of the following epiſtle.

Read boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no more,
For that's enough which you have ſworn before.
Read it; ſo may that violent diſeaſe,
Which thy dear body, but my ſoul doth ſeize,
Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
And health to you reſtore, and you to me.
Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do, I fear,
As when you firſt did in the temple ſwear:
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
And truth can never be the cauſe of ſhame:
Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove
In favouring mine, for mine's a huſband's love.
Ah! to yourſelf thoſe binding words repeat
That once your wiſhing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet.
There you will find the ſolemn vow you made,
Which if your health or mine can aught perſuade,
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increaſe with my deſire,
And Hope blows that already raging fire;
For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd ſhrine
A ſudden kind auſpicious light did ſhine:
Her ſtatue ſeem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad conſent to what you ſaid:
Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſperous cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas Love that taught me it:
In that deceit what did I elſe deſign,
But with your own conſent to make you mine?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my ſole offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught.
You my accuſer taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his aſſiſtance give;
For Love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himſelf indite:
Again, you ſee, I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand;
Again ſuch kind, ſuch loving words I ſend,
As makes me fear that I again offend:
Yet, if my love's my crime, I muſt confeſs,
Great is my guilt, but never ſhall be leſs.
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy love!
A thouſand ways to that ſteep mountain lead,
Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger's ſmall.
The gods alone know what the end will be;
Yet, if we mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yield to me.

If all my arts ſhould fail, to arms I'll fly,
And ſnatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all thoſe heroes' mighty acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this illuſtrious road.
I too—but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then!——
For to loſe you is more than death to me.
Were you leſs fair, I'd uſe the vulgar way
Of tedious courtſhip, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And ſomething wondrous as itſelf inſpires:
Thoſe eyes that all the heavenly lights outſhine,
(Which, oh! may'ſt thou behold and love in mine!)
Thoſe ſnowy arms, which on my neck ſhould fall,
If you the vows you made regard at all;
That modeſt ſweetneſs and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your bluſhing face;
Thoſe feet, with which they only can compare,
That through the ſilver flood bright Thetis bear;
Do all conſpire my madneſs to excite,
With all the reſt that is deny'd to ſight;
Which could I praiſe, alike I then were bleſt,
And all the ſtorms of my vex'd ſoul at reſt;
No wonder then, if, with ſuch beauty fir'd,
I of your love the ſacred pledge deſir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all others' ſmiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appeaſe,
By my ſubmiſſion that my love did raiſe.
Your pardon proſtrate at your feet I'll crave,
The humble poſture of your guilty ſlave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I'll cool,
And lay the riſing tempeſt of your ſoul.
Why in my abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
For all my crimes, I'd gladly ſuffer there,
With pride whatever you inflict receive, [give.
And love the wounds thoſe hands vouchſafe to
Your fetters too——but they, alas! are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain:
Your hardeſt laws with patience I'll obey,
Till you yourſelf at laſt relent, and ſay,
When all my ſufferings you with pity ſee,
"He that can love ſo well, is worthy me!"
But, if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.
O may my fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt revenge of her abuſed rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for myſelf I plead.
Yet out it muſt:—'Tis this, 'tis ſurely this,
That is the fuel to your hot diſeaſe:
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal meſſenger the goddeſs ſends;
And when you would to his kind call conſent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.
Forbear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,
Which you ſo eaſily may yet aſſuage:
Forbear to make that lovely charming face
The prey to every envious diſeaſe:
Preſerve thoſe looks to be enjoy'd by me,
Which none ſhould ever but with wonder ſee:
Let that freſh colour to your cheeks return,
Whoſe glowing flame did all beholders burn:
But let on him, th' unhappy cauſe of all
The ills that from Diana's anger fall,
No greater torments light than thoſe I feel,
When you, my deareſt, tendereſt part, are ill:
For, oh! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,
Whom different griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!
Sometimes my grief from this does higher grow,
To think that I have caus'd ſo much to you.
Then, great Diana's witneſs, how I pray
That all our crimes on me alone ſhe'd lay!
Sometimes to your lov'd doors diſguis'd I come,
And all around them up and down I roam;
Till I your woman coming from you ſpy,
With looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
With ſilent ſteps, like ſome ſad ghoſt, I ſteal
Cloſe up to her, and urge her to reveal
More than new queſtions ſuffer her to tell:
How you had ſlept, what diet you had us'd?
And oft the vain phyſician's art accus'd.
He every hour (oh, were I bleſt as he!)
Does all the turns of your diſtemper ſee.
Why ſit not I by your bed-ſide all day,
My mournful head in your warm boſom lay,
Till with my tears the inward fires decay?
Why preſs not I your melting hand in mine,
And from your pulſe of my own health divine!
But, oh! theſe wiſhes all are vain; and he
Whom moſt I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
Forgetful as thou art of heaven and me.
He that lov'd hand doth preſs, and oft doth feign
Some new excuſe to feel thy beating vein.
Then his bold hand up to your arm doth ſlide,
And in your panting breaſt itſelf does hide;
Kiſſes ſometimes he ſnatches too from thee,
For his officious care too great a fee.
Robber, who gave thee leave to taſte that lip,
And the ripe harveſt of my kiſſes reap?
For they are mine, ſo is that boſom too,
Which falſe as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you:
Take, take away thoſe thy adulterous hands,
For know, another lord that breaſt commands.
'Tis true, her father promis'd her to thee,
But heaven and ſhe firſt gave herſelf to me:
And you in juſtice therefore ſhould decline
Your claim to that which is already mine.
This is the man, Cydippe, that excites
Diana's rage, to vindicate her rites.
Command him then not to approach thy door;
This done, the danger of your death is o'er.
For fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
Which great Diana heard, and did allow.
And ſhe who took it, will thy health reſtore,
And be propitious as ſhe was before.
"'Tis not the ſteam of a ſlain heifer's blood
"That can allay the anger of a God:
"'Tis truth, and juſtice to your vows, appeaſe
"Their angry deities; and without theſe
"No ſlaughter'd beaſt their fury can divert,
"For that's a ſacrifice without a heart."
Some, bitter potions patiently endure, [cure:
And kiſs the wounding lance that works their
You have no need theſe cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious parents weep.
Whom you in ignorance of your promiſe keep?

Oh! to your mother all our story tell,
And the whole progress of our love reveal:
Tell her how first, at great Diana's shrine,
I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine:
How like the statues there I stood amaz'd,
Whilst on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.
She will herself, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
Marry, she'll say, whom heaven commends to thee,
He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleases me.
But should she ask from what descent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name;
Tell her, that none of these deserve my shame.
Had you not sworn, you such a one might choose;
But, were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.
This in my dreams Diana bad me write,
And when I wak'd, sent Cupid to indite.
Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity see,
She too will soon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our joys with eager haste we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love:
To the great temple we'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I'll consecrate,
Of the false Apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verse that came
The messenger of my successful flame.
"Let all the world this from Acontius know,
"Cydippe has been faithful to her vow."
More I could write! but, since thy illness reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with sharpest pains,
My pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

The Argument.

The Poet in this satire first brings in Crispinus, whom he had a lash at in his first satire, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an estate for a barbel: and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal subject and true design of this satire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous story of a turbot presented to Domitian, of so vast a bigness, that all the Emperor's scullery had not a dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the senate in all haste is summoned, to consult in this exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the senators' names, their distinct characters, and speeches, and advice; and, after much and wise consultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the senate, and concludes the satire.

Once more Crispinus call'd upon the stage
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage:
A monster, to whom every vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
Feeble and sick, yet strong in lust alone,
The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
All but the widows' nauseous charms go down.
What matter then how stately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules slow with their burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the shade
Through which he is by sweating slaves convey'd?
How many acres near the city walls
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man's happy; least of all is he
Whose study 'tis to corrupt chastity;
Th' incestuous brute, who the veil'd vestal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for his crime, if laws their course might have,
Ought to descend alive into the grave *.
But now of slighter faults; and yet the same
By others done, the censor's justice claim.
For what good men ignoble count and base,
Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace:
In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The person is more odious than the crime.
And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave
Six thousand pieces † for a barbel gave:
A sesterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Gave out, that hear great things, but greater say.
If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
Some sapless usurer that wants an heir,
Or if this present the sly courtier meant
Should to some punk of quality be sent,
That in her easy chair in state does ride,
The glasses all drawn up on every side,
I'd praise his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he bought the stately fish.
Now even Apicius ‖ frugal seems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.
Gave you, Crispinus, you this mighty sum;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome?
Do scales and fins bear price to this excess?
You might have bought the fisherman for less.
For less some provinces whole acres sell;
Nay, in Apulia §, if you bargain well,
A manor would cost less than such a meal.
What think we then of this luxurious lord ¶?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When, in one dish, that, taken from the rest,
His constant table would have hardly miss'd,
So many sesterces were swallow'd down,
To stuff one scarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefest greets,
From crying stinking fish about her streets.
Begin, Calliope, but not to sing:
Plain, honest truth we for our subject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell.
Afford me willingly your sacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have styl'd you maids.

* Crispinus had seduced a vestal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, should have been buried alive.
† Roman Sestertii.
‖ Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb.
§ Where land was remarkably cheap.
¶ Domitian.

When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd*,
The groaning world with iron sceptre sway'd,
When a bald Nero† reign'd, and servile Rome obey'd,
Where Venus' shrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken, of prodigious space,
Fill'd the extended net, not less than those
That dull Mæotis does with ice enclose;
Till, conquer'd by the sun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic Sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their growth,
Fat with long ease, and a whole winter's sloth:
The wise commander of the boat and lines,
For our high priest § the stately prey designs;
For who that lordly fish durst sell or buy,
So many spies and court-informers nigh:
No shore but of this vermin swarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and sea-weed! that would swear
The fish had long in Cæsar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:
Nay, if you credit sage Palphurius' ¶ word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus' ¶ skill,
Whatever fish the vulgar fry excel
Belong to Cæsar, wheresoe'er they swim,
By their own worth confiscated to him.
The boatman then shall a wife present make,
And give the fish before the seizers take.
Now sickly Autumn to dry frosts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the prey;
Yet with such haste the busy fishes flew,
As if a hot south-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba still her ancient rites retains,
Still worships Vesta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay.
The wondering crowd, that to strange sights resort,
And chok'd a while his passage to the court,
At length gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
The turbot enters in, without the Fathers** wait;
The boatman straight does to Atrides press,
And thus presents his fish, and his address:
Accept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
Too great for private kitchens to contain.
To your glad genius sacrifice this day,
Let common meats respectfully give way.
Haste to unload your stomachs, to receive
This turbot, that for you did only live.
So long preserv'd to be imperial food,
Glad of the net, and to be taken proud.
How fulsome this! how gross! yet this takes,
And the vain Prince with empty pride does swell.
Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to his face the worthless wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.
But oh, hard fate! the palace stores no dish
Afford, capacious of the mighty fish.
To sage debate are summon'd all the peers,
His trusty and much-hated counsellors,
In whose pale looks that ghastly terror sat,
That haunts the dangerous friendships of the great.
The loud Liburnian *, that the senate call'd,
"Run, run; he's set, he's set!" no sooner bawl'd,
But, with his robe snatcht up in haste, does come
Pegasus †, bailiff of affrighted Rome.
What more were præfects then? The best he was,
And faithfullest expounder of the laws.
Yet in ill times thought all things manag'd best,
When Justice exercis'd her sword the least.
Old Crispus § next, pleasant though old, appears,
His wit nor humour yielding to his years.
His temper mild, good-nature join'd with sense,
And manners charming as his eloquence.
Who fitter for a useful friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the earth and sea,
If, as his thoughts were just, his tongue were free?
If it were safe to vent his generous mind
To Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind;
If cruel Power could softening counsel bear.
But what's so tender as a tyrant's ear;
With whom whoever, though a favourite, spake,
At every sentence let his life at stake,
Though the discourse were of no weightier things,
Than sultry summers, or unhealthful springs?
This well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
With his weak arms to stem the stronger tide.
Nor did all Rome, grown spiritless, supply
A man that for bold truth durst bravely die.
So, safe by wise complying silence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourscore summers see.
Next him Acilius, though his age the same,
With eager haste to the grand council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long since old age began to be
In noble blood no less than prodigy,
When 'tis I'd rather be of giants' birth ‖,
A pigmy brother to those sons of earth.)
Unhappy youth! whom from his destin'd end,
No well dissembled madness could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting spear.
Who sees not now through the Lord's thin disguise,
That long seem'd fool to prove at last more wise?
That stale court trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd ¶?
Those honest times might swallow this pretence,
When the King's heard was deeper than his sense.
Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face.
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward shame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worse, yet in scandal taking more delight,
Than the vile pathick * that durst satire write.
Montanus' belly next, advancing slow
Before the sweating senator, did go.

* Domitian was the last and worst of that family.
† Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a second Nero; and, from his baldness, Calvus.
§ A title often assumed by the Emperors.
¶ Both of consular degree, yet spies and informers.
** The Senate, or Patres Conscripti.

*, The Roman criers were usually of this country.
† A learned lawyer, and præfect of Rome.
§ Who made the jest on Domitian's killing flies.
‖ Of an obscure and unknown family.
¶ In counterfeiting madness.
* Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.

Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly oils and eaſtern gums,
More than would ſerve two funerals for perfumes.
Then Pompey, none more ſkill'd in the court-game
Of cutting throats with a ſoft whiſper, came.
Next Fuſcus *, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reſerv'd a prey,
Till, having ſtudy'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.
Cunning Vejento next, and by his ſide
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply ſmit with charms he could not ſee.
A monſter, that ev'n this worſt age outvies,
Conſpicuous, and above the common ſize.
A blind baſe flatterer, from ſome bridge or gate †,
Rais'd to a murdering miniſter of ſtate.
Deſerving ſtill to beg upon the road,
And bleſs each paſſing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fiſh; he in its praiſe
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raiſe;
But to the left all his fine things did ſay,
Whilſt on his right the unſeen turbot lay.
So he the fam'd Cilician fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder ſeem'd amaz'd:
So did the ſcenes and ſtage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.
Nor came Vejento ſhort; but, as inſpir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, ſee,
He cries of ſome illuſtrious victory!
Some captive king thee his new lord ſhall own;
Or from his Britiſh chariot headlong thrown
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!
The monſter's foreign. Mark the pointed ſpears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing 'ſcap'd him, the prophetic rage
Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.
At length by Cæſar the grand queſtion's put:
My lords, your judgment; ſhall the fiſh be cut?
Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Let's not diſhonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of fineſt earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some ſkilful quick Prometheus muſt provide.
Clay and the forming wheel prepare with ſpeed.
But, Cæſar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progreſs wait,
T' aſſiſt in theſe emergencies of ſtate.
This counſel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the man that ſpake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight ſuppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled falſe deſire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal ſkill attain'd.
He, whether Circe's rock his oyſters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian ſhore,
Knew at firſt taſte, nay at firſt ſight could tell
A crab or lobſter's country by its ſhell,

* Cornelius Fuſcus, who was ſlain in Dacia.
† The common ſtands for beggars.

They riſe; and ſtraight all, with reſpectful awe,
At the word given, obſequiouſly withdraw,
Whom, full of eager haſte, ſurpriſe, and fear,
Our mighty prince had ſummon'd to appear;
As if ſome news he'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expreſſes from all parts had come
With freſh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.
What folly this! But oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire reign had thus been ſpent in jeſt;
And all that time ſuch trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many nobles he deſtroy'd;
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, Patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many lords had ſlain, they ſlew.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

Tell me, Alexis, whence theſe ſorrows grow?
From what hid ſpring do theſe ſalt torrents flow?
Why hangs the head of my afflicted ſwain;
Like bending lilies overcharg'd with rain?

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already ſee,
Can move thy gentle breaſt to pity me;
How would thy ſighs with mine in concert join,
How would thy tears ſwell up the tide of mine?
Couldſt thou but ſee (but, oh, no light is there,
But blackeſt clouds of darkneſs and deſpair!)
Could'ſt thou but ſee the torments that within
Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid ſcene,
View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
That ſticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
No more, ye ſwains, Love's harmleſs anger fear,
For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
Nor thou, kind Damon, aſk me why I grieve,
But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
The pangs deſpairing lovers undergo!

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

When firſt the young Alexis ſaw
Cælia to all the plain give law,
The haughty Cælia, in whoſe face
Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;
When every ſwain he ſaw ſubmit
To her commanding eyes and wit,
How could th' ambitious youth aſpire
To periſh by a nobler fire?
With all the power of verſe he ſtrove
The lovely ſhepherdeſs to move:
Verſe, in which the Gods delight,
That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
Verſe, that once rul'd all the plain,
Verſe, the wiſhes of a ſwain.

How oft has Thyrsis' pipe prevail'd,
Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd?
Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
Whilst Lycidas's gentle breast,
With Love, and with a Muse possest,
Breath'd forth in verse his soft desire,
Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA'S SOLILOQUY.

Mistress of all my senses can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;
Queen of a thousand slaves that fawn and bow,
And, with submissive fear, my power allow,
Should I exchange this noble state of life,
To gain the vile detested name of Wife;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footstool lay?
No: thanks, kind Heaven, that hast my soul employ'd,
With my great sex's useful virtue, Pride.
That generous pride, that noble just disdain,
That scorns the slave that would presume to reign.
Let the raw amorous scribbler of the times
Call me his Cælia in insipid rhymes;
I hate and scorn you all, proud that I am
T' revenge my sex's injuries on man.
Compar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
It were preferment to lead apes in hell.

TO

SOME DISBANDED OFFICERS,

Upon the late Vote of the House of Commons.

Have we for this serv'd full nine hard campaigns?
Is this the recompence for all our pains?
Have we to the remotest parts been sent,
Bravely expos'd our lives, our fortunes spent,
To be undone at last by Parliament?
Must colonels and corporals now be equal made,
And flaming sword turn'd pruning knife and spade?
T——b, S——, F——, and thousands more,
Must now return to what they were before.
No more in glittering coaches shall they ride,
No more the feather's shew the coxcombs' pride.
For thee, poor ——! my Muse does kindly weep,
To see disbanded colonels grown so cheap.
So younger brothers with sat jointures fed,
Go despicable, once their widows dead.
No ship, by tempest from her anchor torn,
Is half so lost a thing, and so forlorn.
On every stall, in every broker's shop,
Hang up the plumes of the dismantled fop;
Trophies like these we read not of in story,
By other ways the Romans got their glory.
But in this, as in all things, there's a doom,
Some die i' th' field, and others starve at home.

TO A

ROMAN CATHOLIC UPON MARRIAGE.

Censure and pennances, excommunication,
Are bug-bear words to fright a bigot nation;
But 'tis the Church's more substantial curse,
To damn us all for better and for worse.
Falsely your Church seven sacraments does frame,
Pennance and Matrimony are the same.

A FRAGMENT.

——And yet he fears to use them, and be free;
Yet some have ventur'd, and why should not all?
Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,
The wretched miser and the midnight murderer;
Betrayers of their country, or their friend,
(And every guilty breast) fear endless torment,
Blue lakes of brimstone, unextinguish'd fires,
Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deserves;
Let these, and only these, thus plague themselves.
For though they fear what neither shall nor can be,
'Tis punishment enough it makes them live,
Live, to endure the dreadful apprehension
Of death, to them so dreadful; but why dreadful,
At least to virtuous minds?——To be at rest,
To sleep, and never hear of trouble more,
Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldst thou be at quiet?
Dost thou thus beat for rest, and long for ease,
And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?
What hand can be so easy as thy own,
To apply the medicine that cures all diseases!

AN EPISTLE* TO MR. OTWAY.

Dear Tom, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou hast left this learned dirty town †,
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilst all my comfort, under all this care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and small beer.
Thou seest I'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top scene that Settle ever writ:
The sprightly Court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can spare,
For I'm so dull I have no business there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one stocking tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breasts hang dangling by a string;
(Yet stay, I think that I to mind recal,
For once ¶ a squirt was rais'd by Windsor wall).
I know no officer of court; nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Should Veny fawn, I should not understand her,
Nor who committed incest for Legander.

* In answer to one in Otway's Poems.
† Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge.
¶ Sir Samuel Moreland.

Unpoliſh'd thus, an errant ſcholar grown,
What ſhould I do but ſit and coo alone,
And thee, my abſent mate, for ever moan.
Thus 'tis ſometimes, and ſorrow plays its part,
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
For, whilſt with wit, with women, and with wine,
Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does ſhine,
Thy joys we at this diſtance feel and know;
Thou kindly wiſheſt it with us were ſo.
Then thee we name; this heard, cries James,
For him,
Leap up, thou ſparkling wine, and kiſs the brim:
Croſſes attend the man who dares to flinch,
Great as that man deſerves who drinks not Finch.
But theſe are empty joys, without you two,
We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
My dear, whom I more cheriſh in my breaſt
Than by thy own ſoft Muſe can be expreſt;
True to thy word, afford one viſit more,
Elſe I ſhall grow, from him thou lov'dſt before,
A greaſy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a couſin of your own;)
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that at a quibble never fails.

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

Musarum noſtrûmque decus, chariſſime Thoma,
O animæ melior pars, Otoæe, meæ;
Accippe quæ ſacri triſtes ad littora Cami
Ayulſi veſtro flevimus à gremio.
Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
Et ſalices teſtes, et plurima teſtis arundo,
Et Camus pigro triſtior amne fluens.
Audiit ipſe etenim Deus, et miſerata dolores
Lubrica pauliſper conſtitit unda meos.
Tunc ego; vos nymphæ virîdi circumlita muſco
Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
Audite O qualem abſentem ploramus amicum,
Audite ut lacrymis auctior amnis eat.
Pectoris is candore nives, conſtantibus arcti
Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipſa fide;
Ille et Amore columbas, ille et Marte leones
Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,
Sive vocat jocus, et charites, et libera vini
Gaudia, cumque ſuâ matre ſonandus Amor.
Ille poteſt etiam numeros æquare canendo
Sive tuos, Ovidi, ſive, Catulle, tuos.
Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,
Itque cothurnato Muſa ſuperba pede,
Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæaſve tenebras,
Carminis aut faſtus, Æſchyle magne, tui,
Vincit munditiis et majeſtate decorâ,
Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,
Hæc ego, cum ſpectans labentia flumina, verſus
Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

" Who for Preferments," &c. [See Otway's Poems.]

" Premia quis meritis ingratâ expectet ab Aulâ,
Omnis ubi exiguam captat ſimul Aulicus eſcam
Gobio? quis piſcis ſapientior illa vadoſa
Fulminis anguſti coloret loca, piſciculorum
Eſurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervum,
Qui dum quiſque micat medicatam ut glutiat offam,
Trudunt, impellunt, truduntur, et impelluntur;
Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto
Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
Et requiem, et muſcos virides, pulchramque voca-
Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?" [tus

Quos tibi pro tali perſolvam carmine grates,
O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
Nos neque ſolicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis
Officia, aut fraudes, Aula deloſa, tuas:
Nos procul à cœno, et ſtrepitu, fumoque remotos,
Cum Venere et Muſis myrtea ſcena tegat?
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otoæe, meas.
Ergone me penitus veſtris hærere medullis,
Ergone ſincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
Tu quoque, tu noſtris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another place.

Qualia tu ſcribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
Noſter, amor, Phœbi, Pieridumque decus.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM KING, L.L.D.

Containing his

ART OF COOKERY,
ART OF LOVE,
THE FURMETARY,
MULLY OF MOUNTOWN,
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,

RUFINUS,
THE EAGLE AND ROBIN,
OLD CAT'S PROPHECY,
BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM,
TALES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I ſing the various chances of the world,
Through which men are by fate or fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no ſcheme, or method that I go;
But paint in verſe my notions as they flow.
With heat the wanton images purſue,
Fond of the old, yet ſtill creating new;
Fancy myſelf in ſome ſecure retreat,
Reſolve to be content, and to be great.

VERSES *found in Dr. King's pocket-book at his death.*

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF KING.

William King was born in London in the year 1663. His father, Ezekiel King, was of the rank of gentleman, and allied to the family of Clarendon.

He was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, upon the foundation, under the care of Dr. Buſby; from whence, at the age of eighteen, he was elected to Chriſt Church College, Oxford, in 1681.

It appears, from his *Adverſaria*, that he proſecuted his ſtudies with ſo much intenſeneſs and activity, that, before he was eight years in the univerſity, he had read over, and made reflections on, twenty-two thouſand books and manuſcripts; but this account may be reaſonably doubted.

In 1688, he took the degree of Maſter of Arts, in the moſt expenſive manner, as a grand compounder; whence it has been ſuppoſed, that he inherited a conſiderable fortune.

The ſame year, he publiſhed a Confutation of Varillas's Account of Wickliffe; and, engaging in the ſtudy of the civil law, became Doctor in 1692, and, by the favour of Archbiſhop Tillotſon, was admitted of Doctors Commons, where he practiſed with very great reputation.

He had already made ſome tranſlations from the French, and written a great number of humorous and ſatirical pieces, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

In 1694, he undertook to confute Lord Moleſworth's "Account of Denmark;" becauſe he did not like his Lordſhip's principles of government; and his "Animadverſions" were ſo much approved by Prince George, conſort to the Princeſs Anne, that he was ſoon after appointed Secretary to her Royal Highneſs.

In 1697, he engaged in the controverſy between Boyle and Bentley, concerning the Epiſtles of Phalaris; the iſſue of which has ſhewn the impotence of wit in oppoſition to learning, on a queſtion that learning only could decide.

In 1699, he publiſhed *A Journey to London*, in the manner of Dr. Liſter's "Journey to Paris:" And in 1700, two dialogues, entitled *The Tranſactioneer*; the deſign of which was to ridicule Sir Hans Sloane's writings in the "Tranſactions of the Royal Society," of which he was then ſecretary.

The expence of his pleaſures had now leſſened his revenues, without ſtimulating his induſtry; for he hated buſineſs, eſpecially that of an advocate, becauſe he could not bear the fatigue of wrangling, and becauſe it interrupted his dreams of voluptuouſneſs, and forced him to rouſe from that indulgence in which he delighted.

Notwithſtanding his habitual indolence, his reputation as a civilian was yet maintained, by the diſcernment and ability which he diſcovered in his judgments in the courts of delegates, and raiſed very high by the addreſs and knowledge which he diſplayed in the Houſe of Lords in 1701, when he defended the Earl of Angleſea againſt his lady, afterwards Ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire, who ſued for a divorce, on a charge of cruelty, and obtained it.

The reputation of his abilities procured him the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke, Lord High Admiral of England, by whoſe intereſt, and that of his relation, the Earl of Rocheſter, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was, in 1702, made judge of the admiralty in Ireland, commiſſioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Bermingham's Tower, and vicar-general to Dr. Marſh, the primate.

He had now an opportunity of accumulating wealth beyond the uſual fortune of a poet; but he neglected his intereſt, and deſerted his duty, for the company of Judge Upton, a man as idle and

thoughtleſs as himſelf, who had a pleaſant houſe, called Mountown, near Dublin, at which he ſpent moſt of his time, in convivial indulgence and poetical amuſement.

Here he made a red cow, called *Mully*, which gave him milk, the ſubject of a paſtoral poem, which, at that time, was ſuppoſed to be a political allegory, though it originally meant no more than it expreſſed.

In 1708, when the Earl of Wharton was appointed to the government of Ireland, and Addiſon his ſecretary, made keeper of the records, he returned to England, with no other treaſure than his wit, and a few merry poems and humorous eſſays.

He was now again to ſubſiſt on his fellowſhip in Chriſt Church College, which had been his chief reſource againſt poverty when he was a regular advocate in the courts of the civil and canon law; and his indolence left him nothing to deſire beyond the eaſe and tranquillity it ſecured to him.

Soon after his return from Ireland, he wrote the *Art of Love*, a poem; in imitation of Ovid's *De Arte Amandi*, which was well received; and, in 1709, publiſhed the *Art of Cookery*, in imitation of Horace's *De Arte Poetica*, with ſome letters to Dr. Liſter, on his publiſhing the works of Apicius Cœlius, concerning the ſoups and ſauces of the ancients, which completely eſtabliſhed his reputation for wit and learning.

In 1710, he appeared as a zealous Tory and High-churchman, on the ſide of Dr. Sacheverel, concurred in the projection and conduct of "the Examiner," animadverted on Dr. Kennet's ſermon on the death of the Duke of Devonſhire, and ſhared in the oppoſition that was given to all the operations of the Whigs.

In 1711, he publiſhed the *Hiſtory of the Heathen Gods*, a book compoſed for ſchools, particularly that of Weſtminſter, the general uſe of which was afterwards ſupplied by "The Pantheon," written by Tooke of the Charterhouſe, a man of inferior abilities.

The ſame year, he publiſhed an hiſtorical eſſay, intituled *Rufinus*, a harſh ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough and the Whigs, and a poem imitated from Claudian, with the ſame title, dictated by party rage rather than truth, and intended to reconcile the nation to the meaſures of the new miniſtry.

Theſe ſervices were not long unrewarded; for, the ſame year, without the trouble of attendance, or the mortification of a requeſt, Swift, Prior, Friend, and other men of the ſame party, brought him the key of the Gazetteer's office, from Mr. Secretary St. John, together with another key, for the uſe of the paper office. Competence, if not plenty, was now again in his power, and again thrown away; for an act of inſolvency having made his employment at that time particularly troubleſome, he impatiently reſigned it, and returned to his former indigence.

About midſummer 1712, he retired to a friend's houſe at Lambeth, where he amuſed himſelf in mortifying Dr. Tenniſon, the Archbiſhop, by regaling the populace with ale, on the ſurrender of Dunkirk to Hill.

In the autumn, his health declined, and growing weaker by degrees, he was removed by the kindneſs of Lord Clarendon, to a lodging he had provided for him in the Strand, oppoſite Somerſet-houſe, where he died on Chriſtmas-day, in the 49th year of his age.

Though his life had not been without irregularity, his death was exemplary. He yielded up his breath with the patience of a philoſopher, and the piety of a Chriſtian.

His noble relation took care of his funeral, and had him decently interred in the North Cloiſters of Weſtminſter Abbey, but erected no monument or grave-ſtone, to mark the place of his duſt.

His character united ſome ſtriking contrarieties. He was a man of eminent learning and ſingular piety; but more zealous for the cauſe than the appearance of religion. His chief pleaſure conſiſted in trifles, and he was never happier than when he thought he was hid from the world. Few people pleaſed him in converſation; and it was a proof of his liking them, if his behaviour was tolerably agreeable. His diſcourſe was cheerful, and his wit pleaſant and entertaining. His philoſophy and good ſenſe prevailed over his natural temper, which was ſullen, moroſe, and peeviſh; but he was of a timorous diſpoſition, and the leaſt ſlight or neglect would throw him into a melan-

choly ſtate of deſpondency. He would ſay a great many ill-natured things, but never do one. He was made up of tenderneſs and pity, and tears would fall from him on the ſmalleſt occaſion.

His poems have been often printed, and are generally [illegible] of his tales, and other levities and pieces of humour, came abroad in manuſcript, at various times, as they happened to be finiſhed, and were collected and publiſhed, with other pieces, in his "Miſcellanies," without a date, and afterwards reprinted in Lintot's "Miſcellaneous Poems and Tranſlations," 2 vols., 1722.

His *Remains* were publiſhed from the original manuſcripts in the poſſeſſion of his ſiſter, by Joſeph Brown, M. D., 1732, and reprinted, under the title of "Poſthumous Works," in 1734 and 1739.

A complete collection of his "Original Works, in Proſe and Verſe," was publiſhed, in 3 vols., 8vo., 1776, by John Nichols, the learned printer of "the Gentleman's Magazine" a man who merits the praiſe of the compiler of theſe little narratives, for his zeal in reſtoring the nobleſt monuments of the dead; and who deſerves the gratitude of every man of letters, for his laborious and uſeful reſearches in topographical hiſtory, and his numerous and valuable additions to the poetical and literary biography of his country.

His Poems, diſtinctly conſidered, do not ſeem unworthy of his reputation; neither do they appear to entitle him to rank among our beſt poets. He ſeems to have cultivated the groteſque and familiar ſtyle, without aiming at ſerioufneſs or ſublimity. His *Imitations* and *Tales*, therefore, do not diſplay that boldneſs of invention and vivacity of fancy which characteriſe the higher poetry, but are chiefly diſtinguiſhed by their ſprightlineſs, familiarity, and eaſe. His *Art of Cookery* is an ingenious and ſkilful imitation of Horace, and juſtly reckoned an admirable ſatirico-didactic poem. His *Art of Love* is remarkable, notwithſtanding its title, for purity of ſentiment, and chaſte deſcription. It is divided into fourteen books, moſt of which end with ſome remarkable fable, or intereſting novel. His *Tales* have obtained general approbation. They are facetious and familiar. The language is eaſy, but ſeldom groſs, and the verſification ſmooth, without appearance of ſtudy. It is not known, whether he was the original author of any of them. Some of them are undoubtedly older than his time: But the art of telling them is his own, and that is the chief merit of ſuch trifling compoſitions. His *Political Verſes*, dictated by party rage, and deſigned to aſperſe the friends of the Revolution and the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, may be permitted to periſh, without any diminution of his fame.

"His poems," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "were rather the amuſements of idleneſs, than efforts of ſtudy. He endeavoured rather to divert than aſtoniſh; his thought ſeldom aſpired to ſublimity; if his verſe was eaſy, and his images familiar, he attained what he deſired. His purpoſe is to be merry; but, perhaps, to enjoy his mirth, it may be ſometimes neceſſary to think well of his opinions."

THE

ART OF COOKERY:

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

Occaſioned principally by

THE TITLE OF A BOOK PUBLISHED BY THE DOCTOR,

Being the

Works of APICIUS COELIUS, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients.

WITH

AN EXTRACT OF THE GREATEST CURIOSITIES CONTAINED IN THAT BOOK.

Humbly inſcribed to

THE HONOURABLE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1708.

Of Dr. Liſter's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amſterdam, in 1709, by Theod. Janſ. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opſoniis et Condimentis, "ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. cum Annotationibus Martini Liſter, ê Medicis Domeſticis "Sereniſſimæ Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, et Notis ſelectioribus, variiſque Lectionibus integris, Hu- "melbergii, Barthii, Reineſii, A Van Der Linden, et aliorum, ut et variorum Lectionum Libello. "Editio Secunda." Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is now-a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be authors, that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for, if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes as a bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out: and hey had else, as the learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had one by one been perused and corrected, not only by the author, but his friends; whose judgment, as he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults, that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verse turns upon the harshness of a syllable; and the laying a stress upon improper words will make the most correct piece ridiculous. False concord, tenses and grammar, nonsense, impropriety, and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a bookseller to lampoon an author, and tell him, "You did "write all this: I have got it; and you shall "stand to the scandal, and I will have the bene-"fit." Yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above threescore faults of this nature; verses transposed, some added, others altered, or rather that should have been altered, and near forty omitted. The author does not value himself upon the whole: but, if he shews his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shews his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he desires little farther, than that the reader would for the future give all such booksellers as are before spoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

TO

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ———.

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I muſt confeſs, moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken up with politics or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the claſſics as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a treatiſe *De Condimentis et Opſoniis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the "Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf, only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lay hid? What manuſcripts have been collated? Under what emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious, and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating*?

Conſider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned antiquary. I ſhewed him your letter; which threw him into ſuch a dubiouſneſs, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any *catchup* in his *fiſh-ſauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, leſt, before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's book, he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the ancients.

Diſpatch it, therefore, to us with all ſpeed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the firſt place, it will, in ſome meaſure, remove the barbarity of our preſent education: for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in learning, whilſt our gentlemen ſuffer their ſons, at Weſtminſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but *ſalt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roaſt beef*, upon holidays? what extenſiveneſs can there be in their ſouls; eſpecially when, upon their going thence to the univerſity, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame; and as to *ſauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, beſides his being groom, gardener, butler, and valet, you would ſee that he is endued with a greater accompliſhment; for, according to our ancient author, *Quot Galli, totidem coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you "have, ſo many cooks you may depend upon;" which is very uſeful, where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not, but, with ſuch tutors, and good houſekeepers to provide *cake* and *ſweetmeats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal gentry, a temperate and auſtere clergy; and ſuch perſons of quality, in all ſtations, as may beſt undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly; for I am going to Monſieur D'Avaux, a perſon famous for eaſing the tooth-ach by *avulſion*. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion; and then will inſtantly perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood, in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more virtuoſi. But, let him uſe what *claret* he will in the performance, I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER II.

To Mr. ———.

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promiſe, in your laſt obliging letter, to obtain the happineſs of my correſpondence with Dr. Liſter; and to that end have ſent you the encloſed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, preſent.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never uſe compliments; but I muſt tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correſpondence with you, eſpecially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the ancients concerning *dentiſculps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the uſe of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the inſtinct of Nature, which is the beſt miſtreſs upon all occaſions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their philoſophical and mathematical obſervations: they ſearched into all the ſprings of action; and, though I muſt condemn their ſuperſtition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vaſt diſtrict that worſhipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whoſe jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and his habitation and huſineſs lying moſt in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whiſſters* * in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain, that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the *crocodile*, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom to pick their teeth, and waſh their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's "Dynaſties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began; for it is the fault of great philologers, to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris, in his large conqueſts, might extend the uſe of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable, that the public uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of *juries*. I find, in the preface to the "Third Part of Modern Reports," that "the Chaldees had a "great eſteem for the number TWELVE, becauſe "there were ſo many ſigns of the Zodiack: from "them this number came to the Egyptians, and "ſo to Greece, where Mars himſelf was tried for "a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *ſtone* that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of *juries* dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at leaſt as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had more occaſion for *ſkewers* than *gooſe-quills*. He is very tedious in deſcribing a ſmith's forge and an anvil; whereas he might have been more polite, in ſetting out the *tooth-pick-caſe* or painted *ſnuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but conſider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſt in ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire, from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curioſities and *toy-ſhops*; neither had their ſenate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the univerſe, like *raffling* ſometimes at Colonel Parſon's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conqueſts into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made uſe of any ſuch inſtrument: nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyſſinian empire, give any account of a matter ſo important; for which he is to blame, as I ſhall ſhew in my Treatiſe of "Forks "and Napkins," of which I ſhall ſend you an Eſſay with all expedition. I ſhall in that Treatiſe fully illuſtrate or confute this paſſage of Dr. Heylin, in the third book of his "Coſmography," where he ſays of the Chineſe, "That they eat "their meat with two ſticks of ivory, ebony, or "the like; not touching it with their hands at "all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. "The uſe of ſilver forks with us, by ſome of our "ſpruce gallants taken up of late, came from "hence into Italy, and from thence into Eng"land." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars. For, firſt, the uſe of theſe *ſticks* is not ſo much *to ſave linen*, as out of pure neceſſity, which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working, or being ſerviceable to themſelves or others; and therefore, if they

* Whoſe tenter-grounds are now almoſt all built upon.

would, they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws: and I have very good authority, that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for *their* ſort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef?* therefore our *forks* are of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bibental and the ſilver generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain, that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the Eaſt-Indies; and he gives a large account, how, at the court of an Indian prince, he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would ſhew us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own *pudding;* as likewiſe of *ſilver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the deſert for carving *jellies* and *orange-butter;* and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a *ſilver knife* at the ſide-board, to mingle *ſallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatiſe called Acetaria, concerning "Dreſſing of Sallads." A noble work! But I tranſgreſs—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive, from this verſe of Juvenal, where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu,"

that it was "ſacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an "onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonſtration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's ſauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which ſauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull inn in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, which runs thus:

"Take ſeven ſpoonfuls of ſpring-water; ſlice "two onions of moderate ſize into a large ſaucer, "and put in as much ſalt as you can hold at thrice "betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large, "and ſerve it up." *Probatum eſt.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy perſon remain ſtill at that inn; and I dare ſay, not only Hobſon, but old Birch, and many others of that muſical and delightful profeſſion, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, then to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ———.

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a work that, I hope, may be uſeful to the public, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have, in the mean time, ſent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the Fifth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this, that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.
Two bottles of ſmooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk.
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, ſpeak; I'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glittering ſalvers on the ſide-board laid.
Thus we'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The general's counſels, and the ſtateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall ſleep reign in that precedent night,
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good-fortune ſeem refus'd,
Unleſs ſometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs, not frugality, prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquandering heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er ſpoke bold truths, or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wiſh enjoy'd.
This I'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat's ſet on,
Or, when the diſh is chang'd, the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch;
Whate'er you want is in the maſter's reach.
Then for the company, I'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematic ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe;
Write back your men, and number, as you pleaſe;
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait:
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ———.

HERE send you what I promiſed, "A Diſcourſe of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts* for any art or *ſcience*. He is indeed ſevere upon our ſort of learning in ſome of his *Satires*; but even there he inſtructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

"Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
"Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
"Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum."

"Chooſe eggs oblong; remember they'll be found
"Of ſweeter taſte, and whiter than the round:
"The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roaſted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *ſhell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they will ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many proſelytes; and I have the vanity to think, that I have not been altogether unſucceſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not conſulted any of his tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into Paraphraſe; nor Ben Jonſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original; nor yet the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very deſign and ſoul of that Author. I conſidered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, yet I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and ſententious, I have ſo far taken liberty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their under-ſervants too often experience. I wiſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater conqueſt, ſeeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a ſecret connexion in reality, though he doth not expreſs it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. I: ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this Poem would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the aforementioned Tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would recollect thoſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wiſh the Maſter and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem to be read with due conſideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, ſeeing it contains many uſeful inſtructions for human life. It is true, that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem more principally to reſpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be little regarded, they are directed to him: and the work being deſigned for the univerſal good, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent, if thoſe ſort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of art, that there may be ſome terms not obvious to common readers; but they are not many. The reader may not have a juſt idea of a *ſavoled mutton*, which is a ſheep roaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of ſlaying. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are ſomething unuſual; but, ſince *ſprout-tarts* and *piſtachio-tarts* are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," thoſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient family of Leigh, to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King James the Firſt, when Jeffery his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler; and is ſo recorded in hiſtory, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fiſh*, *hippocraes*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in cookery; yet *terrenes* are not ſo uſual, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties, after the manner of an *oglio*. A *ſurpriſe* is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common; which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open, abounds with all ſorts of variety; which I cannot better reſemble than to the fifth act of one of our modern comedies. Leſt *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieſſin*, and *Boſſu*, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Talieſſin was one of the moſt ancient bards amongſt the Britons, and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructors in criticiſm that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits, that I call my cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons. I am ſure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to *ſpit* and *oven*; and for theſe twelve months paſt, whilſt Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending *pye-cruſt* from ſcorching, his dear friend Dr. Bent-

ley, with his "Phalaris," has been singing of *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two doctors*, as far as possible, to become useful to the public.

Indeed, cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden "Verses," shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage; for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impos-"sible to prevail upon him that could be contented "with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the great cook of the palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that "there was equal skill required to bring an army "into the field, and to set forth a magnificent en-"tertainment; since the one was as far as possible "to annoy your enemy, and the other to pleasure "your friend." In short, as for all persons that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious, moral, upright, and warlike profession of cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, where, they being so barbarous as to make the most *contemptible* person to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* served up *raw*, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience!

As this small essay finds acceptance, I shall be encouraged to pursue a great design I have in hand, of publishing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the "Cook's Complete Library," which shall begin with a translation, or at least an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian feast. He shall be published, with all his *comments*, *useful glosses*, and *indexes*, of a vast copiousness, with cuts of the *basting ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *subterranean skullery*. I design to have all authors in all languages upon that subject; therefore pray consult what oriental manuscripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his notes upon Locman's Fables (whom I take to be the same person with Æsop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *sour milk*, that is, the *bonny clabber*, of the Arabians. I should be glad to know how Mahomet used to have his *shoulder of mutton* dressed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an inn poisoned him with one' saying, "If he is a prophet, he will discover it; if "he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of "him." I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a friend to inquire what manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his executors several admirable *bills of fare* for *Aristotle* suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them; but for the greater part the books are fair and legible."

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks' hall, what manuscripts they may have in their archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *custard* in the sword-bearer's office: how many tun he, a common cryer, or a common hunt, may eat in their life-time. But I transgress the bounds of a letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be most favourable to your friend; for else they will never be able to endure your just censure. I rely upon your goodnature; and I am

Your most obliged, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and, upon serious consideration, find that the true understanding of the whole "Art of Cookery" will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the cooks, but it is rather the fault of their masters, that poets are not so well acquainted with good eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's presence, this I would be bound to say, "That a good din-"ner is brother to a good poem:" only it is something more substantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, in "The "Libertine *," has set very gravely with the leg of a chicken; but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs, under the table. The Host, in "The Villain †," who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions, all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when, from the crown of his hat, he produces his cold capon: so Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Reheartal," with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that slobbers his beard with sack-posset, in "The Man's the Master ¶;" have, in my opi-

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.
† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663
¶ A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

nion, made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by Naſidienus; and with his raillery upon garlic in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of Nero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole Satire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle fiſh, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether ſerious or jocoſe, good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all poets agree that Epiſodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen a very good Epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Critics with a good ſtomach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, ſo at our common tables, many Epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cucumbers, dreſſing of ſallad, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſurloin of beef, breaking lobſters' claws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

A poet, who, by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces?* or to have Statira talk of *tapeſtry hangings*, which, all the learned know, were many years after her death firſt hung up in the hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his *ſilk ſtockings*, or Anne of Boleyn, call for her *coach;* would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her *coach* or wore *ſilk ſtockings?* Neither can a poet put *hops* in an Engliſhman's drink before *herefy* came in: nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of *carp* before the time: he might as well give King James the Firſt a diſh of *aſparagus* upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tutor preſent Queen Catharine with a *ſugar-loaf*, whereas he might as eaſily have given her a diamond as large, ſeeing the *icing* of *cakes* at Wood-ſtreet Corner, and the *refining* of *ſugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years ſtanding, and before that time our anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with *honey*, of which there are ſome remains in *Windſor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *ſimnels*, ſent for preſents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading, if the poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a tragedy; and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet, inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the ſiſters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys;* from whence proceeds their ſtateline ſs of gate, reſervedneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleaſed to ſay, "that, if ſhe "were upon a ſtrange road, and driven to great "neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might for once be "able to ſup upon a *ſack-poſſet* and a *fat ca-*"*pon.*"

I am ſure poets, as well as cooks, are for having all words nicely choſen, and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would ſhew the ſame regret that I do, to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe. Help me "to ſome of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half "that plover;" not conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whoſe proper terms are, "*Break that gooſe;*"—"*fruſt that chicken;*"—"*ſpoil that hen;*"—"*ſauce that capon;*—"*mince* "*that plover.*"——If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks?* But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unleſs we lend our helping hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt author of dramatic poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this art in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, the other a comedy; in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen the play for ſome years, before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following prologue to "All for "Love:"

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, ſo little, and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could know they live, but that they
"bite.
"But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change, become their next poor tenant's
"gueſts,
"*Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,*
"*And ſnatch the homely raſher from the coals;*
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here;
"And ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
"Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your
"taſte,
"Take in good part from our poor poet's board
"Such ſhrivel'd fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* ſhould come together, I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale*, *raſher*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *ſhriveled apples*, might "pit, box, and gallery," it well enough. His prologue to "Sir Martin Mar-all" is ſuch an exquiſite poem, taken from the ſame art, that

I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Lifter's work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

" Fools, which each man meets in his diſh
" each day,
" Are yet the great regalia of a play;
" In which to poets you but juſt appear,
" To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
" Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs,
" One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs;
" But ſuch in plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
" Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
" Obſerving poets all their walks invade,
" As men watch woodcocks gliding through a
" glade;
" And when they have enough for comedy,
" They 'ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye.
" The poet's but a cook to faſhion it,
" For, gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
" To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
" None welcome thoſe who bring their *cheer* *
" along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a poet) is ſo extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I may be excuſed, after ſo great an example; for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage learning, and am very far from any deſigns againſt it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who ſaid that the "Journey " to Lond n" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a book, that, if received, would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-ſtreet, for fear of endangering the bookſellers' ſhops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious, that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider, the papers come from an old friend; and ſpare them out of compaſſion to,

SIR, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here, The occaſion of this is, to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but, unleſs they help me, it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to—write; but, what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been ſo very bad as to deſign to reprint; but then a wicked thought came acroſs me, with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it: "The " Art of Cookery, in imitation of Horace's Art " of Poetry; with ſome familiar Letters to Dr. " Liſter and others, occaſioned principally by the " Title of a Book, publiſhed by the Doctor, con- " cerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients." To this a beau will cry, "Phough! what have I " to do with kitchen ſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy it, and give it to your ſervants." For I hope to live to ſee the day when every miſtreſs of a family, and every ſteward ſhall call up their children and ſervants, with, "Come, Miſs Betty, " how much have you got of your *Art of Cook-* " *ery?*"—Where did you leave off, Miſs Iſabel." —"Miſs Kitty, are you no farther than *King* " *Henry and the Miller?*"—"Yes, Madam, I am come to

——His name ſhall be enroll'd
" In Eſcourt's book, whoſe gridiron's fram'd of
" gold."

Pray, mother, is that our Maſter Eſcourt?"—— "Well, child, if you mind this, you ſhall not be " put to your *Aſſembly Catechiſm* next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the butler out-learning the ſteward, and the painful ſcullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping houſekeeper! I am told, that, if a book is any thing uſeful, the printers have a way of pirating on one another, and printing other perſons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then ſhall I be forced to come out with "The true Art of Cookery is " only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a patten-ma- " ker's, under St. Dunſtan's Church, with the Au- " thor's ſeal at the title page, being three ſauce- " pans, in a bend proper, on a cook's apron, ar- " gent. Beware of counterfeits." And be forced to put out advertiſements, with "Strops for ra- " zors, and the beſt ſpectacles are to be had only " at the Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have the "Art of " Cookery" when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me, I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power.

I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite comedy, called "The Lawyer's For-

* Some critics read it *chair*.

" tune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" which piece has its peculiar embelliſhments, and is a poem carefully framed according to the niceſt rules of the " Art of Cookery;" for the play opens with a ſcene of good houſewifery, where Favourite, the houſekeeper, makes this complaint to Lady Bonona:

" Fav. The laſt mutton killed was lean, Ma-
" dam. Should not ſome fat ſheep be bought
" in?
" Bon. What ſay you, Let-acre, to it?
" Let. This is the worſt time of the year for
" ſheep. The freſh graſs makes them fall away,
" and they begin to taſte of the wool; they muſt
" be ſpared a while, and Favourite muſt caſt to
" ſpend ſome ſalt meat and fiſh. I hope we ſhall
" have ſome fat calves ſhortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the " Art of Cookery," where our author ſays,

" But though my edge be not too nicely ſet,
" Yet I anothers appetite may whet;
" May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon paſt,
" What's ſtale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what's waſte,
" And lead him through the various maze of taſte.

In the ſecond act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's ſon, the conſummate character of the play, having in the firſt act loſt his hawk, and conſequently his way, *benighted, and loſt, and ſeeing a light in a diſtant houſe, comes to the thrifty widow Furioſa's* (which is exactly according to the rule, " A prince, " who in a foreſt rides aſtray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida, her daughter, working on a parchment, whilſt the maid is ſpinning. Peg reaches a chair; ſack is called for; and, in the mean time, the good old gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues, that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or a turkey in ſafety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle, about a pint, and an old faſhioned glaſs, fills, and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him again, he to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time, the old lady cries,* " Well, it is my bed-
" time; but my daughter will ſhew you the way
" to your's: for I know you would willingly be
" in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement, (ſee the great judgment of the poet!) ſhe being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have " laid the *gooſe* to the " fire:" but here it is otherwiſe; for, after ſome intermediate diſcourſe, he is invited to a repaſt; when he modeſtly excuſes himſelf with, " Truly,
" Madam, I have no ſtomach to any meat, but
" to comply with you. You have, Madam, en-
" tertained me with all that is deſirable already"
The lady tells him, " cold ſupper is better than
" none;" *ſo he ſits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am ſure, Horace could not have prepared himſelf more exactly; for (according to the rule, " A widow has cold pye.") though Valentine, being love-ſick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furioſa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother, the hoſpitable Lady Bonora's (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this verſe " Mangoes, Petargo Champignons,
" Caveare"): and Mrs. Favourite, the houſe-keeper, makes, theſe moſt important inquiries:

" Fav. Miſtreſs, ſhall I put any muſhrooms,
" mangoes, or bamboons, into the ſallad?
" Bon. Yes, I pry'thee, the beſt thou haſt.
" Fav. Shall I uſe ketchup or anchovies in the
" gravy?
" Bon. What you will."

But, however magnificent the dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of ſome perſons is, makes her excuſe for it, with, " Well, Gentle-
" men, can ye ſpare a little time to take a ſhort
" dinner? I promiſe you, it ſhall not be long."
It is very probable, though the author does not make any of the gueſts give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great ſportſman, might furniſh the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at leaſt one pheaſant in the houſe, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. " Madam, I had a good flight of a pheaſant-
" cock, that, after my hawk ſeized, made head as
" if he would have fought; but my hawk plumed
" him preſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that, Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own ſupper. However, to ſee the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an hawk to Valentine, Florida, his miſtreſs, grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appeaſe her, ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her, " His maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her
" miſapprehenſion, had ſent her ſome viſible
" tokens, the hawk torn to pieces with his own
" hands;" *and then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we ſee the poor bird *demoliſhed*, and all hopes of wild-fowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it, if miſfortunes would ſtop here. But, the cruel beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the ſteward, to *bruſh off*, and *quit his habitation* However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the houſekeeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one ſcene interpoſed, before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the moſt miſerable

condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a ſcene of the greateſt horror, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the moderns: "Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or "biſks of fiſh," is nothing to it; for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his mother's and houſekeeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their muſhrooms, mangoes, bamboons, ketchup, and anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheeſe without bread*, and having no other drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two ſaddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confuſed trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk acroſs the deſert at a diſtance, and yet they venture in;* where Valentine accoſts his boy with theſe lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

"Hang up thy wallet on that tree,
"And creep thou in this hollow place with me;
"Let's here repoſe our wearied limbs till they
"more wearied be!

"Boy. There is nothing left in the wallet but "one piece of cheeſe. What ſhall we do for "bread?

"Val. When we have ſlept, we will ſeek out
"Some roots that ſhall ſupply that doubt.

"Boy. But no drink, Maſter?

"Val. Under that rock a ſpring I ſee,
"Which ſhall refreſh my thirſt and "thee."

So the act cloſes; and it is diſmal for the audience to conſider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it ſeems, had a coming ſtomach, ſhould continue there all the time the muſic was playing, and longer. But, to eaſe them of their pain, by an invention which the poets call *cataſtrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with faſting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, ſays, "I doubt I have offended him "too much; but I will attend him home, cheriſh "him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and "be a nurſe, a tender nurſe, to him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good mother, having *refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the beſt entertainment ſhe ever "yet provided, to conſider what ſhe has and "what ſhe wants, and to get all ready in few "hours." And ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre tragedies; but give me a play where there is a proſpect of good meat or good wine ſtirring in every act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art "of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to ſee how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I ſhould be heartily glad, for the ſake of the public, if our Poets, for the future, would make uſe of ſo good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we ſhall obſerve it.

I have juſt now met with a ſurpriſing happineſs; a Friend that has ſeen two of Dr. Liſter's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Ex-"ercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fiſh; in which, he ſays, ſome of the chiefeſt rarities are the *pizzle* and *ſpermatic veſſels* of a Snail, delineated by a microſcope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *ſubterocean teſticle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celſus, Farnelius, and Harvey, were never maſters of. The other curioſity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opſoniis et Condi-"mentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this ſo important affair is not ſufficiently communicative. My Friend ſays, he has a promiſe of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I ſhall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Moſt humble ſervant, &c.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of calf;
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!
Such is, good Sir, the figure of a feaſt,
By ſome rich farmer's wife and ſiſter dreſt;
Which, were it not for plenty and for ſteam,
Might be reſembled to a ſick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run ſo faſt,
That ſyllabubs come firſt, and ſoups the laſt.
Not but that cooks and poets ſtill were free,
To uſe their power in nice variety;
Hence, mackarel ſeem delightful to the eyes,
Though dreſs'd with incoherent gooſeberries.
Crabs, ſalmon, lobſters, are with Fennel ſpread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards ſalt pork with orange-peel,
Or garniſhes his lamb with ſpitchcock'd eel.
A cook perhaps has mighty things profeſs'd,
Then ſent up but two diſhes nicely dreſs'd:
What ſignify Scotch-collops to a feaſt?
Or you can make whipp'd cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a ſailor who wants beef;
Who, lately ſhipwreck'd, never can have eaſe,
Till re-eſtabliſh'd in his pork and peaſe?
When once begun, let induſtry ne'er ceaſe
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your deſert bright pewter comes too late,
When your firſt courſe was all ſerv'd up in plate.
Moſt knowing Sir! the greateſt part of cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults freſh'd, from th' egg in batter fried:
Others, to ſhew the largeneſs of their ſoul,
Prepare you muttons ſwol'd, and oxen whole.
To vary the ſame things, ſome think is art:
By larding of hogs-feet and bacon-tart,
The taſte is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting ſkill, creates the fault.
In Covent-Garden did a tailor dwell,
Who might deſerve a place in his own hell:
Give him a ſingle coat to make, he'd do't;
A veſt, or breeches, ſingly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a ſuit:
Rather than frame a ſupper like ſuch clothes,
I'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my noſe.
You that from pliant paſte would fabrics raiſe,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praiſe,
Your knuckles try, and let your ſinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Chooſe your materials right, your ſeaſoning fix,
And with your fruit reſplendent ſugar mix:
From thence of courſe the figure will ariſe,
And elegance adorn the ſurface of your pies.
Beauty from order ſprings: the judging eye
Will tell you if one ſingle plate's awry,
The cook muſt ſtill regard the preſent time;
T' omit what's juſt in ſeaſon is a crime.
Your infant peaſe t' aſparagus prefer,
Which to the ſupper you may beſt defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations ſhould at leaſt be rare;
Yet credit to the artiſt will accrue, [new.
Who in known things ſtill makes th' appearance
Freſh dainties are by Britain's traffic known,
And now by conſtant uſe familiar grown.

What lord of old would bid his cook prepare
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd anceſtors find fault,
For want of ſugar-tongs, or ſpoons for ſalt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one veſſel fav'd his name from death.
The ſeaſons change us all. By Autumn's froſt,
The ſhady leaves of trees and fruit are loſt.
But then the Spring breaks forth with freſh ſupplies,
And from the teeming earth new buds ariſe.
So ſtubble-geeſe at Michaelmas are ſeen
Upon the ſpit; next May produces green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What cavalier would know St. James's Park *?
For Locket's ſtands where gardens once did ſpring;
And wild-ducks quack where graſhoppers did ſing;
A princely palace on that ſpace does riſe,
Where Sedley's noble Muſe found mulberries †.
Since places alter thus, what conſtant thought
Of filling various diſhes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix thoſe things where faſhion is a rule.
King Hardicnute, midſt Danes and Saxons ſtout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on grout;
Which diſh its priſtine honour ſtill retains,
And, when each prince is crown'd, in ſplendour reigns.
By northern cuſtom, duty was expreſs'd,
To friends departed, by their funeral feaſt.
Though I've conſulted Holinſhed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refreſh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.
Trotter from quince and apples firſt did frame
A pye, which ſtill retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet, with white ſugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.
As wealth flow'd in, and plenty ſprang from peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and pleaſures found increaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong
By muſic's charm, and ſome delightful ſong;
Where every youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and cares of love;
How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the muſic and the wine.
Why am I ſtyl'd a cook, if I'm ſo loth
To marinate my fiſh, or ſeaſon broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth;
If I my maſter's *guſto* won't diſcern,
But, through my baſhful folly, ſcorn to learn?
When among friends good humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare,
When, as their future burgeſs, you prepare
For a fat corporation and their mayor.
All things ſhould find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that diſgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Ev'n tailors at their yearly feaſts look great,
And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
A prince, who in a foreſt rides aſtray,
And, weary, to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or biſks of fiſh, [diſh;
But, hungry, ſups his cream ſerv'd up in earthen
Quenches his thirſt with ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the haſty raſher from the coals:
Pleas'd as King Henry with the miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.
Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pye?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
The things we eat by various juice controul
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;
The tender lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat beef or pye-cruſt if you'd ſerious be;
Your ſhell-fiſh raiſes Venus from the ſea;
For nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom ſhe much has given, and much denied:
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with toaſt and cheeſe:
Your betters will deſpiſe you, if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in ſmall fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a ſteward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A widow has cold pye; nurſe gives you cake;
From generous merchants ham or ſturgeon take.
The farmer has brown bread as freſh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall ſquab-pye, and Devon white-pot brings;
And Leiceſter beans and bacon, food of kings!
At Chriſtmas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old tenants' table be the ſame;
Then, if you would ſend up the brawner's head,
Sweet roſemary and bays around it ſpread:
His foaming tuſks let ſome large pippin grace,
Or midſt thoſe thundering ſpears an orange place;
Sauce like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
The roguiſh muſtard, dangerous to the noſe.
Sack and the well-ſpic'd hippocras the wine,
Waſſail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with plums, and turkeys with the chine.
If you perhaps would try ſome diſh unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt,
By venturing out too far you may be loſt.
By roaſting that which your forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoil'd.

* In the time of King Henry VIII. the park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St James's palace, incloſed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-incloſed ground and new-raiſed building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II.; who added to it ſeveral fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden."

That cook to Britiſh palates is complete,
Whoſe ſavoury band gives turns to common meat.
Though cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceneſs of their ſubject, few have writ.
In what an aukward ſound that ballad ran,
Which with this bluſtering paragraph began:
There was a prince of Lubberland
A potentate of high command,
Ten thouſand bakers did attend him,
Ten thouſand brewers did befriend him:
Theſe brought him kiſſing-cruſts, and thoſe
Brought him ſmall-beer, before he roſe.
The author raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool:*
So, if you ſue a beggar for a houſe,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louſe!
Homer, more modeſt, if we ſearch his books,
Will ſhew us that his heroes all were cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the ox, and ſpit the loins.
Oh could that poet live! could he rehearſe
Thy journey, *Liſter*, in immortal verſe!
Muſe, ſing the man that did to Paris go,
That he might taſte their ſoups, and muſhrooms know!
Oh, how would Homer praiſe their dancing dogs,
Their ſtinking cheeſe, and fricaſee of frogs!
He'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lye,
Of boys with cuſtard chok'd at Newberry;
But their whole courſes you'd entirely ſee,
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
If you all ſorts of perſons would engage,
Suit well your eatables to every age.
The favourite child, that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his ſilver bells and rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has windows on his bread and butter:
He for repeated ſupper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he'd have, or why.
The ſmooth-fac'd youth, that has new guardians choſe,
From play-houſe ſteps to ſupper at the Roſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.
Maturer age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour riſing from a ſheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome inſurance dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by ſtill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds, the leſs content;
His larder and his kitchen too obſerves,
And *now*, leſt he ſhould want hereafter, ſtarves;
Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to live.
But now the cook muſt paſs through all degrees,
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to health and to diſeaſe.
Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd,
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.
Next, let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
And, when you treat, three courſes be the moſt.
Let never freſh machines your paſtry try,
Unleſs grandees or magiſtrates are by:
Then you may put a dwarf into a pye.
Or, if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a paſty lodge a living hare;
Then midſt their graveſt furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
And all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than ſeven, and never leſs than three.
'Tis the deſert that graces all the feaſt,
For an ill end diſparages the reſt:
A thouſand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your tranſparent ſweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian ſugar and Arabian ſpice:
And let your various creams encircled be
With ſwelling fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.
Let plates and diſhes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth tranſparent wrought.
The feaſt now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth purſued.
The cheerful maſter, 'midſt his jovial friends,
His glaſs "to their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
The grace-cup follows to his ſovereign's health,
And to his country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleaſes re-aſſumes his place;
While at his gate, from ſuch abundant ſtore,
He ſhowers his godlike bleſſings on the poor.
In days of old, our fathers went to war,
Expecting ſturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions ſtew'd,
And in their baſket-hilts their beverage brew'd.
Some officer perhaps may give conſent,
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every ſoldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conqueſts were extenſive grown,
And through the world our Britiſh worth was known,
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign ſparkled equal with their lace;
Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were ſent,
To grace the levee of a general's tent;
In their gilt plate all delicates were ſeen,
And what was earth before became a rich terrene.
When the young players once get to Iſlington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own;
Prentices, pariſh-clerks, and hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the treat.
Their talk is looſe; and o'er the bouncing ale
At conſtables and juſtices they rail;
Not thinking cuſtard ſuch a ſerious thing,
That common-council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With ſoftening mead and cheeſe-cake ends the ſtrife.
Ev'n ſquires come there, and, with their mean diſcourſe,
Render the kitchen, which they ſit in, worſe.

Midwives demure, and chamber-maids moſt gay,
Foremen that pick the box, and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings revelling with delight.
What theſe approve, the great men will diſlike:
But here's the art, if you the palate ſtrike;
By management of common things ſo well,
That what was thought the meaneſt ſhall excel;
While others ſtrive in vain, all perſons own
Such diſhes could be dreſs'd by you alone.

When ſtraiten'd in your time, and ſervants few,
You'll rightly then compoſe an *ambigue*;
Where firſt and ſecond courſe, and your deſert,
All in one ſingle table have their part.
From ſuch a vaſt confuſion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raiſe a ſtructure grateful to the ſight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footſteps tread:
The French our reliſh help, and well ſupply
The want of things too groſs by decency.
Our fathers moſt admir'd their ſauces ſweet,
And often aſk'd for ſugar with their meat;
They butter'd currants on fat veal beſtow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin-honey ſtew'd.
Inſipid taſte, old friend, to them who Paris know,
Where rocombole, ſhallot, and the rank garlic,
grow.

Tom Bold did firſt begin the ſtrolling mart,
And drove about his turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his wife the citizens would pleaſe,
And from the ſame machine ſell pecks of peaſe;
Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,
And oranges in whimſey-boards went round:
Beſs Hoy firſt found it troubleſome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a ſtall;
Her currants there and gooſeberries were ſpread,
With the enticing gold of gingerbread:
But flounders, ſprats, and cucumbers, were cried,
And every ſound and every voice was tried.
At laſt the Law this hideous din ſuppreſs'd,
And order'd that the Sunday ſhould have reſt;
And that no nymph her noiſy food ſhould ſell,
Except it were new milk or mackarel.

There is no diſh but what our cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade. [Spain;
Not French kickſhaws, or oglios brought from
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But pudding, brawn, and white-pots, own'd to be
Th' effects or native ingenuity.

Our Britiſh fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Would they take time; would they with leiſure work;
With care would ſalt their beef, and cure their pork;
Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
Their conqueſt half is to the victualler due.

Becauſe that thrift and abſtinence are good,
As many things if rightly underſtood:
Old Croſs condemns all perſons to be fops,
That can't regale themſelves with mutton-chops.
He often for ſtuft beef to Bedlam runs;
And the clean rummer, as the peſthouſe, ſhuns.
Sometimes poor jack and onions are his diſh,
And then he ſaints thoſe friars who ſtink of fiſh.

As for myſelf, I take him to abſtain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely ſet;
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May reach him when to buy, when ſeaſon's paſt,
What's ſtale, what choice, what plentiful, what waſte;
And lead him through the various maze of taſte.

The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious cooks *the reliſh* call;
For, when the market ſends in loads of food,
They all are taſteleſs till *that* makes them good.
Beſides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You'd pleaſe a friend, or reconcile a brother,
A teſty father, or a haughty mother;
Would mollify a judge, would cram a ſquire,
Or elſe ſome ſmiles from court you may deſire;
Or would, perhaps, ſome haſty ſupper give,
To ſhew the ſplendid ſtate in which you live.
Purſuant to that intereſt you propoſe,
Muſt all your wine and all your meat be choſe.
Let men and manners every diſh adapt:
Who'd force his pepper where his gueſts are *clapt*?
A cauldron of fat beef and ſtoop of ale
On the huzzaing mob ſhall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the niceſt art
Ragouts of peacocks brains, or filbert-tart.

The French by ſoups and *haut-gouts* glory raiſe,
And their deſires all terminate in praiſe.
The thrifty maxim of the weary Dutch
Is, to ſave all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries the father, "ſee a pin lies there;
"A pin a day will fetch a groat a-year.
"To your five farthings join three farthings more;
"And they, if added, make your halfpence four!"
Thus may your ſtock by management increaſe,
Your wars ſhall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and ruſty coin prevail,
What hopes of ſugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?

Cooks garniſh out ſome tables, ſome they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture ſhew their ſkill:
Clog not your conſtant meals; for diſhes few
Increaſe the appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they, who will extravagance profeſs,
Have ſtill an inward hatred for exceſs:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in diſguiſe,
Or that fantaſtic diſh ſome call *ſurpriſe*.
When pleaſures to the eye and palate meet,
That cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like *ſurloin knighthood*, flies;
Immortal made, as *Kit-cat* by his pyes.

Good-nature muſt ſome failings overlook,
Not wilfulneſs, but errors of the cook.
A ſtring won't always give the ſound deſign'd
By the muſician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the deſtin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no ſalt is thrown about the diſh,
Or no fried parſley ſcatter'd on the fiſh;
Shall I in paſſion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,

For things which careleſſneſs might overſee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compaſſion once may overlook
A ſkewer ſent to table by my cook:
But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
That he ſhould daily the ſame fault permit
For fear the raſcal ſend me up the ſpit!

Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would ſubmit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all, yet never could excel
In any thing but ſtuffing of his veal:
But, when that diſh was in perfection ſeen,
And that alone would it not move your ſpleen!
'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
And gently ſink the artiſt into ſleep.
Ev'n Lamb himſelf, at the moſt ſolemn feaſt,
Might have ſome chargers not exactly dreſt.

Tables ſhould be like pictures to the ſight,
Some diſhes caſt in ſhade, ſome ſpread in light,
Some at a diſtance brighten, ſome near hand,
Where eaſe may all their *delicate* command:
Some ſhould be mov'd when broken; others laſt
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taſte.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldeſt ſon:
"Though wiſe thyſelf," ſays he, "though taught by me,
"Yet fix this ſentence in thy memory:
"There are ſome certain things that don't excel,
"And yet we ſay are *tolerably well*:
"There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,
"Whom they diſtinguiſh as of *middle* ſize,
"For pleading well at bar, or turning books;
"But this is not, my ſon, the fate of cooks,
"From whoſe myſterious art true pleaſures ſprings
"To *ſtall* of garter, and to *throne* of kings.
"A ſimple ſcene, a diſobliging ſong,
"Which no way to the main deſign belong,
"Or were they abſent never would be miſs'd,
"Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiſs'd:
"So in a feaſt no intermediate fault
"Will be allow'd; but, if not beſt, 'tis naught."

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From nine-pins, coits, and from trap-ball, abſtains;
Cudgels avoids, and ſhuns the wreſtling-place,
Leſt vinegar reſound his loud diſgrace.
But every one to cookery pretends;
Nor maid nor miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roaſt a pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We'll ſee when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout;
But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,
Not by the drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian fathers, ſparing in their food.
Firſt boil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood.
Sharp hunger was their ſeaſoning, or they took
Such ſalt as iſſued from the native rock.
Their ſallading was never far to ſeek,
The poignant water-graſs, or ſavoury leek;
Until the Britiſh bards adorn'd this iſle,
And taught them how to roaſt, and how to boil:
Then Talieſſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
His Britiſh harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung:
Taught them that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their truth, their open heart, their modeſt dreſs,
Duty to kindred, conſtancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In after ages, Arthur and his knights
At his round table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future heroes due example ſet,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the ſpirits riſe, and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſtcourt's book *, whoſe gridiron's fram'd of gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.
'Tis a ſage queſtion, if the art of cooks
Is lodg'd by nature, or attain'd by books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whoſe whole dependence lies in ſome receipt:
Then by pure nature every thing is ſpoil'd,
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and boil'd.
When art and nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *ragout*, or charming *fricaſee*.
The lad that would his genius ſo advance,
That on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
From tender years enures himſelf to pains,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rains,
And from the fire of wine and love abſtains;
No artiſt can his hautboy's ſtops command,
Unleſs ſome ſkilful maſter form his hand:
But gentry take their cooks though never tried
It ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus ſhew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at ſchool.
Ox-cheek when hot, and wardens bak'd, ſome cry;
But 'tis with an intention men ſhould buy.
Others abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
That, if you'll let them treat, they'll aſk no more:
And 'tis the vaſt ambition of their ſoul,
To ſee their port admir'd, and table full.
But then, amidſt that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk ſo very much, and laugh ſo loud,
Who with ſuch grace his honour's actions praiſe,
How well he fences, dances, ſings, and plays;
Tell him his livery's rich, his chariot's fine,
How choice his meat, and delicate his wine;

* That is, "be admitted a member of The Beaf-ſteak Club."—Richard Eſtcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit, and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-ſteak Club was firſt inſtituted, he had the office of of Providore aſſigned him; and, as a mark of diſtinction, uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ſilk ribband. He died in the year 1713.

Surrounded thus, how ſhould the youth deſcry
The happineſs of friendſhip from a lie?
Friends act with cautious temper when ſincere;
But flattering impudence is void of care:
So at an Iriſh funeral appears
A train of drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing oft their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
While real grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
And love unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
Hard fate of wealth! Were lords as butchers wife,
They from their meat would baniſh all the *flies!*
The Perſian kings, with wine and maſſy bowl,
Search'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul;
That, ſo laid open, no one might pretend,
Unleſs a man of worth, to be their friend.
But now the guelts their patrons undermine;
And ſlander them, for giving them their wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unleſs by theſe inſtructions they'll be taught,
They ſpread the net, and will themſelves be caught.

Were Horace, that great maſter, now alive,
A feaſt with wit and judgment he'd contrive.
As thus:—Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
A labour'd work, and every diſh a verſe;
He'd ſay, "Mend this, and t'other line, and this."
If after trial it were ſtill amiſs,
He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or ſet ſome diſh more curious in its place.
If you perſiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
A paſſion ſo delightful as ſelf-love.

We ſhould ſubmit our treats to critics' view,
And every prudent cook ſhould read Boſſu.
Judgment provides the meat in ſeaſon fit,
Which by the genius dreſt, its ſauce is wit.
Good beef for men. Pudding for youth and age,
Come up to the decorum of the ſtage.
The critic ſtrikes out all that is not juſt,
And 'tis ev'n ſo the butler chips his cruſt.
Poets and paſtry-cooks will be the ſame,
Since both of them their images muſt frame.
Chimæras from the poet's fancies flow:
The cook contrives his ſhapes in real dough.

When truth commands, there's no man can offend,
That with a modeſt love corrects his friend,
Though 'tis in toaſting bread, or buttering peaſe,
So the reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
But why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
Becauſe 'tis better to have none at all.
There's often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
And our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.
'Tis by his cleanlineſs a cook muſt pleaſe;
A kitchen will admit of no diſeaſe.
The fowler and the huntſman both may run
Amidſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.
Empedocles, a ſage of old, would raiſe
A name immortal by unuſual ways;
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd,
He thought by *roaſting* to be made a god.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have fire enough.
Were my cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I'd rather than himſelf his fiſh ſhould fry.

There are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude,
That to your private table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
Turn like a fox, they'll catch you at the laſt.
You muſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your houſe as in a peſtilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And, as you're ſcampering, ſtop you in your coach.
Then think of all your ſins, and you will ſee
How right your guilt and puniſhment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw ſome debtor into goal.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
You are detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.

Were it in my election, I ſhould chooſe,
To meet a revenous wolf or bear got looſe.
He'll eat and talk, and talking ſtill will eat,
No quarter from the paraſite you'll get;
But, like a leech well fix'd, he'll ſuck what's good,
And never part till ſatisfied with blood.

LETTER IX.

To Mr.———

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happineſs to you, becauſe you are ſo much my friend as to rejoice at it. I ſome days ago met with an old acquaintance, a curious perſon, of whom I enquired if he had ſeen the book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very ſlight view of it, the perſon who was maſter of it not being willing to part with ſo valuable a rarity out of his cloſet. I deſired him to give me what account he could of it. He ſays, that it is a very handſome octavo; for, ever ſince the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an author ſtrangely; that there is a copious index; and at the end a catalogue of all the doctor's works, concerning cockles, Engliſh beetles, ſnails, ſpiders that get up into the air and throw us down cobwebs, a monſter vomited up by a baker, and ſuch like; which, if carefully peruſed, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it ſeems, no manuſcript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; ſo that this impreſſion is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my friend ſays, he does not believe contrived it himſelf, becauſe the things are ſo very much out of the way, that it is not probable any learned man would ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the editor "That, whatever manuſcripts there might "have been, they muſt have been extremely vi- "cious and corrupt, as being written out by the "cooks themſelves, or ſome of their friends or "ſervants, who are not always the moſt accu- "rate." And then, as my friend obſerved, if the cook had uſed it much, it might be ſullied; the cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occaſion for it. I ſhould think it no improvident matter for the ſtate to order a ſelect

ſcrivener to tranſcribe receipts, leſt ignorant women and houſekeepers ſhould impoſe upon future ages by ill-ſpelt and uncorrect receipts for potting of lobſters, or pickling of turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it ſeems, paſſes for the author of this treatiſe; whoſe ſcience, learning, and diſcipline, were extremely contemned, and almoſt abhorred, by Seneca and the ſtoics, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and ſo lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to phyſic, to which a learned author, called Donatus, ſays, that "the "kitchen is a handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every reſpect come up to the ancients, that, by a very good author, an old gentleman is introduced as making uſe of three doctors, Dr, Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent phyſicians; and, if kept at a conſtant penſion, their fees will not be very coſtly.

It ſeems, as my friend has learned, there were two perſons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the republic, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had "a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs "that related to eating," and conſequently has his name affixed to many ſorts of aumulets and pancakes. Nor were emperors leſs contributors to ſo great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius, Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whoſe imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts, the laſt of which emperors had the peculiar glory of firſt making ſauſages of ſhrimps, crabs, oyſters, ſprawns, and lobſters. And theſe ſauſages being mentioned by the author which the editor publiſhes, from that and many other arguments the learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the book, as now printed could not be tranſcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, auſtere, and ſolid virtue. And, it ſeems, under his adminiſtration, a perſon that found out a new ſoup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding out a new Continent. My friend ſays, the editors tells us of unheard-of dainties; how "Æſopus had a ſu[p]per "of the tongues of birds that could ſpeak;" and that "his daughter regaled on pearls," though he does not tell us how ſhe dreſſed them; how "Hortenſius left ten thouſand pipes of wine in "his cellar, for his heir's drinking;" how "Ve"dius Pollio fed his fiſh-[p]onds with man's fleſh;" and how "Cæſar bought ſix thouſand weight of "lampreys for his triumphal ſupper" He ſays, the editor proves equally to a demonſtration, by the proportions and quantities ſet down, and the nauſeouſneſs of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperors were ordered by their phyſicians; and that the *recipe* was taken by the cook, as the collegiate doctors would do their bills, to a modern apothecary; and that this cuſtom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Weſtern Empire; and that they, by uſe, exerciſe, and neceſſity of abſtinence, introduced the eating of cheeſe and veniſon without thoſe additional ſauces, which the phyſicians of old found out to reſtore the depraved appetites of ſuch great men as had loſt their ſtomachs by an exceſs of luxury. Out of the ruins of Eraſiſtratus's book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrenſis of *Cow-heel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionyſius of *Sugar ſops* Agis of *Pickled broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-poſſet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegiſippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon cream*, Archites of *Hog's Harſlet*, Aceſtius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hickeſius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet Breads*, and Philiſtion of *Oat cakes*, and ſeveral other ſuch authors, the great Humelbergius compoſed his annotations upon Apicius; whoſe receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and loſt, were preſerved in the utmoſt parts of Tranſylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with ſeveral diſhes of Apicius, and is pleaſed to ſay they are nauſeous; but our editor defends that great perſon, by ſhewing the difference of our cuſtoms; how Plutarch ſays, "the ancients uſed no pep"per," whereas all, or at leaſt five or ſix hundred, of Apicius's delicates were ſeaſoned with it. For we may as well admire that ſome Weſt Indians ſhould abſtain from ſalt, as that we ſhould be able to bear the bitterneſs of hops in our common drink: and therefore we ſhould not be averſe to rue, cummin, parſley ſeed. marſh-mallows, or nettles, with our common meat: or to have pepper, honey, ſalt, vinegar, raiſins, muſtard, and oil, rue, maſtic, and cardamums, ſtrown promiſcuouſly over our dinner when it comes to table. My friend tells me of ſome ſhort obſervations he made out of the annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in ſome things he may miſtake, becauſe it is not wilfully, as, that Papinius Petrus was the great patron of cuſtard: that the "*tetrapharmacon*, a diſh much "admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexan"der Severus, was made of pheaſant, peacock, a "wild ſow's hock and udder, with a bread pud"ding over it; and that the name and reaſon of "ſo odd a diſh are to be ſought for among the "phyſicians."

The work is divided into ten books; of which the firſt treats of ſoups and pickles, and amongſt other things ſhews that ſauce pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian uſed a glaſs of bitter in a morning; that the ancients ſcalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as now practiſed, with ſpice and ſugar, is pernicious; that the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman diſh, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its ſauce then was muſtard and honey, before the frequent uſe of ſugar: nor were ſowced hogs-feet, cheeks, and ears, unknown to thoſe ages. It is very probable, they were not ſo ſuperſtitious as to have ſo great a delicate only at Chriſtmas It were worth a diſſertation between two learned perſons, ſo it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or

whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain: and it is strange he should take no noticce of it; where as he has recorded that they did not eat hare's flesh; that the ancients used to *marinate* their fish, by frying them in oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling vinegar upon them. The learned annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the liquor in oysters, is, by laying the deep shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What estates might Brawn or Locket have got in these days, when Apicius, only for broiling sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The first book having treated of sauces or standing pickles for relish, which are used in most of the succeeding receipts; the second has a glorious subject, of sausages, both with skins and without, which contains matters no less remarkable than the former. The ancients that were delicate in their eating, prepared their own mushrooms with an amber, or at least a silver knife; where the annotator shews elegantly, against Hardouinus, that the whole knife, and not only the handle, was of amber, or silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are outdone by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The third book is of such edibles as are produced in gardens. The Romans used *nitre*, to make their herbs look green; the annotator shews our saltpetre at present to differ from the ancient *nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with oil and salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present receipt is, To let the water boil well; throw in salt and a bit of butter; and so not only sprouts, but spinage, will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that walnut trees, like Russian wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the walnut tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the tree that bears it. As for asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a hundred of them weighed thirty; that cucumbers are apt to rise in the stomach, unless pared, or boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper; that the best way to roast onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them; that beets are good for smiths because they, working at the fire are generally costive; that Petronius has recorded a little old woman, who sold the *agreste olus* of the ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our days cry nettle tops, elder-buds, and cliver, in springtime very wholesome.

The fourth book contains the universal art of cookery. As Mathæus Sylvaticus composed the Pandects of Physic, and Justinian those of Law; so Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this book which bears that inscription. The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a *salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine; put them into a *cacabalum*; three crusts of pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, goat-stones, vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small; pour a soup over it, garnish it with snow, and send it up in the *cacabulum*. This *cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my friend went to his dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a physician to prescribe, to send to table upon that occasion, might be a bed-pan. There are some admirable remarks and annotations to the second chapter, concerning the dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between mushrooms, *chats*, or *beccoficos*, oysters, and redwings; a work that ought to be published: for the same annotator observes, that this island is not destitute of redwings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the *chats* come to us in April, and breed, and about autumn return to Africk; that experience shews us they may be kept in cages, fed with beef or wedder mutton, figs, grapes, and minced filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British dishes; the first delighting in hodge-podge, gallimaufreys, forced meats, jussels, and salmagundies; the latter in spear-ribs, surloins, chines, and barons, and thence our terms of art both as to dressing and carving, become very different; for they, lying upon a sort of couch, could not have carved those dishes which our ancestors when they sat upon forms used to do. But since the use of cushions and elbow chairs, and the editions of good books and authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them: For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame; and I believe few of us have seen a dish of capon-stones at table (lamb-stones is acknowledged by the learned annotator that we have); for the art of making capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning off their spurs; which, occasioning their sterility, makes them capons in effect though those parts thereby became more large and tender.

The fifth book is of pease-porridge; under which are included, frumetary, water-gruel, milk-porridge, rice-milk, flumary, stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Au-*

ſprios; but my friend was pleaſed to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a name uſed by Rabelais, an eminent phyſician. There are ſome very remarkable things in it; as, the emperor Julianus had ſeldom any thing but ſpoon-meat at ſupper: that the herb fenugreek, with pickles, oil, and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator obſerves, that it is not uſed in our kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterneſs that it has; and that it is plainly a phyſical diet, that will give a ſtool; and that, mixed with oats, it is the beſt purge for horſes: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be loſt; for what the Lord did not eat, he might ſend to his ſtable!

The ſixth book treats of wild-fowl; how to dreſs oſtridges (the biggeſt, groſſeſt, and moſt difficult of digeſtion, of any bird), phœnicoptrices, parrots, &c.

The ſeventh book treats of things *ſumptuous* and *coſtly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *hog-meat;* in which the Romans came to that exceſs, that the laws forbad the uſage of hogs-harſlet, ſweet-breads, cheeks, &c. at their public ſuppers; and Cato, when cenſor, fought to reſtrain the extravagant uſe of Brawn, by ſeveral of his orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we ſee it took place in the thoughts of the wiſeſt men, and bore a part in their moſt important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our preſent age is ſuch, that I believe few beſides the annotator know the excellency of a virgin ſow, eſpecially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the moſt of her liver, lights, brains, and pettitoes; and to vary her into thoſe fifty diſhes which Pliny ſays were uſually made of that delicious creature. Beſides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies: "That fellow "that eats bacon for two or three days before he "is to box or wreſtle, ſhall be much ſtronger "than if he ſhould eat the beſt roaſt beef or bag "pudding in the pariſh."

The eighth book treats of ſuch dainties as *four-footed* beaſts afford us; as, 1. the *wild boar*, which they uſed to boil with all its briſtles on. 2. The *deer*, dreſſed with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and ſtewed damſons, &c. 3. The *wild ſheep*, of which there are "innumerable in "the mountains of Yorkſhire and Weſtmorland, "that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be ſent up with an "elegant ſauce, preſcribed after a phyſical manner, "in form of an electuary, made of pepper, rue, "parſley-ſeed, juniper, thyme dried, mint, penny-"royal, honey, &c." with which any apothecary in that country can furniſh you. 4. *Beef*, with onion ſauce, and commended by Celſus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the Greeks ſcarce knew how to *make oxen*, and *powdering tubs* were in very few families: for phyſicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwiſe Galen would ſcarce have found out that young foxes were in ſeaſon in autumn. 5. The *ſucking pig* boiled in paper. 6. The *hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties;* its blood being the ſweeteſt of any animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the emperors and nobility had parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had ſent him one, or a pig, he would make it laſt him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which muſt have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the moſt exquiſite animal was reſerved for the laſt chapter; and that was the *dormouſe*, a harmleſs creature, whoſe innocence might at leaſt have defended it both from cooks and phyſicians. But Apicius found out an odd ſort of fate for thoſe poor creatures; ſome to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *hogs-guts*, and ſo boiled for ſauſages. In ancient times, people made it their buſineſs to fatten them. Ariſtotle rightly obſerves, that ſleep fattened them; and Martial from thence too poetically tells us, that ſleep was their only nouriſhment. But the annotator has cleared that point: he, good man, has tenderly obſerved one of them for many years, and finds that it does not ſleep all the winter, as falſely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repaſt then rolls itſelf up in a ball to ſleep. This dormouſe, according to the author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do ſo, I cannot tell, becauſe Bamboufelbergius's Treatiſe "of "Fattening Dormice" is loſt. Though very coſtly, they became a common diſh at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dreſſing them, and ſerving them up with poppies and honey; which muſt be a very ſoporiferous dainty, and as good as owl-pye to ſuch as want a nap after dinner. The fondneſs of the Romans came to be ſo exceſſive towards them, that, as Pliny ſays, "the cenſorian laws, and "Marcus Scaurus in his conſulſhip, got them "prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their ſubjects in ſo reaſonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewiſe, that "*ſcales* were brought to table in "thoſe ages, to weigh curious fiſhes, birds, and "dormice," to ſee whether they were at the ſtandard of excellence and perfection, and ſometimes, I ſuppoſe, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The annotator takes hold of this occaſion, to ſhew "of how great uſe ſcales would "be at the tables of our nobility," eſpecially upon the bringing up of a diſh of wild-fowl: "For, "if twelve larks (ſays he) ſhould weigh below "twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and "ſcarce tolerable; if twelve, and down weight, "they would be very well; but, if thirteen, they "would be fat to perfection." We ſee upon how nice and exact a balance the happineſs of eating depends!

I could ſcarce forbear ſmiling, not to ſay worſe, at ſuch exactneſs and ſuch dainties; and told my friend, that thoſe ſcales would be of extraordinary uſe at Dunſtable; and that, if the annotator had

not preſcribed his dormouſe, I ſhould upon the firſt occaſion be glad to viſit it, if I knew its viſiting days and hours, ſo as not to diſturb it.

My friend ſaid, there remained but two books more, one of ſea, and the other of river fiſh; in the account of which he would not be long, ſeeing his memory began to fail him almoſt as much as my patience.

" 'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
" And gently ſink the artiſt into ſleep *;"

eſpecially when treating of dormice.

The ninth book is concerning ſea fiſh; where, amongſt other learned annotations, is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who, having ſpent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobſters of a vaſt and unuſual bigneſs in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on ſhipboard the ſame day; and, having ſuffered much at ſea, came at laſt to the coaſt. But the fame of ſo great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fiſhermen ſailed out to meet him, and preſented him with their faireſt lobſters. He aſked, if they had no larger. They anſwered, " Their ſea produced nothing more excellent than " what they had brought." This honeſt freedom of theirs, with his diſappointment, ſo diſguſted him, that he took pet, and bade the maſter return home again immediately: and ſo, it ſeems, Africa loſt the breed of one monſter more than it had before †. There are many receipts in the book, to dreſs cramp-fiſh, that numb the hands of thoſe that touch them; the cuttle-fiſh, whoſe blood is like ink; the pourcontrel, or many-feet; the ſea-urchin, or hedge-hog; with ſeveral others, whoſe ſauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us moderns, the ancients often ate their oyſters alive, and ſpread hard eggs minced over their ſprats as we do now over our ſalt-fiſh. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings: It ſeems, the ancients were very fantaſtical, in making one thing paſs for another; ſo, at Petronius's ſupper, the cook ſent up a fat gooſe, fiſh, and wild fowl of all ſorts to appearance, but ſtill all were made out of the ſeveral parts of one ſingle porker. The great Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his cook: the king was extremely affected with freſh herrings; (as indeed who is not?) but, being far up in Aſia from the ſea-coaſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his cook contrived ſome ſort of meat, which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a herring, that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this prince's eyes and *guſto*. My friend told me, that, to the honour of the city of London, he had ſeen a thing of this nature there; that is, a herring, or rather a ſalmogundy, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid, that it ſurprized him. He ſays, many of the *ſpecies* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton ale, and not coſting above ſixpence, an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning *fiſh ſauces*, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems, Seneca the philoſopher (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in the art of cookery could be expected), in his third book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays, the Romans were come to that dainties, that they would not eat a fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, " that it might taſte " of the ſea," as they expreſſed it; and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, " In other " matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of " this weight, it is not conſiſtent with my gravity " and prudence. I will truſt nothing but my own " eyes. Bring the fiſh hither, let me ſee him " breathe his laſt." And, when the poor fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, " Nothing is more beautiful than a dying " mullet!" My friend ſays, the annotator looks upon theſe " as jeſts made by the ſtoics, and " ſpoken abſurdly and beyond nature;" though the annotator at the ſame time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athenians in good laws, and the Romans in great examples! But I believe our Britons need wiſh their friends no longer life, than till they ſee London ſerved with live herrings and gaſping mackarel. It is true, we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they are roaſted; our eels uſe the ſame periſtaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their ſkin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occaſion to the admirable remark of ſome perſons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My friend ſaid, that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator, " That they who amongſt the Sybarites would " ſell fiſh for eels, or ſell them, ſhould be free from all " taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude;* and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I ſhortly intend a hiſtory, ſhewing how they deſervedly baniſhed cooks for waking them in a morning, and ſmiths for being uſeful; how one cried out becauſe one of the roſe-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their horſes to dance; and ſo their enemies, coming againſt them with *guitars* and *harpſichords*, ſet them ſo upon their *round-o's* and *minuets*, that the form of their battle

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

† Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the moſt humourous in that admirable collection) ſeems to have been entirely founded on the hints ſuggeſted by Dr. King.

was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and several other good authors, affirm. I told my friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice dishes to cover the table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, should be a salacacaby, a dish of fenugreek, a wild-sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable electuary, a *ragout* of capon's stones, and some dormouse sausages.

If, as friends do with one another at a venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

THE ART OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE DE ARTE AMANDI.

TO THE

LORD HERBERT*,

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Caerdiff, Roſs of Kendal, Parr, Fitzhugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland, Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

My Lord,

The following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your lordſhip: for, as the advantages of your mind and perſon muſt kindle the flames of love in the coldeſt breaſt; ſo you are of an age moſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments at home, which others are forced to ſeek abroad; and have given the world aſſurance, by ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt offices of the crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your poſterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though theſe rules will be of ſmall uſe to you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your ſervice, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordſhip; and that I am moſt entirely

Your Lordſhip's
Moſt faithful humble ſervant,
WILLIAM KING.

* Henry Lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749.

PREFACE.

It is endeavoured, in the following poems, to give the readers of both ſexes ſome ideas of the art of love; ſuch a love as is innocent and virtuous, and whoſe deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the ancients, amongſt whom none has touched that paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the maſterſhip in that art; and therefore, in the fourth book De Triſtibus, when he would give ſome account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf "Tenerorum Luſor Amorum," as if he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion.

The preſent imitation of him is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a later poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his words, or be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that author would have done, had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not ſay that Sir John Denham, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this libertine way, as the latter calls it, ſo far as this definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations; but the preſent ſubject being love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance and addreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and perſons will write, and the ancients have ſo great a fund of learning; whom can the moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? It is moſt likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imitation is better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force of the expreſſions of his author, as a literal tranſlator: and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may ſeem pardonable, the Latin * at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it. An imitator and his author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his father in the comedy †:

"What thof he be my father, I an't bound pren-
tice to 'en."

There were many reaſons why the imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole into fourteen parts, rather than keep it in three books. Theſe may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his "Georgics," ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable fable, which carries with it ſome moral: yet, if any perſons pleaſe to take the ſix firſt parts as the firſt book, and divide the eight laſt, they may make three books of them again. There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the poem out of the "Remedy of Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and provoking) ſince they would ſtay, have been ſuffered to ſtand there. But as for the love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be preſcribed for it, but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Should the imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be conſidered, that perhaps even in that he deſired to imitate his author, and would not peruſe them; leſt, as ſome of Ovid's works were, ſo theſe might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the reader to do, if he pleaſes, when he has bought them.

* In the firſt editions of the "Art of Cookery," and of the "Art of Love," Dr. King printed the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations.

† Love for Love.

THE ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
Let him but read theſe verſes, and improve.
Swift ſhips are rul'd by art, and oars, and ſails:
Skill guides our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
Automedon with reins let looſe could fly;
Tiphys with Argo's ſhip cut waves and ſky.
In love affairs I'm charioteer of Truth,
And ſureſt pilot to incautious youth.
Love's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
But then conſider he is but a boy.
Chiron with pleaſing harp Achilles tam'd,
And his rough manners with ſoft muſic fram'd:
Though he'd in council ſtorm, in battle rage,
He bore a ſecret reverence for age.
Chiron's command with ſtrict obedience ties
The ſinewy arm by which brave Hector dies:
That was *his* taſk, but fiercer love is mine:
They both are boys, and ſprung from race divine.
The ſtiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke ſubmit,
And the moſt fiery courſer champs the bit.
So Love ſhall yield. I own, I've been his ſlave;
But conquer'd where my enemy was brave;
And now he darts his flames without a wound,
And all his whiſtling arrows die in ſound.
Nor will I raiſe my fame by hidden art;
In what I teach, ſound reaſon ſhall have part:
For Nature's paſſion cannot be deſtroy'd,
But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
Yet ſtill 'twill be convenient to remove
The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
May infant Chaſtity, grave matron's pride,
A parent's wiſh, and bluſhes of a bride,
Protect this work; ſo guard it, that no rhyme
In ſyllable or thought may vent a crime!
The ſoldier, that Love's armour would defy,
Will find his greateſt courage is to fly:
When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
The only conqueſt then is to retreat:
But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
'Tis preſent death, unleſs you quit the field.
Whilſt youth and vanity would make you range,
Think on ſome beauty may prevent your change:
But ſuch by falling ſkies are never caught;
No happineſs is found but what is ſought.
The huntſman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
And where the foaming boar ſecures his brawn.
The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of ſleep;
And they who hope for fiſh muſt ſearch the deep:
And he, that fuel ſeeks for chaſte deſire,
Muſt ſearch where Virtue may that flame inſpire.
To foreign parts there is no need to roam:
The bleſſing may be met with nearer home.
From India ſome, others from neighbouring France,
Bring tawny ſkins, and puppets that can dance.
The ſeat of Britiſh empire does contain
Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
As fruitful fields with plenty bleſs the ſight,
And as the milky way adorns the night;
So *that* does with thoſe graceful nymphs abound,
Whoſe dove-like ſoftneſs is with roſes crown'd.
There tendereſt blooms inviting ſoftneſs ſpread,
Whilſt by their ſmalleſt twine the captive's led.
There youth advanc'd in majeſty does ſhine,
Fit to be mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay appears;
By prudence only there you gueſs at years.
Sometimes you'll ſee theſe beauties ſeek the ſhade,
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleaſing like himſelf appear;
Or Kenſington, ſweet air and bleſt retreat
Of him, that owns a ſovereign, though moſt great *.
Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
They view the noble ſtag and tripping fawn.
On Hyde-park's circles if you chance to gaze,
The lights revolving ſtrike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they ſometimes retreat,
With waters to diſpel the parching heat:
But youth with reaſon there may oft admire
That which may raiſe in him a nobler fire;
Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
Sometimes at marriage-rites you may eſpy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to bleſt muſic they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding love.
But yearly when that ſolemn night returns,
When grateful incenſe on the altar burns,
For cloſing the moſt glorious day e'er ſeen,
That firſt gave light to happy Britain's queen;

* George Prince of Denmark, conſort to the Queen, greatly admired theſe fine gardens. They were purchaſed by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch, were enlarged by Queen Mary, and improved by Queen Anne, who was ſo pleaſed with the place, that ſhe frequently ſupped during the ſummer in the green-houſe. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their preſent ſize, three miles and a half in compaſs.

Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of nymphs ador'd, and goddeſſes of old,
Equal thoſe beauties who that circle frame;
A ſubject fit for never-dying fame: [thrown,
Whoſe gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them
Yet ſtill can add no luſtre to their own.
But when their queen does to the ſenate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the ſhew,
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cauſe;
Leſt the ſubmiſſive part ſhould fall to you,
And they who ſuppliants help be forc'd to ſue.
Then may their yielding hearts compaſſion take,
And grant your wiſhes, for your country's ſake:
Eaſe to their beauties' wounds may goodneſs give;
And, ſince you make all happy, let you live.
Sometimes theſe beauties on Newmarket plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with ſilken reins,
Behold the conflicts of the generous ſteeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-atteſted breeds.
There youth may juſtly with diſcerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit ſpy
That which his ſwifteſt courſer cannot fly.
It is no treacherous or baſe piece of art,
T' approve the ſide with which the Fair takes part:
For equal paſſion equal minds will ſtrike,
Either in commendation or diſlike:
For, when two fencers ready ſtand to fight,
And we're ſpectators of the bloody ſight,
Our nimble paſſion Love has ſoon deſign'd
The man to whom we muſt and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we ſtart!
Our fright'ed blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the ſmart.
And Nature by ſuch inſtances does prove,
That we fear moſt for that which moſt we love.
Therefore, if chance ſhould make her ſaddle ſlide,
Or any thing ſhould ſlip, or be untied,
Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerneſs to run and help the Fair.
We offer ſmall things to the powers above:
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whoſe propitious days
Revolving Heaven does ſeem again to raiſe,
Whoſe ruling genius ſhew'd a maſter-ſtroke
In every thing ſhe did, and all ſhe ſpoke,
Was ſtepping o'er a paſſage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and ſeem'd as ſtepping back again,
Young Raleigh ſcorn'd to ſee his queen retreat,
And threw his velvet cloak beneath her feet.
The queen approv'd the thought, and made him great *.
Mark when the queen her thanks divine would give
Midſt acclamations, that ſhe *long may live*;
To whom kind Heaven the bleſſing has beſtow'd,
To let her arms ſucceed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains;
But all declare the Britiſh ſubjects' eaſe,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilſt the pomp of majeſty proceeds
With ſtately ſteps, and eight well-choſen ſteeds,
From every palace beauties may be ſeen,
That will acknowledge none but her for Queen.
Then, if kind chance a lovely maid has thrown
Next to a youth with graces like her own,
Much ſhe would learn, and many queſtions aſk:
The anſwers are the lover's pleaſing taſk.
" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was't that he with ſword victorious ſtood, [flood?
" And made their trembling ſquadrons chooſe the
" What is the *gold* adorns this royal ſtate?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Don't it require a moſt prodigious care
" To manage treaſures in the height of war?
" Muſt he not be of calmeſt truth poſſeſt,
" Preſides o'er councils of the royal breaſt?
" Sea-fights are ſurely diſmal ſcenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the emperor got ſome envoy here?
" Won't Daniſh, Swediſh, Pruſſian lords appear?
" Who repreſents the line of Hanover?
" Don't the States General aſſiſt them all?
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
" If Savoy's duke and prince Eugene could meet
" In this ſolemnity, 'twould be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have ſtood
" Without the hazard of our nobleſt blood?
" At Ramilies what enſigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then ſubmit?
" Was it the conqueror's buſineſs to deſtroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh, could my wiſh but fame eternal give,
" The laurel on thoſe brows ſhould ever live!"
The Britiſh worth in nothing need deſpair,
When it has ſuch aſſiſtance from the Fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects regard;
And Valour flies, where Beauty's the reward.

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this hedge mark of gallantry for his riſe at court.

PART II.

In love affairs the theatre has part,
That wiſe and moſt inſtructing ſcene of art,
Where Vice is puniſh'd with a juſt reward,
And Virtue meets with ſuitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendſhip find return,
But treacherous Inſolence is hiſs'd with ſcorn,
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without bluſhes whilſt a virgin ſees,
Upon ſome brave ſpectator Love may ſeize,
Who, till *ſhe* ſends it, never can have eaſe.
As things that were the beſt at firſt,
By their corruption grow the worſt;
The modern ſtage takes liberties
Unſeen by our forefathers' eyes.
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
So ſwarm the females and gallants,

All crowding to the comedy,
For to be seen, and not to see.
But, though these females are to blame,
Yet still they have some native shame:
They all are silent till they're ask'd,
And ev'n their impudence is mask'd:
For Nature would be modest still,
And there's reluctancy in will
Sporting and plays had harmless been,
And might by any one be seen,
Till Romulus began to spoil them,
Who kept a palace, call'd Asylum;
Where bastards, pimps, and thieves, and panders,
Were lifted all to be commanders.
But then the rascals were so poor,
They could not change a rogue for whore;
And neighbouring jades resolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with such scrubs they'd marry.
But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
They knavishly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were seen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green.
No ghosts came from the cellar crying,
Nor angels from the garret flying.
The house was made of sticks and bushes,
And all the floor was strew'd with rushes:
The seats were rais'd with turf and sods,
Whence heroes might be view'd, and gods.
Paris and Helen was the play,
And how both of them ran away.
Romulus bade his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his shew.
Unto this opera no rate is:
They all were free to come in *gratis*:
And they, as girls will seldom miss
A merry meeting, came to this.
There was much wishing, sighing, thinking,
Not without whispering, and winking.
Their pipes had then no shaking touch:
Their song and dance were like the Dutch:
The whole performance was by men,
Because they had no eunuchs then.
But, whilst the music briskly play'd,
Romulus at his cue display'd
The sign for each man to his maid.
"Huzza!" they cry; then seize: some tremble
In real fact, though most dissemble.
Some are attempting an escape,
And others softly cry, "A rape!"
While some bawl out, "That they had rather
"Than twenty pound lose an old father."
Some look extremely pale, and others red,
Some wish they'd ne'er been born, or now were dead,
And others fairly wish themselves a-bed.
Some rant, tear, run; whilst some sit still,
To shew they're ravish'd much against their will.
Thus Rome began; and now at last,
After so many ages past,
Their rapes and lewdness without shame;
Their vice and villainy's the same,
Ill be their fate who would corrupt the stage,
And spoil the true corrector of the age!

PART III.

Now learn those arts which teach you to obtain
Those beauties which you see divinely reign.
Though they by nature are transcendent bright,
And would be seen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greatest lustre still display,
In the meridian pitch of calmest day.
'Tis then we purple view, and costly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults seek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their fair-one as inconstant too.
When modesty supported is by truth,
There is a boldness that becomes your youth.
In gentle sounds disclose a lover's care,
'Tis better than your sighing and despair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The hare grown bold may face the dogs again,
When beauty don't in virtue's arms rejoice,
Since harmony in love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd impudence sometimes will try
At things which justice cannot but deny.
Then, what that says is insolence and pride,
Is prudence, with firm honour for its guide.
The lady's counsels often are betray'd
By trusting secrets to a servile maid,
The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain
Are base, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffusive mirth;
Suspicious thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Simon's craft it had not been destroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean songs, and free discourse,
With sly insinuations, may prove worse
To tender females than the Trojan horse.
Take care how you from virtue stray;
For scandal follows the same way,
And more than truth it will devise.
Old poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *surprise*.
Some say that Myrrha lov'd her father,
That Byblis lik'd her brother rather.
And in such tales old Greece did glory:
Amongst the which, pray take this story.
Crete was an isle, whose fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida stood
A venerable spacious wood,
Within whose centre was a grove
Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:
In vales below a bull was fed,
Whom all the kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the rest of him was driven snow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the same time one Justice Minos,
That liv'd hard by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might show more stately,
When through her pedigree he run,
Found she was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Pasiphaë was hight,
And, as her father, she was bright.

This lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this bull she fain would dance ye.
Shew'd mow him grass, and cut him boughs,
On which his stateliness might browse.
Whilst thus she hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos must have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine,
She'd rather trudge among the kine.
Then at her toilet she would say,
" Methinks I look *bizarre* to day.
" Sure my glass lies, I'm not so fair:
" Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair!
" I never was for top knots born;
" My favourites should each be horn.
" But now I'm liker to a sow,
" Than, what I wish to be, a cow—
" What would I give that I could lough!
" My bull-y cares for none of those
" That are afraid to spoil their clothes:
" Did he but love me, he'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle tail."
Then tears would fall, and then she'd run,
As would the devil upon Dun.
When she some handsome cow did spy,
She'd scan her form with jealous eye;
Say, " How she frisks it o'er the plain,
" Runs on, and then turns back again!
" She seems a bear resolv'd to prance,
" Or a she-ass that tries to dance.
" In vain she thinks herself so fine:
" She can't please bull-y; for his mine.
" But 'tis revenge alone assuages
" My envy when the passion rages.
" Here, rascal, quickly yoke that cow,
" And see the shrivel'd carrion plough.
" But second counsel's best: she dies:
" I'll make immediate sacrifice,
" And with the victim feast my eyes.
" 'Tis thus my rivals I'll remove
" Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love.
" Io in Egypt's worship'd now,
" Since Jove transform'd her to a cow.
" 'Twas on a bull Europa came
" To that blest land which bears her name.
" Who knows what fate's ordain'd for me
" The languishing Pasiphae,
" Had I a bull as kind as she!"
When madness rages with unusual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench desire;
Then vice transforms man's reason into beast,
And so the monster's made the poet's jest.

PART IV.

Let youth avoid the noxious heat of wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.
The grape, when scatter'd on the wings of love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,
Reels, trembles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay.
Then courage rises, when the spirit's fir'd,
And rages to possess the thing desir'd:
Care vanishes through the exalted blood,
And sorrow passes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a soul,
Whose thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain simple truth from a dissembling heart.
Then to some wanton passion he must run,
Which his discreeter hours would gladly shun;
Where he the time in thoughtless ease may pass;
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glass;
Whilst sinking eyes with languishment profess
Follies his tongue refuses to confess.
Then his good-nature will take t' other sup,
If she'll first kiss, that he may kiss the cup.
Then something nice and costly he could eat,
Supposing still that she will carve the meat.
But, if a brother or a husband's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a spy,
He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedness of a true friend;
Gives him respect surpassing his degree:
The person that is meant by all is *she*.
'Tis thought the safest way to hide a passion,
And therefore call'd the friendship now in fashion.
By secret signs and enigmatic stealth,
She is the toast belongs to every health:
And all the lover's business is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from sleep:
He'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look gay,
And ruffle all the ladies in his play.
But still the gentleman's extremely fine;
There's nothing apish in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been hit
By marrying in a drunken fit.
To lay the matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilst I tell my story.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnossis a girl had lost her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts now York Buildings stand:
And half awak'd she roar'd as bad
As if she really had been mad;
Unlac'd her bodlice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her shoes were slipt, her ancles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
Oh, cruel Theseus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnossis so?
You in your scull' did promise carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then last night away did creep,
And basely left me fast asleep.
Then she is falling in a fit:
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather supplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbies then are beat again:
Women in passion feel no pain.
What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me! oh, tell me that!
Bacco was drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And frizzled pate, the youth was noted,
He, as his custom was, got drunk,
And then went strolling for a punk.

Six links and lanterns, 'cauſe 'twas dark yet,
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden market:
Then his next captives were the waits,
Who play'd, leſt he ſhould break their pates.
But, as along in ſtate he paſſes,
He met a fellow driving aſſes:
For there are ſeveral ſolks whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old bell-man too muſt ride.
What with their hooting ſhouting yell,
The ſcene had ſomething in 't of hell.
And who ſhould all this rabble meet,
But Gnoſſy drabbling in the ſtreet?
The fright deſtroy'd her ſpeech and colour,
And all remembrance of her ſculler.
Her conduct thrice bade her be flying:
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
Like bullruſhes on ſide of brook,
Or aſpin leaves, her joints all ſhook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I'm come, my dear;
"I'll ſoon diſperſe all thoughts of fear:
"Nothing but joys ſhall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Proteſted, "She ſhould have no harm:
"But rather would aſſure her, he
"Rejoic'd in opportunity
"Of meeting ſuch a one as ſhe:
"And that, encircled all around
"With glaſs and candles mony a pound,
"She ſhould with bells command the bar,
"And call her rooms, Sun, Moon, and Star:
"That the good company were met,
"And ſhould not want a wedding-treat."
In ſhort, they married, and both made ye,
He a free landlord, ſhe a kind landlady.
The Spartan lords their villains would invite
To an exceſs of drink in children's ſight.
The parent thus their innocence would ſave,
And to the load of wine condemn the ſlave.

PART V.

The ſeaſon muſt be mark'd for nice addreſs:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour leſs.
Not the wiſe gardener more diſcretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful ſeeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, muſt guard his flowers,
Than lovers do to watch their moſt auſpicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each riſing ſtar,
Where ſigns of future calms or ſtorms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So love's attendant by long art deſcries
The riſe of growing paſſion from the eyes.
Love has its feſtival as well as faſt,
Nor does its carnival for ever laſt.
What was a viſit, now is to intrude;
What's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small ſigns denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a glove, or falling fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilſt with deſponding care his rival grieves.

Whene'er it may ſeem proper you ſhould write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope*, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.
Submiſſive voice and words do beſt agree
To their hard fortune who muſt ſuppliants be.
It was by ſpeech like this great Priam won
Achilles' ſoul, and ſo obtain'd his ſon.
Hope is an uſeful goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs.
Though much is loſt at play; yet Hope at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſsful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-ſick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing 'tis for life you puſh:
Your letter will not, though yourſelf might bluſh.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe.
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield:
'Gainſt that ev'n beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, though clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight;
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.
Dreſs thoughts as if love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.
Suppoſe that your firſt letter is ſent back;
Yet ſhe may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all glorious to the view.
Soft water drops the marble will deſtroy,
And ten years' ſiege prove conqueror of Troy.
Suppoſe ſh'has read, but then no anſwer gave:
It is ſufficient ſhe admits her ſlave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love ſent back again.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but 'tis to bid you ceaſe,
And that your lines but diſcompoſe her peace.
This is a ſtratagem of Cupid's war:
She'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your conſtancy would try:
She's neareſt much when ſeeming thus to fly.
Purſue the fair diſdain through every place
That with her preſence ſhe vouchſafes to grace.
If to the play ſhe goes, be there, and ſee
How love rewarded makes the comedy.
Fly to the park, if thither ſhe'd retire;
Perhaps ſome gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to court, then follow, where you'll find
Majeſtic truth with ſacred Hymen join'd.
It is in vain ſome ſtudy to profeſs
Their inclination by too nice a dreſs,
As not content with manly cleanlineſs.
Mien, ſhape, or manner, no addition needs:
There's ſomething careleſs that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely ſolitudes,
Rough Theſeus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolitus freſh hunting from the woods,

* Sir Car Scrope.

O'er heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and ſnuff-box might have fail'd.
No youth that's wiſe will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive:
'Tis heaven and beauty's honour, they can give.
There's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,
Might gain their end; but ſunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory's told:
There's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim;
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudied ſpeech, or ſkilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools;
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you'll raiſe:
When juſt, they are not flattery, but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is virtue's food?
For nine years' ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood;
Then Thraſius ſaid, "That bleſſing to regain,
"The gods require a ſtranger ſhould be ſlain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Buſiris cries:)
"I'll make th' adviſer his own ſacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, firſt and laſt of's trade,
For Phalaris a bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the braſier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honeſt fellow,
Precedence in his bull to bellow.
The tyrants both did right: No law more juſt
Than, "He that thinks of ill, ſhould feel it firſt."
Curſt be their arts, unſtudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falſehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinſman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whoſe eager paſſion finds its ſure relief,
When terminating in another's grief.
Careleſs hereafter what they promiſe now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithleſs Jove,
Who laughs, they ſay, at perjury in love.
They think they have a thouſand ways to pleaſe,
Ten thouſand more to rob the mind of eaſe.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantaſtic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be lion, river, bear,
A tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.
Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they, who through this courſe of miſchief run,
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE
Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did deſire him:
For diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An apple where 'twas two to one;
But, if a ſtir was made about it,
Two of the three muſt go without it:
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long:
But you may find it in the ſong.)
Venus, although not over-virtuous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be courteous,
Reſolv'd to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
Firſt ſtol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief.
But, when they fought the country round,
There's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t'have loſt him,
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him:
"My pretty dear, let me perſuade ye
"This once for to become a lady.
"This petticoat and mantua take,
"And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
"I've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
"Becauſe you're ſomething of the talleſt.
"I'd have you never go unlac'd,
"For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
"Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
"Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee 'twill do.
"You'd perfect all you now begin,
"Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was ſent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt:
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, "Whilſt ſhe'd ſtay,
"His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."
At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt:
But, when acquaintance grew at laſt,
They'd jeſt, and every one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid, her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe, undreſt in night-gown tawdry,
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroidery;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,

And, sighing, thus one night she said,
" Why, Zoe may'nt we go to bed?"
" Soon as you please, good mistress Ded"
The fleeting months soon roll about;
Time came when murder all must out.
Zoe, for fear of the old man,
Into the army quickly ran;
And sav'd the slitting of his nose,
By timely changing of her clothes.
Thus, whilst we glory's dictates shun,
Into the snares of vice we run;
And he that should his country serve,
And beauty by his worth deserve,
In female softness wanton stays,
And what he should adore betrays.

PART VI.

But now, O happy youth, thy prize is found,
And all thy wishes with success are crown'd.
Not Io Pæans, when Apollo's prais'd;
Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
To welcome peace with her Augustus home;
Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
Than it must you to see a beauty kind:
The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,
Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live.
Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
Hippodamy, with his life's danger bought.
Thus prosperous Jason, rich with golden fleece,
On Argos' vocal timber sail'd to Greece,
But stay, fond youth; the danger is not past:
You're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor cast.
From you my heart may still more bays deserve,
If what by me you gain'd, by me you shall preserve.
Nor than the conquest is the glory less,
To fix the throne on that which you possess.
Now, Erata, divinest, softest Muse,
Whose name and office both do love infuse,
Assist my great design: If Venus' son,
That vagabond, would from his mother run,
And then, with soaring wings and body light,
Through the vast world's extent would take his flight;
By artful bonds let me secure his stay,
And make his universal power obey.
Whilst I my art would thus improve,
And fondly thought to shackle love,
Two neighbours that were standing by,
Tormented both with jealousy,
Told me it was in vain to try.
When one began his tale, as thus:
" Perhaps you've heard of Dædalus,
" When Minos would have made him stay,
" How through the clouds he found his way.
" He was a workman wise and good,
" Building was what he understood.
" Like to the house where we act plays,
" He made a turning winding maze,
" Fitting to harbour acts of sin,
" And put a whore and bastard in.
" I've done your work; and now my trust is,
" Good Sir, that you will do me justice.
" 'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
" Let my misfortunes go no further;
" Some end all punishments should have,
" Birth to the wretch my country gave:
" Let it afford me now a grave.
" Dismiss my son; at least, if rather
" You'd keep the boy, dismiss his father.
" This he might say, and more, or so;
" But Minos would not let him go.
" At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
" It is in danger wit is tried:
" Minos possesses earth and sea;
" The sky and fire are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
" If I approach your seats above.
" It is necessity that draws
" A new-invented rule for nature's laws.
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
" With twine of thread he stitch'd together:
" (Abundance more than are enough
" To make your wife and mine a muff.)
" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
" To fix the whole, but melted wax:
" That was the work of the young boy,
" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
" Not guessing, ere he was much older,
" He should have one upon each shoulder.
" To whom his father: Here's the ship
" By which we must from Minos slip.
" Child, follow me, just as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes shun,
" Take heed lest you approach the sun;
" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffusive wax will melt.
" The sea by rising fogs discover;
" O'er that, be sure, you never hover:
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions, should they flag.
" Between them both the sky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus speaking, he with whipcord-strings
" Fastens, and then extends, the wings:
" And, when the youth's completely dress't,
" Just as the eagle from her nest
" By gentle flights her eaglet tries
" To dare the sun, and mount the skies;
" The father to his boy prepares,
" Not without kiss and falling tears.
" In a large plain, a rising height
" Give some assistance to their flight.
" With a quick spring and fluttering noise,
" They in the sky their bodies poise.
" Back on his son the father looks,
" Praising his swift and even strokes.
" Now dreadless, with bold art supplied,
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And soar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals, who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have stood,

" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,
" Look up aſtoniſh'd, whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand whoſe ſenſe is dead.
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros, and Delos bleſt abode
" And parent of the Clarian God:
" Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky;
" Far from his father's call and aid
" His wings in glittering fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction, ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! father!" he'd have cried:
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,
" Whilſt diſmal fear contracts his breath,
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My ſon! my ſon!" long might the father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
" His art, though not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into birds transform their ſhape,
And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be ſold them,
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a god that's born with wings.
Quoth t'other man, " Sir, if you'll tarry,
" I'll tell you a tale of my boy Harry,
" Would make a man afraid to marry.
" This boy does oft from paper white
" In miniature produce a kite.
" With tender hands the wood he bends,
" On which the body he extends:
" Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
" Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
" Then ſciſſars from the maid he'll borrow,
" With promiſe of return to-morrow.
" With thoſe he paper nicely cuts,
" Which on the ſides for wings he puts.
" The tail, that's an eſſential part,
" He manages with equal art;
" With paper ſhreds at diſtance tied,
" As not too near, nor yet too wide,
" Which he to fitting length extends,
" Till with a tuft the fabric ends.
" Next packthread of the eveneſt twine,
" Or ſometimes ſilk, he'll to it join,
" Which, by the guidance of his hand,
" Its riſe or downfall may command,
" Or carry meſſengers to ſee
" If all above in order be.
" Then wanton zephyrs fan it till it riſe, [ſkies.
" And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds,
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glittering with myſterious rays,
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
" Then comes the conjuror o' th' place,
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying-pole from far
" Pronounces it a blazing ſtar;
" That wheat ſhall fall, and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year;
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine:
" That fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead,
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But, whilſt the fool his thought enjoys,
" The whole contrivance was my boy's.
" Now, mark me, 'twas from ſuch-like things
" The poets fram'd our Cupid's wings.
" If a child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his power,
" His mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done,
" If ſhe'll with cuckold-makers run.
" No watchful care of jealous eye
" Can hinder, if eſcape ſhe'll try;
" The kite will to her carrion fly."
Where native modeſty the mind ſecures,
The huſband has no need of locks and doors;
The ſpecious comet, fram'd by Jealouſy,
Will prove deluſion all, and all a lie.

PART VII.

Not all the herbs by ſage Medea found,
Not Marſan drugs, though mixt with magic ſound,
Not philtres ſtudied by Theſſalian art,
Can fix the mind, and conſtancy impart.
Could theſe prevail, Jaſon had felt their charms;
Ulyſſes ſtill had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the roſe-tree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.
Ulyſſes had no magic in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the watery goddeſſes deceiv'd;
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore.

" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd,
" Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.
" Here you have often on this rolling ſand
" Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand.
" Here's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
" Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
" Here lies my camp: theſe are the ſpacious fields
" Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields.
" This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
" On with the pleaſing tale your language went,
" When a tenth wave did with one flaſh deſtroy
" The platform of imaginary Troy.
" By fear like this I would enforce your ſtay,
" To ſee what names the waters waſh'd away.
" I took you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea:
" Thouſands of happy hours you paſs'd with me;
" No mention made of old Penelope.
" On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
" But write our benefits upon the wave.
" Why then be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
" As I found *you*, ſo may you find them juſt.
" Dying Calypſo muſt be left behind,
" And all your vows be wafted with the wind."
Fond are the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now,
Who to his tendereſt part had broke his vow.
By artful charms the miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
The looſe inconſtant wanderer to gain:
Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

Indulgence ſoon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harſh, that ſees another kind?
Moſt times the greateſt art is to comply
In granting that which juſtice might deny.
We form our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
And from a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.
To cut th' oppoſing waves, we ſtrive in vain;
But, if we riſe with them, and fall again,
The wiſh'd-for land with eaſe we may attain.
Such complaiſance will a rough humour bend,
And yielding to one failure ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine,
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The hawk we hate, as living ſtill in arms,
And wolves aſſiduous in the ſhepherd's harms.
The ſociable ſwallow has no fears:
Upon our towers the dove her neſt prepares;
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights,
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.
Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal bed.
Theſe blandiſhments keep love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill, and ſtill is new;
At your approach, ſind every thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian queen,
Who brings along her daughter harmony,
With muſes ſprung from Jove, and graces three.
Birds ſhot by you, fiſh by your angle caught,
The golden apples from Heſperia brought,
The bluſhing peach, the fragrant nectareens,
Laid in freſh beds of flowers and ſcented greens,
Fair lilies ſtrew'd with bloody mulberries,
Or grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value, but the giver's ſake.
Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe;
But praiſe of virgin-modeſty rehearſe;
Manſolus by his conſort deified;
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis died.
Since Overbury's " wife *," no poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.
You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer;
Pardon a ſervant, let all come from her.
Thus what you grant, if ſhe muſt recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We ſend our favourite ſon to help the poor,
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live;
And find what heavenly pleaſure 'tis to give.
Praiſe all her actions, think her dreſs is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join;
Your wealth does beſt, when plac'd on beauty, ſhine.
If ſhe in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytrite riſes from the ſea;
If by her the purpureal velvet's worn,
Think that ſhe riſes like the bluſh of morn;
And, when her ſilks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chineſe or in the Perſian loom,
Think that ſhe then like Pallas is array'd,
By whoſe myſterious art the wheel was made:
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which ſhe winds her bright and flowing hair:
With her, when dancing, let your genius fly;
When in her ſong the note expires, then die.
If in the autumn, when the waſting year
Its plenty ſhews, that ſoon muſt diſappear;
When ſwelling grape and peach, with lovely hue,
And pear and apple, freſh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taſte perhaps invite
That which we ſeldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and ſudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence preſides;
Her feveriſh blood ſhould pulſe unuſual find,
Or vaporous damps of ſpleen ſhould ſink her mind;
Then is the time to ſhew a lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the ſalubrious draughts with your own hand;
Perſuaſion has the force of a command.
Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
When ſhe recovers, full increaſe of love.
Far from this love is haughty pride,
Which ancient fables beſt deride;

* This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for his friend the Earl of Somerſet, is printed with his characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638.

Women imperious, void of ſhame,
And careleſs of their lover's fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boaſt,
Tormenting him that loves them moſt.
When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himſelf to be Jove's ſon,
By peace which he to earth had given,
Deſerv'd to have his reſt in heaven,
Envy, that ſtrives to be unjuſt,
Reſolv'd to mortify him firſt;
And, that he ſhould enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphale,
Who ſhould his heroſhip expoſe
By ſpinning hemp in women's clothes.
Her mind ſhe did vouchſafe one day
Thus to her lover to diſplay:
" Come quickly, Sir, off with this ſkin:
" Think you I'll let a tanner in?
" If you of lions talk, or boars,
" You certainly turn out of doors.
" Your club's abundantly too thick
" For one ſhall move a fiddle-ſtick.
" What ſhould you do with all thoſe arrows?
" I will have nothing kill'd but ſparrows.
" Heccy, this day you may remember;
" For you ſhall ſee a lady's chamber.
" Let me be rightly underſtood:
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I deſign to lace ye,
" And ſo among my maids I'll place ye.
" When you're genteeler grown, and thinner,
" May be I'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms ſo brawny, fiſts ſo red,
" You'll ſcrub the rooms, or make the bed.
" You can't ſtick pins, or frieze my hair.
" Bleſs me! you've nothing of an air.
" You'll ne'er come up to working point:
" Your fingers all ſeem out of joint.
" Then, beſides, Heccy, I muſt tell ye,
" An idle hand has empty belly:
" Therefore this morning I'll begin,
" Try how your clumſineſs will ſpin.
" You are my ſhadow, do you ſee:
" Your hope, your thought, your wiſh, all be
" Invented and controll'd by me.
" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horror, if I frown.
" Say as I ſay'; ſervants can't lie.
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you ſhould be to torture brought,
" Were I but jealous you tranſgreſt in thought;
" Or if from Jove your ſingle wiſh ſhould crave
" The fate of not continuing ſtill my ſlave.
" There is no lover that is wiſe
" Pretends to win at cards or dice.
" 'Tis for his miſtreſs all is thrown:
" Th' ill fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom every beauty did adorn
" Freſh as Aurora's bluſhing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er ſees the ray of ſun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Pſyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For diſobeying juſt commands;
" But muſt his ſilent penance do
" For once not buckling of her ſhoe:
" A good example, child, for you.
" Which ſhews you, when we have our fool,
" We've policy enough to rule.
" I might have made you ſuch a fellow,
" As ſhould have carried my umbrella,
" Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
" And bade the mob not come too near;
" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
" Nay, been a helper in the ſtable,
" To my commands obedience pay.
" At dead of night, or break of day.
" Speed is your province; if 'tis I
" That bid you run, you ought to fly.
" He that love's nimble paſſion feels
" Will ſoon outſtrip my chariot wheels.
" Through dog-ſtar's heat he'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the ſnow.
" The wind itſelf to him is ſlow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midſt ſhowers of rain,
" After no ſupper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:
" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for love?
" If entrance is by locks denied,
" Then through the roof or window ſlide.
" Leander each night ſwam the ſeas,
" That he might thereby Hero pleaſe.
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to ſee
" Your life in danger, when for me.
" You'll find my ſervants in a row;
" Remember then you make your bow;
" For they are your ſuperiors now.
" No matter if you do engage
" My porter, woman, favourite page,
" My dog, my parrot, monkey, black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.
" But after all you may'n't prevail,
" And your moſt glittering hopes may fail:
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop intruſted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coaſt
" Where you'll by hidden rocks be loſt.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives ſmall reward for great employs;
" But has as many griefs in ſtore
" As ſhells by Neptune caſt on ſhore,
" As Athos hares, as Hybla bees,
" Olives on the Palladian trees;
" And, when his angry arrows fall,
" They're not found ting'd with common gall.
" You're told I'm not at home, 'tis true:
" I may be there, but not for you;
" And I may let you ſee it too.
" Perhaps I bid you come at night:
" If the door's ſhut, ſtay till 'tis light.
" Perhaps my maid ſhall bid you go:
" A thing ſhe knows you dare not do.

" Your rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
" And laugh to ſee his foe in pain.
" All this and more you muſt endure,
" If you from me expect a cure.
" 'Tis fitting I ſhould ſearch the wonnd,
" Leſt all your danger be not found."
When eaſy fondneſs meets with woman's pride,
Nothing which *that* can aſk muſt be denied.
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Is pleas'd to ſeem a female and a ſlave:
The hero, number'd with the gods before,
Is ſo debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

Not by the ſail with which you put to ſea,
Can you where Thetis ſwells conducted be;
To the ſame port you'll different paſſage find,
And fill your ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the fawn, now grown ſtag wondrous big,
And ſleep beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
The bubbling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous ſtream, and foams the main:
So Love augments in juſt degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its ſtrength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or ſong,
Or tales of love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
No wearineſs upon their bliſs attends, [friends.
Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than
So Philomels, of equal mates poſſeſt,
With a congenial heat, and downy reſt,
And care inceſſant, hover o'er their neſt:
Hence from their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all things ſpring)
Produce a race by nature taught to ſing;
Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
Had their parental love ſtray'd far from home.
By a ſhort abſence mutual joys increaſe:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful ſhower reſtrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.
So let not grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts,
Which for a while the war or buſineſs parts.
'Twas hard to let Proteſilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulyſſes made indeed a tedious ſtay,
His twenty winters' abſence was delay;
But happineſs revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with freſh incenſe burn:
Tales of his ſhip, her web, they both recount,
Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could ſurmount.

Make thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a lover's fears:
They meaſure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always virtue's friends:
'Tis what their muſe ſtill recommends:
But then the fatal track it ſhews
Where devious vice through trouble goes.
They tell us, how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young ſpark, call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.
With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted,
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted;
And, whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe,
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, " 'Tis his fault to be gone;
" It ſha'n't be mine to lie alone.
" A vacant pillow's ſuch a jeſt,
" That with it I could never reſt.
" He ne'er conſider'd his own danger,
" To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
" Wolves would give good account of ſheep,
" Left to their vigilance to keep.
" Pray who, except 'twere geeſe or widgeons,
" Would hire a hawk to guard their pigeons?
" Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
" That Menelaus now were dead:
" A pretty figure I ſhould make
" To go in mourning for his ſake.
" She that in widow's garb appears,
" Eſpecially when at my years,
" May ſeem to be at her laſt prayers.
" But I'll ſtill have my heart divided
" 'Twixt one to loſe, and one provided.
" He that is gone, is gone: leſs fear
" Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the fire of Troy
Brought to deſtruction by this boy.
They tell us, how a wife provok'd,
And to a brutiſh huſband yok'd,
Who, by diſtracting paſſion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her rival ſhe has feiz'd,
Seems with a ſecret horror pleas'd.
They then deſcribe her like ſome boar
Plunging his tuſk in maſtiff's gore;
Or lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his mother's furious help;
Or baſiliſk when rous'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like frantics ſtruck by magic rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging god:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon,
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creüſa's ghoſt expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage.
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he's bad, they make her worſe.
So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears,
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeïs hears;
But, when Lyrneſſis captive's led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,
Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But, when at laſt ſhe Priameïs ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſtus fly for eaſe,

In his adulterous arms does plots disclose,
Which fill Mycenæ with stupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye heavenly Powers! the female truth preserve,
And let it not from native goodness swerve,
And let no wanton toys become the cause
Why men should break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let such fables and such crimes remain
Only as fictions of the poet's brain;
Yet marks set up to shun those dangerous shelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themselves!

PART X.

At first, the stars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
'Till Love Eternal did each being strike
With voice divine, to march, and seek its like.
Then seeds of heavens, then air of vaporous sound,
Then fertile earth circled with waters round,
On which the bird, the beast, the fish, might move
All center'd in that Universal Love.
Then man was fram'd with soul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler share of love than they:
To him was woman, crown'd with virtue, given,
The most immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilst thus my darling thoughts in raptures sung,
Apollo to my sight in vision sprung.
His lyre with golden strings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flourish in his hands.
Says he, "You bard that of love's precepts treat,
" Your art at Delphi you will best complete.
" There's a short maxim, prais'd when understood,
" Useful in practice, and divinely good,
" *Let each man know himself:* strive to excel:
" The pleasure of the blest is doing well.
" 'Tis wisdom to display the ruling grace.
" Some men are happy in a charming face:
" Know it, but be not vain. Some manly shew
" By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
" There let them prove their skill; perhaps some
" heart
" May find that every shot is Cupid's dart.
" The prudent lover, if his talent lies
" In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wise,
" So mixes words delicious to the ear,
" That all must be persuaded who can hear.
" He that can sing, let him with pleasing sound,
" Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
" Let not a poet my own art refuse:
" I'll come, and bring assistance to his muse."
But never by ill means your fortune push,
Nor raise your credit by another's blush.
The secret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what gods in Samothracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave silence to conceal
What talk without discretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midst of fruits and water, starv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modesty requires
Most care to cover all her lambent fires.

Love has a pleasing turn, makes that seem best
Of which our lawful wishes are possest.
Andromeda, of Lybic hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monsters of the flood:
Wing'd Perseus saw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majestic charms; [arms.
Therefore was fittest grace to godlike Hector's
Beauties in smaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous magic acts by slendrest wands.
Like Cybele some bear a mother's sway,
Whilst infant gods and heroines obey.
Some rule like stars by guidance of their eyes,
And others please when like Minerva wise.
Love will from heaven, art, nature, fancy, raise
Something that may exalt its consort's praise.
There will be little jealousies,
By which Love's art its subjects tries.
They think it languishes with rest,
But rises, like the palm, oppress.
And as too much prosperity
Often makes way for luxury,
Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wisdom by experience bought:
So, when the hoary ashes grow
Around love's coals, 'tis time to blow:
And then its craftiness is shewn,
To raise your cares, to hide its own;
And have you by a rival croft,
Only in hopes you mayn't be lost.
Sometimes they say that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they'd tear,
Or else dilacerate your hair,
Not so much for revenge as fear.
But she perhaps too far may run,
And do what she would have you shun,
Of which there's a poetic story,
That, if you please, I'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not asking when or why,
Unto a certain sort of matter,
Marrying her son unto his daughter:
And so to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friend's consent.
This Vulcan was a smith, they tell us,
That first invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works
(We'd fingers long before we'd forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When wash'd, of colour orange-tawny.
His whole complexion was a sallow,
Where black had not destroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the stronger
T'other spiny, though much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
In short, the whole of him was nasty,
Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, hasty:
Deformity alike took place
Both in his manners and his face.
Venus had perfect shape and size;
But then she was not over wise:
For sometimes she her knee is crimping,
To imitate th' old man in limping.

Sometimes his dirty paws she scorns,
Whilst her fair fingers shew his horns.
But Mars, the bully of the place, is
The chiefest spark in her good graces.
At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was said or done,
Till impudence defy'd the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this: quoth he,
" Is there such roguery? I'll see!"
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's tester rear'd;
Which, when a pully gave a snap,
Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
All those he plac'd in the best room,
Then feign'd that he must go from home;
For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any snare.
They went to bed, and so were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.
The shew being ready to begin,
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove should be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious scold;
Neptune, first bargeman on the water;
Thetis, the oyster-woman's daughter;
Plato, that chimney-sweeping sloven;
With Proserpine hot from her oven:
And Mercury, that's sharp and cunning
In stealing customs and in running;
And Dy the midwife, though a virgin;
And Æsculapius, the surgeon;
Apollo, who might be physician,
Or serve them else for a musician;
The piper Pan, to play her up;
And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
And Hercules should bring his club in,
To give the rogue a lusty drubbing;
And all the Cupids should be by,
To see their mother's infamy.
One Momus cried, " You're hugely pleas'd;
" I hope your mind will soon be eas'd:
" For, when so publicly you find it,
" People, you know, will little mind it.
" They love to tell what no one knows,
" And they themselves only suppose.
" Not every husband can afford
" To be a cuckold on record;
" Nor should he be a cuckold styl'd,
" That once or so has been beguil'd
" Unless he makes it demonstration,
" Then puts it in some proclamation,
" With general voice of all the nation."
The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
And for his key in left side pocket groping,
Cries, " 'Tis but opening of that door,
" To prove myself a cuckold, her a whore."
They all desir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of so vile a shew:
Parsons concern'd might one another see,
And they'd believe since witnesses were three.
And they, thus prov'd to be such foolish elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themselves.

Discretion covers that which it would blame,
Until some secret blush and hidden shame
Have cur'd the fault without the noise of fame.
The work is done, and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave;
Th' aspiring palm, the verdant laurel strow,
And sweets of myrtle wreaths around it throw.
In physic's art as Podalirius skill'd,
Nestor in court, Achilles in the field;
As Ajax had in single combat force,
And as Automedon best rul'd the horse;
As Chalcas vers'd in prophecies from Jove,
So Ovid has the mastership of love.
The poet's honour will be much the less
Than thar which by his means you may possess
In choice of beauty's lasting happiness.
But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant shield,
That she, by Ovid's art, was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in British style you see,
Which mayn't so founding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I who the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Penthesilia's force as brave;
That both, becoming glorious to the sight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' shield,
My Amazonian darts shall make him yield.
A myrtle crown with victory attends
Those who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When beauty has so many arms in store,
(Some men will say) why should you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With constancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia see
In her lord's arms expire as well as he;
Can view Alcestis, who with joy removes
From earth, instead of him she so much loves;
Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
When virtue has itself a female name,
So Truth, so Goodness, Piety, and Fame,
Would headstrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
Or stoop to so much generosity?
'Tis not with sword, or fire, or strength of bow,
That female warriors to their battle go:
They have no stratagem, or subtile wile;
Their native innocence can ne'er beguile:
The fox's various maze, bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceness and the craft of men.
'Twas Jason that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another spouse:
Theseus left Gnossis on the sands, to be
Prey to the birds, and monsters of the sea:
Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phyllis name the shore.
Æneas wreckt, and hospitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet still refus'd

To ſtay where lov'd, but left the dangerous ſword
By which ſhe died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my inſtructions had not come too late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What firſt victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilſt thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceleſs virtue meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus ſhe bade me teach:
" What had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from
" thee?
" Thou haſt given weapons to her enemy;
" Whilſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
" With want of ſkill, and more unable hand.
" Steſichorus, who would no ſubject find [blind:
" But harm to maids, was by the gods ſtruck
" But, when his ſong did with their glories riſe,
" He had his own reſtor'd, to praiſe their eyes.
" Be rul'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
" 'Tis by the ladies' favours you muſt live."
She then one myſtic leaf with herries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with ſpeed devour.
I find the power inſpir'd; through purer ſky
My bread diſſolves in verſe, to make young lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn [cern.
How they may truth from flattering ſpeech diſ-
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day:
See how the crowding waves roll down away.
And neither, though at love's command, will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recal;
But, as the minutes paſs, muſt loſe them all.
Nor like what's paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſtering ſnakes, by caſting off their ſkin,
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
The eagles caſt their bills, the ſtag its horn;
But beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to froward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of ſome quality
Happen'd, they ſay in love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No or Ay;
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.
This lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,
To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own, and bind his heart;
A tire-woman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation.
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would ſometimes hit;
Though in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay.
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:
" I've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
" There's nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
" They might as well ſay that a field,
" Uncultivated, yet would yield
" As good a crop as that which ſkill
" With utmoſt diligence ſhould till;
" Our vintage would be very fine,
" If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
" Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
" Is given to ſuch as heaven has bleſt;
" But all folks have not the ſame graces:
" There is diſtinction in our faces.
" There was a time I'd not repine,
" For any thing amiſs in mine,
" Which, though I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair;
" Thanks to my art as well as care!
" Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
" Their fardingale and their bandore,
" Their pinners, forehead-cloth, and ruff,
" Content with their own cloth and ſtuff;
" With hats upon their pates like hives;
" Things might become ſuch ſoldiers wives;
" Thought their own faces ſtill would laſt them
" In the ſame mould which Nature caſt them.
" Dark paper buildings then ſtood thick;
" No palaces of ſtone or brick:
" And then, alas! were no exchanges:
" But ſee how time and faſhion changes!
" I hate old things and age. I ſee,
" Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.
" Your goldſmiths now are mighty neat:
" I love the air of Lombard-ſtreet.
" Whate'er a ſhip from India brings,
" Pearls, diamonds, ſilks, are pretty things.
" The cabinet, the ſcreen, the fan,
" Pleaſe me extremely, if Japan:
" And, what affects me ſtill the more,
" They had none of them heretofore.
" When you're unmarried, never load ye
" With jewels; they may incommode ye.
" Lovers mayn't dare approach; but moſtly
" They'll fear when married you'll be coſtly.
" Fine rings and lockets beſt are tried,
" When given to you as a bride,
" In the mean time you ſhew your ſenſe
" By going fine at ſmall expence.
" Sometimes your hair you upwards furl,
" Sometimes lay down in favourite curl:
" All muſt through twenty fiddlings paſs,
" Which none can teach you but your glaſs:
" Sometimes they muſt diſhevel'd lie
" On neck of poliſh'd ivory:
" Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl they're fix'd,
" And the united beauty mix'd;
" Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
" Secure them with a bar of gold.
" Humour and faſhion change each day;
" Not birds in foreſts, flowers in May,
" Would ſooner number'd be than they.

" There is a ſort of negligence,
" Which ſome eſteem as excellence,
" Your art with ſo much art to hide,
" That nothing of it be deſcried;
" To make your careleſs treſſes flow
" With ſo much air, that none ſhould know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no.
" But, in this ſo neglected hair,
" Many a heart has found its ſnare.
" Nature indeed has kindly ſent
" Us many things; more we invent:
" Little enough, as I may ſay,
" To keep our beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
" Our curling treſſes fall with age.
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchaſe hair; and why?
" Is not all *that* our own we buy?
" You buy it publicly, ſay they:
" Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
" Of French *pomades* the town is full:
" Praiſe Heaven, no want of Spaniſh wool!
" Let them look fluſht, let them look dead,
" That can't afford the white and red.
" In Covent Garden you buy poſies,
" There we our lilies and our roſes.
" Who would a charming eyebrow lack,
" Who can get any thing that's black?
" Let not theſe boxes open lie:
" Some folks are too much given to pry.
" Art not diſſembled would diſgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face:
" This if ſuch perſons ſhould diſcover,
" 'Twould rather loſe than gain a lover.
" Who is there now but underſtands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
" Though the idea's not ſo taking,
" And the ſkin ſeems but odd in making,
" Yet, when 'twill with freſh luſtre ſhine,
" Her ſpark will tell you 'tis divine.
" That picture there your eyes does ſtrike;
" It is the work of great Van Dycke,
" Which by a Roman would be ſainted:
" What was't but canvas till 'twas painted?
" There's ſeveral things ſhould not be known:
" O'er theſe there is a curtain drawn,
" Till 'tis their ſeaſon to be ſhewn.
" Your door on fit occaſions keep
" Faſt ſhut: who knows but your're aſleep?
" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
" And what elſe at the toilet lies,
" Are all put on, we're ſaid to riſe.
" There was a lady whom I knew,
" That muſt be nameleſs, 'cauſe 'tis true,
" Who had the diſmaleſt miſchance
" I've heard of ſince I was in France:
" I do proteſt the thoughts of it
" Have almoſt put me in a fit.
" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
" Juſt on the ſtairs of the firſt floor,
" Stood open: and pray who ſhould come,
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No ſingle hair upon her head:
" I thought ſhe would have fell down dead.
" At laſt ſhe found a cap of hair,
" Which ſhe put on with ſuch an air,
" That every lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one ſo,
" Except ſome twenty that I know.
" Her careleſſneſs and her defect
" Were laid to Miſtreſs Prue's neglect
" And much ill-nature was betray'd,
" By noiſe and ſcolding with the maid.
" The young look on ſuch things as ſtuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When ſmooth, we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we ſquall.
" But, whate'er it is may be pretended,
" No face or ſhape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and muſt abide them,
" We therefore ſhould take care to hide them.
" You're ſhort; ſit ſtill, you'll taller ſeem:
" You're only ſhorter from the ſtem.
" By loſer garb your leanneſs is conceal'd;
" By want of ſtays the groſſer ſhape's reveal'd.
" The more the blemiſhes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and ſhoes be neat.
" Some backs and ſides are wav'd like billows:
" Theſe holes are beſt made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always ſhould command
" Without the ſtretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth ſhould never ſee
" A play, unleſs a tragedy:
" For we can teach you how to ſimper,
" And when 'tis proper you ſhould whimper.
" Think that your grace and wit is now
" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
" Let room for ſomething more than breath
" Juſt ſhew the ends of milk-white teeth.
" There is a *je n' ſcai quoi* is found
" In a ſoft ſmooth affected ſound:
" But there's a ſhrieking crying tone,
" Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
" And there are ſome, who laugh like men,
" As ne'er to ſhut their mouths again;
" So very loud and *mal-propes*,
" They ſeem like hautboys to a ſhew.
" But now for the reverſe: 'tis ſkill
" To let your tears flow when you will.
" It is of uſe when people die;
" Or elſe to have the ſpleen, and cry,
" Becauſe you have no reaſon why.
" Now for your talk—Come, let me ſee:
" Here loſe your *H*, here drop your *T*,
" Deſpiſe that *R*: your ſpeech is better
" Much for deſtroying of one letter.
" Now liſp, and have a ſort of pride
" To ſeem as if your tongue were tied:
" This is ſuch a becoming fault,
" Rather than want, it ſhould be taught.
" And now, that you have learnt to talk,
" Pray let me ſee if you can walk.
" There's many dancing-maſters treat
" Of management of ladies feet.
" There's ſome their mincing gait have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.

" She that reads Taſſo or Malherbe *,
" Chooſes a ſtep that is *ſuperbe*.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running.
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
" As our life-guards men, all aſtride.
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful, and will pleaſe,
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,
" How to adorn the breaſt and head,
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or grey:
" Your black at lent, your green in May;
" Your filamot when leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine.
" It is the faſhion now-a-days,
" That almoſt every lady plays.
" Baſſet and Piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our comedy:
" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in comet, or in gleek,
" Or Ombre, where true judgment can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man;
" Let's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of of play too oft reveal;
" For, be the matter ſmall or great,
" There's like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There's nothing ſpoils a woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces:
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe,
" You may be ſure, become them worſe.
" With hopes of gain when we're beſet,
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from theſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us, and deſpiſe.
" I'd burn the cards, rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo:
" I've heard of ſome ſuch things; but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars, was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen,
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea.
" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our gentlemen would range,
" We'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
" If they're diſpoſing for the play,
" We'll haſten to the opera:
" Or when they'll luſtily carouſe,
" We'll ſurely to the Indian houſe:
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam,
" For cheapneſs ſake they'll ſtay at home.
" Few wiſe men's thoughts e'er yet purſued
" That which their eyes had never view'd:
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t'have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by:
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
" Had Danaë been ſhut up ſtill,
" She'd been a maid againſt her will,
" And might have grown prodigious old,
" And never had her ſtory told.
" 'Tis fit fair maids ſhould run a-gadding,
" To ſet the amorous beaux a-madding.
" To many a ſheep the wolf has gone
" Ere it can neatly ſeize on one;
" And many a partridge ſcapes away
" Before the hawk can pounce its prey:
" And ſo, if pretty damſels rove,
" They'll find out *one* perhaps may love;
" If they no diligence will ſpare,
" And in their dreſſing ſtill take care.
" The fiſher baits his hook all night,
" In hopes by chance ſome eel may bite.
" Each with their different grace appears,
" Virgins with bluſh, widows with tears,
" Which gain new huſbands tender-hearted,
" To think how ſuch a couple parted.
" But then there are ſome ſoppiſh beaux
" Like us in all things but their clothes;
" That we may ſeem the more robuſt,
" And fitteſt to accoſt them firſt:
" With powder, paint, falſe locks, and hair,
" They give themſelves a female air;
" Who, having all their tale by rote,
" And harping ſtill on the ſame note,
" Will tell us that, and nothing more
" Than what a thouſand heard before.
" Though they all marks of love pretend,
" There's nothing which they leſs intend:
" And, 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths,
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd clothes,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an arrant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe, undreſt,
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The governeſs cries, " Where d'ye run?"
" Why, Madam, I've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue, without theſe little arts,
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps our hearts;
And though more gracefully it ſhews
When it from lovely perſons flows,
Yet often goodneſs moſt prevails
When beauty in perfection fails.
Though every feature may'nt be well,
Yet altogether may excel.
There's nothing but will caſy prove,
When all the reſt's made up by love.

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt faſhionable authors of that age. Our author has tranſlated what he calls " An admirable Ode of Malherbe."

PART XIII.

VIRGINS ſhould not unſkill'd in muſic be;
For what's more like themſelves than harmony?
Let not vice uſe it only to betray,
As Syrens lay their ſongs entice their prey.
Let it with ſenſe, with voice, and beauty join,
Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the mind divine:
For there's a double grace when pleaſing ſtrings
Are touch'd by her that more delightful ſings.
Thus Orpheus did the rage of deſerts quell,
And charm'd the monſtrous inſtruments of hell.
New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
Whilſt to the work officious marble ran.
Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
On the mute fiſh ſafe through the rolling flood.
Nor are the eſſays of the female wit
Leſs charming in the verſes they have writ.
From ancient ages, love has found the way
Its baſhful thoughts by letters to convey;
Which ſometimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain,
That pity makes the fair write back again.
What's thus intended, ſome ſmall time delay:
His paſſion ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay.
Then with a cautious wit your pen withhold,
Leſt a too free expreſſion make him bold;
Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
And in reproof let tenderneſs appear.
As he deſerves it, give him hopes of life:
A cruel miſtreſs makes a froward wife.
Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
A gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.
Aſtrea's * lines flow on with ſo much eaſe,
That ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
Orinda's † works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
True ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford:
Whilſt Chudleigh's ‖ words ſeraphic thoughts expreſs
In lofty grandeur, but without exceſs.
Oh, had not beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with poetic ſound;
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they juſtly wear!
If greater things to leſſer we compare,
The ſkill of love is like the art of war.
The general ſays, "Let him the horſe command:
"You by that enſign, you that cannon ſtand:
"Where danger calls, let t'other bring ſupplies."
With pleaſure all obey, in hopes to riſe.
So, if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in laws,
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In ſinging what you bid him, will rejoice.

And wealth, as beauty orders it beſtow'd,
Would make ev'n miſers in expences proud.
But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of lovers' ſmarts,
And, like their god, ſo they feel Cupid's darts:
The gods and kings are by their labours prais'd;
And they again by them to honour rais'd:
For none to heaven or majeſty expreſt
Their duty well, but in return were bleſt.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn,
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept.
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a laſting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred bard no treacherous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from ambition and wealth's ſordid care,
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and heaven of love muſt ſtand.
The poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo,
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!
In vain they hoaſt of their celeſtial fire,
Whilſt there remains a heaven to which they can't aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who elſe unknown to mortals might remain,
Hid in the caverns of her native main:
And with the painter now the poets join
To make the mother and her boy divine.
Therefore attend, and from their muſic learn
That which their minds inſpir'd could beſt diſcern.
Firſt ſee how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
Forget not Dorſet, in whoſe generous mind
Love, ſenſe, wit, honour, every grace combin'd;
And if for me you one kind wiſh would ſpare,
Anſwer a poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's verſe, with candour ever bleſt;
For love will there ſtill with his aſhes reſt.
There let warm ſpice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlaſting ſweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muſe is to be ſcorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is ſtill adorn'd.
See Halifax, where ſenſe and honour mixt
Upon the merits juſt reward have fixt:
And read their works, who, writing in his praiſe,
To their own verſe immortal laurels raiſe.
Learn prior's lines; for they can teach you more
Than ſacred Ben, or Spenſer, did before:
And mark him well that uncouth phyſic's art
Can in the ſofteſt tune of wit impart.

* A name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn. She was authoreſs of ſeventeen plays, two volumes of novels, ſeveral tranſlations, and many poems.

† The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the priory of Cardigan, Eſq. about the year 1647; and died June 1664. Her poems have been ſeveral times printed. She was alſo the writer of a volume of letters, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus."

‖ This lady was the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart. of Aſhton, Devonſhire. She died Dec. 15. 1710. Her poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume 8vo. the ſecond edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of eſſays upon ſeveral ſubjects, in proſe and verſe, 1710.

See Paſtorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his ſlave:
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Through Rapin's nurſeries and gardens walk,
And find how nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
Pomona ſee with Milton's grandeur riſe,
The moſt delicious fruit of Paradiſe,
With apples might the firſt-born man deceive,
And more perſuaſive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Whom would I number up, I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

Our manners like our countenance ſhould be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is poſſeſt,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eye-balls ſhoot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' oppoſer, if the gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.
Let beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd,
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to love,
To which there's nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are denied:
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow.
But, when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes,
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurpriſe.
What you would love, with quick diſcretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our deſtruction ſink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Reſiſt at firſt: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy; leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds increaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole's deſtroy'd won't ceaſe.
It with allurements does, like rivers, riſe
From little ſprings, enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Mirrha kept this guard, ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Becauſe that love is pleaſing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Phyſic may tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
Whilſt the curs'd poiſons through the vitals run.
The tree not to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground;
And death muſt follow the neglected wound.
O'er different ages love bears different ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace;
We feed the runner deſtin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his love a rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be perplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And, as they ſeldom give, ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain,
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that's lately cut in Paphian grove,
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for love.
By ſlow degrees he ſans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.
This love's more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige,
Not by a quick ſurrender, but a ſiege;
That moſt are pleas'd, when driven to deſpair
By what they're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unleſs their uſage has been hard,
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.
Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with ſweets, from acids ſeek their health.
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails, too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet 'tis my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch beaux as be
Poſſeſt with ſo much vanity,
To think that whereſoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.
What they deſire they think is true,
With ſmall encouragement from you.
They will a ſingle look improve,
And take civilities for love.
"We all expected you to play:
"Was't not a miſtreſs made you ſtay?"
The beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find
"I out of pity muſt be kind:
"She ſigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, ſoaring to the lively flame,
We ſee the vain ambitious fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both ſexes have their jealouſy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a ſudden vent to grief,
Occaſion'd by ſome perſons lying,
To ſet an eaſy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy caſe.

There is a Mount, Hymettus ſtyl'd,
Where pinks and roſemary are wild,
Where ſtrawberries and myrtles grow,
And violets make a purple ſhow;
Where the ſweet bays and laurel ſhine,
All ſhaded by the lofty pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his duſty labour done,
In the meridian of the ſun,
Into ſome ſecret hedge would creep,
And ſing, and hum himſelf aſleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for ſome cooler cry:
" O now, if ſome
" Cooler would come!
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt,
" Cooler, come!
" Oh, AIR,
" Freſh and rare;
" Deareſt, rareſt,
" Lovelieſt, faireſt, [come!"
" Cooler, come; coller, come; cooler,
A woman, that had heard him ſing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For females uſually don't want
A fellow-goſſip that will cant;
Who ſtill is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries ſpiteful tales.
She thought that ſhe might raiſe ſome ſtrife
By telling ſomething to his wife:
That once upon a time ſhe ſtood
In ſuch a place, in ſuch a wood,
On ſuch a day, and ſuch a year,
There did, at leaſt there did appear
('Cauſe for the world ſhe would not lye,
As ſhe muſt tell her by the bye)
Her huſband; firſt more loudly bauling,
And afterwards more ſoftly calling
A perſon not of the beſt fame,
And Miſtreſs Cooler was her name.
" Now, Goſſip, why ſhould ſhe come thither?
" But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs ſent forth ſudden flaſhes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as aſhes.
Then, " Woe the day that ſhe was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breaſt,
" And ſhe, oh, ſhe ſhould never reſt!
" She ſtraight would heigh her to the wood,
" And he'd repent it—that he ſhould."
With eager haſte away ſhe moves,
Never regarding ſcarf or gloves:
Into the grotto ſoon ſhe creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
" And now (ſhe cries) I plainly ſee
" How time and place, and all agree:
" But here's a covert, where I'll lie,
" And I ſhall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as laſt time,
Heated and ruffled with his paſtime,
Came to the very ſelf-ſame place
Where he was us'd to waſh his face;
And then he ſung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no ſuch one as Miſtreſs Cooler;
Miſtruſting then no future harms,
She would have ruſh'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to ruſtle,
He thought ſome beaſt had made the buſtle.
He ſhot, then cried, "I've kill'd my deer."—
" Ay, ſo you have," (ſays Cris) " I fear."—
" Why, Criſſy, pray what made you here?"
" By Goſſip Trot, I underſtood
" You kept a ſmall girl in this wood"
Quoth Ceph, " 'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt die
" For this thy fooliſh jealouſy:
" For 'tis a paſſion that does move
" Too often from exceſs of love."
But, when they fought for wound full ſore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And ſhe had got a luſty thump,
Which in ſome meaſure bruis'd her rump.
Then home moſt lovingly they went:
Neither had reaſon to repent.
Their following years paſs'd in content;
And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life. [trude,
The Muſe has done, nor will more laws ob-
Leſt ſhe, by being tedious, ſhould be rude.
Unbrace love's ſwans, let them unharneſs'd ſtray,
And eat ambroſia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories;
With what diſcretion and what are they fought;
Let them record, " They were by OVID taught."

AN INCOMPARABLE ODE

OF

MALHERBE'S*.

Written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the King of France† and Anne of Auſtria.

Tranſlated by a great admirer of the Eaſineſs of French Poetry.

Cette Anne ſi belle,
Qu'on vante ſi fort,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?
Vrayment, elle a tort!
Son Loüis ſoûpire
Apres ſes appas:
Que veut elle dire,
Que elle ne vient pas?
Si il ne la poſſéde,
Il s'en va mourir;
Donnons y remède,
Allons la querir.

This Anna ſo fair,
So talk'd of by fame,
Why don't ſhe appear?
Indeed, ſhe's to blame!
Lewis ſighs for the ſake
Of her charms, as they ſay;
What excuſe can ſhe make
For not coming away?
If he does not poſſeſs,
He dies with deſpair;
Let's give him redreſs,
And go find out the fair.

* The Tranſlator propoſed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactneſs; and he hopes he has been pretty juſt to Malherbe: only in the ſixth line he has made a ſmall addition of theſe three words, "as they ſay;" which he thinks is excuſable, if we conſider the French poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's paſſion, as if the king himſelf had owned it to him. The Tranſlator thinks it more maunerly and reſpectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearſay.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE FURMETARY,

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*,

IN THREE CANTOS.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1699.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applauſe of the town: but he wholly diſowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave ſenators* have often, at the palace-yard, refreſhed themſelves with barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very ſolid influence on their counſels; it is therefore hoped that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſucceſs. No man can be ignorant, how of late years coffee and tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, cold waters have obtained their commendation; and wells are ſprung up from Acton to Iſlington, and croſs the water to Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent champions of all profeſſions. But there have not been wanting perſons, in all ages, that have ſhewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as water-gruel, milk-porridge, rice-milk, and eſpecially furmetary both with plums and without. To this end, ſeveral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating ſuch wholeſome diet in the morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have deſired ſeveral matrons to ſtand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the city, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch; there to *diſpenſe* furmetary to labouring people, and the poor, at reaſonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a diſh, which is not dear, the plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtyled furmetaries, becauſe that food has got the general eſteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore I have ſtyled it, "The "Furmetary;" and could eaſily have had a certificate of the uſefulneſs of this furmetary, ſigned by ſeveral eminent carmen, gardeners, journeymen-taylors, and baſket-women, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance of the ſame, in caſe the coffee-houſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an heroic poem; and endeavoured to be as ſmooth in my verſe, and as inoffenſive in my character, as was poſſible. It is my caſe with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the ancients. But, "the greater labour, the greater "glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſupport from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the deſcription of other furmetaries about this city, from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND

* Written to pleaſe a gentleman who thought nothing ſmooth or lofty could be written upon a mean ſubject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "the Diſ-"penſary," which has deſervedly gained a laſting reputation.

THE FURMETARY.

CANTO I.

No sooner did the grey-ey'd morning peep,
And yawning mortals stretch themselves from sleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly past,
And basket-women did to market haste;
The watchmen were but just returning home,
To give the thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill by growing beams of light,
A stately pile was offer'd to the sight;
Three spacious doors let passengers go through,
And distant stones did terminate their view:
Just here, as ancient poets sing, there stood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland stone,
Each side supported by a god-like son *:
But, underneath, all the three heroes shine,
In living colours, drawn upon a sign,
Which shews the way to ale, but not to wine.
Near is a place enclos'd with iron bars,
Where many mortals curse their cruel stars,
When brought by usurers into distress;
For having little still must live on less:
Stern avarice there keeps the relentless door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence hunger rises, dismally he stalks,
And takes each single prisoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monster stares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:
"Thou, Goddess Famine, that canst send us blights,
"With parching heat by day, and storm by nights,
"Assist me now: so many lands be thine,
"And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
"Long may thy reign continue on each shore,
"Where ever peace and plenty reign'd before!
"I must confess, that to thy gracious hand
"I widows owe, that are at my command;
"I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
"And bless thy power, to find they've no supplies.
"I thank thee for those martyrs, who would flee
"From superstitious rites and tyranny,
"And find their fullness of reward in me.
"But 'tis with much humility I own,
"That generous favour you have lately shown,
"When men, that bravely have their country serv'd,
"Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd
"And are preferr'd to me, and shall be starv'd.

* Ludgate.

"I can, but with regret, I can despise
"Innumerable of the London cries,
"When pease, and mackarel, with their harsher sound,
"The tender organs of my ears confound;
"But that which makes my projects all miscarry,
"Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
"Not far from hence, just by the bridge of Fleet,
"With spoons and porringers, and napkin neat,
"A faithless Syren does entice the sense,
"By fumes of viands, which she does dispense
"To mortal stomachs, for rewarding pence;
"Whilst each man's earliest thoughts would banish me,
"Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

Whilst such-like prayers keen hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakness threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful slave,
And kindly to him this assistance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd maid,
Who many years had for a husband staid;
And, coming near to hunger, thus she said:
"My darling son, whilst peace and plenty smile,
"And happiness would over-run this isle,
"I joy to see, by this thy present care,
"I've still some friends remaining since the war:
"In spite of us, A does on venison feed,
"And bread and butter is for B decreed;
"C D combines with E F's generous soul,
"To pass their minutes with the sparkling bowl;
"H I's good nature, from his endless store,
"Is still conferring blessings on the poor,
"For none, except 'tis K, regards them more.
"L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great,
"And squanders half his substance in a treat.
"Nice eating by R, S, is understood;
"T's supper, though but little, yet is good;
"U's conversation's equal to his wine,
"You sup with W, whene'er you dine:
"X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
"Ramble to the next eating-house they find;
"Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
"Sometimes with music, and sometimes with play,
"Prolong their pleasures till th' approaching day.

" And per se And alone, as poets uſe,
" The ſtarving dictates of my rules purſues;
" No ſwinging coachman does afore him ſhine,
" Nor has he any conſtant place to dine,
" But all his notions of a meal are mine.
" Haſte, haſte, to him, a bleſſing give from me,
" And bid him write ſharp things on Furmetry.
" But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
" And let Tobacco too thy buſineſs know;
" With famous Teedrums in this caſe adviſe,
" Rely on Sagoe, who is always wiſe.
" Amidſt ſuch counſel, baniſh all deſpair;
" Truſt me, you ſhall ſucceed in this affair:
" That project which they Furmetary call,
" Before next breakfaſt-time ſhall ſurely fall!"
This ſaid, ſhe quickly vaniſh'd in a wind
Had long within her body been confin'd.
Thus Hercules, when he his miſtreſs found,
Soon knew her by her ſcent, and by her ſound.

CANTO III.

Hunger rejoic'd to hear the bleſt command,
That Furmetary ſhould no longer ſtand;
With ſpeed he to Coffedro's manſion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly riſe.
" Ariſe, my friend; for upon thee do wait
" Diſmal events and prodigies of fate!
" 'Tis break of day, thy ſooty broth prepare,
" And all thy other liquors for a war:
" Rouſe up Tobacco, whoſe delicious ſight,
" Illuminated round with beams of light,
" To my impatient mind will cauſe delight.
" How will he conquer noſtrils that preſume
" To ſtand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
" Let handſome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
" For he has courage in the midſt of charms:
" Sagoe with counſel fills his wakeful brains,
" But then his wiſdom countervails his pains;
" 'Tis he ſhall be your guide, he ſhall effect
" That glorious conqueſt which we all expect:
" The brave Hectorvus ſhall command this force;
" He'll meet Tubcarrio's foot, or, which is worſe,
" Oppoſe the fury of Carmanniel's horſe.
" For his reward, this he ſhall have each day,
" *Drink coffee, then ſtrut out, and never pay.*"
It was not long ere the grandees were met,
And round *news-papers* in full order ſet,
Then Sagoe, riſing, ſaid, "I hope you hear
" Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
" Our great deſign admits of no delay,
" Famine commands, and we muſt all obey:
" That Syren which does Furmetary keep
" Long ſince is riſen from the bands of ſleep;
" Her ſpoons and porringers, with art diſplay'd,
" Many of Hunger's ſubjects have betray'd."
" To arms," Hectorvus cried: " Coffedro ſtout,
" Iſſue forth liquor from thy ſcalding ſpout!"
Great One-and-all-i gives the firſt alarms;
Then each man ſnatches up offenſive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageouſly they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus firſt Tubcarrio does attack,
And by ſurpriſe ſoon lays him on his back;
Thirſto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all theſe arms againſt herſelf were brought;
Nor that in her defence the drink was ſpilt:
How could ſhe fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant juice, and her delicious plums,
She does *diſpenſe* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and youths around her ſtood; ſhe ſate,
Environ'd with a wooden chair of ſtate.
In the mean time, Tobacco ſtrives to vex
A numerous ſquadron of the tender ſex; [breath,
With what ſtrong ſmoke, and with his ſtronger
He ſunks Baſketia and her ſon to death.
Coffedro then, with Teedrums and the band
Who carried ſcalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery amunition in their eyes;
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio ſtraight drives up a bulwark ſtrong,
And horſe oppoſes to Coffedro's throng.
Coledrivio ſtands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rallied forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrums' ſquadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beſeech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, though ſurpris'd, reſolv'd to be
The great Bonduca of her Furmetry:
Before her throne courageouſly ſhe ſtands,
Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
The numerous plums like hail-ſhot flew about,
And plenty ſoon diſpers'd the *meagre* rout.
So have I ſeen, at fair that's nam'd from Horn,
Many a ladle's blow by prentice borne;
In vain he ſtrives their paſſions to aſſuage, [gage;
With threats would frighten, with ſoft words en-
Until, through milky gauntlet ſoundly beat,
His prudent heels ſecure a quick retreat.

" Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
" Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas."

*MULLY OF MOUNTOWN**.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN†! thou ſweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy apples and thy pears;
For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans, and peaſe;
For Peggy's butter, and for Peggy's cheeſe.
May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly!
But condeſcend ſometimes to make a pye.
May fat geeſe gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want gooſeberries or apple-ſauce!
Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
And be thy turkeys numerous as thy hens!
May thy black pigs lie warm in little ſtye,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the muſe's moſt delicious theme;
Oh! may thy codlins ever ſwim in cream!
The raſp and ſtraw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy white-wine, ſugar, milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand ſyllabub.
Thy tarts to tarts, cheeſe-cakes to cheeſe-cakes join,
To ſpoil the reliſh of the flowing wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Weſtphalian ham, or Belgic beef;
And, to complete thy bleſſings, in a word,
May ſtill thy ſoil be generous as its lord‖.

II.

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goeſt to brew,
Conſider well what you're about to do;
Be very wiſe, very ſedately think
That what you're going now to make is *drink;*
Conſider who muſt drink that drink; and then,
What 'tis to have the praiſe of *honeſt* men:
For ſurely, Peggy, while that drink does laſt,
'Tis Peggy will be *toaſted* or *diſgrac'd.*
Then, if thy ale in *glaſs* thou would'ſt confine,
To make its ſparkling rays in beauty ſhine,
Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
Leſt a white ſubſtance to the ſurface fly,
And, floating there, diſturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim muſt be underſtood,
"Be ſure, nay very ſure, thy *cork* be good!"
Then future ages ſhall of Peggy tell,
That nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* ale ſo well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they reſign to death;
Depriv'd of light, and all their happieſt ſtate,
Not by their fault, but ſome o'er-ruling fate!
Although fair flowers, that juſtly might invite,
Are crop't, nay torn away, for man's delight;
Yet ſtill thoſe flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narciſſus now a power to groan!
But all thoſe things which breathe in different frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And, when ſhe ſees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain, and luxury of taſte,
With pride, ſtill lays man's *fellow mortals* waſte:
What earth and waters breed, or air inſpires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

Mully, a cow, ſprung from a beauteous race,
With ſpreading front, did Mountown's paſture grace.
Gentle ſhe was, and, with a gentle ſtream,
Each morn and night gave milk that equal'd cream.
Offending none, of none ſhe ſtood in dread,
Much leſs of perſons which ſhe daily *fed*:
"But innocence cannot itſelf defend
"'Gainſt treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of "friend."

Robin of Derby-ſhire, whoſe temper ſhocks
The conſtitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place §, which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a bluſhing modeſty aſham'd:
He with indulgence kindly did *appear*
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this ſullen churliſh thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef;
His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry,
"Mully, as ſure as I'm alive, you die!

* It was taken for a ſtate poem, and to have many myſteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diverſion.

† A pleaſant villa to the ſouth of Dublin, near the ſea.

‖ Judge Upton.

§ The Devil's Arſe of Peak.

" 'Tis a brave cow. O, Sirs, when Chriſtmas
" comes, [plums;
" Theſe ſhins ſhall make the porridge grac'd with
" Then, 'midſt our cups, whilſt we profuſely *dine*,
" This blade ſhall enter deep in Mully's chine.
" What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd,
" ſtewd, and roaſt!
" There ſhan't one ſingle tripe of her be loſt!"
When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard theſe
ſounds,
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
" What crime," ſaid ſhe, " has gentle Mully done?
" Witneſs the riſing and the ſetting ſun,
" That knows what milk ſhe conſtantly would give!
" Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."
Daniel, a ſprightly ſwain, that us'd to flaſh
The vigorous ſteeds that drew his lord's calaſh,
To Peggy's ſide inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd thoſe cattle of his own.

Then Terence ſpoke, oraculous and ſly,
He'd neither grant the queſtion nor deny;
Pleading for milk, his thoughts were on minee-
pye:
But all his arguments ſo dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
" You've ſpoke," ſays Robin; " but now, let me
" tell ye,
" 'Tis not fair ſpoken *words* that fill the *belly*:
" Pudding and beef I love; and cannot ſtoop
" To recommend your bonny-clapper ſoup.
" You ſay ſhe's innocent: but what of that?
" 'Tis more than crime ſufficient that ſhe's *fat!*
" And that which is prevailing in this caſe
" Is, there's another cow to fill her place.
" And, granting Mully to have milk in ſtore,
" Yet ſtill this other cow will give us more.
" She dies."—Stop here, my muſe: forbear the reſt;
And veil that grief which cannot be expreſt!

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

As poets ſay, one Orpheus went
To hell upon an odd intent.
Firſt tell the ſtory, then let's know,
If any one will do ſo now.
This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the ſiege of Troy;
His parents found the lad was ſharp,
And taught him on the Iriſh harp;
And, when grown fit for marriage-life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife;
And they, as ſoon as match was made,
Set up the ballad-ſinging trade.
The cunning varlet could deviſe,
For country folks, ten thouſand lies;
Affirming all thoſe monſtrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *ſtrings*;
Could make a tiger in a trice
Tame as a cat, and catch your mice;
Could make a lion's courage flag,
And ſtraight could animate a ſtag,
And, by the help of pleaſing ditties,
Make mill-ſtones run, and build up cities;
Each had the uſe of fluent tongue,
If Dicé ſcolded, Orpheus ſung
And ſo, by diſcord without ſtrife,
Compos'd one harmony of life;
And thus, as all their matters ſtood,
They got an honeſt livelihood.
Happy were mortals, could they be
From any ſudden danger free!
Happy were poets, could their ſong
The feeble thread of life prolong!
But, as theſe two went ſtrolling on,
Poor Dicé's ſcene of life was done:
Away her fleeting breath muſt fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why.
This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her ſtation;
How briſk ſhe was ſtill to advance
The harper's gain, and lead the dance,
In every tune obſerve her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money ſtill.

Orpheus beſt knew what loſs he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almoſt mad,
And in deſpair to Linus ran,
Who was eſteem'd a cunning-man;
Cried, "He again muſt Dicé have,
"Or elſe be buried in her grave."
Quoth Linus, "Soft, refrain your ſorrow:
"What fails to-day, may ſpeed to morrow.
"Thank you the gods for whate'er happens,
"But don't fall out with your fat capons.
"'Tis many an honeſt man's petition,
"That he may be in your condition.
"If ſuch a bleſſing might be had,
"To change a living wife for dead,
"I'd be your chapman; nay, I'd do't,
"Though I gave forty pounds to boot.
"Conſider firſt you have her quiet;
"Conſider next, you keep her quiet:
"For, pray, what was ſhe all along,
"Except the burthen of your ſong?
"What though your Dicé's under ground;
"Yet many a woman may be found,
"Who, in your gains if ſhe may part take,
"Truſt me, will quickly make your heart ach:
"Then reſt content, as widowers ſhould—
"The gods beſt know what's for our good!"
Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure.
"Is't poſſible!" cried he: "and can
"That noble creature, married man,
"In ſuch a cauſe be ſo profane?
"I'll fly thee far as I would death,
"Who from my Dicé took her breath."
Which ſaid, he ſoon outſtript the wind,
Whilſt puffing Boreas lagg'd behind;
And to Urganda's cave he came,
A lady of prodigious fame,
Whoſe hollow eyes and hopper breech
Made common people call her witch;
Down at her feet he proſtrate lies,
With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

" Tell me," ſaid he, " for ſure you know
" The powers above, and thoſe below,
" Where does Eurydice remain?
" How ſhall I fetch her back again?"
She ſmilingly replied, " I'll tell
" This eaſily without a ſpell:
" The wife you look for's gone to hell—
" Nay, never ſtart, man, for 'tis ſo;
" Except one ill-bred wife or two,
" The faſhion is, for all to go.
" Not that ſhe will be damn'd; ne'er fear
" But ſhe may get preferment there.
" Indeed, ſhe might be fried in pitch,
" If ſhe had been a bitter bitch;
" If ſhe had leapt athwart a ſword,
" And afterwards had broke her word.
" But your Eurydice, poor ſoul!
" Was a good-natur'd harmleſs fool;
" Except a little catervawling,
" Was always painful in her calling;
" And, I dare truſt old Pluto for't,
" She will find favour in his court:
" But then to fetch her back, that ſtill
" Remains, and may be puſt my ſkill;
" For, 'tis too ſad a thing to jeſt on,
" You're the firſt man e'er aſk'd the queſtion;
" For huſbands are ſuch ſelfiſh elves,
" They care for little but themſelves.
" And then one rogue cries to another,
" Since this wife's gone, e'en get another:
" Though moſt men let ſuch thoughts alone,
" And ſwear they've had enough of *one*.
" But, ſince you are ſo kind to Dicé,
" Follow the courſe which I adviſe ye;
" E'en go to hell yourſelf, and try
" Th' effect of muſic's harmony;
" For you will hardly find a friend,
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend:
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her
" Took her to Hell—and you may ſwear,
" She had but little muſic there;
" For, ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun,
" Her merry dancing days are done:
" She has a colt's-tooth ſtill, I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand.
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what's one ſingle ghoſt to them?
" Though thouſand *phantoms* ſhould invade ye,
" Paſs on—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady!
" The bold a way will find, or make;
" Remember, 'tis for Dicé's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well,
As news that he muſt go to hell.
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folks ſeek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
Never conſider'd he ſhould find
Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide.
" Will muſic do't?" cried he. " Ne'er heed:
" My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
" My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
" And dare all flames, but thoſe of love."

Then, kneeling, begs, in terms moſt civil,
Urganda's paſſport to the devil.
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himſelf with ſalve;
Such as thoſe hardy people uſe,
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes,
Who, on occaſion, in a dark hole,
Can gormandize on lighted charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming ſuel,
As men in flux do water-gruel.
She bade him then go to thoſe caves,
Where conjurers keep fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will baſte ye
A kitchen wench, for being naſty,
But, if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t'her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That wat as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimmering ſpy,
By which, at leaſt, he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little fairy elves,
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.
All ran about him, cried, " Oh, dear!
" Who thought to have ſeen Orpheus here?
" 'Tis that queen's birth day which you ſee
" And you are come as luckily;
" You had no ballad but we bought it,
" Paid Dicé when ſhe little thought it;
" When you beneath the ewe-tree ſat,
" We've come, and all danc'd round your hat;
" But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
" She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
" Theſe little chits would make one ſwear."
" Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt diſdain and fear.
" And dare theſe urchins jeer my croſſes,
" And laugh at mine and Dicé's loſſes?
" Hands off—the monkeys hold the faſter;
" Sirrahs, I'm going to your maſter."
" Good words," quoth Oberon, " don't flinch;
" For every time you ſtir, I'll pinch;
" But, if you decently ſit down,
" I'll firſt equip you with a crown;
" Then for each dance, and for each ſong,
" Our pence a-piece the whole night long."
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of neceſſity;
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his fingers fell
Seem'd to be Dicé's paſſing bell;
At laſt, night let him eaſe his crupper,
Get on his legs to go to ſupper.
Quoth Nab, " We here have ſtrangers ſeldom,
" But, Sir, to what we have you're welcome."
" Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtion.
" Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion,
" What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit?
" For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."

SIR,

" A roaſted ant, that's nicely done,
" By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
" Theſe are flies' eggs, in moon-ſhine poach'd;
" This a flea's thigh in collops ſcotch'd,

" 'Twas hunted yeſterday i' th' park,
" And like t' have 'ſcap'd us in the dark.
" This is a diſh entirely new,
" Butterflies' brains diſſolv'd in dew;
" Theſe lovers' vows, theſe courtiers' hopes,
" Things to be eat by microſcopes;
" Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
" This a delicious rainbow-tart!"
" Madam, I find they're very nice,
" And will digeſt within a trice;
" I ſee there's nothing you eſteem,
" That's half ſo groſs as our whipt cream;
" And I infer, from all theſe meats,
" That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſheets."
" But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " perhaps you're dry!"
" Then, ſpeaking to a fairy by,
" You've taken care, my dear Endia,
" All's ready for my Ratifia."

" Sir,
" A drop of water, newly torn
" Freſh from the roſy-finger'd morn;
" A pearl of milk, that's gently preſt
" From blooming Hebe's early breaſt;
" With half a one of Cupid's tears,
" When he in embryo firſt appears;
" And honey from an infant bee:
" Makes liquor for the gods and me!"
" Madam," ſays he, " an't pleaſe your Grace,
" I'm going to a droughty place;
" And if I an't too bold, pray charge her,
" The draught I have be ſomewhat larger."
" Fetch me," ſaid ſhe, " a mighty bowl,
" Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,
" And then fill up the burniſh'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold.
" This from ſeven barley-corns I drew,
" Its years are ſeven, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and ſparkles fit for you.
" But ſtay——
" When I by fate was laſt time hurl'd,
" To act my pranks in t' other world,
" I ſaw ſome ſparks, as they were drinking,
" With mighty mirth and little thinking,
" Their jeſts were *ſupernacalum*,
" And ſnatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
" And in this cryſtal have them here,
" Perhaps you'll like it more than beer."
Wine and late hours diſſolv'd the feaſt,
And men and fairies went to reſt.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all ſtuff'd full of harmony:
Purling ſtreams and amorous rills,
Dying ſound that never kills,
Zepherus breathing, love delighting,
Joy to ſlumber ſoft inviting,
Trembling ſounds that make no noiſe,
And ſongs to pleaſe without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a ſwan for love.
'Twas night, and nature's ſelf lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed;
The mountains ſeem'd to bend their tops,
And ſhutters clos'd the milleners' ſhops,
Excluding both the punks and fops;
No ruffled ſtreams to mill do come,
The ſilent fiſh were ſtill more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a ſpark there,
And darkneſs did itſelf grow darker.
But Orpheus could not ſleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he ſtrung,
And to the liſtening fairies ſung.
Prince Prim, who pitied ſo much youth
Join'd with ſo much conſtancy and truth
Soon gave him thus to underſtand;
" Sir, I laſt night receiv'd command
" To ſee you out of Fairy Land,
" Into the realm of Nofnotbocai;
" But let not fear of ſulphur choke ye;
" For he's a fiend of ſenſe and wit,
" And has got many rooms to let."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpſe,
Out walk the fidler and the prince.
They ſoon arrive, find Bocai brewing
Of claret for a vintner's ſtewing.
" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai," " what from
" him?"
" Why, ſomething ſtrange; this honeſt man
" Had his wife died; now, if he can,
" He ſays, he'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, ſmiling, cried, " You ſee,
" Orpheus, you'd better ſtay with me.
" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Although it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were ſold,
" Is worth ten thouſand ton of gold;
" And very famous in all ſtory,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For when ſome ages ſhall have run,
" And Truth by Falſehood be undone,
" Shall riſe the Whore of Babylon;
" And this fame where ſhall be a man,
" Who, by his lies and cheating, can
" Be ſuch a trader in all evil,
" As to outdo our friend the devil;
" He and his pimps ſhall ſay, that when
" A man is dying, thither then
" The devil comes to take the ſoul,
" And carry him down to this hole;
" But, if a man have ſtore of wealth,
" To get ſome prayers for his ſoul's health,
" The devil has then no more to do,
" But muſt be forc'd to let him go.
" But we are no more fools than they,
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By theſe ſame pious frauds and lies,
" Shall many monaſteries riſe:
" Friars ſhall get good meat and beer,
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles ſhall be given,
" To fetch a man from hence to heaven.
" Suppoſe a man has taken purſes,
" Or ſtolen ſheep, or cows, or horſes,
" And chances to be hang'd, you'd cry,
" Let him be hang'd, and ſo good-by.
" Hold, ſays the friar, let me alone,
" He's but to purgatory gone:
" And if you'll let our convent keep
" Theſe purſes, cows, horſes, and ſheep,

" The fellow shall find no more pain,
" Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus sigh'd, began to take on,
Cried, "Could I find the whore you spake
" on,
" I'd give him my best flitch of bacon:
" I'd give him cake and sugar'd sack,
" If he would bring my Dicé back:
" Rather than she should longer stay,
" I'd find some lusty man to pray.
" And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
" I dare say, would requite the friar."
Great Nosnotbocai smil'd to see
Such goodness and simplicity.
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of hell;
A filthy place, that's seldom swept,
Where seeds of villany are kept.
" Orpheus," said he, I'd have you take
" Some of these seeds here, for my sake;
" Which, if they are discreetly hurl'd
" Thoughout the parts of t'other world,
" They may oblige the fiend you sue to,
" And fill the palace of old Pluto.
" So pride-seed uppermost; then above
" Envy and scandal, and plant self-love.
" Here take revenge and malice without cause,
" And here contempt of honesty and laws;
" This hot seed's anger, and this hotter lust,
" Best sown with breach of friendship, and of
" trust:
" These storm, hail, plague, and tempest seeds;
" And this a quintessence of weeds;
" This is the worst sort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto himself bespoke,
" Nourish it well, 'tis useful treachery;
" This is a choice, though little seed, a lie:
" Here take some now from these prodigious
" loads
" Of tender things, that look like toads:
" In future times, these, finely dress,
" Shall each invade a prince's breast;
" 'Tis flattery seed; though thinly sown,
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep, and fully blown;
" Now see these things like bubbles fly;
" These are the seeds of vanity.
" Take tyrant acorns, which will best advance,
" If sown in eastern climates, or in France;
" But these are things of most prodigious hopes,
" They're Jesuit bulbs tied up with ropes,
" And these the devil's grafts for future popes.
" Which with fanaticism are join'd so clean,
" You'd scarce believe a knife had pass'd be-
tween.
" False-witness seed had almost been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making, should there be a
" plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus, scatter these but well;
" And you'll deserve the gratitude of hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You will be obey'd
" In every thing that you have said,
" For mischief is the poet's trade:
" And whatsoever they shall bring,
" You may assure yourself I'll sing.
" But pray what poets shall we have,
" At my returning from the grave?"
" Sad dogs," quoth Bocai,—" let me see—
" But, since what I say cannot shame them,
" I'll e'en resolve to never name them."
" But, now, " says Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,
" Unless you'll drink some arsenic claret:
" 'Tis burnt, you see; but Sam can spare it."
Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither
" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;
" But love, and I an instance can be,
" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command
" A tune from a departing hand;
" The style and passion both are good,
" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood.*"
He sang; and pains themselves found ease;
For griefs, when well express'd, can please.
When he describ'd the children's loss,
And how the robins cover'd them with moss;
To hear the pity of those birds,
Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words,
&c.

RUFINUS;

OR,

THE FAVOURITE*.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

Oft, as I wondering ſtand, a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon, and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame;
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rolling ſurges of the briny main;
How conſtant time revolves the circling year;
How day and night alternately appear;
Then am I well convinc'd ſome ſecret ſoul,
Some firſt informing power directs the whole;
Some great intelligence, who turns the ſpheres,
Who rules the ſteady motions of the ſtars,
Who decks with borrow'd light the waning moon,
And fills with native light th' unchanging ſun,
Who hangs the earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various fruits in various ſeaſons riſe.
But, ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How ill men, crown'd with bleſſings, ſmoothly
A golden circle of delightful days; [paſs
How good men bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtrife;
Then I am loſt again; religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder ſcheme prevails, [dance,
Which through the void makes wandering atoms
And calls the medley world the work of chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
At length Rufinus' fate my doubt removes,
And God's exiſtence and his juſtice proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The wicked flouriſh, and triumphant reign;
Since they to fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down.

But here inſtruct thy bard, Pierian dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows,
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe.
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a cabal of ſiſter fiends;
Thither unnumber'd plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of hell and night.
Firſt diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of war;
Next famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air;
Then age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring death;
Here grows diſeaſe, with inbred tortures worn;
There envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There ſorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſkulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of braſs;
Then luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt want, attending in a cloud, repines.
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre avarice, appears;
Who, as round her wither'd neck they cling,
Confeſs the parent hag from whence they ſpring.
Here ills of each malignant kind reſort,
A thouſand monſters guard the dreadful court.
Amidſt th' infernal crowd, Alecto ſtands,
And a deep ſilence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like theſe, expreſs'd
A paſſion long had ſwell'd within her breaſt:
" Shall we ſupine permit theſe peaceful days,
" So ſmooth, ſo gay, ſo undiſturb'd, to paſs?
" Shall pity melt, ſhall clemency controul,
" A fury's fierce and unrelenting ſoul?
" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
" What all the horrid implements of hell;
" Since mighty Jove debars us of his ſkies,
" Since Theodoſius too his earth denies?

* The Eſſay, to which this Poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. ii. p. 280.

" Such were the days, and so their tenor ran,
" When the first happy golden age began:
" Virtue and concord, with their heavenly train,
" With piety and faith, securely reign;
" Nay, justice, in imperial pomp array'd,
" Boldly explores this everlasting shade;
" Me she, insulting, menaces and awes;
" Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
" And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
" From every region banish'd, idly mourn?
" Assert yourselves; know what, and whence you are:
" Attempt some glorious mischief worth your care;
" Involve the universe in endless war.
" Oh! that I could in Stygian vapour rise,
" Darken the sun, pollute the balmy skies;
" Let loose the rivers, deluge every plain,
" Break down the barriers of the roaring main,
" And flatter nature into chaos once again!"
So rag'd the fiend, and toss'd her vipers round,
Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
Different resolves from different reasons sprung.
So when the fury of the storm is past,
When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste;
So sounds so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
As the expiring tempest plows its way.
Megæra, rising then, address'd the throng,
To whom sedition, tumult, rage belong:
Whose food is entrails of the guiltless dead,
Whose drink is children's blood by parents shed.
She scorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
She broke the bow, the savage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous wife
To take her injur'd lord's devoted life:
She breath'd revenge and rage into the son,
So did the mother's blood the sire's atone:
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him incestuous to a mother's arms:
She strung Thyestes, and his fury fed:
She taught him to pollute a daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful speech:
" Your schemes not practical nor lawful are,
" With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
" But, if the peace of man you would invade,
" If o'er the ravag'd earth destruction spread;
" Then shall Rufinus, fram'd for every ill,
" With your own vengeance execute your will;
" A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
" Impetuous as a tigress new with young;
" Fierce as the hydra, fickle as the flood,
" And keen as meagre harpies for their food.
" Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
" I first receiv'd him to my nursing care;
" And often he when tender yet and young,
" Cried for the tear, and on my bosom hung:
" Whilst my horn'd serpents round his visage play'd,
" His features form'd, and there their venom shed;
" Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
" Deceit and craft, and every hurtful art;
" Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds,
" With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.
" Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice
" His boundless and unfated *avarice:*
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams,
" Nor Hermus glittering as the solar beams.
" If you the stratagem propos'd approve,
" Let us to court this bane of crowns remove.
" There shall be soon, with his intriguing art,
" Guide uncontroul'd the willing prince's heart.
" Not Numa's wisdom shall that heart defend,
" When the false favourite acts the faithful friend."
Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black design applaud.
Now with an adamant her hair she bound,
With a blue serpent girt her vest around;
Then hastes to to Phlegethon's impetuous stream,
Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and straight, with wings display'd,
Shoots swiftly through the dun Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies,
Extended to the sea and southern skies;
Where once Ulysses, as old fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of hell;
Where oft, with staring eyes, the trembling hind
Sees airy phantoms skim before the wind:
Hence springs the fury into upper skies,
Infecting all the region as she flies:
She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around,
And earth and sea rebellow to the sound,
Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver hairs;
And like an old decrepid sage appears;
Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight.
At length, arriving at Rufinus' cell,
Which, from his monstrous birth, she knew so well,
She mildly thus hell's darling hope address'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breast:
" Can sloth dissolve Rufinus; canst thou pass
" Thy sprightly youth in soft inglorious ease?
" Know that thy better fate, thy kinder star,
" Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
" If thou an old man's counsel canst obey,
" The subject world shall own thy sovereign sway:
" For my enlighten'd soul, my conscious breast,
" Of magic's secret science is possess'd.
" Oft have I forc'd, with mystic midnight spells,
" Pale spectres from their subterranean cells:
" Old Hecaté attends my powerful song,
" Powerful to hasten fate, or to prolong;
" Powerful the rooted stubborn oak to move,
" To stop the thunder bursting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's descending stream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
" Nor doubt my truth—behold, with just surprise,
" An effort of my art—a palace rise."
She said; and lo! a palace towering seems,
With Parian pillars and metallic beams.
Rufinus, ravish'd with the vast delight,
Gorges his avarice, and gluts his sight.
Such was his transport, such his sudden pride,
When Midas first his golden wish enjoy'd:
But, as his stiffening food to metal turn'd,
He found his rashness, and his ruin mourn'd,

" Be thou or man or god," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow wherefoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his hut he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the fiend, prepar'd by fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring, ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinions ſpread;
But juſtice, conſcious, ſhuns the poiſon'd air,
Where only proſtituted tools repair;
Where Stilico and Virtue not avail;
Where royal favours ſtand expos'd to ſale;
Where now Rufinus, ſcandalouſly great,
Loads labouring nations with oppreſſive weight;
Keeps the obſequious world depending ſtill
On the proud dictates of his lawleſs will;
Advances thoſe, whoſe fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to reſiſt, and to rebel;
But thoſe impeaches, who their prince commend,
Who, dauntleſs, dare his ſacred rights defend;
Expounds ſmall riots into higheſt crimes,
Brands loyalty as treaſon to the times.
An haughty minion, mad with empire grown,
Enſlaves the ſubjects, and inſults the throne.
A thouſand diſemboguing rivers pay
Their everlaſting homage to the ſea;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour conſtant down their tributary ſtreams:
But yet the ſea confeſſes no increaſe,
For all is ſwallow'd in the deep abyſs.
In craving, ſtill Rufinus' ſoul remains, [gains;
Though fed with ſhowers of gold, and floods of
For he deſpoils and ravages the land,
No ſtate is free from his rapacious hand;
Treaſures immenſe he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected ſtore:
Unmeaſur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.
Oh! whether would'ſt thou rove, miſtaken man?
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquiſitions vain:
For now, ſuppoſe thy avarice poſſeſs'd
Of all the ſplendour of the glittering eaſt,
Of Croeſus' maſs of wealth, of Cyrus' crown,
Suppoſe the ocean's treaſure all thy own;
Still would thy ſoul repine, ſtill aſk for more,
Unbleſt with plenty, with abundance poor.
Fabricius, in himſelf, in virtue great,
Diſdain'd a monarch's bribe, deſpis'd his ſtate.
Serranus, as he grac'd the conſul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious ſhare.
The ſam'd, the warlike, Curii deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
Such a retreat to me's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tower, thy lofty dome;
Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian loom;
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene,
Where nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties reign;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Though there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or golden bed;
Yet here, extended on the flowery graſs,
More free from care, my guiltleſs hours I paſs:
Though there thy ſycophants, a ſervile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and reſound thy praiſe;
Yet here a murmuring ſtream, or warbling bird,
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.
Nature on all the power of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows.
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt,
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt:
A doctrine, if well pois'd in Reaſon's ſcale,
Nor luxury nor want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled armies ſtrew the plain.
But, oh! Rufinus is to reaſon blind!
A ſtrange hydropic thirſt inflames his mind.
No bribes his growing appetite can fate;
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains,
Where avarice or where ambition reigns.
When with ſtrict oaths his proffer'd faith he binds,
Falſe are his vows, and treacherous his deſigns.
Now, ſhould a patriot riſe, his power oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking nation's cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can control,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed pain;
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent, as ſhe ſhoots along, [tongue.
With lightning in her eyes, and poiſon in her
Nor will thoſe families eraz'd ſuffice;
But provinces and cities he deſtroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate,
He labours the confuſion of the ſtate;
Subverts the nation's old-eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in mercy he pretends to ſave
A man, purſu'd by faction, from the grave;
Then he invents new puniſhments, new pains,
Condemns to ſilence, and from truth reſtrains *;
Then racks and pillories, and bonds and bars,
Then ruin and impeachments he prepares.
O dreadful mercy! more than death ſevere!
That doubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
All ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their juſt reſentments own;
But inward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with convulſive ſorrow tear the mind.
Envy is mute—'tis treaſon to diſcloſe
The baneful ſource of their eternal woes.
But Stilico's ſuperior ſoul appears
Unſhock'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
He is the polar ſtar, directs the ſtate,
When parties rage, and public tempeſts beat;
He is the ſafe retreat, the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted virtue's woes;
He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken force,
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river, ſwell'd with winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains;
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, in vain oppoſe;
With unreſiſted rage the torrent flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Ebbed ſurges roar in eddies round,
The rock, unmov'd, reverberates the ſound.

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr. Sacheverell.

*THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN**,

AN APOLOGUE;

Tranſlated from the Original of ÆSOP, written Two Thouſand Years ſince, and now rendered in Familiar Verſe, by H. G. L. MAG.

GOOD precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity. And here I preſent my good reader with one, delivered by the firſt founder of mythology, Æſop himſelf. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it, as a very excellent part of his production; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, ſeem to agree, that his eagle, and five others not yet tranſlated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Eſtrange had the unhappineſs to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to diſcover them by the removal of my old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now teach They were written, or dictated at leaſt, by Æſop, in the fifty-fourth Olympiad: and though I deſigned them chiefly for the uſe of my ſchool (this being tranſlated by a youth deſigned for a Greek profeſſor), yet no man is ſo wiſe as not to need inſtruction, aye, and by the way of fable too; ſince the Holy Scriptures themſelves, the beſt inſtructors, teach us by way of parable, ſymbol, image, and figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou "art the man," than all the moſt rigid lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing this verſion with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphraſtically done, *verbum verbo*, as the beſt way of juſtice to the author. Thoſe that are mere adorers of ψίλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this ſort of metre, for which I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this ſort of meaſure, which is pleaſant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my maſter Ariſtotle, that ῥυθμὸς καὶ ἁρμονία are very far from being unneceſſary or unpleaſant. May this be of uſe to thee; and it will pleaſe thine in all good wiſhes,

HORAT. GRAM.

A LADY liv'd in former days,
That well deſerv'd the utmoſt praiſe;
For greatneſs, birth, and juſtice fam'd,
And every virtue could be nam'd;
Which made her courſe of life ſo even,
That ſhe's a ſaint (if dead) in heaven.
This lady had a little ſeat
Juſt like a palace, 'twas ſo neat,
From aught (but goodneſs) her retreat.

One morning, in her giving way,
As was her cuſtom every day,
To cheer the poor, the ſick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing ſtranger by,
On whom ſhe quickly caſt an eye.
The man admiring, made a ſtand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What's that, ſays ſhe, that hangs its head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almoſt dead."
"Madam, a red-breaſt that I found,
By this wet ſeaſon almoſt drown'd."
"Oh! bring him in and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm."
They ſoon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;

* The political moral of this little apologue is too evident to need any other comment, than barely mentioning that the lady was Queen Anne; deſiring the reader to recollect the change which ſhe made in her miniſtry in 1709, the year in which this poem was written; and referring to "Ruſhnus."

The lady care herſelf did take,
And made a neſt for Robin's ſake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteouſly did fare,
Aſſuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought, when this they ſpy'd,
The world well mended on his ſide.
With well-tun'd throat he whiſtled long,
And every body lik'd his ſong.
"At laſt, ſaid they, this little thing
Will kill itſelf, ſo long to ſing;
We'll cloſet him among the reſt
Of thoſe my lady loves the beſt."
They little thought, that ſaw him come,
That Robins were ſo quarrelſome:
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the higheſt perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he choſe,
The gold-finches, and ſuch as thoſe;
With them he'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary-birds were his delight,
With them he'd *tête-à-tête* all night;
But the brown linnets went to pot,
He kill'd them all upon the ſpot.
The ſervants were employ'd each day,
Inſtead of work, to part ſome fray.
And wiſh'd the aukward fellow curſt
That brought him to my lady firſt.
At laſt they all reſolv'd upon't,
Some way to tell my lady on't.
Meanwhile he'd had a noble ſwing,
And rul'd juſt like the Gallic king;
Having kill'd or wounded all,
Unleſs the eagle in the hall;
With whom he durſt but only jar,
He being the very ſoul of war,
But hated him for his deſert,
And bore him malice at his heart.
This eagle was my lady's pride,
The guardian ſafety of her ſide:
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay.
For colour, pinions, and ſtature,
The faireſt workmanſhip of nature;
'Twould do one good to ſee him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love:
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He ſoar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
A thouſand kites and vultures kill'd;
Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unleſs to Robin and his crew.
One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A gooſe-quill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by uſe, that, now and then,
A ſword leſs hurt does than a pen.
As for example—What at home
You've well contriv'd to do at Rome,
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are ſuppos'd to undermine
The foe—in ſome immenſe deſign.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There's forty ways to give a ſign.
Well—all on fire away he ſtalk'd,
Till come to—where the eagle walk'd.
Bob did not ſhill-I ſhall-I go,
Nor ſaid one word of friend or foe;
But flirting at him made a blow,
As game cocks with their gauntlets do.
At which the eagle graceſully
Caſt a diſdaining, ſparkling eye;
As who ſhould ſay—What's this, a flie?
But no revenge at all did take,
He ſpar'd him for their lady's ſake,
Who ponder'd theſe things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the eagle kind.
Upon reflection now—to ſhew
What harm the leaſt of things may do,
Mad Robin, with his curſed flirt,
One of the eagle's *eyes had hurt;
Inflam'd it, made it red and ſore:
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the houſe, could ſcarce forbear:
With ſcorn, not pain, the eagle fir'd,
Murmur'd diſdain, and ſo retir'd.
Robin, to offer ſome relief,
In words like theſe would heal their grief:
"Should th' eagle die (which heaven forbid!)
We ought ſome other to provide.
I do not ſay that any now
Are fit, but in a year or two:
And ſhould this mighty warrior fall,
They ſhould not want a general."
As men have long obſerv'd, that one
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone;
Juſt in the moment this was done,
Ten thouſand foes in fight were come:
Vultures, and kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks ſo thick—they darken'd day.
A long concerted force and ſtrong,
Vermin of all kinds made the throng;
Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground.
By every hand, from common fame,
The frightful face of danger came.
One cries, "What help now—who can can tell?
I'm glad the eagle's here, and well!"
Another out of breath with fear,
Says, "Thouſands more near ſea appear;
They'll ſwop our chicken from the door;
We never were ſo ſet before:
We're glad the eagle will forget,
And the invaders kill or beat."
Reſerv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all petty things inclin'd,
Abhorr'd the thoughts of any thing,
But what his lady's peace could bring:
Who bleſs'd him firſt, and bade him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe.
Burning and reſtleſs as the ſun,
Until this willing work was done;
He whets his talons, ſtretch'd his wings,
His lightning darts, and terror flings;
Towers with a flight into the ſky,
Theſe million monſters to deſcry,
Prepar'd to conquer, or to die.
The party, that ſo far was come,
Thought not the eagle was at home:

* Οφθαλμος amongſt the Greeks, ſignifies "Honour
"tender as the eye."

To fame and danger us'd in field,
They knew he'd quickly make them yield:
But, on aſſurance he was near,
Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
They made with hurry towards the lakes;
And he his pinions o'er them ſhakes.
They had not (with ſuch horror fill'd)
The courage to let one be kill'd:
They fled, and left no foe behind,
Unleſs it were the fleeting wind:
Only—a man by water took
Two fine young merlins and a rook.
The family had now repoſe:
But with the ſun the eagle roſe;
Th' imperial bird purſu'd the foe,
More toil than reſt inur'd to know.
He wing'd his way to Latian land,
Where firſt was hatch'd this murdering band;
He darted death where'er he came,
Some of them dying at his name.
Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
Their bowels tore through every hedge:
They flutter, ſhriek, and caw, and hiſs;
Their ſtrength decays, and fears increaſe:
But moſt the chevaliers the geeſe.
So many ſlaughter'd fowl there was,
Their carcaſes block'd up the ways;
The reſt he drove, half ſpent, pell-mell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.
Robin at home, though mad to hear
He ſhould ſo conquer every where,
Expoſtulated thus with fear:
"Ungrateful I, that ſo have ſtirr'd
Againſt this generous, noble bird,
Waſt thou not firſt by him preferr'd?
Let's leave him in his gall to burn,
And back to Pontifell return."
There ſome to chimney-tops aſpire,
To turrets ſome that could fly higher;
Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone,
To rooſt them at Byzantium.
Alas! in vain was their pretence,
He broke through all their ſtrong defence:
Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.
None hop'd his power to withſtand,
But gave the neſt to his command:
They told him of ten thouſand more,
In flocks along the Ganges' ſhore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like partridges among the ſtubble.
He ſpreads himſelf, and cuts the air,
And ſteady flight ſoon brought him there.
Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was!
To find they were but mere jackdaws.
A hundred thouſand all in light,
They all could chatter, not one fight.
"I'll deal by them as is their due:
"Shough! cry'd the Eagle; off they flew."
His flaſhing eye their hearts confounds,
Though by their flight ſecure from wounds,
Which was a ſignal, fatal baulk
To a late ſwift Italian hawk.
The Eagle would no reſt afford,
Till he had ſent my lady word;
Who when ſhe heard the dear ſurpriſe,
Wonder and joy ſtood in he eyes.
"My faithful eagle, haſt thou then
My mortal foes deſtroy'd again?
Return, return, and on me wait;
Be thou the guardian of my gate;
Thee and thy friends are worth my care,
Thy foes (if any ſuch there are)
Shall my avenging anger ſhare."
So—leſt new ills ſhould intervene,
She turn'd the Robin out again.
The Samians now, in vaſt delight,
Bleſs their good lady day and night;
Wiſh that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlaſting as the ſun.
The eagle high again did ſoar;
The lady was diſturb'd no more,
But all things flouriſh'd as before.

ROBIN RED-BREAST,

WITH THE BEASTS,

AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY;

Taken out of an old Copy of Verſes, ſuppoſed to be writ by John Lidgate, a Monk of Bury.

One that had in her infant ſtate,
While playing at her father's gate,
Seen and was moſt hugely ſmitten
With young dog and dirty kitten,
Had took them up and lug'd them in,
And made the ſervants waſh them clean *.
When ſhe to a fit age was grown,
To be ſole miſtreſs of her own,
Then to her favour and ſtrange truſt
She rais'd theſe two: in rank the firſt
The dog, who, with gilt collar grac'd,
Strutted about. The cat was plac'd
O'er all the houſe to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear;
While he o'er all the plains had power,
That ſavage wolves might not devour
Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
To take: but beaſts uncertain are
Now ſee by theſe what troubles riſe
To thoſe who in their choice unwiſe
Put truſt in ſuch; for he ſoon join'd
With beaſt of prey the dog combin'd,
Who kill'd the ſheep, and tore the hind;
While he would ſtand, and grin, and bark,
Concealing thus his dealings dark.
A wolf, or ſo, ſometimes he'd take;
And then, O what a noiſe he'd make!
But with wild beaſts o'er-run yet are
The plains: ſome die for want of fare,
Or torn, or kill'd; the ſhepherds find
Each day are loſt of every kind.
Thy ſilly ſheep lament in vain;
Of their hard fate, not him, complain.

The ſhepherds, and the ſervants all,
Againſt the traitor loudly bawl:
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their lady what to them befel;
For puſs a fox of wondrous art
Brought in, to help, and take their part,
By whoſe aſſiſtance to deceive,
She made her every lie believe.
One lucky day, when ſhe was walking
In her woods, with ſervants talking,
And ſtopp'd to hear how very well
A red-breaſt ſung, then him to dwell
With her ſhe call'd: he came, and took
His place next to a favourite rook;
Where Robin ſoon began to ſing
Such ſongs as made the houſe to ring:
He ſung the loſs and death of ſheep,
In notes that made the lady weep:
How for his charge the dog unfit,
Took part with foes, and ſhepherds bit;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And ſhew him cur of ſhabby race;
The firſt by wandering beggars fed,
His ſire, advanc'd, turn'd ſpit for bread;
Himſelf each truſt had ſtill abus'd;
To ſteal what he ſhould guard, was us'd
From puppy: known where'er he came
Both vile and baſe, and void of ſhame.
The cat he ſung, that none could match
For venom'd ſpite, or cruel ſcratch;
That from a witch transform'd ſhe came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
This firſt, one dead, of tabby fur
The third ſurvives, much noiſe of her
Had been: a cat well known, with eaſe
On errands dark, o'er land and ſeas,

* The political drift of this pretended prophecy is ſtill more evident than that of the preceding poem; the ſatire being abundantly more perſonal.

She'd journies take to cub of bear,
From theſe intriguing beaſts, who ſwear
They'll bring him to defend the wrong
That they have done. Again he ſung,
How Tabby once, in moon-light night,
Trotted with letter fox did write;
In which he ſends his beſt reſpects
To the ſhe-bear, and thus directs:
" Madam, ſaid he, your cub ſafe ſend,
" None ſhall his worſhip ſoon offend;
" It's all I can at preſent do
" To ſerve him, as his friends well know."
At this the beaſts grew in ſuch rage,
That none their fury could aſſuage;
Nay, puſs her lady would have ſcratch'd,
And tore her eyes, but ſhe was watch'd;
For ſhe'd ſet up her back, and mew,
And thrice ev'n in her face ſhe flew.
The dog, like an ungrateful ſpark,
At her would dare to ſnarl and bark.
Her tenants wondering ſtood to hear
That ſhe their inſolence would bear;
And offer'd their aſſiſtance to
Soon make them better manners know:
But ſhe, to avoid all farther rout,
Her window opening, turn'd Bob out;
Hoping that then her beaſts would live
In peace, and no diſturbance give.
Yet nothing ſhe can do avails,
Their rage againſt her ſtill prevails;
Though puſs was warn'd to fear their fate
In lines (by old prophetic cat
Writ before her transformation,
When ſhe was in the witch's ſtation)
Foretelling thus: " When beaſts are grown
" To certain heights, before unknown
" Of human race, ſome ſhall aloud
" Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
" Who in vaſt numbers ſhall advance,
" And to new tunes ſhall make them dance:
" When this begins, no longer hope,
" For all remains is ax and rope."
But, not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
With ſome who of their plunder ſhar'd,
T' affront their lady, and conſpire
To many with her money hire;
Contemning her, to pay undue
Regards unto this beſtial crew:
Though theſe reſembled human ſhapes,
They were indeed no more than apes;
Who ſome in houſe, and ſome in wood,
And others in high boxes ſtood,
That chattering made ſuch noiſe and ſtir,
How all was due to fox and cur;
Till, by their falſe deluding way,
She found her flocks begin to ſtray.
Still Robin does for her his care
And zeal expreſs; on whom yet are
His thoughts all fix'd. On her he dreams
Each night. Her praiſes are his themes
In ſongs all day. Now perch'd on tree,
Finding himſelf ſecure and free,
He pertly ſhakes his little wings,
Sets up his throat: again he ſings,
" That ſhe had left no other way
To ſave her flocks, and end this fray,
But ſoon to her aſſiſtance take
One who could make theſe monſters ſhake;
A well-known huntſman, who has ſkill
The fierceſt beaſts to tame or kill:
At her command he'd come; and he
Would make her great, and ſet them free;
That, ſhould theſe beaſts ſome evil day
Bring cub into her grounds, ſhe may
Depend that not herſelf they'll ſpare,
Since to inſult her now they dare;
All ſhe at beſt can hope for then,
Is to be ſafe ſhut up in den;
Since by ſure ſigns all theſe ingrate
Are known to bear her deadly hate."
He ends his ſong, and preys to Heaven
That ſhe may have the wiſdom given,
Before it be too late, to take
Such reſolutions as may make
Her ſafe, and that theſe beaſts no more
To ravage in the plains have power.

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

OR,

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S WELCOME FROM FRANCE*.

" Et thure, et fidibus juvat
" Placare, et vituli ſanguine debito
" Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos."

Hor. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

What noiſe is this, that interrupts my ſleep?
What echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
Neptune a ſolemn feſtival prepares,
And peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident, which he us'd to ſhake,
Make earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his ſide, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crowds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient ſea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what's now the laſt reſult of fate;
What earthly monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.
By an auſpicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet:
Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurpriſe,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons, with their ſhells, proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame;
And nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchaſe peace, make war:
Then Neptune his majeſtic ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke:
" Throughout the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
" 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey;
" Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure ſky:
" The reſt let Nereus tell"—
" If I have truth," ſays Nereus, " and foreſee
" The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny;
" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
" With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and
" Rome,
" Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
" Muſt ſurely know what, in the womb of time,
" Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
" How wars upon the watery realm ſhall ceaſe,
" And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
" Reſtore the ſpicy traffic of the eaſt,
" And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant weſt:
" Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
" And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed.
" The ſouthern coaſts, to Britain ſcarcely known,
" Shall grow as hoſpitable as their own:
" No monſters ſhall be feign'd, to guard their ſtore,
" When Britiſh trade ſecures their golden ore:

* Lord Bolingbroke ſet out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his under-ſecretaries. Mr. Prior, and the Abbe Gaultier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712.

" The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
" Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
" Iron shall there intrinsic value show,
" And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
" Britannia's royal fishery shall be
" Improv'd by a kind guardian deity:
" That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
" Of more importance than the richest mine:
" He shall direct them how to strike the whale,
" How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
" What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
" Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
" In vast Acadia's plains, new theme for
" fame,
" Towns shall be built, sacred to Anna's * name:
" The silver fir and lofty pine shall rise
" From Britain's own united colonies,
" Which to the mast shall canvass-wings afford,
" And pitch, to strengthen the unfaithful board;
" Norway may then her naval stores withhold,
" And proudly starve for want of British gold.
" O happy isle! to such advantage plac'd,
" That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd;
" Thy nation's genius, with industrious arts,
" Renders thee lovely to remotest parts.
" Eliza first the fable scene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world display'd the new;
" When Burleigh at the helm of state was seen,
" The truest subject to the greatest queen;
" The Indians, from the Spanish yoke made free,
" Blest the effects of English liberty;
" Drake round the world his sovereign's honour
" spread, [convey'd;
" Through straights and gulfs immense her fame
" Nor rests inquiry here; his curious eye
" Descries new constellations in the sky,
" In which vast space, ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and choose
" their stars.
" Raleigh, with hopes of new discoveries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
" Rov'd o'er the western world in search of fame,
" Adding fresh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdued new empires, that will records be
" Immortal of a queen's virginity †.
" But think not, Albion, that thy sons decay
" Or that thy princes have less power to sway;
" Whatever in Eliza's reign was seen,
" With a redoubled vigour springs again:
" Imperial Anna shall the seas control,
" And spread her naval laws from pole to pole:
" Nor think her conduct or her counsels less,
" In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;
" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by stealth.
" No nation can fear want, or dread surprise,
" Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loss sup-
" plies.
" On him the public most securely leans,
" To ease the burthen of the best of queens;
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
" When war shall cease, and British commerce
" rise.

" Alcides' strength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow streights of Europe were confin'd.
" The British sailors, from their royal change,
" May find a nobler liberty to range.
" Oxford shall be their pole-star to the south,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth:
" Whence, through his conduct, traffic shall in-
" crease, [peace *,
" Ev'n to those seas which take their *name* from
" Peace is the sound must glad the Britons' ears:
" But see! the noble Bolingbroke appears;
" Gesture compos'd and looks serene declare
" Th' approaching issue of a doubtful war.
" Now my cœrulean race, safe in the deep,
" Shall hear no cannons' roar disturb their sleep;
" But smoothest tides and the most halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's sails.
" Ye Tritons, sons of gods! 'tis my command,
" That you see Bolingbroke in safety land,
" Your concave shells for softest notes prepare,
" Whilst Echo shall repeat the gentlest air:
" The river gods shall there your triumphs meet.
" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
" Thames shall stand wondering, Isis shall re-
" joice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raise their voice;
" The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
" In swiftest streams, confess their true content;
" Avon and Severn shall in raptures join,
" And fame convey them to the Northern Tyne;
" Tweed then no more the Britons shall divide,
" But peace and plenty flow on either side;
" Triumphs proclaim and mirth and jovial feasts,
" And all the world invite for welcome guests."

Faction, that through the land so fatal spread,
No more shall dare to raise her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in silence mourn
The happiness of Bolingbroke's return;
Far from the common pitch, he shall arise,
With great designs, to dazzle envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of whiggish plots the source,
Their ever-turning schemes, and restless course.
Who shall hereafter British annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A stubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of state!
These wise exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their souls, to see the wondrous man:
The aged counsellors, without surprise,
Found wit and prudence sparkling in his eyes;
Wisdom that was not gain'd in course of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But struck by force of genius; such as drove
The goddess Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France, with pleasure, look'd to see
His graceful mien and beauteous symmetry:
The virgins ran as to unusual shew,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming minister desir'd,
And still, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the court, that best true grandeur knows,
Their sentiments by lesser facts disclose,

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova-Scotia.
† Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia.
† The Pacific Ocean.

By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again,
But they deviſ'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.
The Gallic king, in age and counſels wiſe,
Sated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh peer,
And gladly owns his prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends,
With grateful errand, to heaven's choiceſt friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies, [ſkies,
To bear her queen's commands through yielding
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight,
With meſſage heavenly; and, with equal light,
Diſpels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his miſtreſs' name for peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great king receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,
Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns, ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd ſteel;
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride,
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide;
No limits ſet to their ambitious ends;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends:
By different methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.
He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſtening ſenate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenic ſtrength, and weight of ſenſe,
Such as fond Oxford to her ſon ſupplied,
Deſign'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins,
Outdo whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels, or Ulyſſes' tongue.
Oh! all ye nymphs, whilſt time and youth allow,
Prepare the roſe and lily for his brow. [low,
Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view;
To Anna's intereſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy, but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

A PARAPHRASE ON NAUDÆUS'S ADDRESS TO CARDINAL DE BAGNI.

The time will come (if fate ſhall pleaſe to give
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)
When I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe,
In a much loftier and more fluent verſe;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther eaſt,
To Carolina, and the diſtant weſt,
Your name ſhall fly, and every where be bleſt;
Through Spain and tracts of Lybian ſands ſhall go
To Ruſſian limits, and to Zembla's ſnow.
Then ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
Your love of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing;
Your greatneſs, equal to the ſtate you hold;
In counſel wiſe, in execution bold;
How there appears, in all that you diſpenſe,
Beauty, good-nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe,
Theſe let the world admire,—From you a ſmile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

* Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that work to the Duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SONG.

You ſay you love; repeat again
  Repeat th' amazing ſound,
Repeat the eaſe of all my pain,
  The cure of every wound.

What you to thouſands have denied,
  To me you freely give;
Whilſt I in humble ſilence died,
  Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
  Endymion ſighing lay;
Gaz'd on the moon's tranſcendent light,
  Deſpair'd, and durſt not pray.

But divine Cynthia ſaw his grief,
  Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unaſk'd the goddeſs brings relief,
  And falls into his arms.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

The cruel Cælia loves, and burns
  In flames ſhe cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrſis, cold returns,
  Treat her with ſcorn and pride.

You know the captives ſhe has made,
  The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
  Or rack her with diſdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
  She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's ſake, deſpiſe;
  Let her kneel ſtill, for mine.

Purſue thy conqueſt, charming youth,
  Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
  Men can revenge their ſex!

THE LAST BILLET.

September and November now were paſt,
When men in bonfires did their firing waſte;
Yet ſtill my monumental log did laſt:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the king's birth or coronation day.
Why with thoſe oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:
Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilſt thus its owner pray'd:
"Thou that art worſhip'd in Dodona's grove,
"From all thy ſacred trees fierce flames remove:
"Preſerve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
"Spare me this one, this one poor billet ſpare;
"That, having many fires and flames withſtood,
"Its ancient teſtimonial may laſt good,
"In future times to prove, I once had wood!"

TO LAURA.

In imitation of Petrarch.

At ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
  Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And, whilſt his generous tears are ſhed,
  Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall,
  David with grief his conqueſt views:
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
  And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues,

The mightier Laura, from love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain;
  Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
  Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LATE EARL OF ———*,

Upon his disputing publicly at Christ Church, Oxford.

Muse, to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny:
With due submission, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this design,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd truth:
" Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis strange that there
" should be
" In this confession pleasure ev'n to me. [barr'd,
" With well wrought terms my hold I strongly
" And rough distinctions were my surly guard.
" Whilst I, sure of my cause, this strength possess;
" A noble youth, advancing with address,
" Led glittering falsehood on with so much art,
" That I soon felt sad omens in my heart.
" Words with that grace," said I, " must needs
" persuade;
" I find myself insensibly betray'd.
" Whilst he pursues his conquest, I retreat,
" And by that name would palliate my defeat.
" But here methinks I do the prospect see
" Of all those triumphs he prepares for me,
" When virtue or when innocence oppress
" Fly for sure refuge to his generous breast;
" When with a noble mien his youth appears,
" And gentle voice persuades the listening peers.
" Judges shall wonder when he clears the laws,
" Dispelling mists, which long have hid their
" cause:
" Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail, [vail:
" Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, shall sure pre-
" Thousands of wreaths to me he shall repay,
" For that one laurel error wears to-day."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

When your kind wishes first I sought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toasted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You saw how still my fire increas'd;
I griev'd to be denied:
You said, " till I to wander ceas'd,
" You'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of passion swore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer false and vain:
My passion is with honour mix'd,
And both shall ever reign.

* Probably James the third earl of Anglesea.

THE MAD LOVER.

I'll from my breast tear fond desire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I'll strive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling shade
Soft slumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made,
Shall vanish with the wind.

The speaking strings and charming song
My passion may remove:
Oh, music will the pain prolong,
And is the food of love.

I'll search heaven, earth, hell, seas, and air,
And that shall set me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

My soul must still endure the pain,
And with fresh torment rave:
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's slave.

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

A SOLILOQUY BY NAN THRASHERWELL.

Being part of a Play, called, " The New Troop."

O my dear Thrashetwell, you're gone to sea,
And happiness must ever banish'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
Perhaps he is on land at Portsmouth now
In the embraces of some Hampshire sow,
Who, with a wanton pat, cries, " Now, my dear,
" You're wishing for some Wapping doxy here."—
" Pox on them all! but most on bouncing Nan,
" With whom the torments of my life began:
" She is a bitter one!"—You lie, you rogue;
You are a treacherous, false, ungrateful dog.
Did not I take you up without a shirt? [dirt!
Woe worth the hand that scrubb'd off all your
Did not my interest lift you in the guard?
And had not you ten shillings, my reward?
Did I not then, before the serjeant's face, [grace?
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with dis-
And Thrasherwell before all others choose,
When I had the whole regiment to louse.
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your sword,
The just revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial youth round in a circle stood,
With envious looks of love, and itching blood:
You, with some oaths that signified consent,
Cried " Tom is Nan's." and o'er the sword you
went.
Then I with some more modesty would step:
The ensign thump'd my hum, and made me leap
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

Young Slouch, the farmer, had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break
With, "'Tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would
" show
" Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
" When their good company he would entreat
" To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.
" I'll grant your wish," cries she, " that you may
" see
" 'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy Farmer with his simpering dame.
" Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, " why dost not thou
" appear! [" here?"
" Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is
" I pardon ask," says Sue; " I'd not offend
" Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, " There was nothing fit to eat:
" The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not
" enough,
" The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;
" The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
" And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
" 'Tis we are the first Slouches ever fate
" Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
" What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
" Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
" Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be dreft,
" When there's so many squab ones in the neft?
" This beer is four; this musty, thick, and stale,
" And worse than any thing, except the Ale."
Sue all this while many excuses made:
Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, " This
" e'en shall roll:
" I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
" This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
" And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.
" Pray let me rise," says Sue, " my dear; I'll find
" A cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt;
" I'll try, my joy!" she cried, " if I can please
" My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!"
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous
hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the twang; " Is't the old cheese my
" dear? [" swear,
" No need, no need of cheese," cries Slouch: " I'll
" I think I've din'd as well as my lord mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

Two neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married
be;
But did not in their choice of wives agree.
Clod thought a cuckold was a monstrous beast,
With two huge glaring eyes and spreading creft:
Therefore, resolving never to be such,
Married a wife none but himself could touch.
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by fate,
Which shews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young, handsome, jolly lass, made court,
And gave his friends convincing reasons for't,
That, since in life such mischief must be had,
Beauty had something still that was not bad.
Within two months, fortune was pleas'd to send
A tinker to Clod's house, with " Brass to mend."
The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance
dark.
First she appears in all her airs, then tries
The squinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was spent, and much desire expreft:
At last the tinker cried, " Few words are best:
" Give me that skillet then; and, if I'm true,
" I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the tinker goes,
With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a sprightly dame.
That set his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
" And can you then let a young tinker die?"
Says she, " Give me your skillet then, and
" try."
" My skillet! Both my heart and skillet take;
" I wish it were a copper for your sake."
After all this, not many days did pass,
Clod, sitting at Jolt's house, survey'd the brass
And glittering pewter standing on the shelf;
Then, after some gruff muttering with himself,
Cried, " Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that skillet
" thine?" [" mine;
" You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; " 't'en't
" But I'll ask Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the
matter

In truth as 'twas; then cried, " You've got the better:
" For, tell me, deareſt, whether you would chooſe
" To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
" As for our neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
" We've beauty and a ſkillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

Tom Banks by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They'd meet a fate more generous from his ſpear.
To baſket oft' he'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he'd ſometimes
Encircling thus his captives all below. [throw,
But, when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He'd through the ſtream, where moſt deſcending, ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrong capacious net;
And then his ruſtic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood,
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt chok'd with mud,
Till they, of farther paſſage quite bereft,
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
" Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
" They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe they ſay,
" With water ſometimes sink, and ſometimes whey,
" According as you meet with mud or clay.
" Beſides my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
" And now the blame of this all's laid on you:
" For it will be a diſmal thing to think
" How we old Trots muſt live, and have no drink
" Therefore, I pray, ſome other method take
" Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."
Says Banks, " I'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
" Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
" Yet 't'en't my fault; but ſo 'tis fortune tries
" one, [" ſon;
" To make his meat become his neighbour's poi-
" And ſo we pray for winds upon this coaſt,
" By which on t'other navies may be loſt.
" Therefore in patience reſt, though I proceed:
" There's no ill-nature in the caſe, but need.
" Though for your uſe this water will not ſerve,
" I'd rather you ſhould choke, than I ſhould
" ſtarve."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Old Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you, to a hair,
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.
It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,
At home he had occaſion for a light
To turn Socinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre:
And therefore, as he from the chapel came,
Extinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
By which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
The uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd.
There happen'd a phyſician to be by,
Who thither came but only as a ſpy,
To find out others' faults, but let alone
Repentance for the crimes that were his own.
This Doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid, " He lack'd
" To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudied gravity replies,
" That's as the place or as the matter lies:
" If from a place unſacred you ſhould take
" A ſacred thing, this ſacrilege would make;
" Or an unſacred thing from ſacred place,
" There would be nothing different in the caſe;
" But, if both thing and place ſhould ſacred be,
" 'Twere height of ſacrilege, as doctors all agree."
" Then," ſays the doctor, " for more light in
" this,
" To put a ſpecial caſe, were not amiſs.
" Suppoſe a man ſhould take a common prayer
" Out of a chapel where there's ſome to ſpare?"
" A common prayer?" ſays Paddy, " that would
" be
" A ſacrilege of an intenſe degree."
" Suppoſe that one ſhould in theſe holidays
" Take thence a bunch of roſemary or bays?"
" I'd not be too cenſorious in that caſe,
" But 'twould be ſacrilege ſtill from the place."
" What if a man ſhould from the chapel take
" A taper's end: ſhould he a ſcruple make,
" If homeward to his chambers he ſhould go,
" Whether 'twere theft, or ſacrilege, or no?"
The ſly inſinuation was perceiv'd:
Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
" Unleſs in caſes you diſtinguiſh right;
" But this may be reſolv'd at the firſt ſight.
" As to the taper, it could be no theft,
" For it had done its duty, and was left:
" And ſacrilege in having it is none,
" Becauſe that in my ſleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

One night a fellow wandering without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
Conſidering both were waſh'd away with beer,
With Strap the conſtable by fortune meets,
Whoſe lanterns glare in the moſt ſilent ſtreets.
Reſty, impatient any one ſhould be
So bold as to be drunk that night but he:
" Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, " at hours
" ſo late? [pate."—
" Anſwer. Your name; or elſe have at your
" I wo'nt ſtand, 'cauſe I can't. Why muſt you
" know
" From whence it is come, or where I go?"

" See here my ſtaff," cries Strap; " trembling
" behold
" Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
" Wooden authority when thus I wield,
" Perſons of all degrees obedience yield.
" Then, be you the beſt man in all the city,
" Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."
" You! kiſs, and ſo forth. For that never ſpare:
" If that be all, commit me if you dare;
" No perſon yet, either through fear or ſhame,
" Durſt commit me, that once had heard my
" name."—
" Pray then, what is't?"—" My name's ADUL-
" TERY;
" And, faith, your future life would pleaſant be,
" Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, " How do'ſt, Paul?"—" Thank you: and
" how do'ſt, Betty?"
" Didſt ſee our Jack, nor ſiſter? No, you've ſeen,
" I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Queen."
" Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Paul, " are
" true,
" I came from Windſor*; and, if ſome folks knew
" As much as I, it might be well for you."
" Lord, Paul! what is't?"—" Why give me ſome-
" thing for 't,
" This kiſs; and this. The matter then is ſhort:
" The parliament have made a proclamation,
" Which will this week be ſent all round the nation;
" That maids with *little mouths* do all prepare
" On Sunday next to come before the mayor,
" And that all bachelors be likewiſe there:
" For maids with little mouths ſhall if they pleaſe,
" From out of theſe young men chooſe two a-
" piece."
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimpering grace,
Cries, " Hem! pray what muſt all the huge
ones do
" For huſbands, when we little mouths have two?"
" Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he, " pray pardon
" me:
" Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, muſt
" have three."
Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
" Oh! ho! is't ſo? The caſe is alter'd, Paul.
" Is that the point? I wiſh the three were ten;
" I warrant I'd find *mouth*, if they'll find *men*."

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckieſt of the crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what deſigns he laid:
'Twas they ſhould rob the orchard, he'd retire,
His foot was ſafe whilſt their's was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None ſhould preſume to be as wiſe as he;
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the miſchief theirs.
There fell ſome words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
He cries to them, as going juſt to play,
" What a rare jack-daw's neſt is there! look up,
" You ſee 'tis almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
" Ah," ſays another, " we can have no hope
" Of getting thither to 't without a rope."
Says then the fleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
" Nothing more eaſy; did you never ſee
" How, in a ſwarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
" Make a long ſort of rope below the tree.
" Why may'nt we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
" For that contrivance pray let me alone.
" Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold
" you;
" And then I warrant you the thing will do.
" But, if there's any does not care to try,
" Let us have no jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon complied,
No argument like that was e'er denied,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend:
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend,
" The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me,
" I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
" To part with them; and ſo e'en let them
" go."
Then cried aloud, " So ho! my lads! ſo ho.
" You're gone, unleſs you all hold faſt below.
" They've ſerv'd my turn, ſo 'tis time to drop
" them;
" The devil, if he wants them, let him ſtop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray,
More out of choice, than that he loſt his way:
He let his company the hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view:
A beggar by her trade; yet not ſo mean,
But that her cheeks were freſh, and linen clean.
" Miſtreſs," quoth he, " and what if we two
" Retire a little way into the wood." [ſhould
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind,
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her ſhoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
He often aſk'd her to expoſe, but ſhe
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says ſhe, " I know an unfrequented place
" To the left hand, where we our time may paſs,
" And the mean while your horſe may find
" ſome graſs."

* Where Queen Anne and her Court frequently reſided

Thither they come, and both the horſe ſecure;
Then thinks the ſquire, I have the matter ſure.
She's aſk'd to ſit: but then excuſe is made,
" Sitting," ſays ſhe, " 's not uſual in my trade:
" Should you be rude, and then ſhould throw me
" down, [down."
" I might perhaps break more backs than my
He ſmiling cries, " Come, I'll the knot untie,
" And, if you mean the child's, we'll lay it by."
" Says ſhe, " That can't be done; for then 'twill
" cry.
" I'd not have us, but chiefly for your ſake,
" Diſcover'd by the hideous noiſe 'twill make.
" Uſe is another nature, and 't would lack,
" More than the breaſt, its cuſtom to the back."
" Then," ſays the gentleman, " I ſhould be loth
" To come ſo far, and diſoblige you both: [do?"
" Were the child tied to me, d'ye think 'twould
" Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you!"
With ſpeed incredible to work ſhe goes,
And from her ſhoulder ſoon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toſs
Upon her generous friend, and, like a croſs,
The ſheet ſhe with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabric binds.
The gentleman had ſcarce got time to know
What ſhe was doing; ſhe, about to go,
Cries, " Sir, good bye; ben't angry that we part,
" I truſt the child to you with all my heart:
" But, ere you get another, 'ten't amiſs
" To try a year or two how you'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

Within the ſhire of Nottingham their lies
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe:
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſnor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
When he the houſekeepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a ſort of pariſh-meeting call;
Promiſing ſomething, which, well underſtood,
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met, he thus harrangues: " Neighbours,
" I find,
" That in your principles you're well inclin'd:
" But then you're all ſolicitous for Sunday;
" None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday,
" Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
" As if 'twere not the firſt day of the week;
" But, when you have hath'd meat, and nothing
" more,
" You only curſe the day that went before.
" On Tuesday all folks dine by one conſent:
" And Wedneſdays only faſt by parliament,
" But faſting ſure by Nature ne'er was meant.
" The market will for Tueſday find a diſh,
" And Friday is a proper day for fiſh;
" After fiſh, Saturday requires ſome meat;
" On Sunday you're oblig'd by law to treat;
" And the ſame law ordains a pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take hens, geeſe, turkies, then, or ſomething
" light,
" Becauſe their legs, if broil'd, will ſerve at night,
" And, ſince I find that roaſt beef makes you
" Corn it a little more, and ſo 'twill keep. [ſleep,
" Roaſt it on Monday, pity it ſhould be ſpoil'd,
" On Tueſday mutton either roaſt or boil'd.
" On Wedneſday ſhould be ſome variety,
" A loin or breaſt of veal, and pigeon-pye.
" On Thurſday each man of his diſh make choice,
" 'Tis fit on market-days we all rejoice.
" And then on Friday, as I ſaid before,
" We'll have a diſh of fiſh, and one diſh more.
" On Saturday ſtew'd beef, and ſomething nice,
" Provided quick, and toſs'd up in a trice,
" Becauſe that in the afternoon, you know,
" By cuſtom, we muſt to the ale-houſe go;
" For elſe how ſhould our houſes e'er be clean,
" Except we gave ſome time to do it then?
" From whence, unleſs we value not our lives,
" None part without remembering firſt our wives.
" But theſe are ſtanding rules for every day,
" And very good ones, as I ſo may ſay:
" After each meal, let's take a hearty cup;
" And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we ſup.
" Now for the application, and the uſe:
" I found your care for Sunday an abuſe:
" All would be aſking, Pray, Sir, where d' you
" dine?
" I have roaſt beef, choice veniſon, turkey, chine:
" Every one's hauling me. Then ſay poor I,
" It is a bitter buſineſs to deny;
" But, who is't cares for fourteen meals a-day,
" As for my own part, I had rather ſtay,
" And take them now and then,——and here
" and there,——
" According to my preſent bill of fare.
" You know I'm ſingle: if you all agree
" To treat by turns, each will be ſure of me.
The veſtry all applauded with a hum,
And the ſeven wiſeſt of them bade him come.

THE MONARCH.

When the young people ride the Skimmington,
There is a general trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the perſon rides
Suffers, but they ſweep other doors beſides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the maſter there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous heathen ſwept,
And his poor wife ſcolded until ſhe wept;
The mob ſwept on, whilſt ſhe ſent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after, two young ſparks came there,
And whilſt ſhe does her coffee freſh prepare,
One for diſcourſe of news the maſter calls,
T'other on this ungrateful ſubject falls.
" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
" For I believe there's no great reaſon for't,
" As if the folks t'other day ſwept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There's nothing in't," ſays Jenny, " that is done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,

" And gentlemen, you'd much miſtaken be,
" If any one ſhould not think that of me.
" Within theſe walls, my ſuppliant vaſſals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiſs the ſhadow of my papal toe.
" My word's a law; when I my power advance,
" There's not a greater monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muſcovy,
" Not Preſter John, or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houſes monarch more than I.
" My houſe my caſtle is, and here I'm king.
" I'm pope, I'm emperor, monarch, every thing.
" What though my wife be partner of my bed,
" The monarch's crown ſits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought his diſcourſe too long:
Her conſcience ſaid, he ſhould not tell ſuch lies,
And to acknowledge ſuch; ſhe therefore cries,
" D'ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—
" Come down
" And grind the coffee—or I'll crack your crown."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE.

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to ſee
One that would never diſcontented be,
But in a careleſs way to all agree.
He had a ſervant, much of Æſop's kind,
Of perſonage uncouth, but ſprightly mind:
" Humpus," ſays he, " I order that you find
" Out ſuch a man, with ſuch a character,
" As in this paper now I give you here;
" Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
" Or rather you ſhall meet with a worſe fate,
" For I will break your back, and ſet you ſtrait.
" Bring him to dinner." Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air, and look profound.
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, " Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, " Sir, my maſter bade me pray
" Your company to dine with him to-day."
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling eaſy, doth for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, " Let them take the other chairs that will!"
The maſter thus accoſts him, " Sir, you're wet,
" Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, " If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
" I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare."
Dinner's brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
" This is not very uſual," thinks the clown:
" But is not all the family his own?
" And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake,
" Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
" If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
" What need I care, there's the more for me."
After a while, the daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he'll command.
Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand!"
Young maſter next muſt riſe to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf, to ſee the booby dine.
He does. The father aſks, " What have you
" there?
" How dare you give a ſtranger vinegar?"
" Sir, 'twas champagne I gave him.——" Sir, in-
" deed.
" Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
" Don't ſpare him for his tears or age: I'll try
" If cat-of-nine-tails can excuſe a lie."
Thinks the clown, " That 'twas wine I do be-
" lieve;
" But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive;
" He's none of mine, but his own fleſh and blood,
" And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
When the deſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault:
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, poiſonous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was aſk'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, " Sir, it was my lady gave them me."——
" No more ſuch poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give,
" I'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting ſhe ſhould live:
" Set faggots in the court. I'll make her fry;
" And pray, good Sir, may't pleaſe you to be
" by?"
Then, ſmiling, ſays the clown, " Upon my life,
" A pretty fancy this, to burn one's wife!"
" And ſince I find 'tis really your deſign,
" Pray let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

" For a dream cometh through the multitude
" of buſineſs."

ECCLES. v. 4.

" Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,
" Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mit-
" ſed ſibi quiſque facit," &c. [tunt,

PETRONIUS.

THE flitting dreams that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for propheſies deſign'd;
Nor by æthereal beings ſent us down,
But each man is creator of his own:
For when their weary limbs are ſunk in eaſe,
The ſouls eſſay to wander where they pleaſe;
The ſcatter'd images have place to play,
And night repeats the labours of the day.

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I.

Haſty Pudding.

I SING of food, by Britiſh nurſe deſign'd,
To make the ſtripling brave, and maiden kind.

Delay not, Muſe, in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life, and ſinews of our verſe,
Let pudding's diſh, moſt wholeſome, be thy theme,
And dip the ſwelling plumes in fragrant cream.
Sing then that diſh, ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love;
Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her pudding into paſte:
Yet milk in proper ſkillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of mace;
Then ſet ſome careful damſel to look to't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the biſhop's foot;
For, if burnt milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks ſick.
Into the milk her flour ſhe gently throws,
As valets now would powder tender beaux:
The liquid forms in haſty maſs unite
Forms equally delicious, as they're white.
In ſhining diſh the haſty maſs is thrown,
And ſeems to want no graces but its own.
Yet ſtill the houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies,
To gratify the taſte, and pleaſe the eyes.
She on the ſurface lumps of butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams diſplays;
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A ſilver foil bedeck'd with ſtreams of gold!

II.

A Hedge-hog after a Quaking-pudding.

As Neptune, when the three-tongu'd fork he takes,
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes,
The higheſt hills, Nature's ſtupendous piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into iſles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty pines,
And ſnow unmelted in the vallies ſhines:
Thus when the dame her hedge-hog-pudding breaks,
Her fork indents irreparable ſtreaks.
The trembling lump, with butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilſt almonds thick
With bright loaf-ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

III.

Puddings of various Colours in a Diſh.

You, painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
And thus from puddings there's a landſcape made.
And Wiſe and London *, when they would diſpoſe
Their ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

IV.

Making of a good Pudding gets a good Huſband.

Ye virgins, as theſe lines you kindly take,
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious pudding make,
That crowds of youth may ever be at ſtrife,
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his wife!

V.

Sack and Sugar to Quaking-pudding.

"Oh, Delicious!"

But where muſt our confeſſion firſt begin,
If ſack and ſugar once be thought a ſin?

VI.

Broiled Pudding.

Hid in the dark, we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to broil'd pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright Pewteria's love-ſick diſcontent?
Yet ſo it was, Pewteria felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No pudding's loſt, but may with freſh delight
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII.

Mutton Pudding.

But Mutton, thou moſt nouriſhing of meat,
Whoſe ſingle joint † may conſtitute a treat;
When made a pudding, you excel the reſt
As much as that of other food is beſt!

VIII.

Oatmeal Pudding.

Of oats decorticated take two pound,
And of new milk enough the ſame to drown;
Of raiſins of the ſun, ſton'd, ounces eight;
Of currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;
Of ſuet, finely ſlic'd, an ounce at leaſt;
And ſix eggs, newly taken from the neſt:
Seaſon this mixture well with ſalt and ſpice;
'Twill make a pudding far exceeding rice;
And you may ſafely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

IX.

A Sack-poſſet.

From far Barbadoes, on the Weſtern Main,
Fetch ſugar, half a pound; fetch ſack, from Spain,
A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coaſt,
Nutmeg, the glory of the Britiſh toaſt.

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His angle-rod made of a ſturdy oak;
His line a cable, which in ſtorms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And ſate upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

* The two royal gardeners.

† A loin.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

To take his Leave of Trinity College, Cambridge.

HORACE, you now have long enough
  At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticising ſtuff
  To Epicurus' ſchool.

But, in excuſe of this, you'll ſay,
  You're ſo unwieldy grown,
That, if amongſt that herd you lay,
  You ſcarcely ſhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you've toſt,
  Into your weem ſo big,
That you're more like (at college coſt)
  A *porpoiſe* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
  And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
  No longer than you're wide.

Then bleſs me, Sir, how many craggs
  You've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs,
  That's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
  They've had a jolly taſter;
But no great likelihood to feaſt,
  'Twixt Horace and the maſter!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, poſſeſs'd of Egypt's queen,
  And conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco ſeen
  When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA

Should Memnon that ſam'd black revive,
  Aurora's darling ſon,
For Zabra's heart in vain he'd ſtrive,
  Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Freſh mulberries new-preſs'd diſcloſe
  A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimſon roſe,
  Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous ſun has kiſs'd his face;
  And, now thoſe beams are ſet,
A lovely night aſſumes the place,
  And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkneſs is myſtic prieſt to Love,
  And does its rites conceal;
O'erſpread with clouds, ſuch joys we'll prove
  As day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
  Are guides, what heart can ſtray?
Whoever views his teeth, deſcries
  The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's ſands,
  That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
  Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that bleſt world repair,
  Where whites no portion have,
I'd ſoon, if Darco were not there,
  Fly back, and be a ſlave.

EPIGRAM.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice ſo very ſmall,
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts much greater wounds ariſe,
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

SAM Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs;
And for her pretty mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—ſays Sam, Alas, to ſay the truth,
I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall mouth!
Alas, cries Kate, could any one ſuppoſe,
I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a noſe!
But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
To have experience firſt, and then to truſt!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
Wiſhes you in the ſame that now he is;
Though to your perſon he may be unknown,
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own:
For Carter's drink, when in his maſter's hand,
Has pleaſure and good-nature at command.
What though his lordſhip's lands are in your truſt,
'Tis greater to his brewing to be juſt.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you ſupply him ſtill with well-dried malt.
Still be a ſervant conſtant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous lord;
Liquor, like him, from ſeeds of worth in light,
With ſparkling atoms ſtill aſcending bright.

May your accounts ſo with your lord ſtand clear,
And have your reputation like your beer;
The main perfection of your life purſue,
In March, October, every month, ſtill brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

NERO.

A SATIRE.

We know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was ſir'd, and ſenate ſlain;
The prince, with brother's gore imbrued;
His tender mother's life purſued;
How he the carcaſe, as it lay,
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtic grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face:
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole courſe, ev'n to that ſtrand
Where he, abhorring ſuch a ſight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé ſtarves in northern ſnow,
Where ſouthern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.
Fond hopes! Could height of power aſſuage
The mad exceſs of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when ſubjects find
The ſword unjuſt to poiſon join'd!

AD AMICUM.

Primus Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus* in oras,
Palladias artes ſecum, cytharamque ſonantem
Attulit; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
Ille idem ſparſos longè latèque colonos
Legibus in cœtus ſæquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Creſcere divitias et ſurgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

Tynte was the man who firſt, from Britiſh ſhore'
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending muſes ſtrung,
And Phœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung.
Strong towers and palaces their riſe began,
And liſtening ſtones to ſacred fabrics ran.
Juſt laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade's briſk current flow'd with wealth's increaſe.
On ſuch foundations learned Athens roſe;
So Dido's throng did Carthage firſt incloſe:
So Rome was taught old empires to ſubdue,
As Tynte creates and governs, now, the new.

* Major Tayntc, Governor of Carolina.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

Tell me, old prophet, tell me how,
Eſtate when ſunk, and pocket low,
What ſubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
May the deſponding fortune raiſe?
You laugh: thus miſery is ſcorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your wit, and view again
Your farm of Ithac, and wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whoſe word's a law to me,
My want and nakedneſs you ſee:
The ſparks, who made my wife ſuch offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They've kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
Eat up my bacon and my cheeſe.
Lineage and virtue, at this puſh,
Without the gelt, 's not worth a ruſh.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor;
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a ſwan, a turkey-pye,
With woodcocks, thither let them fly,
The firſt-fruits of your early ſpring,
Not to the gods, but to him bring.
Though he a foundling baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By juſtice for that crime purſued;
Never the wall, when aſk'd, refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend, to ſave your ſhoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not ſo.
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that's true:
Yet I'll my generous mind ſubdue.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO.

CANTO III. ST. 3.

So when bold mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore:
The ſea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How falſe is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wiſh'd for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe:
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger, and the tedious way.

FROM HESIOD.

When Saturn reign'd in heaven, his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, pain, old age, and grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of laws and doubtful war:
But cheerful friendſhip, mix'd with innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvied ſtore,
Till their diſcreeteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when, by fate, they came to breathe their laſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſs'd.
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

THAME AND ISIS.

So the god Thame, as through ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wandering Iſis ſlides:
His ſtrength, her ſoftneſs, in one bed combine,
And both with bands inextricable join.
Now no cœrulean nymph, or ſea god, knows,
Where Iſis, or where Thame, diſtinctly flows;
But with a laſting charm they blend their ſtream,
Producing one imperial river——Thame.

I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning.

Nature a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains:
But for her laughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, Ha, ha, he!

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS.

Twenty conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate.
If earthly things are rul'd by heaven,
Or matters go at ſix and ſeven,
The coach without a coachman driven?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ſhip left to wind and tide?
A great firſt cauſe to be ador'd,
Or whether all's a lottery-board?
For when, in viewing nature's face,
I ſpy ſo regular a grace!
So juſt a ſymmetry of features,
From ſtem to ſtern, in all her creatures!
When on the boiſtrous ſea I think,
How 'tis confin'd like any ſink!
How ſummer, winter, ſpring, and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawl!
How, like a chequer, day and night,
One's mark'd with black, and one with white!
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence,
There's a preſiding influence!
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears:
Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen:
Which trims the ſun with its own beams;
Whilſt the moon ticks for her's, it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrace,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face:
Which bounds the ocean within banks,
To hinder all its mad-cap pranks:
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave, or joint to ſpit!
But then again! How can it be
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'er-run by barbarous tyranny!
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſs'd;
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry feaſt,
Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppreſs'd!
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule;
Whilſt he, who ſeems to be a tool,
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!
This whimſical phænomenon,
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a preſs'd ſoldier, to eſpouſe
The ſceptic's hypothetic cauſe:
Who Kent will to a codling lay us,
That croſs-or-pile refin'd the chaos;
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or ſkill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!
A *vacuum* 's another maxim;
Where, he brags, experience backs him:
Denying that all ſpace is full,
From inſide of a Tory's ſkull.
As to a deity, his tenet
Swears by it, there's nothing in it;
Elſe 'tis too buſy, or too idle,
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna's a curb to lawleſs Louis,
Which as illuſtrious as true is;
Her victories o'er deſpotic right,
That paſſive non-reſiſting bite,
Have brought this myſtery to light:
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And anſwer'd all the ſqueamiſh doubt;
Have clear'd the regency on high,
From every preſumptuous why.
No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore;
Plain, as noſe on face, expounding
All this intricate dumb founding;
Which to the meaneſt conception is,
As followeth hereunder, viz.

" Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
" To make their headlong fall the greater."

THE GARDEN PLOT, 1709.

When Naboth's vineyard look'd ſo fine,
The king cried out, " Would this were mine!"

And yet no reaſon could prevail,
To bring the owners to a ſale;
Jezebel ſaw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accoſted him with ſcorn,
" Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
" A king, and weep! the ground's your own:
" I'll veſt the garden in the crown."
With that ſhe hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth anſwer with his head.
And when his harmleſs blood was ſpilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whoſe hands, perhaps, were not ſo fair,
Yet had a Jezebel as near.
Hall, of ſmall Scripture-converſation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By ſome ſtrange accident had got
The ſtory of this garden plot;
Wiſely foreſaw he might have reaſon
To dread a modern bill of treaſon,
If Jezebel ſhould pleaſe to want
His ſmall addition to her grant;
Therefore reſolv'd in humble ſort
To begin firſt, and make his court;
And, ſeeing nothing elſe would do,
Gave a third part, to ſave the other two.

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD *;

WRITTEN BY DR. KING,

In the Character of "The Review †."

To Windſor canon, his well-choſen friend,
The juſt Review does kindeſt greeting ſend,
I've found the man by nature's gift deſign'd
To pleaſe my ear and captivate my mind,
By ſympathy the eager paſſions move,
And ſtrike my ſoul with wonder and with love!
Happy that place, where much leſs care is had
To ſave the virtuous, than protect the bad;
Where paſtors muſt their ſtubborn flock obey,
Or that be thought a ſcandal which they ſay:
For, ſhould a ſin, by ſome grand ſoul belov'd,
Chance with an awkward zeal to be reprov'd,
And tender conſcience meet the fatal curſe,
Of hardening by reproof, and growing worſe:
When things to ſuch extremities are brought,
'Tis not the ſinner's, but the teacher's fault.
With great men's wickedneſs, then, reſt content,
And give them their own leiſure to repent;
Whilſt their own headſtrong will alone muſt curb them,
And nothing vex, or venture to diſturb them,
Leſt they ſhould loſe their favour in the court,
And no one but themſelves be ſorry for't.
Were I in panegyric vers'd like you,
I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.
You've gain'd the conqueſt; and I freely own,
Diſſenters may by churchmen be outdone.
Though once we ſeem'd to be at ſuch a diſtance,
Yet both concenter in divine reſiſtance;
Both teach what kings muſt do when ſubjects fight,
And both diſclaim hereditary right.
By Jove's command, two eagles took their flight,
One from the eaſt, the ſource of infant light,
The other from the weſt, that bed of night.
The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,
The centre of the world, and wiſdom's ſeat.
So, by a power not decent here to name,
To one fixt point our various notions came,
Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windſor flew,
Whilſt ſhop and meeting-houſe brought forth [review.
Your brains fierce eloquence and logic tried;
My humbler ſtrain choice ſocks and ſtockings cried;
Yet in our common principles we meet,
You ſinking from the head, I riſing from the feet.
Pardon a haſty muſe, ambitious grown,
T' extol a merit far beyond his own.
For, though a modern painter can't command
The ſtroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand;
Yet their tranſcendent works his fancy raiſe;
And there's ſome ſkill in knowing *what* to praiſe.

* Author of a ſermon (againſt high-church, hereditary right, and Sacheverell), intituled, "The Guilt, Miſchief, "and Aggravation of Cenſure; ſet forth in a Sermon "preached in St. George's Chapel, within her Majeſty's "Caſtle of Windſor, on Sunday the 25th of June, 1710. "By Thomas Goddard, A M Canon of Windſor. Lon-"don, printed for B. Lintot, 1710."

† A well-known political paper by De Foe, in which Mr. Goddard's ſermon was commended.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. THOMAS SPRAT:

Containing

ODE ON THE DEATH OF CROMWELL,
EPISTLE TO HOWARD,
ODE ON THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,
ODE ON COWLEY,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——Hold thy headlong pace, my Muſe—
Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to ſweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And juſt now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchleſs pattern nurſt—
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy father's name.

ODE ON COWLEY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF SPRAT.

THOMAS SPRAT was the ſon of a private clergyman, and born at Tallaton, in Devonſhire, in the year 1636.

He received the rudiments of his grammatical education, as he tells of himſelf, at "a little ſchool by the church-yard ſide."

In 1651, he was entered a commoner in Wadham College, Oxford; where he proſecuted his ſtudies with remarkable diligence, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the correctneſs of his conduct, and his amiable manners.

In 1652, he was choſen a ſcholar; and having proceeded through the uſual academical courſe, he was admitted Maſter of Arts in 1657, and ſoon after obtained a fellowſhip.

In 1658, he commenced poet, and wrote a pindaric *Ode on the Plague of Athens*, which he addreſſed to his friend and fellow collegian, Dr. Walter Pope, half-brother of the famous Dr. Wilkins, and afterwards aſtronomy profeſſor in Greſham College, and author of the "Life of Dr. Seth Ward," and "The Old Man's Wiſh," and other humorous poems.

The year following, he wrote a pindaric ode *To the happy Memory of the Lord Protector*, which was publiſhed with the poems of Dryden and Waller on the ſame occaſion.

In the dedication to Dr. Wilkins, then Warden of Wadham College, by whoſe approbation and requeſt it was made public, he appears, by turns, the liberal encomiaſt of Cowley, Cromwell, and his patron. He ſpeaks of his verſes both as falling "ſo infinitely below the full and ſublime genius of that excellent writer, who made this way of writing free of our nation," and being "ſo little equal and proportioned to the renown of that prince on whom they were written; ſuch great actions and lives deſerving rather to be the ſubject of the nobleſt pens and moſt divine fancies, than of ſuch ſmall beginners and weak eſſayers in poetry as myſelf." He adds, "Having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my ſtudies and fortune, having been moulded, as it were, by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be injuſtice, but ſacrilege."

At the Reſtoration, he changed his principles, and became a zealous royaliſt; but the verſatility of his political ſentiments does not appear to have leſſened his credit with thoſe parties he afterwards eſpouſed.

He now took orders, and, by the recommendation of his friend Cowley, was made chaplain to Villiers Duke of Buckingham, whom he is ſaid to have aſſiſted in writing "The Rehearſal."

By the intereſt of Buckingham, his patron, who, notwithſtanding his ficklenеſs and inconſiſtent levity, never forſook him, he was introduced at court, and made chaplain to the King, whoſe regard he attracted by the politeneſs of his addreſs, and happy powers in converſation.

As he was the favourite of Dr. Wilkins, at whoſe apartments in Wadham College thoſe philoſophical conferences commenced, which laid the foundation of "the Royal Society;" he was conſequently engaged in the ſame ſtudies, and became one of the fellows of the new inſtitution, on their incorporation, in 1662.

In 1665, he publiſhed *Obſervations on Sorbiere's Voyage into England, in a Letter to Dr. Wren*, profeſſor of aſtronomy in Oxford. In this ſpirited performance, he has well laſhed the trifling, conceited pedant with his own rod, and given an undeniable proof, that the ſtrength and ſolidity of his pen is infinitely ſuperior to the gallant air of the French voyager, who is ſprightly without propriety, and poſitive without truth.

In 1667, he publiſhed his *Hiſtory of the Royal Society*; a work which ranked him with the moſt polite and elegant writers of that age, and which is ſtill admired for ſelection of ſentiment, and elegance of diction.

In the next year, he publiſhed Cowley's Latin Poems, and preſixed, in Latin, the Life of the Poet, written with great zeal of friendſhip, and ambition of eloquence, which he afterwards placed before a new edition of his Engliſh Works, the reviſing and collecting of which were by will committed to his care.

The *Life of Cowley*, which reſembles a funeral oration, rather than a hiſtory, is addreſſed to Martin Clifford, Eſq., his learned friend, and, in the penury of Engliſh biography, has been eſteemed the moſt elegant compoſition in our language.

This work was rewarded with its full proportion of praiſe; and eccleſiaſtical preferments now rapidly followed his literary honours.

In 1668, he was made a prebendary of Weſtminſter, and had afterwards the church of St. Margaret adjoining to the Abbey. In 1669, he commenced Doctor in Divinity. In 1680, he was made canon of Windſor; in 1683, dean of Weſtminſter; and in 1684, biſhop of Rocheſter.

He ſhewed his gratitude to the Court, in writing the hiſtory of the Ryehouſe Plot; and, in 1685, publiſhed *A true Account and Declaration of the horrid Conſpiracy againſt the late King, his preſent Majeſty, and the preſent Government*; a performance which is little better than a romance, and which he thought proper, after the Revolution, to extenuate and excuſe, in a letter to the Earl of Dorſet.

The ſame year, being clerk of the cloſet to King James, he was made dean of the Chapel Royal; and the year following, appointed one of the commiſſioners for eccleſiaſtical affairs.

By ſitting in the eccleſiaſtical commiſſion, he drew upon himſelf almoſt an univerſal cenſure; which, in his letter to the Earl of Dorſet, written in 1689, he acknowledges to be juſt. "Though I profeſs what I now ſay, I only intend a reaſonable mitigation of the offence I have given, not entirely to juſtify my ſitting in that court; for which I acknowledge I have deſervedly incurred the cenſure of many good men; and I wiſh I may ever be able to make a ſufficient amends to my country for it"

His offence, in this particular, was ſomewhat alleviated by his renouncing the commiſſion, when he found that the powers of it were to be exerciſed againſt thoſe who refuſed to read the *King's Declaration*, becauſe it was founded on a *diſpenſing power*.

After the abdication of his old maſter, he complied with the new eſtabliſhment; and though his offences were ſtrenuouſly urged againſt him, he retained his eccleſiaſtical preferments, and was left unmoleſted by Government.

In 1692, he was accuſed, in an information laid before the Privy Council, of entering into an aſſociation with Sancroft, Marlborough, and other perſons of diſtinction, to reſtore King James; and, by his great prudence and diligence, in detecting the characters of his informers, honourably acquitted. He publiſhed an account of his examination and deliverance, intituled, *A Relation of the wicked Contrivance of Stephen Blackhead and Robert Young, againſt the Lives of ſeveral Perſons, by forging an Aſſociation under their Hands*, 4to, 1692. He ever after commemorated his deliverance, by an yearly day of thankſgiving.

He ſpent the remainder of his life in the quiet exerciſe of his function, and in the practice of thoſe acts of beneficence, humility, and piety, for which he was juſtly diſtinguiſhed.

He died of an apoplexy, at Bromley in Kent, 20th May 1713, in the 79th year of his age, and was buried in the Abbey-church of Weſtminſter

The Works of Sprat, beſides his few Poems, are, The Hiſtory of the Royal Society, The Life of Cowley, The Anſwer to Sorbiere, The Hiſtory of the Ryehouſe Plot, The Relation of his own Exa-

mination, the Letters to Lord Dorſet, and a volume of Sermons; each of which is of a different kind, and has its diſtinct and characteriſtic excellence.

" The Biſhop of Rocheſter," ſays Dr. Felton, " is the correcteſt writer of the age, and comes neareſt to the great originals of Greece and Rome, by a ſtudious imitation of the ancients: His plainneſs and accuracy, his ſublime and oratory, are equally laboured. His Life of Cowley, and his excellent Diſcourſe to his Clergy, are admirable for the modeſty and plainneſs and inimitable ſimplicity of their dreſs. His anſwer to Sorbiere is ſo handſome a way of expoſing an empty trifling pretending pedant, that he maketh his adverſary at once the ſubject of our diverſion and contempt. His Letters to my Lord Dorſet, are the beſt patterns of apology, and a true epiſtolary ſtyle, on a public ſubject. His Sermons are truly fine, ſo very beautiful and ſo extremely ſtudied in every bright thought and delicate expreſſion, and all the charms of language, that Religion looketh lovely like herſelf, as well as venerable in our eyes. What is more than can be ſaid of Tully, in the biſhop we meet the poet and the orator eminently conjoined."

Sprat was a man of wit and a polite ſcholar; the pregnancy of his imagination, and the elegance of his language, have deſervedly ſet him high in the ranks of literature. But his ſtyle, in general, has been, perhaps too much applauded; it has neither the claſſic ſimplicity of Hobbes, nor the grace of Sir William Temple. He has, however, been juſtly ranked with the beſt writers in the reign of Charles II.

It appears from his writings, as well as his conduct, that his principles were far from being ſtubborn. He has repreſented Cromwell as a finiſhed hero, and Charles I. as a glorified ſaint. He ſat in the eccleſiaſtical commiſſion, and was by no means averſe from the Revolution. But he atoned for the inconſiſtencies and errors of his political conduct, by the exemplary dignity and decency of his epiſcopal and private character.

His Poems were reprinted among " The Works of the Minor Poets," in 2 volumes 12mo, 1742; and have been admitted, with the compoſitions of his poetical brethren, Rocheſter, Roſcommon, Halifax, Stepney, and Duke, into the Temple of Fame, lately erected under the title of " The Works of the Engliſh Poets."

His poetry has the faults and beauties of the Pindaric ſtyle of writing, recommended by the example of his favourite Cowley. He ſuppoſed that as he was imitated, perfection in *the higheſt and nobleſt kind of writing in verſe* was approached; and thought the *irregularity of* his *numbers the very thing* which makes *that kind of poetry fit for all manner of ſubjects*, and *chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to proſe*. He indulged himſelf, therefore, in the utmoſt licence of Pindaric liberty and metaphorical extravagance. In his *Ode on the Plague of Athens*, his longeſt performance, he has amplified, but ſeldom improved the admirable deſcriptions of Thucydides and Lucretius. The *Ode on the Death of Cromwell*, exhibits ſufficient proofs of ſtrong intellectual exertion, but is encumbered by unſkilful and improper decorations. His *Epiſtle to Howard* is an extravagant compliment on " the Britiſh Princes," which has exerciſed the wit of Butler, Waller, Denham, Dorſet, and his friend Clifford of the Charter-houſe. The *Ode on Cowley* has much wit, and much praiſe, which appears confuſed and enlarged through the miſt of panegyric.

" There is in his few productions," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " no want of ſuch conceits as he thought excellent; and of thoſe our judgment may be ſettled by the firſt that appears in his praiſe of Cromwell, where he ſays, that Cromwell's " fame, like man, will grow white as it grows old."

TO

THE REVEREND DR. WILKINS,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleaſed to think fit that theſe papers ſhould come into the public, which were at firſt deſigned to live only in a deſk, or ſome private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldneſs to commit them to the ſecurity which your name and protection will give them with the moſt knowing part of the world. There are two things eſpecially in which they ſtand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall ſo infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are ſo little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deſerving rather to be the ſubjects of the nobleſt pens and divine fancies, than of ſuch ſmall beginners and weak eſſayers in poetry as myſelf. Againſt theſe dangerous prejudices, there remains no other ſhield, than the univerſal eſteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great perſon, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly by reaſon of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myſelf to your ſervice: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my ſtudies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be injuſtice, but ſacrilege: ſo that if there be any thing here tolerably ſaid, which deſerves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your moſt devoted,

and obliged ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

POEMS.

To the happy Memory of the late

LORD PROTECTOR.

I.

'Tis true, great name, thou art ſecure
From the forgetfulneſs and rage
Of death, or envy, or devouring age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of time endure:
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearſe,
Though it were never heard or ſung in verſe.
Without our help thy memory is ſafe;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inſcription,
Remember'd only on the braſs, or marble ſtone.
'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our roſes and perfumes
Will but officious folly ſhow,
And pious nothings to ſuch mighty tombs.
All our incenſe, gums and balm,
Are but unneceſſary duties here:
The poets may their ſpices ſpare,
Their coſtly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
That need not be embalm'd, which of itſelf is ſweet.

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our obedience and our love:
For when the ſun and fire meet,
The one's extinguiſh'd quite:
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble names with thine;
Their weaker ſparks with thy illuſtrious light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, bleſs'd ſpirit, thy mighty name
Wants no addition of another's beam:
It's for our pens too high, and full of theme:
The muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred urn ſurvive,
Without the food of oil, which we can give.

'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our ſongs;
Duty commands our tongues:
Though thou want not our praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo men from religion are not freed,
But from the altars clouds muſt riſe,
Though heaven itſelf doth nothing need,
And though the gods don't want an earthly ſacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whoſe each year
Full of new miracles did appear!
Whoſe every month might be
Alone a chronicle, or hiſtory!
Others great actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle ſtar;
But thine the milky-way,
All one continued light, of undiſtinguiſh'd day;
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that nought elſe could be ſeen,
Scarce any common ſky did come between:
What ſhall I ſay, or where begin?
Thou may'ſt in double ſhapes be ſhown
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, ſometimes with warlike thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful ſceptre in his hand;
Or in the field, or on the throne.
In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of ſubſtance, and ſo ſtrongly join'd,
So pure, ſo weighty gold,
That the leaſt grain of it,
If fully ſpread and beat,
Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thyſelf were great,
Whilſt yet the happy bud
Was not quite ſeen or underſtood,
It then ſure ſigns of future greatneſs ſhew'd:

Then thy domeſtic worth
Did tell the world what it would be,
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee.
When a full ſpring ſhould call it forth:
As bodies in the dark and night
Have the ſame colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open day and light;
The ſun doth only ſhew
That they are bright, not make them ſo.
So whilſt but private walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame virtues did appear,
Though in a leſs and more contracted ſphere,
As full, though not as large as ſince they were:
And like great rivers' fountains, though
At firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go:
Though then thine was not ſo enlarg'd a flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

v.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
Thy ſceptre's not thy father's, but thy own:
Thy purple was not made at once in haſte,
But after many other colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt princely dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer cares,
And private thoughts took up thy private years:
Thoſe hands which were ordain'd by fates
To change the world and alter ſtates,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt deſign
On meaner things with equal mien.
That ſoul which ſhould ſo many ſceptres ſway,
To whom ſo many kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtic way:
So government itſelf began
From family, and ſingle man,
Was by the ſmall relation firſt
Of huſband and of father nurs'd,
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread itſelf o'er all the world at laſt.

vi.

But when thy country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy virtue and thy courage call'd;
When England did thy arms entreat,
And 't had been ſin in thee not to be great:
When every ſtream, and every flood,
Was a true vein of earth, and ran with blood:
When unus'd arms, and unknown war,
Fill'd every place, and every ear;
When the great ſtorms and diſmal night
Did all the land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.
Thou left'ſt thy more delightful peace,
Thy private life and better eaſe;
Then down thy ſteel and armour took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the hook:
When death had got a large commiſſion out,
Throwing the arrows and her ſting about;
Then thou (as once the healing ſerpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thyſelf but us.

vii.

Thy country wounded was, and ſick, before
Thy wars and arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the diſeaſe did lie,
And like the cure of ſympathy,
The ſtrong and certain remedy
Unto the weapon didſt apply;
Thou didſt not draw the ſword, and ſo
Away the ſcabbard throw,
As if thy country ſhou'd
Be the inheritance of Mars and blood:
But that, when the great work was ſpun,
War in itſelf ſhould be undone:
That peace might land again upon the ſhore,
Richer and better than before:
The huſbandman no ſteel ſhall know,
None but the uſeful iron of the plow;
That bays might creep on every ſpear:
And though our ſky was overſpread
With a deſtructive red,
'Twas but till thou our ſun didſt in full light appear.

viii.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into letter, every leaf
Had on it wrote his epitaph:
So from that crimſon flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters and learning roſe, and arts renew'd:
Thou fought'ſt, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
But to refine the church and ſtate;
And like the Romans, whate'er thou
In the field of Mars didſt mow,
Was, that a holy iſland hence might grow.
Thy wars, as rivers raiſed by a ſhower,
Which welcome clouds do pour,
Though they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away with an enraged ſtream;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the filth and mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another ſlime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

ix.

In fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in battles and in arms excel;
That ſteely arms themſelves might be
Worn out in war as ſoon as thee;
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd fate;
As if uncertain victory
Had been firſt o'ercome by thee;
As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve,
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumph'dſt thyſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too
Though they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher ſphere:
Thou, the great ſun, gav'ſt light to every ſtar:
Thyſelf an army wert alone,
And mighty troops contain'd in one.
Thy only ſword did guard the land,
Like that which, flaming in the angel's hand,
From men God's garden did defend;
But yet thy ſword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this land a paradiſe.

x.

Thou fought'ſt not to be high or great,
Nor for a ſceptre or a crown,
Or ermine, purple, or the throne;
But as the veſtal heat,
Thy fire was kindled from above alone;
Religion putting on thy ſhield
Brought thee victorious to the field.
Thy arms, like thoſe which ancient heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didſt adore:
And all the ſwords thy armies had,
Were on an heavenly anvil made;
Not intereſt, or any weak deſire
Of rule or empire, did thy mind inſpire:
Thy valour like the holy fire,
Which did before the Perſian armies go,
Liv'd in the camp, and yet was ſacred too:
Thy mighty ſword anticipates
What was deſerv'd by heaven and thoſe bleſt feats,
And makes the church triumphant here below.

xi.

Though fortune did hang on thy ſword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Though fortune, for thy ſide and thee,
Forgot her lov'd inconſtancy:
Amidſt thy arms and trophies thou
Were valiant and gentle too;
Wound'ſt thyſelf, when thou didſt kill thy foe.
Like ſteel, when it much work has paſt,
That which was rough does ſhine at laſt,
Thy arms by being oftener us'd did ſmoother grow.
Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
Thy conqueſt pais'd the ſtate, not thee:
Thou overcam'ſt thyſelf in every victory.
As when the ſun in a directer line
Upon a poliſh'd golden ſhield doth ſhine,
The ſhield reflects unto the ſun again his light:
So when the heavens ſmil'd on thee in fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs and victory to thy tent;
To heaven again the victory was ſent.

xii.

England, till thou didſt come,
Confin'd her valour home;
Then our own rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our fame as well as land,
And were to us as well
As to our enemies unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our fathers did,
Becauſe they came ſo far behind the dead.
The Britiſh lion hung his mane, and droop'd,
To ſlavery and burden ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate ſleep and fear
Lay in his den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt voice before,
A trembling echo ran through every ſhore,
And ſhook the world at every roar:
Thou his ſubdued courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
Mad'ſt the fame dreadful lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring floods,
His mighty thunder ſounds through all the woods:
Thou haſt our military fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay, more, heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an iron age and happy too.

xiii.

Till thou command'ſt, that azure chain of waves,
Which nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every pirate ſlaves,
Was rather burden than an ornament;
Thoſe fields of ſea, that waſh'd our ſhores,
Were plow'd and reap'd by other hands than ours:
To us the liquid maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As it is to the ſun,
Only a bed to ſleep on was:
And not as now a powerful throne,
To ſhake and ſway the world thereon.
Our princes in their hand a globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of earth and water too.
But thy commands the floods obey'd,
Thou all the wilderneſs of water ſway'd:
Thou didſt not only wed the ſee,
Not make her equal, but a ſlave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy ſtroke:
He that ruled all the main,
Acknowledg'd thee his ſovereign:
And now the conquer'd ſea doth pay
More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the ſea.

xiv.

Till now our valour did ourſelves more hurt;
Our wounds to other nations were a ſport:
And as the earth, our land produc'd [us'd:
Iron and ſteel, which ſhould to tear ourſelves be
Our ſtrength within itſelf did break,
Like thundering cannons crack,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While th' enemies ſecure and untouch'd were.
But now our trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt their enemies walls in foreign ground;
And yet no echo back to us returning ſound.
England is now the happy peaceful iſle,
And all the world the while
Is exerciſing arms and wars
With foreign or inteſtine jars.
The torch extinguiſh'd here, we lent to others oil
We give to all, yet know ourſelves no fear;
We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
Where'er we pleaſe our ſwords t' unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
Like to the ſun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every corner of the world;
Whoſe flame through all the air doth go, [know.
And yet the ſun himſelf the while no fire does

xv.

Beſides, the glories of thy peace
Are not in number nor in value leſs.
Thy hand did cure, and cloſe the ſcars
Of our bloody civil wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound:
When now the ſhip was well nigh loſt,
After the ſtorm upon the coaſt,
By its mariners endanger'd moſt;

When they their ropes and helms had left,
When the planks asunder cleft,
And floods came roaring in with mighty sound,
Thou a safe land and harbour for us found,
And savedst those that would themselves have drown'd;
A work which none but heaven and thou could do,
Thou madst us happy whether we would or no:
Thy judgment, mercy, temperance so great,
As if those virtues only in thy mind had seat:
Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
When heaven seem'd to be wanted least;
Thy temples not like Janus only were
Open in the time of war,
When thou hast greater cause to fear:
Religion and the awe of heaven possest
All places and all times alike thy breast.

XVI.

Nor didst thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beside;
Our after times and late posterity
Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When fate did call thee to a higher throne,
And when thy mortal work was done,
When heaven did say it, and thou must be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden chose,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loss;
Nor hadst thou him design'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:
'Tis he shall perfect all thy cares,
And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the chosen people from
Their slavery and fears,
Led them through their pathless road;
Guided himself by God,
H'as brought them to the borders; but a second hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd land.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

(MR. EDWARD HOWARD),

Upon his incomparable, incomprehensible Poem, intituled "The British Princes."

Your book our old knight errants fame revives,
Writ in a style agreeing with their lives.
All rumours strength their prowess did out-go,
All rumours skill your verses far out-do:
To praise the Welsh the world must now combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
Whose mountain nothing equals but your wit.
Bonduca, were she such as here we see
(In British paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies she encounter'd Rome,
Whose strength with naked nature you o'ercome.
Nor let small critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time she here is seen:
You that can make immortal by your song,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.
Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
The settled course of time and years to move,
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things else you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forsake.
With true heroic glory you display
A subject new, writ in the newest way,
Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write;
They talk strange things that ancient poets did,
How trees and stones they into buildings lead:
For poems to raise cities, now, 'tis hard;
But yours, at least, will build half Paul's churchyard.

ON HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.

Sweet stream, that dost with equal pace
Both thyself fly and thyself chace,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.

Then go and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame
Who was the life of all my flame,
I' th' glory of her bud
Has pass'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of love:
Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

WHICH HAPPENED IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

First described in Greek by Thucydides, then in Latin by Lucretius.

To my worthy and learned Friend,

D R. WALTER POPE,

Late Proctor of the University of Oxford.

SIR,

I KNOW not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which nature sometimes cherishes and allows monsters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolished copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will see how much a noble subject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reason Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by some celebrated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides so well and so livelily expresses it, that I know not which is more a poem, his description or that of Lucretius. Though it must be said, that the historian had a vast advantage over the poet: he, having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the shapes of the misery still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great impression on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footsteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: for being so far removed from the place whereon the disease acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumstances, customs of the country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the subject; besides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thrust himself into the midst of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I say, all these disadvantages, and many more for which I must only blame myself, it cannot be expected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this rash attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the comparison, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reason to fear the just indignation of that excellent person (the present ornament and honour of our nation) whose way of writing I imitate: for he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable noise of thunder, by the sound of brass and horses hoofs. I shall only say for myself, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, though we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent musician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by straining its throat to follow his notes, destroyed itself in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose myself than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve myself,

SIR,

Your most humble and

affectionate servant,

THO. SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES.

LIB. II.

AS IT IS EXCELLENTLY TRANSLATED BY MR. HOBBES.

In the very beginning of summer, the Peloponnesians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedemon; and, after they had encamped themselves, wasted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elsewhere; but so great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before: for at first neither were the physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the men that most approached the sick, nor any other art of man availed whatsoever. All supplications to the gods, and inquiries of oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable, insomuch as, subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Afric, and into the greatest part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyræus, insomuch as they reported that the Peloponnesians had cast poison into their wells; for springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every man, physician or other, concerning the ground of this sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge: for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things as one may take his mark by to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it myself, and seen others sick of the same. This year, by confession of all men, was of all other, for other diseases, most free and healthful. If any man were sick before, his disease turned to this; if not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extreme ache in their heads, redness and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisome and unsavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness; and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast: and when once it was settled in the stomach, it caused vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of billous purgation that physicians ever named. Most of them had also the hickyexe, which brought with it a strong convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest clothes or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedness, but rather most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever.

As long as the disease was at the height, their bodies wasted not, but resisted the torment beyond all expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength; or if they escaped that, then, the disease falling down in their bellies, and causing there great exulcerations and immoderate looseness, they died many of them afterwards through weakness; for the disease (which first took the head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worst of it was yet marked with the loss of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at

their fingers and toes, many with the loſs of theſe eſcaped. There were alſo ſome that loſt their eyes, and many that preſently upon their recovery were taken with ſuch an oblivion of all things whatſoever, as they neither knew themſelves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of ſickneſs which far ſurmounted all expreſſion of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared alſo otherwiſe to be none of thoſe diſeaſes that are bred among us, and that eſpecially by this; for all, both birds and beaſts, that uſe to feed on human fleſh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or taſting, periſhed. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifeſt defect of ſuch fowl, which were not then ſeen, either about the carcaſes, or any where elſe; but by the dogs, becauſe they are familiar with men, this effect was ſeen much clearer. So that this diſeaſe (to paſs over many ſtrange particulars of the accidents that ſome had differently from others) was in general ſuch as I have ſhewn; and for other uſual ſickneſſes at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, ſome for want of attendance, and ſome again with all the care and phyſic that could be uſed. Nor was there any, to ſay, certain medicine, that applied muſt have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another: nor any difference of body for ſtrength or weakneſs that was able to reſiſt it; but carried all away, what phyſic ſoever was adminiſtered. But the greateſt miſery of all was, the defection of mind, in ſuch as found themſelves beginning to be ſick (for they grew preſently deſperate, and gave themſelves over without making any reſiſtance); as alſo their dying thus like ſheep, infected by mutual viſitation: for if men forbore to viſit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of ſuch as ſhould take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themſelves, and principally the honeſteſt men: for out of ſhame they would not ſpare themſelves, but went in unto their friends, eſpecially after it was come to that paſs, that even their domeſtics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatneſs of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But thoſe that were recovered, had much compaſſion both on them that died, and on them that lay ſick, as having both known the miſery themſelves, and now no more ſubject to the like danger; for this diſeaſe never took a man the ſecond time, ſo as to be mortal. And theſe men were both by others counted happy; and they alſo themſelves, through exceſs of preſent joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other ſickneſs hereafter. Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the country people and of their ſubſtance into the city, oppreſſed both them, and much more the people themſelves that ſo came in: for, having no houſes, but dwelling at that time of the year in ſtifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the ſtreets, and men half dead about every conduit through deſire of water. The temples alſo where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppreſſed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careleſs, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly uſed touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things neceſſary, after ſo many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends: for when one had made a funeral pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire: and when one was in burning, another would come, and, having caſt thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiouſneſs, which alſo in other kinds was uſed in the city, began at firſt from this diſeaſe: for that which a man before would diſſemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuouſneſs, he durſt now do freely, ſeeing before his eyes ſuch quick revolution, of the rich dying, and men worth nothing inheriting their eſtates; inſomuch as they juſtified a ſpeedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleaſure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, becauſe they thought it uncertain whether they ſhould die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleaſure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, becauſe they concluded it was alike to worſhip or not worſhip, from ſeeing that alike they all periſhed: nor the latter, becauſe no man expected that his life would laſt till he received puniſhment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads ſome far greater judgment decreed againſt them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy ſome little part of their lives.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

I.

Unhappy man! by nature made to ſway
And yet is every creature's prey,
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
Flattering ourſelves with mighty words;
Of all things we the monarchs are,
And ſo we rule, and ſo we domineer;
All creatures elſe about us ſtand
Like ſome prætorian band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe;
Our very guards rebel and tyranniſe.
Thouſand diſeaſes ſent by fate
(Unhappy ſervants!) on us wait;
A thouſand treacheries within
Are laid, weak life to win;
Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
Some formal ſieges make,
And with ſure ſlowneſs do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence ſtorm the town,
And throw all in a moment down;
Some one peculiar fort aſſail,
Some by general attempts prevail.
Small herbs, alas! can only us relieve;
And ſmall is the aſſiſtance they can give;
How can the fading offſpring of the field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy,
What firm and laſting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live doth every winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourſelves the fatal ſeed
Of change, and of decreaſe in every part,
Head, belly, ſtomach, and root of life, the heart;
Not only have our autumn, when we muſt
Of our own nature turn to duſt,
When leaves and fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempeſts too,
Which do at once what they would ſlowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of ſtuff
Mouldering and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and deſtructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from ſea, from air,
We like the Roman empire ſhall decay;
And our own force would melt away
By the inteſtine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæſars and the Pompeys which within we bear;
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothiſh and the barbarous rage
Of plague or peſtilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts aſſuage,
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the ſouthern ſands,
The unfrequented coaſts, and parched lands,
Whither the ſun too kind a heat doth ſend,
(The ſun, which the worſt neighbour is, and the beſt friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the heavens ſcatter'd here
Cruel infectious heats into the air:
Now all the ſtores of poiſon ſent,
Threatening at once a general doom,
Laviſh'd out all their hate, and meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the world for many years to come.
Hold, heavens! hold; why ſhould your ſacred fire,
Which doth to all things life inſpire,
By whoſe kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original ſeed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening feed;
Why ſhould you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why ſhould it now deſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe Afric deſerts ſtraight were double deſerts
The ravenous beaſts were left alone, [grown,
The ravenous beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themſelves have done.
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues preſently forſake
The wilderneſs which they themſelves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and freſh forage find:
The loaded wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan.
On Egypt next it ſeiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the ſouth did look,
And wonder'd thence ſhould come th' unhappy ſtroke,
From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very lands from whence ſhe has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another angel's hand, a ſecond Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the ſacred land
Its angry forces did command;
But God did place an angel there
In violence to withſtand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all diſcover;
Though that by ſeas might think itſelf ſecure.
Nor ſtaid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and ſtopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the ſhore divide,
But paſs'd the waters, and did all poſſeſs,
And quickly all was wilderneſs.
Thence it did Perſia over-run,
And all that ſacrifice unto the ſun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with ſecret coals they melt;
The Perſians call'd their ſun in vain,
Their god increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their god no more,
But curſe the beams they worſhipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with the ruin of the eaſt,
She took her wings, and down to Athens paſs'd;
Juſt plague! which doſt no parties take,
But Greece as well as Perſia ſuck,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other ſlay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away.
Thither it came, and did deſtroy the town,
Whilſt all its ſhips and ſoldiers looked on;
And now the Aſian plague did more
Than all the Aſian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army ſate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for fate,
They ſaw the city open lay,
An eaſy and a bootleſs prey;
They ſaw the rampires empty ſtand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now,
The plague had finiſh'd what they came to do;
They might now unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itſelf to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudeſt work of nature and of art:
Learning and ſtrength did thee compoſe,
As ſoul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t' invade;
Thoſe mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
Do only ſerve to make a fatter feaſt for death.
Death in the moſt frequented palace lives;
Moſt tribute from the crowd receives;
And though it bears a ſcythe, and ſeems to own
A ruſtic life alone,
It loves no wilderneſs,
No ſcatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult, and the town.
What ſtrange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that reſiſt it doth increaſe!
When other conquerors are
Obliged to make a ſlower war,
Nay ſometimes for themſelves may fear,
And muſt proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This ſtronger ſtill, and more ſucceſsful grows,
Down ſooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppoſe.

VIII.

The tyrant firſt the haven did ſubdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themſelves by wooden walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them th' infection gave,
Leſt they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou haſt undone
The honour thou before hadſt won;
Not all thy merchandiſe,
Thy wealth, thy treaſuries,
Which from all coaſts thy fleet ſupplies,
Can to atone this crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerning ſpeed;
In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theſeus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When firſt in walls I did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did thy citizens reduce,
Houſes and government, and laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy people ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome field or hill,
Though ſavage and undiſciplined, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be ſubdu'd,
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying men's confuſed voice.
From heaven in haſte, ſhe came, to ſee
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the caſtle pinnacles ſhe ſat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very deity.
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and deſtruction wait:
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
But though a goddeſs now did pray,
The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
She brought her olive and her ſhield,
Neither of theſe, alas! aſſiſtance yield.
She lookt upon Meduſa's face,
Was angry that ſhe was
Herſelf of an immortal race,
Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not ſtrike her as well as others dead.
She ſat and wept a while, and then away ſhe fled.

X.

Now death began her ſword to whet,
Not all the Cyclops ſweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.
No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage,
And hop'd the air would it aſſuage,
Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
And aggrevate the ills it ſhould relieve.
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poiſon grow:
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now ſerv'd to fire each part;
What ſhould refreſh, increas'd the ſmart:
And now their very breath,
The chiefeſt ſign of life, was turn'd the cauſe of death.

XI.

Upon the head firſt the diſeaſe,
As a bold conqueror, doth ſeize,
Begins with man's metropolis,
Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue.
Blood ſtarted through each eye;
The redneſs of that ſky
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when ſome innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain;
Doſt take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breaſt,
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſs'd.
Such noiſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the ſtomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide;
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's ſide,
The very meat new poiſons to the plague ſupply'd.
Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what uſurping flame,
What unknown furnace, ſhould
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its ſpirits up, but found top well,
It was too late now to rebel.
The tainted blood its courſe began,
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was nature's nobleſt art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was moſt deſtructful now,
And nature ſpeedier did undo,
For that the ſooner did impart
The poiſon and the ſmart,
Th' infectious blood to every diſtant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at laſt its ſhare,
And all the ſubtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monſters bear.
Here ſeven days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And often kill'd, becauſe it death ſo long delay'd.
But if through ſtrength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and heaven do him controul,
And if he cannot have the ſoul,
Himſelf out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour loſe,
But takes away with him part of the houſe:
So here the vanquiſh'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, ſome part, ſome limb.
Some loſt the uſe of hands and eyes,
Some arms, ſome legs, ſome thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;
Thoſe various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous ſhapes were fled;
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
Had loſt its mighty treaſury; [die.
They paſs'd the Lethe lake, although they did not

XIV.

Whatever leſſer maladies men had,
They all gave place and vaniſhed;
Thoſe petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror ſhrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palſies, ſtone,
Gout, cholic, and conſumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men ſaw themſelves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worſe and ſooner die.

XV.

Phyſicians now could nought prevail,
They the firſt ſpoils to the proud victor fall;
Nor would the plague their knowledge truſt,
But fear'd their ſkill, and therefore ſlew them firſt:

So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the chiefeſt men to feel the ſtroke,
The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads, leſt they
Should ſooneſt diſobey,
Should firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Phyſic itſelf was a diſeaſe,
Phyſic the fatal tortures did increaſe,
Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
And Æſculapius to the ſick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of ſerpent, brought new poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that, ſo ſoon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear,
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some caſt into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at his return;
Again they drew, again they drank:
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,
But ſtraight the more were ſcorch'd, the more did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking ſat:
That urn which now to quench their thirſt they uſe,
Shortly their aſhes ſhall encloſe:
Others into the chryſtal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghaſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs forſook.
Some ſnatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup:
They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning ſtore.
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden ſeeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moiſtures it provoke,
Did rage, did ſwell, did ſmoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and ſtraight to aſhes broke.

XVII.

So ſtrong the heat, ſo ſtrong the torments were,
They like ſome mighty burden bear
The lighteſt covering of air.
All ſexes and all ages do invade,
The bounds which nature laid,
The laws of modeſty and nature made:
The virgins bluſh not, yet uncloth'd appear,
Undreſs'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the diſeaſe did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedneſs once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
No ſleep, no peace, no reſt,
Their wandering and affrighted minds poſſeſs'd;
Upon their ſouls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unuſual ſhapes and images,
Dark pictures and reſemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their diſtemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not ſleep, but waking now was ſiſter unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their fleſh away.
In vain ſhe call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vultures afar off did ſee the feaſt,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taſte,
They rallied up their troops in haſte
Along came mighty droves,
Forſook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his neſt;
They come, but all their carcaſes abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if ſome bolder fowls the fleſh aſſay,
They were deſtroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming gueſt,
Repents its being a domeſtic beaſt,
Did to the woods and mountains haſte:
The very owls at Athens are
But ſeldom ſeen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to ſtay.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcaſes,
The ſtreets, the market place poſſeſs,
Threatening to raiſe a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother, and her child,
The infant ſuck'd as yet, and ſmil'd,
But ſtraight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children laſt,
Here parting lovers laſt embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd, and went away together.
Here priſoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poiſon'd by the ſcent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themſelves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear the friend's laſt cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to cloſe his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his ſon heir with an infectious breath;
In the ſame hour the ſon doth take
His father's will and his own make.

The ſervant need not here be ſlain,
To ſerve his maſter in the other world again;
They languiſhing together lie,
Their ſouls away together fly;
The huſband gaſpeth, and his wife lies by,
It muſt be her turn next to die:
The huſband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They muſt without their privilege together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The ſiſters ſcarce ſtood ſtill themſelves to breathe:
The ſiſters now quite wearied
In cutting ſingle thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One ſtroke did give whole houſes dooms:
Now dy'd the froſty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if aſham'd of that,
A conqueſt ſo degenerate,
Cut off the young and luſty too:
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys they had in ſtore:
But fate, e'er they had finiſh'd their account, them ſlew.
The wretched uſurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treaſures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ſhips return with ſpice and gold;
He ſaw't, and turn'd aſide his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidſt his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and aſſemblies ceaſe; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No courſe of juſtice did appear,
No noiſe of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The ſenate caſt away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more reſiſtleſs ſway,
Whilſt that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and leſſer officers devour.
No magiſtrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did ſhew:
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legiſlators ſit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harſher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading-place they leave,
About the ſtreets they run and rave:
The madneſs which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the ſtate,
Now his ſucceſſors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up ſtarts the ſoldier from his bed,
He, though death's ſervant, is not freed,
Death him caſhier'd, 'cauſe now his help ſhe did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
He ſnatch'd his ſword now ruſted o'er,
Dreadful and ſparkling now no more,
And thus in open ſtreets did roar;
How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
That now thyſelf thou ſhould'ſt revenge on me?
Have I ſo many lives on thee beſtow'd?
Have I the earth ſo often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, ſo many ſlain?
And muſt I now thy prey remain?
Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
Meet in the field ſome gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Perſian troops again:
No, they're a baſe and a degenerate train;
They by our women may be ſlain.
Give me, great heavens, ſome manful foes,
Let me my death amidſt ſome valiant Grecians chooſe,
Let me ſurvive to die at Syracuſe,
Where my dear country ſhall her glory loſ
For you, great gods! into my mind infuſe,
What miſeries, what doom,
Muſt on my Athens ſhortly come!
My thoughts inſpir'd preſage
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I die upon that glorious ſtage:
Oh! that! but then he graſp'd his ſword, and death concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy ſword, O Fate!
Leſt thou repent when 'tis too late,
Leſt, by thy making now ſo great a waſte,
By ſpending all mankind upon one feaſt,
Thou ſtarve thyſelf at laſt:
What men wilt thou reſerve in ſtore,
Whom in the time to come thou may'ſt devour,
When thou ſhalt have deſtroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy ſtomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou muſt kill,
And if thy jaws are craving ſtill,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coaſts,
The northern wilderneſs and eternal froſts!
Againſt thoſe barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are ſtrangers yet;
Where thou may'ſt kill, and yet the loſs will not be great.
There rage, there ſpread, and there infect the air,
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worſt againſt thoſe ſavage nations dare,
Thoſe whom mankind can ſpare,
Thoſe whom mankind itſelf doth fear;
Amidſt that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'ſt walk unſeen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the fartheſt ſeas, and nature's ends,
Where never ſummer's ſun its beams extends,

Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing ſweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at ſuch a doom,
They'll bleſs thy peſtilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They'll thank the very flames with which they do conſume.

XXV.

Then if that banquet will not thee ſuffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'ſt tyrannize;
Search every foreſt, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Thoſe wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the reſt of men ſecure;
And that the reſt of men will thank thee for.
Let all thoſe human beaſts be ſlain,
Till ſcarce their memory remain;
Thyſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill.
Meaſure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean's ſhores about,
Only paſs by and ſpare the Britiſh iſle.
Go on, and (what Columbus once ſhall do
When days and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt thoſe lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beſide:
There thou may'ſt ſteal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of thoſe that by thy wounds ſhall die;
No Greek ſhall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to poſterity.
Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty lands,
Deſtroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's ſword prevent,
Go, make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies ſhall appear
Their ſin may be the leſs,
They may find all a wilderneſs,
And without blood the gold and ſilver there poſſeſs.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou ſhould'ſt full employment want,
(We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ranſack Lycurgus' ſtreets throughout,
They've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth ſeize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appeaſe.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than thoſe of love:
Let Delos, which at firſt did give the ſun,
See unknown flames in her begun,
Now let her wiſh ſhe might unconſtant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'ſt in field, or camp, or ſhop:
Make havoc there without controul
Of every ignorant and common ſoul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conqueſts ſtop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there eſcape,
Upon Minerva's ſelf commit no rape;
Touch not the ſacred throng,
And let Apollo's prieſts be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and ſtrong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilſt I
Strive to keep off the misery,
The learned too, as faſt as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All nature's ſtores againſt this plague ſupply;
And though beſides they ſhunn'd it every where,
They ſearch'd it in their books, and fain would meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
And chiefly thoſe that were made famous by their crimes,
To find if men were puniſh'd ſo before;
But found not the diſeaſe nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now ſurpris'd,
And all her forces ſeiz'd,
Before ſhe was how to reſiſt adviſ'd.
So when the elephants did firſt affright
The Romans with unuſual ſight,
They many battles loſe,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they underſtood ſuch dreadful troops t'oppoſe.

XXVIII.

Now every different ſect agrees
Againſt their common adverſary, the diſeaſe,
And all their little wranglings ceaſe;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts ſwerve,
No more their ſilence they obſerve,
Out of their ſchools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now deſir'd their metempſychoſis;
Not only to diſpute, but wiſh
That they might turn to beaſts, or fowls, or fiſh.
If the Platonics had been here,
They would have curs'd their maſter's year,
When all things ſhall be as they were,
When they again the ſame diſeaſe ſhall bear:
All the philoſophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite ſhall do,
Themſelves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoics felt the deadly ſtroke,
At firſt aſſault their courage was not broke,
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in ſtore they had;
They bid their hearts ſtand out,
Bid them be calm and ſtout,
But all the ſtrength of precept will not do't.
They can't the ſtorms of paſſion now aſſuage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The gods are call'd upon in vain,
The gods gave no releaſe unto their pain,
The gods to fear ev'n for themſelves began.
For now the ſick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They ſacrific'd, and died there,
A ſacrifice not ſeen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore

Of lambs or bulls, ſhould now
Loaded with prieſts ſee its own altars too!

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'erpower.
The noble and the common duſt
Into each other's graves are thruſt.
No place is ſacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to conſume;
Their aſhes no diſtinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghoſts of thoſe great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long ſince baniſhed,
Now o'er the city hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite diſmay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the bleſſed ſeats they went,
And now did thank their baniſhment,
By which they were to die in foreign countries ſent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worſt of all,
Hell forth its magazines of luſt did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of ſouls were thither ſent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, ſuch wickedneſs,
Such irreligion did increaſe,
That the few good which did ſurvive [live:
Were angry with the plague for ſuffering them to
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though ſure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air ſure to be puniſhed.
Some nor the ſhrines nor temples ſpar'd,
Nor gods nor heavens fear'd,
Though ſuch example of their power appear'd.
Virtue was now eſteem'd an empty name,
And honeſty the fooliſh voice of fame;
For, having paſt thoſe torturing flames before,
They thought the puniſhment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worſe torments had in ſtore;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

Upon the Poems of the

ENGLISH OVID, ANACREON, PINDAR, AND VIRGIL,

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

In imitation of his own Pindaric Odes.

I.

Let all this meaner rout of books ſtand by,
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
And be hung up within this ſacred room:
Let no profane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwiſh'd liberty again.
But let his holy relic be laid here,
With the ſame religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from heaven leapt;
Juſt ſuch another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to thoſe that on it look.

But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth ſtand
Will never any of its own ſort ſee,
But muſt ſtill live without ſuch company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever ſhall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breaſt,
And taught thy hand t'indite?
(For God's a poet too,
He doth create, and ſo do you)
Or elſe at leaſt

What angel ſat upon thy pen when thou didſt write?
There he ſat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel,
And ſpins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better ſphere,
Gives us more raviſhing muſic made for men to hear.
Thy hand too, like the ſun which angels move,
Has the ſame influence from above,
Produces gold and ſilver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the ſun, 't has no degenerate race,
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing ſo baſe.

III.

What holy veſtal hearth,
What immortal breath,
Did give ſo pure poetic flame its birth?
Juſt ſuch a fire as thine,
Of ſuch an unmix'd glorious ſhine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no leſs than heaven came.
Along he brought the ſparkling coal,
From ſome celeſtial chimney ſtole;
Quickly the plunder'd ſtars he left,
And as he haſten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands ſtill ſhone,
And ſeem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry's compounded of the ſame,
Such a bright immortal flame;
Juſt ſo temper'd is thy rage,
Thy fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'ſt ſeem to us
A true Prometheus, [fire.
But that thou didſt not ſteal the leaſt ſpark of thy

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's verſe,
Which he did to the liſtening fiſh rehearſe;
Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
They firſt curſt nature that ſhe made them mute.
So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
Strive to turn his ſlaves,
Lay down their boiſterous noiſe,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the ſyrens lend their ear,
And from his ſweeter tunes ſome treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud,
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the ſkies, to take
Such heavenly muſic up, and carry't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the ſame majeſtic ſweetneſs flow.
Yet his verſe only carried him o'er the ſeas;
But there's a very ſea of wit in theſe,
As ſalt and boundleſs as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's ſong,
Which brought the wondering ſtones along;
The wondering ſtones ſkipt from their mother earth,
And left their father cold as his firſt birth;
They roſe, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
So were his words, ſo plac'd his ſounds,
Which forc'd the marbles riſe from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them ſhine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine.
Th' amazed poet ſaw the building riſe,
And knew not how to truſt his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he ſees.
He ſaw the ſtreets appear,
Streets, that muſt needs be harmonious there:
He ſaw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
The glorious temple ſhew its head,
He ſaw the infant city ripe,
And all like the creation by a word was bred.
So great a verſe is thine, which though it will not raiſe
Marble monuments to thy praiſe;
Yet 'tis no matter, cities they muſt fall,
And houſes, by the greateſt glutton Time be eaten all:
But thy verſe builds a fame for thee,
Which fire cannot devour, nor purify,
Which ſword and thunder doth defy,
As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the Engliſh tongue doth owe,
That it need not ſeek
For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek;
To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
In their own Latium, their head:
To thee, that our enlarged ſpeech can ſhew,
Far more than the three weſtern daughters born
Out of the aſhes of the Roman urn:
Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit
The adulterate ſeed of ſeveral tongues with it;
More than the ſmooth Italian, though nature gave
That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
And that ſhe might the better fit it to't,
Made the very land a foot.
More than the Spaniſh, though that in one maſs
The Mooriſh, Jewiſh, Gothiſh treaſures has,
And juſt as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
Moſt quarters of the earth together throng.
More than the courtly French, though that doth pace,
And not trot o'er the tongue its race:
That has not any thing, ſo elaborate wit; [it.
Though it by its gliding ſeems to have more oil in
Thy ſoul hath gone through all the muſes' track;
Where never poets feet were ſeen before,
Hath paſs'd thoſe ſands where others left their wrecks,
And fail'd an ocean through, which ſome thought had no ſhore.
Thy ſpirit has diſcover'd all poetry;
Thou found'ſt no tropics in the poet's ſky.
More than the ſun can do, haſt brought a ſacred flower
To Mount Parnaſſus; and haſt open'd to our hand
Apollo's holy land,

Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie.
Thou haſt ſail'd the muſes' globes,
Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndiſh did, to rob.
Thou haſt brought home the treaſure too,
Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due:
Thou haſt ſearch'd through every creek,
From the Eaſt Indies of the poets' world, the Greek,
To the America of wit,
Which was laſt known, and has moſt gold in it.
That mother-tongue which we do ſpeak,
This world thy greater ſpirit has run through,
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A world as round and large as th' other is,
And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets till now deſerv'd excuſe, not praiſe,
Till now the muſes liv'd in taverns, and the bays
That they were truly trees did ſhew,
Becauſe by ſucking liquor they did only grow.
Verſes were counted fiction, and a lie
The very nature of good poetry.
He was a poet that could ſpeak leaſt truth:
Sober and grave men ſcorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greateſt fame.
Poets had nought elſe of Apollo, but his youth:
Few ever ſpake in rhyme, but that their feet
The trencher of ſome liberal man might meet.
Or elſe they did ſome rotten miſtreſs paint,
Call her their goddeſs, or their ſaint.
Though contrary in this they to their maſter run,
For the great god of wit, the ſun,
When he doth ſhew his miſtreſs, the white moon,
He makes her ſpots, as well as beauty, to be ſhewn.
Till now the ſiſters were too old, and therefore grew
Extremely fabulous too:
Till you, Sir, came, they were deſpis'd;
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get;
And though they had a font ſo long, yet never were baptis'd.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
By bringing in more ſtore of it:
Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
Reign without diſſembling too.
You've ſhewn a poet muſt not needs be bad;
That one may be Apollo's prieſt,
And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad;
Till now, wit was a curſe (as to Lot's wife
'Twas to be turn'd to ſalt)
Becauſe it made men lead a life
Which was nought elſe but one continual fault.
You firſt the muſes to the Chriſtians brought,
And you then firſt the holy language taught:
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the firſt bird of paradiſe with feet.

IX.

Your Miſcellanies do appear
Juſt ſuch another glorious indigeſted heap
As the firſt maſs was, where
All heavens and ſtars encloſed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great cenſor them beſtow'd,
According to their ranks, in ſeveral tribes abroad;
Whilſt yet the ſun and moon
Were in perpetual conjunction:
Whilſt all the ſtars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.
Whilſt yet none of the lamps of heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light,
So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chemiſtry may ſeparate, but not refine:
So mixt, ſo pure, ſo united does it ſhine,
A chain of ſand, of which each link is all divine

X.

Thy miſtreſs ſhews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted muſe do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such ſongs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtſhip to ſome ſiſter-mind above
(For angels need not ſcorn ſuch ſoft deſires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the ſame fires).
So when they clothe themſelves in fleſh,
And their light in ſome human ſhapes do dreſs
(For which they fetch'd ſtuff from the neighbouring air):
So when they ſtoop, to like ſome mortal fair,
Such words, ſuch odes as thine they uſe,
With ſuch ſoft ſtrains, love into her heart infuſe.
Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity ſhall be;
Which ſhall remain unſpotted there,
Only to ſhew what once they were:
Thy Cupid's ſhafts all golden are; [ſea.
Thy Venus has the ſalt, but not the froth o' th'

XI.

Thy high Pindarics ſoar
So high, where never any wing till now could get
And yet thy wit
Doth ſeem ſo great, as thoſe that do fly lower.
Thou ſtand'ſt on Pindar's back;
And therefore thou a higher flight doſt take:
Only thou art the eagle, he the wren.
Thou haſt brought him from the duſt,
And made him live again. [juſt
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it
To be led by thee to the Engliſh ſhore;
An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
Nor ſcarce ſo much, when he did ſave his houſe before,
When his word did aſſuage
A warlike army's violent rage:
Thou haſt given to his name,
Than that great conqueror ſav'd him from, a brighter flame. [ſtay,
He only left ſome walls where Pindar's name might
Which with time and age decay:
But thou haſt made him once again to live;
Thou didſt to him new life and breathing give.
And as in the laſt reſurrection,
Thou haſt made him riſe more glorious, and put on
More majeſty; a greater ſoul is given to him, by you,
Than ever be in happy Thebes or Greece could ſhew.

XII.

Thy David too—
But hold thy headlong pace, my muſe;
None but the prieſt himſelf doth uſe
Into the holieſt place to go.
Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to ſweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And juſt now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchleſs pattern nurſt:
Therefore it is not fit
That it ſhould dare to ſpeak ſo much at firſt.
No more, no more for ſhame.
Let not thy verſe be, as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy
father's name.

He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praiſe you,
Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

EPIGRAM ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

Bestride an ant a Pigmy great and tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
Under th' unruly beaſt's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
"Behold, baſe, envious world, now, now laugh on,
"For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton!"

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES MONTAGUE,

EARL OF HALIFAX.

Containing

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES II.
MAN OF HONOUR,
ODE ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE LADY ANNE;
EPISTLE TO LORD DORSET,
&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For ever, HAMPTON! sacred be thy towers,
Spring freſh thy greens, and flouriſh thick thy bowers;
There, ſtill defended by indulgent ſkies,
The warrior's wreath, and poet's garland riſe!
Theſe ſcenes with deep regard, ye ſages, grace,
Ye bards, with ſolemn honours mark the place;
Raiſe it as high in ages yet to come,
As CHAUCER's grove, or TULLY's *Tuſculum*.
Then, while poſterity their acts diſplay,
The generous *Briton* ſhall with rapture ſay,
"Theſe ſhades, abſolv'd from war, great WILLIAM ſought;
"And HALIFAX in thoſe receſſes thought."
When ſixteen barren centuries had paſt,
This ſecond great MÆCENAS came at laſt;
In whom example and protection join'd
All ſciences improv'd, all arts refin'd,
And made our ſtubborn *Engliſh* ſenſe ſubmit
To the juſt culture of *Athenian* wit.

DR. SEWELL'S EPISTLE TO ADDISON.

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THE LIFE OF HALIFAX.

CHARLES MONTAGUE, Earl of Halifax, was the fourth ſon of the Honourable George Montague, a younger ſon of Henry, firſt Earl of Mancheſter, and was born at Horton, in Northamptonſhire, 16th April 1661.

After he had gone through the firſt rudiments of learning in the country, he was removed to Weſtminſter ſchool; where, in 1677, he was choſen a King's ſcholar, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his felicity in extemporary epigrams.

At ſchool, he contracted a very intimate friendſhip with Stepney; and, in 1682, when Stepney was elected to a vacancy in Trinity College, Cambridge, his election not being to proceed till the year following, he was afraid, leſt, by being placed at Oxford, he might be ſeparated from his friend, and therefore ſolicited to be removed to Cambridge, without waiting for the advantages of another year.

His relations having conſented to his removal, he was entered a commoner in Trinity College, with a handſome allowance for his maintenance, and placed under the particular care of his relation Dr. John Montague, then Maſter of the College, and afterwards Dean of Durham.

Here he commenced an acquaintance with the great Newton, which continued through his life, and was at laſt atteſted by a legacy of a hundred pounds.

In 1683, he wrote, in concert with Stepney and other wits of the univerſity, a *Latin Ode on the Marriage of Lady Anne*, printed among the Cambridge Verſes; and an *Engliſh Ode* on the ſame occaſion.

In 1685, he wrote a copy of verſes *On the Death of his moſt ſacred Majeſty Charles II.*, which procured him an invitation to town, with his friend Stepney, from the Earl of Dorſet, and laid the foundation of his future promotion.

He was introduced by his patron, Dorſet, to Sir Charles Sedley, and the other wits, and was ſoon furniſhed with occaſions of increaſing the reputation for wit and learning, he had brought from the univerſity, by new acquiſitions of fame and eſteem.

In 1687, he joined with Prior, in writing the *City Mouſe and Country Mouſe*; a very ſucceſsful burleſque of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," written in vindication of his deſertion, as he himſelf calls it, to the *Royal Party*, and with a deſign to reconcile the nation to the *Religion of the Court*. The preface was entirely his own compoſition.

When the tyranny of King James called the Prince of Orange to vindicate the liberties of Britain, he ſigned the invitation to the Prince, and ſat in the Convention that met 22d January 1688, and declared the throne vacant on the 7th of February following.

After the coronation of William and Mary, he was introduced to his Majeſty, by the Earl of Dorſet, with this expreſſion, "May it pleaſe your Majeſty, I have brought a *Mouſe*, to have the honour of kiſſing your hand;" at which the King ſmiled; and being told the reaſon of his being ſo called, replied, with an air of gaiety, "You will do well, to put me in a way of making a *Man* of him;" and ordered him an immediate penſion of 500 l. *per annum*, out of the privy purſe, till an opportunity ſhould offer.

About the ſame time, he married the Counteſs Dowager of Manchеſter, and intended to have taken orders; but afterwards altering his purpoſe, he purchaſed, for 1500 l., the place of one of the clerks of the council.

In 1690, he wrote *An Epiſtle to the Earl of Dorſet, occaſioned by his Majeſty's Victory in Ireland*, which has received from Addiſon, in his "Account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets," at leaſt its full proportion of praiſe:

"The noble Montague remains unnam'd
For wit, for honour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorſet he directs his artful Muſe,
In numbers ſuch as Dorſet's ſelf might uſe,
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verſe, and writes in looſe familiar ſtrains!
How Naſſau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory ſhines!
We ſee his army ſet in full array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the ſea."

In 1691, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his ſpeeches in parliament, in favour of a law, to grant the aſſiſtance of counſel in trials of high treaſon. In the midſt of one of his ſpeeches, falling into ſome confuſion, he could not for a while go on; but having recovered himſelf, took occaſion, from his very ſurpriſe, "to enforce the neceſſity of allowing counſel to priſoners, who were to appear before their judges, ſince he, who was not only innocent and unaccuſed, but one of their own members, was ſo diſconcerted, when he was to ſpeak before that wiſe and illuſtrious Aſſembly."

The ſame year, he was appointed one of the Commiſſioners of the Treaſury, and ſoon after ſworn of the Privy Council.

In 1694, he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the next year, he engaged in the great attempt of the recoinage of ſilver, which, by his great prudence and indefatigable induſtry, was in two years happily completed.

In 1696, he projected the *general fund*, and propoſed the iſſuing of Exchequer bills, to ſupply the ſcarcity of money, which has ſince been adopted, to the great benefit of the nation.

In 1698, after inquiry concerning a grant of Iriſh Crown-lands, the Houſe of Commons voted, *That Charles Montague, Eſq., Chancellor of the Exchequer, for his good ſervices to the Government, did deſerve his Majeſty's favour.*

The ſame year, he was advanced to the firſt commiſſion of the Treaſury, and appointed one of the Lords Juſtices of England, in the King's abſence. The next year, he was made auditor of the Exchequer; and, the year after, advanced to the dignity of *baron Halifax*, in the county of York.

He was, however, impeached by the Commons, for adviſing his Majeſty to ſign the *Partition Treaty*; but the articles were diſmiſſed by the Lords.

At the acceſſion of Queen Anne, he was diſmiſſed from the council; and, in the firſt parliament of her reign, was again attacked by the Commons, and again eſcaped by the protection of the Lords.

In 1704, he wrote an anſwer to Bromley's ſpeech againſt occaſional conformity, which had great influence in ſtrengthening the Whig intereſt on the ſucceeding elections.

On the removal of Nottingham and the Tories, he was recalled to his former ſeat in the council, and attended the Queen from Newmarket to Cambridge, where, by her Majeſty's ſpecial grace, he was created Doctor of Laws.

In 1705, he moved the famous queſtion, *Whether the Church of England was in danger under her Majeſty's adminiſtration?* which was carried in the negative, by a great majority.

In 1706, he propoſed and negotiated the treaty of Union between the two kingdoms, as a ſolid foundation of peace and happineſs in both countries; and moved the bill *for the naturalization of the houſe of Hanover, and for the better ſecurity of the ſucceſſion of the crown in the Proteſtant line.*

After the act had paſſed, he was appointed to carry the enſigns of the Order of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover, by whom he was received with extraordinary marks of diſtinction and honour.

On his return to England, he was graciouſly received by the Queen, and continued in her favour till the change of the miniſtry in 1710, in conſequence of the memorable trial of Dr. Sacheverel, at which he ſat as a judge, and voted for a mild ſentence.

Being no longer in favour, he acted vigorouſly in ſupport of the Queen's *parliamentary* right; and, in oppoſition to the addreſſes in vindication of her *hereditary* title, publiſhed *Seaſonable Queſtions concerning a new Parliament*; and contrived to obtain a writ for ſummoning the Electoral Prince to parliament, as Duke of Cambridge.

At the Queen's death, he was appointed one of the regency; and, at the acceſſion of George the Firſt, was made Earl of Halifax, and Viſcount Sunbury, Knight of the Garter, Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, with a grant to his nephew of the reverſion of the auditorſhip of the Exchequer, and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Surrey.

He died of an inflammation of his lungs, on the 19th of May 1715, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in Weſtminſter abbey.

Leaving no iſſue by his lady, whom he ſurvived ſeveral years, his title of *baron*, and his eſtates, devolved on his nephew, George Montague, Eſq. of Horton; except his manor of Apſcourt, which he left to Mrs. Barton, niece of Sir Iſaac Newton, with a legacy of 5000l., *as a token of* his *affection and eſteem for her perſon, and as a ſmall recompence for the pleaſure and happineſs* he *had in her converſation.*

Though Halifax ranks high as a patriot and a ſtateſman, it is not to his patriotiſm, nor his influence in the ſtate, but to his rank among the Engliſh poets, that he derives a claim to attention in this collection.

Conſidered as a poet, he belongs to an inferior claſs: he ranks with Stepney and Walſh, with whom he is aſſociated in "The Works of the Minor Poets;" but makes a leſs conſiderable figure than Dorſet, or even than *Sedley* and *Topkins*, who do not appear in his company, though they, as well as *Oldham*, have as juſt a claim to admiſſion as ſeveral names which appear in it, and were originally ſelected by the compiler of theſe narratives, from "the mob of gentlemen who wrote "with eaſe," for this collection; and have been rejected only, becauſe they could not be properly received, in conſequence of ſome arrangement relative to the ſize of the publication.

His poems conſiſt chiefly of academical exerciſes, and of verſes written on public occaſions. Among the former, his Latin compoſitions ſeem to deſerve the preference, though they are inferior to ſimilar compoſitions by Smith, Prior, and Stepney. Among the latter, his *Verſes on the Battle of the Boyne* is his moſt celebrated performance: though it merits not all the praiſe it has received, it has ſome deſcriptive and intereſting paſſages, which deſerve commendation. *The Man of Honour* is vigorouſly written, and contains ſome pointed ſentences, and ſtriking delineations of character. The *Verſes written on the Toaſting-Glaſſes of the Kit-Kat Club* cannot be eaſily exceeded: they are genteel, ſprightly, and elegant. His other pieces have alſo their brighter paſſages: but, in general, there is a languor in his verſes, which ſeems to indicate a propenſity to poetry, rather than a power of excelling in it.

The works of him, who was not only a poet and a ſcholar, but the general patron of poets and men of letters, could not miſs of more than due celebration. Addiſon, whoſe judgment was probably influenced by affection, or gratitude, began to praiſe him early, and was followed or accompanied by almoſt all the contemporary writers of verſe, except Swift, his political opponent, and Pope; who forbore to praiſe him during his life, and after his death ſpoke of him, the one with ſlight cenſure, and the other, in the character of *Bufo*, with ſatirical ſeverity.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with ſoft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.

" All the bright images," ſays Steele, in addreſſing to his lordſhip the 4th volume of the Tatler, " which the wits of paſt ages have left behind them in their writings, the nobleſt plans which the greateſt ſtateſmen have laid down for the adminiſtration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your lordſhip, above all the illuſtrious perſonages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have, from your example, fallen into a new *æra*. Your patronage has produced thoſe arts, which before ſhunned the commerce of the world, into the ſervice of life, and it is to you we owe that the man of wit has turned himſelf to be a man of buſineſs. Your own ſtudies have been diverted from being the brighteſt ornament, to the brighteſt uſe to mankind; and the capacities that would have rendered you the greateſt poet of your age, have, to the advantage of Great Britain, been employed in purſuits which have made you the moſt able and unbiaſſed patriot."

" He reſted not," ſays Tickell, " in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himſelf was ſo great a maſter, but was acted by that humanity they naturally inſpire; which gave riſe to many excellent writers, who have caſt a light upon the age in which he lived, and will diſtinguiſh it to poſterity. It is well known that very few celebrated pieces have been publiſhed for ſeveral years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or ſupported by his approbation, or recompenſed by his bounty. The cauſe of liberty will receive no ſmall advantage in future times, when it ſhall be obſerved that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it; and that moſt of thoſe who were eminent in the ſeveral parts of polite or uſeful learning, were, by his influence and example, engaged in the ſame intereſt."

His character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, ſhews the prejudices of our great poetical biographer, againſt a Whig patron of literature, who is enumerated among the moſt eminent poets, yet is deſpiſed.

" Many a blandiſhment was practiſed upon Halifax, which he would never have known had he had no other attractions than thoſe of his poetry, of which a ſhort time has withered the beauties. It would now be eſteemed no honour, by a contributer to the monthly bundles of verſes, to be told, that, in ſtrains either familiar or ſolemn, he ſings like Montague."

POEMS.

On the Death of his moſt ſacred Majeſty

KING CHARLES II.

FAREWELL, great Charles, monarch of bleſt renown,
The beſt good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her higheſt pattern wrought,
And mix'd both ſexes virtues in one draught;
Wiſdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's ſweetneſs, temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r, did crown'd with meekneſs ſit;
His awful perſon reverence engag'd,
With mild addreſs and tenderneſs aſſuag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above
Does both command our fear, and win our love.
With wonders born, by miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly hoſt the infant's cradle ſerv'd;
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When ſun with ſtars, and day with night agreed.
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd;
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory, and its ſhame:
They bleſt the iſle where ſuch great ſpirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men that could ſuch worth expel.
To ſpare our lives, he meekly did defeat
Thoſe Sauls whom wand'ring aſſes made ſo great;
Waiting till heav'n's election ſhould be ſhewn,
And the Almighty ſhould his unction own:
And own he did——his powerful arm diſplay'd;
And Iſrael, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning nation, the black ſtorms appeas'd,
Did greater bleſſings, than he took, afford;
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by ſtrange ills oppreſs'd,
In various fevers toſt, could find no reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his ſhoulders her fair bending head.
In conqueſts mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice ſhew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs wars, made diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.
A mighty ſeries of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, buſineſs fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to ſport:
Then learning flouriſh'd, blooming arts did ſpring,
And the glad muſes prun'd their drooping wing:
Then did our flying towers improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvaſs wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all ſtorms defy;
To every coaſt with ready ſails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
From whoſe diſtractions ſeas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy Indian's ſweat and toil;
Their fruit, without the miſchiefs of their ſoil.
Here in cool ſhades their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat which does their luſtre give.
In Perſian ſilks, eat eaſtern ſpice; ſecure
From burning fluxes, and their calenture:
Under our vines, upon the peaceful ſhore,
We ſee all Europe toſt, hear tempeſts roar:
Rapine, ſword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
While Charles their hoſt, like Jove from Ida, aw'd,
Us from our foes and from ourſelves did ſhield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
For when bold faction goodneſs could diſdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter rein:
In the ſtill gentle voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
But could with thunder harden'd rebels break.
Yet though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
Was undiſturb'd, in wrath ſeverely kind;
Tempting his power, and urging to aſſume;
Thus Jove in love did Semele conſume.

As the ſtout oak, when round his trunk the vine
Does in ſoft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears; the winds from far
Summon their noiſy forces to the war:
But though ſo gentle ſeems his outward form,
His hidden ſtrength out-braves the loudeſt ſtorm:
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the field,
Shewing ſtout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild,
So when the good man made the crowd preſume,
He ſhew'd himſelf, and did the king aſſume:
For goodneſs in exceſs may be a ſin;
Juſtice muſt tame, whom mercy cannot win.
Thus winter fixes the unſtable ſea,
And teaches reſtleſs water conſtancy,
Which under the warm influence of bright days,
The fickle motion of each blaſt obeys.
To bridle factions, ſtop rebellion's courſe,
By eaſy methods, vanquiſh without force;
Relieve the good, bold ſtubborn foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in wrath, meekneſs in anger ſhew,
Were arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
To fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
While the bright bow ſecures the faithful ſouls.
Such is thy glory, Charles, thy laſting name,
Brighter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame,
More noble than the ſpoils that battles yield,
Or all the empty triumphs of the field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make war ceaſe,
And without fighting, awe the world to peace:
For proudeſt triumphs from contempt ariſe;
The vanquiſh'd firſt the conqueror's arms deſpiſe:
Won enſigns are the gaudy marks of ſcorn;
They brave the victor firſt, and then adorn.
But peaceful monarchs reign like gods; while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their throne.
Tigers and bears, with all the ſavage hoſt,
May boldneſs, ſtrength, and daring conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet paſſions of a generous mind
Are the prerogative of human kind;
The godlike image, on our clay impreſt,
The darling attribute which heaven loves beſt:
In Charles, ſo good a man and king, we ſee
A double image of the deity.
Oh! had he more reſembled it! Oh, why
Was he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
Now do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
And faint ideas of our bleſſing frame!
In Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
The pleaſing emblem of his reign does glide:
Thames, the ſupport and glory of our iſle,
Richer than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:
Though no rich ſand in him, no pearls are found,
Yet fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
Leſs wealth his boſom holds, leſs guilty ſtores,
For he exhauſts himſelf, t' enrich the ſhores.
Mild and ſerene the peaceful current flows,
No angry foam, no raging ſurges knows;
No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His cryſtal ſtream unſtain'd by widows tear,
His channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations ſweep
The ploughman's hopes and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely ſtream, for ever ſtay!
To the black ſea his ſilent courſe does bend,
Where the beſt ſtreams, the longeſt rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, though late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But, lo! the joyful tide our hopes reſtores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning ſhores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

ODE

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE

PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

I.

Whilst black deſigns (that direful work of fate)
Diſtract the labouring ſtate;
Whilſt (like the ſea) around loud diſcords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted ſhore;
And England does like brave Vienna ſtand,
Beſieg'd by Infidels on either hand;
What means this peaceful train, this pompous ſight?
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight;
Great Charles, and his illuſtrious brother here,
No bold aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this ſcene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain!
Ne'er in their cheerful garb t' have ſeen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild diſhevel'd hair,
Had mourn'd their brothers, ſons, and huſbands ſlain,
Theſe duſky ſhadows make this ſcene more bright;
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our ſpirits cheers; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a ſtorm prepare
And their black force aſſociate in the air,
(Endeavouring to eclipſe the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height
From their mean native earth did raiſe)
A thoughtful ſadneſs ſits on all,
Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall:
But if the heavenly bow
Deck'd like a gaudy bride appears,
And all her various robes diſplays,
Painted by th' conquering ſun's triumphant rays

It mortals drooping ſpirits cheers;
Freſh joy, new light, each viſage wears:
Again the ſeaman truſts the main,
The jocund ſwains their coverts leave again;
Again, in pleaſant warbling notes,
The cheerful poets of the wood extend their tuneful throats.

IV.

Then, then, my muſe, raiſe with the lyre thy voice,
And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoice:
For, lo! the heavenly pledge appears,
And in bright characters the promiſe bears:
The factious deluge ſhall prevail no more;
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd ſhore, [aſſuage.
Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury ſhall
See! ſee! how decently the baſhful bride
Does bear her conqueſt; with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the north with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire ſhake;
Before whoſe arms, when great Guſtavus led,
The frighted Roman eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his deſire,
His cannons did command in fire:
Now he himſelf for pity prays,
His love in timorous ſighs he breathes,
While all his ſpoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquiſh'd warrior lays.
Great prince! by that ſubmiſſion you'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunſden's famous plain;
Where, when your brother, fired with ſucceſs,
Too daringly upon the foe did preſs,
And was a captive made, then you alone
Did with your ſingle arm ſuppert the throne:
Your generous breaſt, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning through their ſcatter'd troops you flew, [bore.
And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph

VI.

You have your anceſtors in this one act out-done,
Though their ſucceſsful arms did this whole iſle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a raviſh'd lady, came,
You, to enjoy one ſpotleſs as your fame:
Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their curſes as they flew;
On the bleak ſhore, expecting you, they ſtand,
And with glad ſhouts conduct to land:
Through gaping crowds you're forc'd to preſs your way, [ones pray.
While virgins ſigh, the young men ſhout, and old
And with this beauteous lady you may gain
(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did ſo ſhort a while maintain.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION *.

I.

Hinc, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
Nam cor potenti numine gaudium
Afflavit, exultanſque pectus
Corripuit meliore flammâ.
Taleſque cantus fundere geſtio,
Iſmene, quales auribus hauſeras
Utriſque, quandò Dithyrambis
Pindarus incaluit ſolutis.
Dum neſcit æquo flumine gaudium
Prolabi, et arctis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorſum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.
Adſis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,
Adſis, Cupido, illabere pectori:
Dum perſonamus te, decoris
Carminibus, bona Cypris, adſis.
Cypron beatam ſperne volatilis,
Huc, huc Amorum ſepta cohortibus,
Molire greſſus, ad Britannos
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.

Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte ſereni
Diva vocata venit?
Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbere prona)
Tranat inane rotis.
Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima, Martem
Qualis adire ſolet.
Gaudia, Blanditiæ, hilari vultuque renidens
Spargit ubique Jocos.
Laſcivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliuſque puer.
Adventu diſperſa Deæ ſunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuêre minis.
Dum Nymphas una ante alias formoſior omnes,
Dignaque cura Deæ,
Sic pæana canit, cœlum et modulamine complet
Vox ſociata lyræ:

"Egregiam laudem, Venus, et ſpolia ampla refertis
Tuque, Puerque tuus; ſi Virgo Britannica victa
Agnoſcat numen (mentem jam ſaucia) veſtrum.
Si votis, ſi fæva ullis inſucta moveri,
Aut precibus præbere ſuas tractabilis aures,
Illum jam ſentit, quem non miſerata furorem eſt.
Fervidus et Daniæ Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
(Deteſtata Tibi) pictis et ſplendor in armis,
Qui nec militiam veſtram, nec caſtra, Cupido,
Novit, ſed flammas et inania ſpicula riſit,
Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
Jam venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
Extendit palmas ad numina læſa rebelles.

Jam non bella placent, et lituo lyram
Præfert, atque caput Itali caſſide ferreâ
Urgeri ſolitum, divitis Itali
Unguentum redolens, ſuæ

* From the "Hymenæus Catabrigienſis. Cantabrigiæ, 1683."

Reclinat gremio conjugis; immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus deam
Perluſtrat, roſeis oſcula quæ labris
Libavit ſitiens bibit,

Deponitque gravi militiâ latus
Defeſſum in thalamo lætus amabili:
Hâc mercede juvant vulnera, ſic caput
Objeciſſe periculis.

Plaudit, Dione, læta Britannia,
Olim cruentum nec meminit mare,
Fuſoſve cives indecorè, aut
Regna Dano populata ſorti;

Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia
Pulchris ocellis Anna, Georgium
Ducenſque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

Tuiſque ſurgit laudibus Haffnia,
Volvendo retrò ſecula præcinens,
Cum Cimber Anglo junctus omni
Det trepido ſua jura mundo.

Iõ Dione! Suecia jam canit,
Pulſos colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.

Vos, par beatum, ter, ter et ampliùs,
Vos obligaram ferte deæ dapem,
Semperque amantes hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate plauſu!"

CAROLUS MONTAGU, *Generoſus, et A. M. Trin. Coll.*

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

OCCASIONED BY A POSTSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to ſtrict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of ſtate,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions, and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.
Thou all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-magicians in their cells adviſe,
And from their ſettled baſis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewſbury and Lumley's name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the liſt of fame;
Who firſt with ſteady minds the current broke,
And to the ſuppliant monarch boldly ſpoke:
" Great Sir, renown'd for conſtancy, how juſt
" Have we obey'd the crown, and ſerv'd our truſt,
" Eſpous'd your cauſe and intereſt in diſtreſs,
" Yourſelf muſt witneſs, and our foes confeſs!
" Permit us then ill fortune to accuſe,
" That you at laſt unhappy councils uſe,
" And aſk the only thing we muſt refuſe.
" Our lives and fortunes freely we'll expoſe,
" Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe;
" Honour, that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
" That above nature makes mankind aſpire;
" Ennobles the rude paſſions of our frame
" With thirſt of glory, and deſire of fame;
" The richeſt treaſure of a generous breaſt,
" That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt.
" Wit, ſtrength, and courage, are wild dangerous
" force,
" Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their courſe;
" And would you rob us of the nobleſt part?
" Accept a ſacrifice without a heart?
" 'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a throne,
" To take the caſket when the jewel's gone;
" Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
" And teach the nobles to be falſe and baſe;
" What confidence can you in them repoſe,
" Who, ere they ſerve you, all their value loſe?
" Who once enſlave their conſcience to their
" luſt,
" Have loſt their reins, and can no more be juſt.
" Of honour, men at firſt like women nice,
" Raiſe maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd vice;
" Their modeſt nature curbs the ſtruggling flame,
" And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with ſhame:
" But once this fence thrown down, when they
" perceive
" That they may taſte forbidden fruit and live;
" They ſtop not here their courſe, but ſafely in,
" Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in ſin;
" True to no principles, preſs forward ſtill,
" And only bound by appetite their will:
" Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
" But ſhift with every veering blaſt their ſails.
" Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your power,
" They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
" And would to morrow Mahomet adore.
" On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
" Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:
" When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
" With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
" When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
" And ſhook with gathering multitudes the throne,
" Where were the minions then? What arm, what
" force,
" Could they oppoſe to ſtop the torrent's courſe?
" Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly ſtood,
" Free of their lives, and laviſh of their blood;
" But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
" With the ſame conſtancy they all reſign."
Thus ſpake the youth, who open'd firſt the
way,
And was the phoſph'rus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid hoſt,
Than any age, or any realm can boaſt:
So great their fame, ſo numerous their train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;

So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame:
Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The storm is past, th' impending tempest fled;
Had fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
It had not given such sons so brave a race;
When for destruction heaven a realm designs,
The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend;
These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success;
To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
All merit's light when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the state,
Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
And blast that honesty they cannot use;
The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
And the king's power against himself employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
Men, like our money, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a course allay.
The richest medals, and the purest gold,
Of native value, and exactest mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
For vulgar use too precious and too fine;
Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright,
Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the business of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn;
So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whose guilty actions fly the searching light:
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense
Increases the weak measures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the others shun:
Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
With wisdom fatal to their interest, strive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where priests and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

AN EPISTLE
TO
CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

Occasioned by his Majesty's victory in Ireland, 1690.

What! shall the king the nation's genius raise,
And make us rival our great Edward's days;
Yet not one muse, worthy a conqueror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorset! you alone this fault can mend,
The muses' darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You should be fin'd to furnish abler wit;
Oblig'd to quit your ease, and draw again,
To paint the greatest hero, the best pen.
A hero, who thus early doth out-shine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, soaring more sublimely to renown,
The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
Whose actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.
When fate some mighty genius has design'd,
For the relief and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to answer the intent,
And climbs, by slow degrees, the steep ascent:
She toils and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the steps of fate;
Till all the seeds of providence unite,
To set the hero in a happy light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.
In Nassau's race she made this long essay:
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day;
A public spirit distinguish'd all the line,
Successive virtues in each branch did shine,
Till this last glory rose, and crown'd the great design.
Blest be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durst his native soil, lost Holland, save!
But William's genius takes a wider scope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to subdue insulting tyrants' rage,
The ornament and terror of the age;
The refuge where afflicted nations find
Relief from those oppressors of mankind,
Whom laws restrain not, and no oaths can bind.
Him, their deliverer Europe does confess,
All tongues extol, and all religions bless;
The Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
United in his praise, their wonder join;
While, in the public cause, he takes the field,
And shelter'd nations fight behind his shield.
His foes themselves dare not applause refuse:
And shall such actions want a faithful muse?
Poets have this to boast: without their aid,
The freshest laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
And virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
The proudest honours have a narrow date,
Unless they vindicate their names from fate.
But who is equal to sustain the part?
Dryden has numbers, but he wants a heart;
Injoin'd a penance, which is too severe
For playing once the fool to persevere.
Others, who knew the trade, have laid it down:
And, looking round, I find you stand alone.
How, Sir, can you, or any English Muse,
Our country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuse?
'Tis not my want of gratitude, but skill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
I cannot sing of conquests as I ought,
And my breath fails to swell a lofty note.

I know my compass, and my muse's size,
She loves to sport and play, but dares not rise;
Idly affects, in this familiar way,
In easy numbers loosely to convey,
What mutual friendship would at distance say.
Poets assume another tone and voice,
When victory's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
Asks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raise,
When, cover'd o'er with comely dust and smoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickest squadrons broke?
His bleeding arm, still painful with the sore,
Which, in his people's cause, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
Not the united force of France and hell could stay.
Oh, Dorset! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my strength could answer my desire,
In speaking paint this figure should be seen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien;
And gods descending should adorn the scene.
See, see! upon the banks of Boyne he stands,
By his own view adjusting his commands:
Calm and serene the armed coast surveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:
Then, sir'd with fame, and eager of renown,
Resolves to end the war, and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the squadrons bending stand,
And close their ranks to meet their king's command;
The drums and trumpets sleep, the sprightly noise
Of neighing steeds, and cannons louder voice,
Suspended in attention, banish far
All hostile sounds, and hush the din of war:
The silent troops stretch forth an eager look,
Listening with joy, while thus their general spoke:
"Come, fellow-soldiers, follow me once more,
"And fix the fate of Europe on that shore;
"Your courage only waits from me the word,
"But England's happiness commands my sword:
"In her defence I every part will bear,
"The soldier's danger, and the prince's care,
"And envy any arm an equal share.
"Set all that's dear to men before your sight:
"For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
"To save your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
"Redeem your country sold, and vindicate her name:
"At whose request and timely call I rose,
"To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expose;
"Struggled with adverse storms and winter seas,
"That in my labours you might find your ease.
"Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
"And write the empty triumphs of the war;
"In lazy palaces supinely rust;
"My sword shall justify my people's trust,
"For which—But I your victory delay;
"Come on; I and my genius lead the way."
He said, new life and joy ran through the host,
And sense of danger in their wonder lost;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withstood:
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.
As when the swelling ocean bursts his bounds,
And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,
The roaring deluge, rushing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its course, and bears whole forests down;
So on the foe the firm battalions prest,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the rest;
Fierce, gallant, young, he shot through every place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.
Stop! stop! brave prince! allay that generous flame,
Enough is given to England, and to fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre stand,
Europe's divided interests you command,
All their designs uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne descends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world sustain;
That once dissolv'd by any fatal stroke,
The scheme of all our happiness is broke.
Stop! stop! brave prince! fleets may repair again,
And routed armies rally on the plain;
But ages are requir'd to raise so great a man!
Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Disdaining bounds, and breaking on the shore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild destructive power,
That strength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waste, nor law nor limits know.
Stop! stop! brave prince—what, does your Muse, Sir, faint?
Proceed, pursue his conquests—faith, I can't:
My spirits sink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Transported and amaz'd———
That rage once spent, I can no more sustain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic strain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verse provoking you to rhyme;
I wish there were more Dorset's at this time.
Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinsel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To steal a country, and to buy a town:
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms sold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay,
What sums would Louis give, that France might say
That victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conquests would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to spread his real fame,
Would pass between Versailles and Nôtredame?
Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other sound:
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream:

The wounded arm would furniſh all their rooms,
And bleed for ever ſcarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your muſe be ſilent? Think again.
Spare your advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own deſign; the work is done.
Done! nothing's done! nor the dead colours laid,
And the moſt glorious ſcenes ſtand undiſplay'd:
A thouſand generous actions cloſe the rear;
A thouſand virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear.
The queen herſelf, the charming queen ſhould grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horror with her lovely face.
Who can omit the queen's auſpicious ſmile,
The pride of the fair ſex, the goddeſs of our iſle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him, her prudence for the ſtate?
Diſguiſing cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleaſure in her face,
As danger did approach, her ſpirits roſe,
And putting on the king, diſmay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, ſhe gilds the cheerful court;
In every glance deſcending angels ſport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining maids, and form the dance;
The ſtately goddeſs with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majeſtic, does the figure guide,
Treading in juſt and eaſy meaſures round;
The ſilver arrows on her ſhoulder ſound;
She walks above them all. Such is the ſcene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter queen.
Theſe ſubjects do, my lord, your ſkill command,
Theſe none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the ſtrokes muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd encomiums muſt be hid in wit,
Which modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit.
Who made no other ſteps to ſuch a throne,
But to deſerve, and to receive, the crown.

WRITTEN AT ALTHROP,

In a blank Leaf of Waller's Poems,

UPON SEEING VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF THE OLD LADY SUNDERLAND.

Vandyke had colours, ſoftneſs, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire;
And Sachariſſa was his fond deſire.
Why then at Althrop ſeem her charms to faint,
In theſe ſweet numbers and that glowing paint?
This happy ſeat a fairer miſtreſs warms;
This ſhining offſpring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brighteſt Sachariſſa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could ſoar;
But ſhe ne'er made a finiſh'd piece before.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Ducheſs of St. Alban's.

The line of Vere, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. Alban's charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete;
They roſe in valour, and in beauty ſet.

Ducheſs of Beaufort.

Offſpring of a tuneful ſire,
Bleſt with more than mortal fire;
Likeneſs of a mother's face,
Bleſt with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms ſurpriſe,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady Mary Churchill.

Faireſt and lateſt of the beauteous race,
Bleſt with your parents wit, and her firſt blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty reſtrain.

Ducheſs of Richmond.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighteſt toaſt;
Th' adorers offerings prove who's moſt divine,
They ſacrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady Sunderland.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their force, to men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle Spanheime.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The ſtubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toaſts enrol your name.

ON THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ****.

Courage, dear Moll, and drive away deſpair,
Mopſa, who in her youth was ſcarce thought fair,
In ſpite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly gooſe, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and ſo demurely gay,
Laſt night, t' adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:

Her ſteps were manag'd with ſuch tender art,
As if each board had been a lover's heart,
In all her air, in every glance, was ſeen
A mixture ſtrange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
Admiring fops about her crowding preſs;
Hampden himſelf delivers their addreſs,
Which ſhe, accepting with a nice diſdain,
Owns them her ſubjects, and begins to reign:
Fair queen of Fopland is her royal ſtyle;
Fopland! the greateſt part of this great iſle!
Nature did ne'er ſo equally divide
A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay
Prayer-books, patch-boxes, ſermon notes, and paint,
At once t' improve the ſinner and the ſaint.
Farewell, friend Moll; expect no more from me;
But if you would a full deſcription ſee,
You'll find her ſomewhere in the Litany,
With pride, vain-glory, and hypocriſy.

VERSES BY LORD HALIFAX,

From Dr. Z. Grey's MSS.

All the materials are the ſame
Of beauty and deſire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame
No brightneſs is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what thoſe creatures are,
That would be thought both chaſte and fair?
Go aſk but thy philoſophy
What gives her lips the balm,
What makes her breaſts to heave ſo high,
What ſpirit gives motion to her eye,
Or moiſture to her palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Ah Cælia, then, be not ſo nice,
For that betrays thy thoughts and thee;
There's not a feature or a grace
Bedecks thy body or thy face,
But pimps within for me.
Then tell me, &c.

ON

ORPHEUS

AND

SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

Hail, tuneful pair! ſay, by what wondrous charms,
One 'ſcap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms?
When the ſoft Thracian touch'd the trembling ſtrings,
The winds were huſh'd, and curl'd their airy wings:
And when the tawny Tuſcan rais'd her ſtrain,
Rook furls his ſails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the office ſleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms and equal conqueſts claim;
To him high woods and bending timber came,
To her ſhrub Hedges and tall Nottingham.

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